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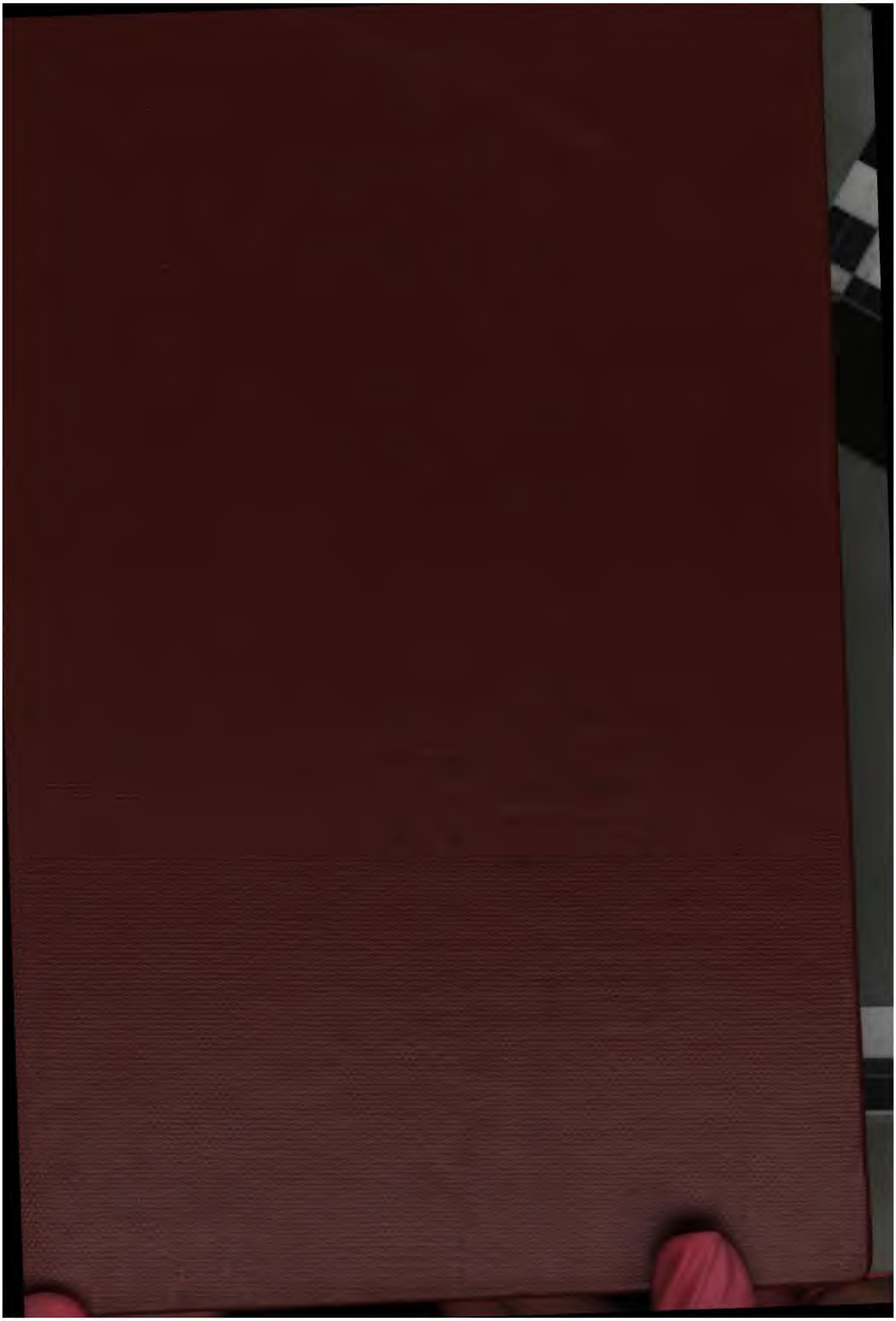

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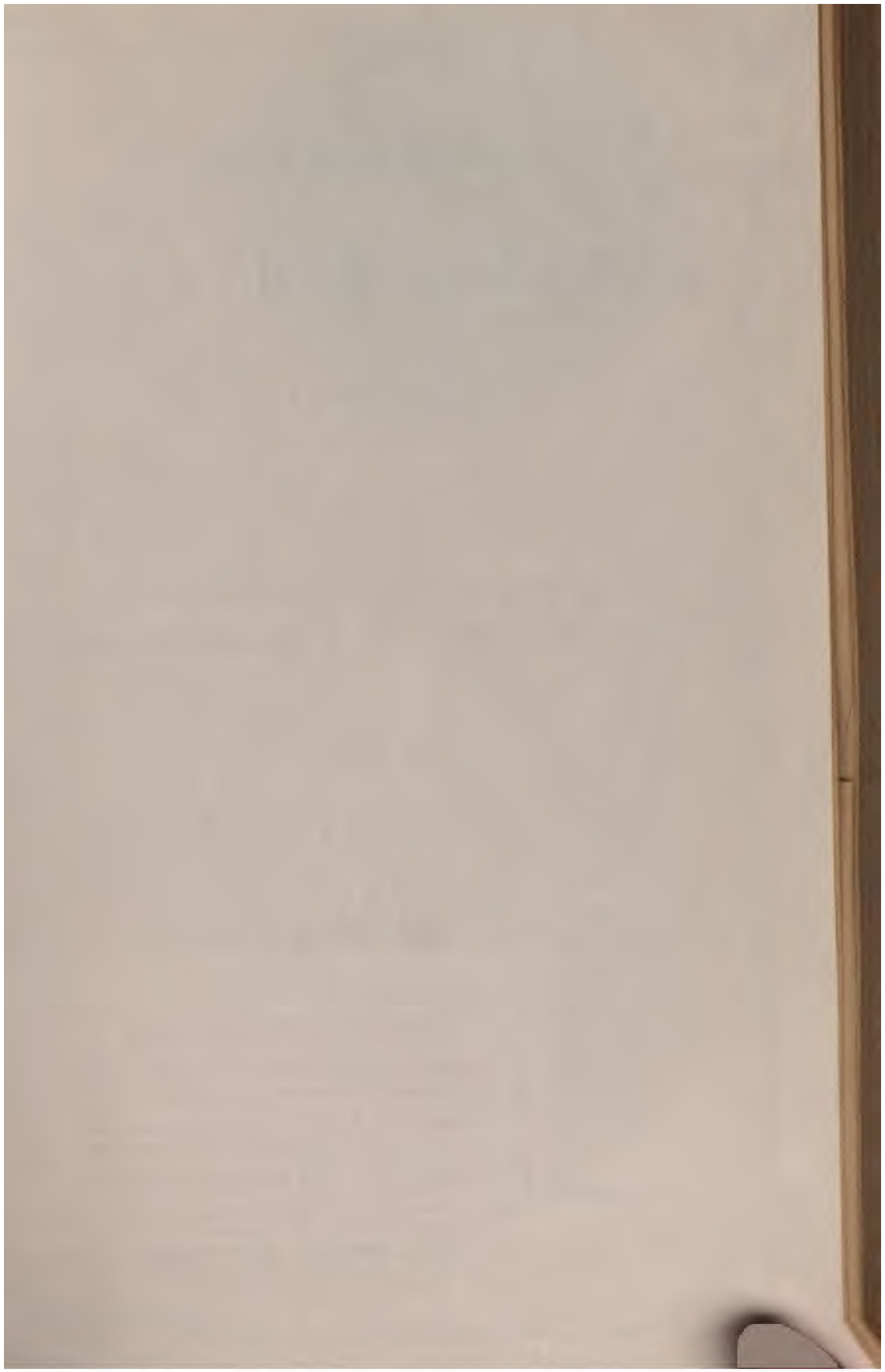

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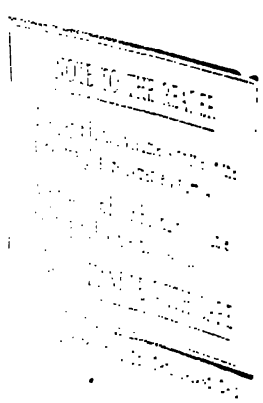

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INNOCENT RAILWAY.

railways in general are the scene of so many idents, it is pleasant to know there is one breaks bones—namely, the Edinburgh and ilway. A friend of ours calls it *The Innocent* being so peculiar for its indestructive cha- also with some reference to the simplicity of management. It is really quite refreshing, upon any of the whizzing, whistling, snort-, and blowing railways, and having one's exasperated by their frantic speed, to get a sion by the Innocent Railway, where you ith or Musselburgh, five or six miles off, in ss than an hour, dragged all the way by an k-horse. An easy, unpretending business ocent Railway carry on—passenger carriages ours, and only a few coal wagons besides, ng half asleep continually. No racking ere at the St Leonard's station; no hurry- ie Fisherrow terminus. You pass through amping office—you pay not at all till seated age, or perhaps half gone in your journey. hat railway business would have been in the ipe long ago, if railways had then and there

is, that the Innocent Railway dates from the e of its class, having been set agoing some s ago, when as yet men thought ten miles an rapid rate of personal transit, and had not e ancient idea, that there was some virtue in a means of locomotion. The primeval ar- with which it started, it has ever since t is a leisurely, respectable old railway, that lently think it a mark of decline in the rofess a great anxiety for business. It right tone at first, and there it remains. ccordingly, a vast deal of food for amusing about the Innocent Railway. I feel a ng its lines to be much like reading a Bracebridge Hall.

ing at the St Leonard's depôt—about the Scott locates the Deans family—you are at ed into a great wooden carriage, where haps two or three young families, under the ir respective mammas, have taken up their But probably you prefer an outside seat— e outsides on the Innocent Railway—and so ounted up in front beside the driver, or else ular seat behind. Your companion is per- n-servant, or a sailor, or one of those nume- ribable blue-and-drab men who live about nd have a great deal to say about markets. arriage full of fishwomen from Fisherrow judiciously in the rear; and there they sit, smoking their pipes or counting their money in their tenfold laps—the labours of the day all past—nothing now to be done but to cruise home by the Innocent Railway, 'in maiden meditation fancy-free.' Singly and in groups come up the passengers, country-people most of them, with a great tendency to cotton umbrellas and bundles, but also a sprinkling of more lady and gentleman-like personages. There being only one set of carriages, with one set of charges, the conductor makes an eye selection of passengers for a certain set of seats, and contrives to gratify most, without offending any. Perhaps, however, an ancient dame with a black cotton shawl, and all hung round with baskets and parcels—her purchases in town—comes up rather late, and clamours for a seat beside some friends who have preceded her.

'Ye canna get in there. Dinna ye see it's filled?'

'Ou ay; but they'll mak room for me.'

'I tell ye ye maun come in here. Od, ye'll be owre late. There's the bell ringing.'

The carriage accordingly begins to move—the old lady gets into a state of excitement; and crying, 'Aich, sic an unceevil man!' projects herself, with all her appendages, into the compartment indicated, where you hear her grumbling for the next quarter of an hour. But even after a movement has commenced, you can hardly be said to have taken leave of the station. There is always a woman with some children seen running after the carriages, flagrant and sudorific, in a needless fright at the idea of being left behind, and who has to be taken in, juveniles and all, during the pause which is made before descending the tunnel. This reminds me, by the by, to say, that nobody is ever too late for the Innocent Railway. One day we had started from Fisherrow up the inclined plane, when a washerwoman, with a huge burden of clothes upon her back, was seen making after us along the line, occasionally waving a hand, in the hope of its prevailing upon the conductor to stop. We thought the poor woman had no sort of chance of making out her passage; but, wonderful to say, she overtook us, burden and all, at a place where a short pause is made, a mile and a half forward. The Innocent Railway has a great consideration for such of the dilatory as heroically persevere.

The first pause, while the rope is fixing for the tunnel descent, suffices to take in the perspiring female and family. There is a second stoppage—quite leisurely—at the bottom, to detach the rope and yoke the horses to their respective carriages. Off they then go, trotting at a brisk pace past Duddingston Loch; but we have not advanced above a quarter of a mile, when a lady with a parasol and ten bandboxes is seen waiting for us at a cross-road; and there is of course a pause to get her taken in. This accomplished, on we go again; but lo, ere we have gone another mile, we have to stop at

another cross-road to let off a farmer. Once more in motion, we advance rather briskly—that is, at the rate of about eight miles an hour—in order to make up for lost time; but this has not lasted half a mile, when we meet the carriages proceeding to town, and have to stop, in order that the drivers may pass some message in the one or the other direction. Such are the incidents which mark a passage by the Innocent Railway. 'Hasten slowly' is its motto.

The prime event, however, of a journey by this railway, is the stop made at a cabin near Brunstain, where the passengers are reckoned, and interchanges take place for different towns, to which there are branch lines. Here half a dozen vehicles will be seen clustered together on the different rails, waiting while a man with book and pen goes through them all, to take the sum of the persons bound in different directions. As there is thus an interval of about five minutes, the conductors are always able to have a little gossip with each other about the topics of the day, and if you have open ears, you will be very apt to hear how Jock's 'meare' hanked yesterday in her bridle, or Tam was fined for being ten minutes too late in getting to the bottom of the tunnel. Very probably, at first stopping, you heard one voice saying—

'How mony hae ye the day, Willie?'

'Thirty-nine and a half.'

'How mony came off?'

'Six—twa Leith, and four Da'keith.'

A pause ensues, during which you may amuse yourself by studying the productive powers of a neighbouring turnip field, or observing the bustle about the door of the passengers' room. But hark! there is a stamping and kicking, as of horses. Jock's meare has once more become disaffected. 'Haud her head! Haud her steeve! Man, ye're no worth a fardin. Gi'e me the whup. I'll learn her to gang on that gate.' Then a stamping worse than ever, mingled with the cracks of the whip, the execrations of men, and the clamours of women from the coach windows. At length peace is restored, and you hear a former dialogue continued—

'There's forty, Willie. How could ye say there's only thirty-nine and a half?'

'Ye're blind, man. D'ye no see the callant sitting ahint?'

'That a callant! He's as muckle a man as ever he'll be.'

'Nae matter. I only got twopence frae him. Canna ye mak haste, man?'

'Weel, weel—ca' him a half. Thirty-nine and a half. A' richt noo.'

'Gi'e me the book, then.'

At length the business of reckoning and interchanging being over, the carriages are all allowed to go off to their various destinations, leaving the cabin to two hours more of rural quiet. The Musselburgh carriage, upon which we are supposed to be bestowed, is drawn forward about a quarter of a mile, and there another stoppage takes place. We have now reached the top of an inclined plane, of a mile and a half long, down which the carriage is to proceed by its own weight, and at the bottom of which the Musselburgh, or rather Fisherrow, station is situated. There is therefore no longer any need for the horse, and it is accordingly unhooked, and led away by a boy. During the pause, and the first slow movement of the detached carriage, you observe one or two carbonaceous youth from the village of Wanton Wa's quietly attaching themselves to the rear, as an unlicensed addition to the passengers—nobody has any fear of accidents on the Innocent Railway. The driver is now a man at ease, and for the first time does he take a snuff. A rustic friend, to whom he imparts the box, asks—

'Carrying mony eenoo, Willie?'

'Ay, a gude wheen.'

'Ye wad hae a few additional on the Edinburgh fast-day last week?'

'An awfu' day Thursday. Five thoosand!'

'The yeomanry races, too, will do something for ye.'

'Yes, the races is aye three thoosand gude. We'll gang every quarter of an hour a' day.'

'Ay, and the Da'keith fair 'll be sune on. Everything helps.'

'Ou ay. What are they saying o' the potatoes down bye wi' you?'

'Ou, they're saying they're no sae bad.'

But agricultural speculation is quickly broken off by the necessity of stopping the carriage at the Stonyhill crossing, in order to let off Sir Charles's servant with a basket. This being accomplished, a few more minutes bring us into the station at Fisherrow. The passengers land in a place like a farm-yard, where ducks and hens, and a lounging dog, and a cottager's children, are quietly going about their usual avocations, as if undreaming that they are within fifty miles of such a thing as machinery. And so ends the journey of exactly four miles and three quarters by the Innocent Railway. On consulting your watch, you find it has required exactly forty minutes.

And now, my co-mates, I would ask if a railway of this simple and primitive character be not something infinitely better than your whisking locomotive lines, where you never have leisure to look a moment about you? There cannot, in my opinion, be the shadow of a comparison between the two. By the Innocent Railway, you never feel in the least jeopardy; your journey is one of incident and adventure; you can examine the crops as you go along; you have time to hear the news from your companions; and the by-play of the officials is a source of never-failing amusement. In the very contemplation of the innocence of the railway, you find your heart rejoiced. Only think of a railway having a board at all the stations forbidding the drivers to stop by the way to feed their horses, under a penalty of half-a-crown—the 'way' being altogether only a few miles! Just conceive a railway where the carriages have barefooted boys to come off and run on in advance to change the switches! Or imagine any other railway on earth where such a circumstance as the following could take place. During the pause of a Musselburgh *up*-train at the bottom of the tunnel, a quiet-looking man, seated on the back of a carriage, said to a friend whom he recognised on the front of the next behind, 'Is the charge for this railway raised lately?' 'No.' 'Why, I've paid sixpence.' 'You should only have paid fourpence.' The inquiring party asked for an explanation of the driver, who came up at the moment. An answer was given in a voice that made the quiet man shrink up into half the space—

'Didna I tell ye at Fisherrow that I couldna gie ye change till we got up to the town-n-n!'

Or the following incident. A lady proceeding to town, with (as she thought) a basket containing a headdress for a dinner-party, was alarmed at the Edinburgh station to discover that no basket was anywhere visible. Had it dropped off? Where in the world was it? She made public offer of a shilling for the recovery of the

missing article, when one of the Stentors of the railway was presently heard exclaiming—

'Rin awa doon the tunnel, Jock, and look for the leddy's basket!'

Jock, however, was not successful, for the head-dress was quietly reposing amongst the hens and bairns at the Fisherrow terminus, whence it was duly hauled forward by the next train.

There is only one possible objection to the Innocent Railway—the antiquated ratio of speed; but if you have time to wait, this will be felt as no disadvantage, in connexion with so many recommending circumstances. Reader, if you ever wish to dispel the blues, or put to route the megrims, and are at what Oliver Cromwell calls some reasonable good leisure, take a forenoon trip by the Innocent Railway!

THE MIDSUMMER MANUSCRIPT.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THE blessings of our youth be on you, bright days of midsummer, prime of the seasons, noontide of the year! The green of our woods deepens beneath your mantle, and our hills rejoice to the heart of their utmost solitude. There was joy at your coming among the nations of old, for your power and glory mingled with the faith of the elder time. The Celt kindled the beltane fire on his mountains for your welcome, and the men of the far east spread 'the feast of roses' by the lovely lakes of Cashmere. The world has outlived the memories of her morning; creeds have been forgotten; gods have come and gone; but the toiling stirring multitude of earth still rejoice as ye gladden the span of their passing existence with the breath of your returning roses and the bloom of your eternal youth. So thought, or should have thought, the Monsieur de St Leon as he sat one long bright evening of that rosy time, surrounded by the chosen companions of his learned labours, engaged in winding up the work of the season. Monsieur de St Leon was a mighty man in Paris: the fate of authors, and the speculations of publishers, hung alike upon his pen: his word was law at the Théâtre Française, and more than law at the Opera Comique; for Monsieur de St Leon was editor of 'Le Voix de Paris,' a work whose sentences on the volumes of the period were unquestioned as the ukase in the dominions of the czar: in short, he was the Janin of his day; but he swayed the sceptre of criticism in a more despotic fashion, for the days of his reign were before the Revolution. Well-instructed, highly connected, and blessed with good abilities, Monsieur de St Leon had early devoted himself to literature, and now, in the meridian of life, he was known as one of the most discerning spirits of his age, the associate of *savants* of the first distinction, and grand master of the French reviewers. We shall not stay the current of our tale to say how much friends and fortune had to do with building up the fabric of his fame, but there sat the chief of critics amid his band, well pleased with both himself and them; for the last review for the season had been written, the last opera had received its doom, and the latest novel was dismissed with its proper share of well-talented praise and blame. No more was expected at least for some time, for the days of midsummer are not the days of books; and Monsieur de St Leon felicitated himself on the promised pleasure of a trip to the south, to meet the Summer amid her laden olives, and leave the crowds of Paris and the cares of criticism to less fortunate hands, till the light of her presence was passed.

Their work was done, but still his colleagues sat on in Monsieur's elegant bureau, for they had much to talk of. Most of them were amateur assistants of St Leon: some were young and ardent, some were old and prudent, and some had grown cold and cautious before the time; all were distinguished in the world of letters, and many in the world of fashion too; but among them there was only one female face, and that belonged to Senore, the orphan niece of Monsieur de St Leon. Her uncle imagined there was a marked resemblance between himself and Voltaire, because he was a bachelor, and intended to publish something original; so, by way of completing the picture, he had taken Senore to manage his domestic concerns, admire his own genius, and be in all respects a second Madame Denis. Little likeness had poor Senore to that immortalised dame; the girl was portionless, and but seventeen, a small bright-haired brunette, with a face whose expression of subdued intelligence told of long subservience to another's will, and time not spent for herself; but the sunshine of the heart played over it at times, for the light of the clear black eye had not yet grown dim and dreamy, as in the winter of years.

Projects for the future, *bons-mots* at the expense of their contemporaries, and literary gossip of all sorts, filled the bureau, when St Leon's valet opened the door, and announced, with rather a comical expression of countenance, that there was a stranger below who wished to see monsieur on very particular business. 'Show him up,' said St Leon, to whom the mention of business was at that moment anything but agreeable; and he added, in no very good-humoured tone, 'What can the fellow want that he comes at such an hour as this?' The words were scarcely spoken when his servant returned, ushering in a young man of dark pale face and low stature, rendered almost dwarfish by a habitual stoop. His dress was poverty-stricken, and made in the fashion of the provinces; his manner awkward and hesitating, like one not sure of his errand. In his hand he held a small soiled-looking manuscript, which with an awkward bow, and a few half-articulate words, he presented to Monsieur de St Leon. It was accompanied by a note from the manager of the Théâtre Française, stating that it contained a tragedy written by the bearer, which the manager would purchase if Monsieur de St Leon approved of it, and earnestly requesting that, whether favourable or not, his opinion should be given without delay.

St Leon had been hard at work for the last three weeks, and that evening was to him like the Jew's preparation for his Sabbath, and to be obliged to read over a new play, was a task he had not expected; but felt it just then inexpedient to refuse the manager's request, and therefore consented, with little grace, and less good temper. If there was one thing in this world which St Leon delighted to criticise more than another, it was the work of a poet, for monsieur had wooed the muse on his own account; and with a few cold and hurried questions to the stranger touching his name, profession, and birthplace, which were as coldly answered—for the youth had got time to collect himself, and said his name was Joseph Fauquet, his birthplace a village in Auvergne, and profession he had none at present—the great reviewer glanced once more at his shabby appearance, and proceeded to read the manuscript.

Monsieur went to work, determined not to be pleased; and many and marvellous were the faults he found in that unlucky tragedy. The plot was bad; the story was deficient in interest; the characters were unnatural; the poetry defective; and, in short, there was no possible error of style or composition into which it had not fallen, in the estimation of monsieur; and he descanted on the said errors with an eloquence highly satisfactory to his own spleen, and edifying to his friends, who seemed to concur in his opinion; for those who did not join in the censure, remained entirely silent. Among the latter was Senore; but there was deep interest in her young face and slight figure, bent forward with eagerness to catch the sound; and her eye would often kindle with pleasure and admiration at passages which her uncle unhesitatingly condemned. Fauquet sat also silent: at first, indeed, his gaze was rivetted on St Leon with such intense anxiety, as it was painful to witness; but as the critic went on, his countenance gradually settled to a cold and almost stony calmness, except when he caught the eye of Senore, and then his glance would brighten with a fire that seemed from the altar of Hope

The piece was called 'La Reine Blanche;' its subject was a story of the old romantic times, and there was poetry in it; for, as St Leon reached the climax, Senore started to her feet, exclaiming, 'Oh, uncle, is not that splendid!'

'Nonsense, child,' said St Leon; 'it wants originality.' But before he could utter another word, Fauquet bounded from his seat, snatched the manuscript from his hand, and casting on Senore one look of wild but unfathomable gratitude, darted down stairs, and rushed into the street.

'There's assurance for you,' said the critic, as soon as he could speak from the effects of surprise and anger; 'some runaway apprentice no doubt, or turned-off servant, who has mistaken his sphere, and presumed to write plays; but he has got a lesson which will serve him for the rest of his life.' And with this gentle conclusion Monsieur De St Leon dismissed the subject from his mind.

* * *

It was in the summer of 1786 that the scene we have just related took place; but there came after summers, which ripened the bloody vintage growing through ages of unchecked oppression for the crown and the coronets of France; and the name that swept from their bases both throne and altar, shipwrecked the fame and fortunes of Monsieur de St Leon. The storm had dispersed his friends, and some it had turned into enemies; and 'Le Voix de Paris,' the sword of his power and the stronghold of his glory, perished, unwept and unlamented, amid the clash of contending interests and the fall of the old institutions. His family were among the first on the lists of republican proscription. Most of them died in exile, and some in poverty; and he had wandered from land to land, with no means of life but his literary profession, which he practised with more or less success in every city of Europe. But years had passed over him, and St Leon had grown old, and alone; for poor Senore, who had long been the faithful companion of his wanderings, at length agreed to the proposal of an eminent German publisher, to become Madame Wessendorf. The match was a good one, but the girl had hesitated long, as if there was some old love that rose up in her memory. But at length the declarations of her uncle, 'that she had no fortune, and must be provided for,' and Wessendorf's handsome settlement, prevailed. She had been married five years, and now resided in Paris; there also St Leon arrived in the summer of 184–. He had three good and sufficient reasons for his coming: the first was, to see Senore; the second, to recover a small property lost in the Revolution; and the third, to fulfil the darling design of his life—the publication of an original volume, which he hoped would revive his former fame in the memory of the Parisians. He had collected its materials for years: many a sleepless night and troubled day it had cost him. Through the terrors of the Revolution, and the privations of his exile, he had kept it, like Cæsar's Commentaries, held above the wave, even at the risk of drowning. His dream was the same, but he found the city changed. A new generation of writers and critics had arisen, who thought and spoke not like the men of his youth; for these were the days of the Empire. The intended volume was a philosophic work, which St Leon designed to be splendidly illustrated, and published by subscription; but he had now no friends in the capital; and when he explained the plan to his German nephew, that skilful trader in taste and genius shook his head solemnly, and assured him that his only hope of success lay in an immediate application to Monsieur Marzette, whose name at the head of his subscription list would be a sufficient recommendation to all the *savants* in Paris.

'Marzette?' said St Leon, for the name had reached him in many a far city as that of a rising star in the new system of things.

'Yes,' said Wessendorf, 'Monsieur Marzette, who is known as far as the tricolour streams as the first of our living authors, and the most accomplished critic in France. He is now a member of the French Academy, and will likely soon be a peer of the empire; for the emperor, though more partial to the genius of the sword than the pen, it is said, has expressed a high opinion of him; and Madame La Mere, Cambaceres, and all the people of influence, are his friends; but he is very amiable,' continued Wessendorf, 'and receives everybody. All Paris crowd to his hotel on the reception nights; to-morrow is one of them; and as I have the honour of knowing him, and am going to introduce madame, I think I might manage to do the same for you.'

Next evening found Monsieur de St Leon, with his niece Senore and her German husband, entering a splendid hotel of the Place de Luxemburg, in which was the residence of Monsieur Marzette. All Paris seemed indeed there: the street was crowded with brilliant equipages; and crowds of fashionables poured in, till the scene reminded Senore and her uncle of the last great ball they had attended in this very house, when it was occupied by the Count de Marigny, two months before the taking of the Bastile. With some difficulty they got through the crowded house to the principal saloon, in which the great man sat. That room was no less gay and magnificent than when St Leon and his niece last stood within it; but the years that intervened had done their work on them. St Leon was an old and a worn-out man, and Senore had grown a large and handsome matron, with a brow that told of many trials, and hair which the winters of life had touched early with their snows; but Wessendorf presented them to a small dark-complexioned man of graceful bearing, and somewhat stern, but strikingly fine countenance, dressed with a taste which spared no expense—and that was Monsieur Marzette. He saluted Madame Wessendorf with cordial and habitual politeness, but St Leon thought he looked long and earnestly upon her; and when his own name was pronounced, a strange expression, like that of great pain, passed quickly over his face; but he recovered himself in a moment, and saluted him with great frankness and affability, professing to have heard of his well-merited celebrity, and even made room for him beside himself. St Leon's heart was gratified; for, seeing the principal person pay him so much attention, all the rest of the company followed his example, and the old man felt as if the far-past days of his glory were returning once more. But he did not forget to turn so good an opportunity to the advantage of his long-projected volume, and soon found means to introduce the subject, and enter into all its details. Monsieur Marzette listened most graciously; and when St Leon wound up his discourse by requesting the aid of his influence and name, he said, in an under tone, 'Most willingly, my dear monsieur; but will you have the goodness to remain till the company have retired, for I wish to speak with you in private?'

St Leon of course assented; but all that evening he puzzled himself in vain to guess what Marzette could have to say to him of such secrecy; and Marzette himself, though courteous and friendly to all, and especially to him, seemed strangely absent at times; and his looks often wandered, as if unconsciously, towards Madame Wessendorf. Never had St Leon looked so earnestly for the close of a soirée; but it came at last, to his great relief. The company began to depart; and when the greater part of his guests were gone, Marzette requested his presence in the library. It was a large and noble apartment; and the two sat there alone, opposite to each other, and silent for some minutes. At length Marzette, fixing his eyes upon St Leon's face with a sad and a searching look, said, 'Monsieur St Leon, do you remember the 20th of June 1786?'

St Leon mused a moment, but in all the dusty archives of his memory there was no record of the day, and he answered, 'Indeed, monsieur, I cannot say that I recollect anything particular of the date you have mentioned.'

'Well,' said Marzette, 'do you not remember one, with mean attire and awkward manners, who came on that day to ask your opinion of a production on which his hope, nay, almost his life depended? for oh, St Leon, he was young and poor—and I am Joseph Fauquet!'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, it could not have had a more startling effect on St Leon than this announcement produced. He sat rivetted to his chair, as the whole scene thus recalled passed rapidly before his mental vision; but awkward as his own position now was, all thoughts of the kind were lost in amazement at the transformation wrought by eighteen years.

'Do you remember it now, monsieur?' said Marzette; but his tone was still calm and sad.

'I do,' said St Leon—who was too much a man of the world not to see the ground on which he stood, when the first shock of his astonishment was over—'I do; and though I cannot believe you to be the same person, of course I do not now expect your patronage;' and he rose with all the composure he could command.

'Stay, monsieur, stay,' said Marzette, grasping his hand; 'my name, my influence, and all in my power, are at your service. I had wild thoughts of anger and revenge, which haunted me for years; but I have lived to learn better. And after all, though the lesson was hard, you did me no wrong. But stay, and tell me why you cannot believe that I am indeed the same.'

Monsieur de St Leon would have preferred almost any other place to that where he now was, but curiosity and interest both forbade his going, and he resumed his seat, saying, though scarcely conscious of what he said, 'Because it is impossible to identify a member of the French Academy with one who seemed so poor in mind as well as in purse.'

'Such is the world's wisdom,' said Marzette earnestly. 'Fop and philosopher, peasant and politician, none can see farther than the mere external trappings or accidental position. Man, there was wealth in my early poverty which I can never own again—the full fountain of youth's unfrozen affections, the strength of an unwasted and a then unwearied hope, and the faith in this world's good—which has past from me for ever. Tell me, what value do you place on these? Listen: I was one of many in a peasant's family, dwelling in a mountain village of Auvergne; my parents knew no other means of life or its comforts than that produced by the labour of their hands; their other children were strong and rosy, fitted to prosper in their narrow sphere, and they were proud of them; but I had been weak and sickly from my childhood, and they had neither love nor hope to waste on one so worthless.'

'Surely, then, they were not your parents,' said St Leon, 'for parents love their children under all misfortunes.'

'Believe it not—believe it not,' cried Marzette; 'human affections are swayed by human pride or interest, from the palace to the hut. They love the son who will be the heir of their fortunes, or the daughter whose beauty will insure a brilliant alliance; but those who have not such claims can expect only toleration, and it was so with me. The voice of one hearth finds its echo in all others. My neighbours looked upon me with the eyes of my kindred. It might have been that the iron which entered into my soul so early, had left its rust behind; but no one loved me in the place where I was born. I need not say how far my spirit wandered from the beaten path in search of the healing waters, which it found not there; nor know I whether it was loneliness of heart, or what men have called genius, that turned my steps to the boundless fields of thought; but a thirst for the old forbidden tree came early on me, and as years increased, I grew weary of my peasant lot, and left my native village with nothing to grieve for, and none to lament me. I have never seen it since. The graves of my parents are green, and my kindred have forgotten me; for my fame is linked with a name they never knew; but my dreams go back at times to the shadow of the old vine, and the light of autumn's sunset shed upon our hills. I went forth into the world alone, and scarcely knowing a step of the way; but I had many hopes, and many schemes that were bright in their vagueness, and I trusted to time and my own energies for success. You may guess the circumstances under which I came to you, when experience had partially schooled me. That was my first attempt, and it may be that it deserved your censure; but oh! monsieur, had you remembered then that the great gulf fixed between us was but the work of fortune, and given me but one word of friendly advice and encouragement, how precious should its memory have been to my after-years! I have made my own way, and learned darker lessons since then—as who has not that ever climbed ambition's precipice with their feet on the narrow ledge, and their hold on jagged rocks or thorns? But there is still a higher ledge to be gained, and they cling and struggle upwards, though sorely pierced and torn; but, monsieur,' said Marzette, and his look grew far more earnest, 'there was a girl who sat with you that evening. I know not her name, but they said she was your niece.'

'Oh, my niece Senore,' said St Leon, glad to seize any opportunity of changing the subject.

'Yes, monsieur; and what of her now?'

'Oh, she is well, and well married.'

'She's what?' almost screamed Marzette.

'She is married, monsieur,' said St Leon, involuntarily glancing towards the door, for the man's eyes were wild. 'This night her husband presented her to you. She is Madame Wessendorf.'

'Good night, good night, monsieur,' said Marzette, growing strangely and suddenly calm. 'Command my services when you please, but speak nothing of this interview, for it would serve neither you nor me.'

'What a fortune my poor Senore has missed,' said St Leon to himself, as he accompanied his niece and her German husband home.

Madame Wessendorf never visited that hotel again, and was the only person in Paris who did not speak of Monsieur Marzette. His stay in the French capital was not long; for six months after St Leon's arrival, he disposed of his effects, and emigrated to America, leaving nothing but his fame behind him. His after-progress we cannot trace; but before his departure, St Leon's property was recovered, and his volume published. It has died since, like many of its kindred. Its learned author lived and died a *savant;* but he never saw an ill-dressed stranger, particularly with papers in his hand, without looking kindly upon him—it was said in memory of the Midsummer Manuscript.

'SIX MONTHS AT GRAEFENBERG.'

This is a somewhat curious production,* purporting to be an account of a water-cure performed by the celebrated Priessnitz, and we bring it under the notice of our readers, in order that they may know something of this modern heresy in therapeutics. The author, Mr H. C. Wright, a devout believer in the water-cure, is, we presume, a citizen of the United States, where, as well as in England and Scotland, he has spent twelve years in making addresses to the public, for the promotion of Sunday Schools, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, and Peace; from which we may understand that he is an enthusiast in carrying out to a practical issue the theories and opinions which he adopts. Besides lecturing on the above topics, Mr Wright tells us that for fifteen years he had drunk nothing but cold water; no alcoholic liquors, fermented or distilled, no tea, no chocolate, no warm drink of any kind, had passed his lips during that time; neither had he indulged in tobacco in any form. He had further been exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, from 100 degrees above, to 10 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), by night and by day, by land and by sea. For the sake of invigoration,

* In one volume. London: Charles Gilpin. 1845.

he accustomed himself to bathe and wash himself in cold water every morning. Notwithstanding all these precautions, his labours affected his lungs, and for three years he took great care of himself, by using flannel next the skin, fur or wool mufflers round the neck, besides otherwise averting the effects of cold. All would not do; medical advisers said his lungs were ulcerated; he had a dry and painful cough; and, in short, he was in a very bad way. Thus knocked up in health, he bethinks himself of proceeding to Graefenberg, in Silesia, there to put himself under the care of Priessnitz, the originator and head of the water-cure system.

He arrived at Graefenberg on the 9th of January 1844, along with two companions, and, as the main building was full, he got an apartment in a neighbouring house. 'We were,' says he, 'to pay three and a-half florins, or seven shillings British, per week, for the use of the room, and for firewood, until the 1st of March; at which season the increased demand for lodgings, occasioned by the greater influx of guests, generally raises the rent of the lodgings. Our room was furnished with a tile stove, which was of course a fixture; three deal bedsteads, which were simply oblong boxes on legs, without hangings above or below; a sofa covered with leather; a small mirror; a clumsy washing apparatus of coarse earthenware; with tables, chairs, and chests of drawers made of unpainted deal. The furniture in all the lodging-houses is of the very simplest construction. We engaged a badediener, or bath-man, to take care of our room, make our fire, and attend us in our baths, for one florin or two shillings each per week. We then hired our beds and bedding by the week, purchased blankets, sheets, and bandages, and bespoke our board in the saloon, or great dining-hall in Priessnitz's establishment, for which we were each to pay nine shillings per week.

'As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the saloon, which is the great centre of reunion, gossip, and social intercourse for the cure-guests, I may as well describe it here. The saloon is a large and lofty room, about one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It is plainly ceiled, and the walls are whitewashed. In the centre of the west end is the entrance-door, over which is the orchestra for the musical performers at the dinners on Sunday, and at the entertainments occasionally given by the guests. The east end opposite to the entrance is furnished with a portrait of the emperor, and is lighted by four windows in two rows, one above the other. There are also two rows of eight windows each on the south, and two rows of four windows each on the north side. The end of the saloon next the door is occupied with rows of plain deal tables, extending about half way down the length of the room, at which the guests take their meals. These can be laid out to accommodate three hundred guests; but the greatest number who sat down together during my stay did not exceed two hundred. Priessnitz presides at the first of these tables, and it is here that he is generally consulted by such of his patients as board in the saloon. The lower end of the room below the tables is surrounded by sofas, and furnished with several large mirrors, and with a piano. The vacant space between the sofas and the ends of the tables, as well as the space between and around the tables, is used as a lounge and promenade. The saloon is hung round with the flags of fifteen different nations, which have sent patients to Graefenberg. Nowhere will you find a greater variety of character within a small space, than in the saloon at Graefenberg. Attracted thither in search of health from all parts of Christendom, upwards of one hundred individuals sit down to table daily, and the diversity of language, costume, complexion, and manners, may be imagined. Materials for romance, and subjects of absorbing interest to the observer of human nature, lie thickly around you in this little republic—this pure democracy in the midst of a pure despotism. The patients looked so healthy, and ate so heartily, that our first impression was, that there must be some mistake, and that these persons could not be on the sick list. We supped amongst them on the evening of our arrival, and made our arrangements to have an interview with Priessnitz on the following day.'

Priessnitz having examined him, and given directions to his badediener, or attendant, how he should be treated, the process of cure commences. It was on the 12th of January, when the thermometer was nearly at zero, that the first movement was made. 'All my flannels were laid aside; my silk, cotton, worsted, and fur mufflers were thrown off. I was ordered two leintuchs (wet sheets) daily, one at five in the morning, the other at five in the evening, with a cold bath after each. At first, for about a week, I took the abgeshrecktebad (tepid shallow bath) instead of the cold bath, after the leintuch. At eleven A. M. I had a sitzbath (sitting bath) for fifteen minutes. I wore the umschlag (a damp bandage covered by a dry one) round my body, and changed it four times a day. Every morning before breakfast, be the weather ever so inclement, I walked four, six, or sometimes eight miles, and drank six or eight tumblers of cold water. I also took a walk after the sitzbath and evening leintuch, to excite reaction. This treatment lasted for three months. I afterwards took the douche or waterfall bath once a day, and instead of the evening leintuch and cold bath, two abreibungs (wet-sheet baths) at intervals of an hour.'

This perpetual wrapping in wet sheets, rubbing, plunging into ice-cold baths, and exposure in all weathers, was trying, and sometimes painful—the very thoughts of the cold-plunge bath, when lying in bed in the morning, being horror; but the effects were not of the deadly kind which might have been anticipated. 'From the first,' continues our author, 'I found the cure exceedingly stimulating. The various external and internal applications of cold water, the out-door exercise and pure air, which in my walks I allowed to circulate about my neck, throat, and chest as much as possible, had, during the first three months, a most invigorating effect. A rash appeared upon my neck, chest, and shoulders, and around my body under the umschlag, and was rather annoying, from the burning and itching which it occasioned. My cough ceased; I had a voracious appetite; I found that my breathing grew deeper, stronger, and easier, and that I could climb the mountains more rapidly, and with less panting.

'But a painful change was at hand. About the first of April all my joints, and especially my knees, began to grow stiff, sore, and weak; walking became painful; and after sitting a few moments, I found it difficult to straighten my knees. I became gloomy and disheartened, but was assured by those about me that these were favourable symptoms, being evidences that the cure was taking effect. The whole surface of my body, even my hands and face, became very sensitive to the touch of cold water. It seemed as if my nerves were laid bare. I had a perfect horror of cold water—a kind of hydrophobia. As the spring advanced, and the weather grew milder, but damper, the cure became more intolerable. I found the damp weather of April and May far worse than the cold of January and February. I became afflicted with acute and throbbing pain in my teeth, jaws, and face, for which I was directed to rub the back of my head, and my neck and face, with my hands, wet in cold water. I was also ordered to rub my knees frequently in the same way. This was the crisis; and for some weeks I was as miserable as the most enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure could desire. Indeed I was often congratulated on my misery, which was regarded as the prelude to a speedy cure. At the close of April I had boils on my arms, hands, fingers, and chin, and nearly all over my body. They suppurated and discharged; and during the month of May they all healed; and none have since appeared.' And so the cure was completed. While it was going on, 'nothing surprised me more than the perfect safety with which I

cast away my comfortable warm flannels and mufflers. A terrible cold upon my lungs, and an increase of cough, were the least that I expected; but I was agreeably disappointed. In my walks, for three months, I had no hat or cap on my head, no handkerchief around my neck, not even my shirt collar buttoned. My clothes have often been completely drenched with snow and rain, and my hair filled with snow; but I have not had the slightest cold upon my lungs, nor any which a leintuch or one night's rest has not cured. My only remedy has been to take an abreibung, and put on dry clothes, on returning to my room to take off my wet clothes. This simple process has not only saved me from taking cold, but also from the effects of over-exertion. . . . I went to Graefenberg resolved to submit implicitly to Priessnitz's directions. I did so, and was restored to health. I am certain that my long abstinence from all alcoholic and warm drinks, and my disuse of tobacco in all its modes, and of medical drugs, have been powerful aids to my recovery. If any one will make cold water his only beverage, and abstain entirely from the use of medicine, he will find the water-cure sufficient to cure any disease that may assail him; if it be not absolutely incurable, and if he be determined to persevere in whatever process may be requisite for his recovery. But whoever expects to find health by the water-cure while wrapped up in flannels, and lounging in easy chairs and on sofas, in a warm, air-tight room, without personal exertion and activity, will certainly be disappointed; for persevering exercise in the pure fresh air is an essential element of the cure.'

We have thus let our enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure tell his own story, excluding only the details of the different steps in the process, for which we must refer to the work itself. It appears to us that the success of such remedies is in a great measure traceable to what ordinary medical men too frequently neglect—attention to air, exercise, amusement, and diet; or, more properly, the development of the natural powers and functions of the system, some of which, in the ordinary circumstances of an artificial existence, are dormant, or almost extinguished. Why, in therapeutics, there should be so little insisted on in the way of general re-invigoration, by recalling nature to her post, and so much done by the artificial stimulus of medicines, is more than we can understand, unless it be that the duty of prescribing and charging for drugs is a much more easy one than that of studying a man's whole constitution, and giving him rules for keeping it in health. Perhaps, however, the medical profession is not alone to blame. In England and the United States there is a fanatical love of medicines, and men often resort to them as an off-hand mode of cure, having, or thinking they have, no time for more deliberate, though more natural and effectual measures.

Priessnitz, whose proceedings are so much at variance with those of the medical world, is not a physician, neither is he an educated man, and we are informed he is seldom seen with a book in his hand. He writes no prescriptions; all his directions are verbal, and given to the attendants in whose hands he places his patients. Priessnitz, in fact, is nothing more than a German peasant or small farmer; a man with much shrewdness, who studies nature only, and probably never read a book on medicine in his life. Visited by hosts of people, many doubtless with imaginary complaints, and others labouring under the effects of intemperance, late hours, and other excesses of various kinds, he seems to set about restoring the abnormal pith of the constitution by some simple modes of treatment. How far the application of water, internal or external, has a direct curative effect, we cannot pretend to say; but we entertain no doubt that many would recover at home, without water in any extraordinary style of application, if they would refrain from certain indulgences, put away cankering cares, and take plenty of exercise in the open air daily.

In the establishment of Graefenberg there appears to be a studied absence of comfort. Much of the time of the patients is occupied in walking among the hills, drinking water at every spring they pass, and also in hard out-door labour. Sawing wood appears to be one of the occupations most generally admired and followed; many work in the fields; and others, ladies as well as gentlemen, may be seen carrying grass on their backs to the cows. In the evenings, after an early supper, all enjoy themselves with in-door amusements, among which dancing to a band of music is the principal. Ladies who in the morning were working with bare heads and arms in the fields, are now dressed in white gowns, kid gloves, and satin slippers, and going through the mazes of the dance with counts, barons, and captains. In winter, when field-labour is at a stand, sledging is a common recreation; and when tired with this gleesome and rough sport, there are always billiards and other games. 'Concerts are occasionally given in the saloon by some of the guests, at which they sing, play on the piano and violin, and sometimes read extracts from English, German, French, and Italian authors.'

Labour, exercise, and amusement, are thus parts of the cure; and one would almost be inclined to think that a considerable degree of petty discomfort was also indispensable. The buildings are homely, and the accommodations to the last degree mean. 'There are no bedchambers for the servants. The badedieners, both male and female, sleep on the floor in the passages, on straw or in blankets, as the case may be. In going to the baths, both men and women must descend the same public stairs, and thread the same public passages, enveloped in sheets and blankets. One can hardly pass through the establishment at certain times of the day, without meeting guests of all conditions, ages, and sexes, going to or from the baths in this strange attire. The cow-houses and stabling belonging to Priessnitz being under the same roof with the saloon, the offensive exhalations from them are a continual source of annoyance and disgust when the doors of these offices are open, which is frequently the case. Indeed nothing can exceed the discomfort of the whole arrangement, as Englishmen count comfort. Then the work inside is all of the plainest and rudest kind; no painting, no papering, no carpets, no English snuggeries whatever.'

The presiding genius of this half cow-house half dwelling-house, seems by no means underpaid for his services. 'I should suppose,' continues our author, 'that his income, from the weekly rent of his rooms in that part of those houses in Graefenberg which belong to him, amounts to about L.1500 per annum. Then there are at least one hundred guests boarding in the saloon the year round, at four florins thirty-eight kreutzers each, or rather more than nine shillings per week. It is said that the thirty-eight kreutzers are expended in keeping the walks and fountains in order, and that Priessnitz receives the remaining four florins, which, for one hundred guests, comes to something more than L.2000 per annum. This, added to the receipts for lodgings, amounts to L.3500. Then we must add four shillings per week as his fee from each guest, which, at an average of 500 guests, amounts to L.200 [in reality L.100] per week, or L.10,000 [L.5000] per annum, and forms a grand total of L.12,500 [L.8500] per annum. So that, allowing for the expenses of the establishment, Priessnitz cannot have less than L.8000 [possibly L.3500] of clear annual income.'

Our author protests against the assumption that Priessnitz is a charlatan—merely operating for the sake of gain. He describes him as invariably commanding the respect, and winning the affections, of his patients. The Austrian government, however, views his establishment with great jealousy, and would willingly seize on any excuse for putting him down. A register is kept by the police of all the patients who are and have been under Priessnitz's care, recording their names, the places from which they come, and the number of deaths.

Mr Wright was informed that about 10,000 individuals had taken the water-cure at Graefenberg since the opening of the establishment, and that only twenty had died. 'What medical doctor,' he adds 'could point to so small a number of deaths in proportion to the extent of his practice?' If this statement really be consistent with facts (and we do not see any reason to doubt it), the system of Priessnitz ought certainly to engage the careful consideration of the medical profession, with a view to testing its merits.

We take leave of Mr Wright, with thanks for the amusement we have had in perusing his volume, much of which, including some of the doctrines he propounds on general subjects, we do not agree with; but we give him credit for sincerity, and for that still more rare quality in the present age, an honesty in announcing his convictions.

OLIVER CROMWELL VINDICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.*

THERE was lately in the London newspapers much controversy touching the propriety of permitting the statue of Cromwell to have a place among the rulers of Britain in the new parliament houses. To many, it seemed that a regicide among kings would not only present an anomalous appearance, but be of bad example; others, disposed to give up the political point, were nevertheless among the objectors, on account of the doubtful character of the individual. In the two bulky volumes now before us, Mr Carlyle presents the documentary evidence upon which a more favourable estimate than usual of the character of Oliver Cromwell is founded. There is perhaps no thinking mind that has not, allowing for the circumstances of the case, often suspected great partiality in the usual historical delineations. Such is the natural horror of regicide, that it was not to be wondered at if a lurid glare were thrown over the portrait of the man and the picture of the events in which he was the principal figure; but still, it was to be expected that there was some basis of truth in the general statements; that they were, at worst, but exaggerations, from which, when due abatements were made, we might get at something near the exact likeness. If, however, we are to adopt Mr Carlyle's account, there is not a single line of the accepted historical narratives that is deserving of the least credit; the whole of them must be negated and repudiated, so that room may be made for one diametrically opposite in all its details, however similar in the mere outline—wholly different in whatever is of essential and vital importance, and as contrary, alike in both minute and large particulars, thereto as a truth is to a lie. Never, therefore, were mankind (and such is the importance of the question involved, that the appeal it includes applies to the race) called upon to an investigation of the historical kind more suggestive, more full of weight and weighty consequence, than that now demanded by Mr Carlyle.

Any popular history will help us to the general impression acknowledged of Cromwell's character. Born of a good family, but early given to dissipation; afterwards pretending religion, and acting the hypocrite with such consummate skill as to deceive the most truly pious; suffering his affairs to fall into ruin 'by the length of his prayers and the general abstraction of his manner;' urged by want to rebellion, fanaticism, and ambition; indebted to accident and intrigue for his success, he thenceforward contrived to build up his fortunes on his country's ruin—waded through blood to the supreme power, being deterred by no crime from the prosecution of his own wilful designs—suffered at the end of his career the agonies of remorse; and though, in his domestic relations after his marriage, altogether exemplary, yet leaving to posterity no better reputation than that of a character which (to give it in the language of the school-books) 'was a compound of all the vices and all the virtues that spring from inordinate ambition and wild fanaticism:'* such is the man as painted to our imaginations, in the customary authorities, from Lord Clarendon's history downwards, whether of more or less pretension. The biographies of Cromwell that exist, Mr Carlyle tells us, are despicable. 'Criticism,' he adds, 'of these poor books cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in stupidity all the celebrations any hero ever had in this world before. They are, in fact, worthy of oblivion—of charitable Christian burial.' Perhaps there are few who can compete with Mr Carlyle in this judgment, since he professes to have examined all the original biographies enumerated by Mark Noble for his own compilation—and more also. Of James Heath he speaks with the utmost contempt, calling him 'Carrion' Heath, as being one 'who in fact has no soul, except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion, and not Humanity.' For our part, we cannot help thinking that such a style of writing is prejudicial to the end in view, and, but that these volumes are documentary, and not inductive, would go far to destroy the author's credit with the reader. But such faults, grave as they are, fortunately cannot interfere with a book of documentary evidence; and we are bound to add, that never did editor exhibit more pains and sincerity in so editing his documents that the reader should properly understand both them and their relations beyond the possibility of a mistake. Such an editor was especially needed on this occasion, and it is but fair to say that Mr Carlyle has fulfilled every requisition.

The letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell had indeed been previously edited, but in such a manner as to be worse than useless; because misrepresenting the writer and speaker as one manifestly ignorant and inept; exciting, indeed, the wonder of the merely cursory student, that an individual so incapable of expression should have persuaded parliaments, conciliated authors of supreme genius, and men of unquestionable intelligence, and so swayed the destinies of a great nation as to command general admiration. The plan adopted by Mr Carlyle has removed all the impediments that stood in the way of their intelligibility. He has corrected the old spelling and punctuation, divided them into sentences and paragraphs, indicated the reticencies and deficiencies of incompetent reporters, with such idiosyncrasies in the character of the orator, or the passion of the moment, as would lead to incomplete utterance (that is, incomplete to the reader *now*, though complete enough to the hearer *then*), and added such comments, explanations, and elucidations, as clear up every point that can at all be cleared, and so left the smallest possible amount of obscurity remaining. The result has been, that, though much in these volumes may be obsolete, and beyond the range of modern sympathies, there is scarcely anything but may, with a little patience and earnestness, be brought home and appreciated by the humblest student deserving the name. We are even inclined to give a much higher character to both the letters and speeches of the Protector than Mr Carlyle himself. His account of the former we subjoin:—

'I called these letters good, but withal only good of

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations. By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall, Strand. 1845.

* This quotation is taken from Dr Mavor's 'History of England,' as presenting a sort of neutral popular statement, in which, moreover, youths are generally educated at school.

their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone; but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with, is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step, he presses through towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous; forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence, and soul of a man, greater than any speech. The intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small intelligence. He that works and *does* some poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valour, and belief, without words—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!'

We now proceed to give such a representation of Oliver Cromwell's conduct and character as Mr Carlyle has furnished the materials for in his present important publication.

'Oliver Cromwell, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St John's parish there, on the 25th of April 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month, as the old parish registers of that church still legibly testify.

'His father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary farmer of the cathedral tithes and church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to one "William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne, in Cambridgeshire," had lasted but a year; husband and only child are buried in Ely cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589. The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given, but seems to have been in 1591. Our Oliver was their fifth child, their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all, of whom seven came to maturity; and Oliver was their only son.'

The mother of Oliver Cromwell is said to have been descended from the royal Stuart family of Scotland.

'The house where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon; but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the town, beyond the market-place, on the left or river-ward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled courtyard, occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse, which is not far off, still flows through the courtyard of the place, offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that *before* Robert Cromwell's time it had been employed as a brewery; but of this, or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration, and confusion, little or no certainty to be had.'

As to the events of Oliver Cromwell's boyhood, alleged by Heath and subsequent biographers—such as his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, his seeing prophetic spectres, robbing orchards, tyrannising over his schoolfellows, acting in school-plays, and such like, Mr Carlyle considers them one and all as stupid inventions. He was, however, educated at the public school of Huntingdon, by Dr Beard, and lived from his infancy under religious influences; to which Mr Carlyle fairly enough adds those proceeding from the public events of the time, such as the Hampton-Court Conference, the Gunpowder Plot, and the general struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism, which of course was then the chief topic of discourse, as it still is of the history of Europe during that period. These are the things which account for the growth of private opinion and principle, though this mode of putting the case is not much adopted by biographers in general. It, however, told with good effect in the 'Life of Savanorola and his Times,' published a year or two ago, and is adopted with similar results in Mr Carlyle's introductory chapters. On the 23d April 1616 (the very day on which Shakspeare died), young Oliver was entered of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge; his tutor being one Richard Howlet. At the age of eighteen he was left heir to his father's property, and in charge of his father's family, and, it would seem, consequently left Cambridge; thus early exchanging his speculative studies for practical duties. To these it would appear that he specially attached himself, for the tradition that he was soon after entered of Lincoln's, or any other inn of court, turns out, upon investigation, to be unfounded. He might indeed have studied law a while at the private chambers of some practitioner; but of this, and the kind of life he is supposed to have lived while in town, there is no proof whatever. The supposition is mere calumny, without any foundation at all. At no period of his life, then, was Cromwell a wild liver; and at this particular period he seems to have behaved himself so well, as to have been admitted on visiting terms at Sir James Bouchier's, whose daughter Elizabeth he married 22d August 1620, when he was no more than twenty-one years and four months old. Secured by an early marriage against temptation, he then returned to the home which was both his widowed mother's and his own at Huntingdon, and there applied himself to the business of his farm, labouring for ten years assiduously and honestly, not omitting such civic, industrial, and social duties as his father before him had undertaken.

'In those years it must be,' continues Mr Carlyle, 'that Dr Simcott, physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight." Mr Cromwell for many years was very "splenetic" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross." Brief intimation; of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson, too, had hypochondrias: all great souls are apt to have—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague abyss of life knit itself up into firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself, and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness." The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black

smoke, as of Tophet, filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become flame, and brilliancy of heaven. Courage!

'It is therefore in these years, undated by history, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of eternal death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man; properly the one epoch—the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join with the dragons; wilt thou join with the gods? Of thee too the question is asked—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in "four surplices at All-hallow-tide," with words very imperfect; or by no man, and no words, but only by the silences, by the eternities, by the life everlasting and the death everlasting. That the "sense of difference between right and wrong" had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan old Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of heroic had ever been among us.

'For many centuries, catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine sense, had been current more or less, making the generations noble; and here, in England, in the century called the seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man—believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases.'

Leaving the reader to make what he can of this statement (involving as it does a religious theory, upon which opinions differ), it is sufficient for the general argument that the facts stated conduces to the proof that Oliver was from the first a sincerely religious man, both in thought and feeling. In further evidence of this, we find him also a contributor to what was called 'The Feoffee Fund'—a scheme originated by Dr Preston, a Puritan college doctor of great celebrity, to counteract the grievance of lay impropriations, through which the country was insufficiently supplied with preachers. The plan was, to *buy-in* such impropriations when possible, support good ministers in destitute places, and otherwise encourage the ministerial work. The wealthy London merchants took it up, and by degrees the wealthier Puritans all over England. The funds thus subscribed were vested in 'Feoffees,' who from time to time proceeded to purchase such advowsons as came to market; and to hire lecturers—'persons not generally in full priests' orders (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in deacons' or some other orders, with permission to preach'—some of them preaching, as supplemental to the regular priest, and some as 'running lecturers,' preaching successively in different districts. Such was their success, that at length they excited the jealousy of Laud, and his proceedings in relation to this matter may be understood as laying the first stone of all the troubles that after followed. He (in Mr Carlyle's words) 'took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay, brought the feoffees themselves, and their whole enterprise, into the Star Chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them.' Such were the wrongs of which the Puritans had to complain; and Oliver, we learn, 'naturally consorted with the Puritan clergy, and attended their ministry.' Many of the Puritans were gentry of his own rank; some of them nobility of a much higher rank. They were now numerous: among them, John Hampden, his cousin; John Pym; the Lords Brook, Say, and Montague; in a word, 'already, either in conscious act or clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious thought and manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.' Such are the facts in which we are to seek for the sources of Oliver Cromwell's conduct and motives.

It is generally stated that Oliver Cromwell was returned as member for Huntingdonshire in King Charles I.'s parliament (1625); but this is an error. It was his uncle, Sir Oliver, who was then elected, and had been to former parliaments—a fact, however, showing that the family were accustomed to public life and political considerations. This uncle, who was a royalist, was afterwards, being a generous liver, so reduced, as to be compelled to part with his estate.

'The purchaser,' says Mr Carlyle, 'is "Sir Sidney Montague, knight, of Barnwell, one of his majesty's Masters of the Requests." Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendour, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the fens, to a place of his near Ramsey Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old books. The reduced knight, his uncle, was a royalist or malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the king, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigour for the arms; while the captain respectfully conversed with his uncle, and even "insisted," through the interview, say the old books, "on standing uncovered;" which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead books. The arms, munitions, furnishings, were, with all rigour of law, not with more rigour and not with less, carried away; and Oliver parted with his uncle for that time, not "craving his blessing," I think, as the old blockhead books say, but hoping he might one day either get it or a *better* than it for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his uncle; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances who suppose there was any likelihood or need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

'As for the old knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper, given to sumptuosity of hospitality, and averse to severer duties. When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered, with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the civil war, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis: in the next parliament the knight of the shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, "Sir Capell Bedall, baronet."

'In these same years—for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague—there is record given by Dugdale—a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters—of a certain suit instituted, in the King's Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged this Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny; whereupon Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs in an incapable, or semi-capable manner, and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany—if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, that poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver

his heir-in-chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas! all calumny and carrion: does it not incessantly cry, "Earth, oh, for pity's sake, a little earth!"?

We must inevitably leave the concluding portion of our article till next number.

THE UNHAPPY.

We are not of those who are inclined to denounce this as a miserable world, or who love to magnify its shadows and undervalue or deny its lights and pleasures. No: the earth is full of the beautiful, the animating, and the encouraging; and it is as ungrateful as untrue to imagine that the great Father of the human family has so far forgotten his paternal character, as to doom his children to pass their 'threescore years and ten' in a world where the chief business is to sigh, and the great mass are of necessity to be the unhappy.

And yet it is not to be gainsaid that the majority *are* the unhappy, if their own complaints are to be taken as the only evidence. The complainers immensely predominate, and if any cure could be discovered for grumbling, it would certainly be a great relief to that small minority who are now unceasingly tormented with the complaints of their neighbours. On all sides we hear men murmuring at their circumstances, despising their situation, and nursing and magnifying their troubles; and the less and the more unreal these troubles are, the more provokingly are they obtruded upon others.

There are two great mistakes which men fall into, which seem to us to produce and aggravate this state of things: the first is, the common belief that our happiness depends upon our circumstances and station; and the other, that there are certain favourable conditions in which alone perfect happiness is to be found. The sooner our minds are disabused of these mistakes the better. Circumstances and station have far less power to promote happiness than is generally supposed. We do not wish to be understood as implying that persons may be happy in every situation: there are certain conditions, such as slavery, extreme poverty, prolonged and severe pain, in which it would be unreasonable to expect happiness. But such circumstances as these are the exceptions; the mass of mankind are not in pain, nor extreme poverty, nor slavery. They are placed in those circumstances which are most conducive to happiness; that is, possessing more than a sufficiency of the necessaries of life, and in a situation of labour, either with head or hand, not only having work to do, but work which they *must* do; which we believe will, after all, be found the precise condition most favourable to happiness. Such employment calls forth the energies, keeps the body in healthy activity, preserves the mind from care and anxiety, cherishes feelings of independence, exhilarates the animal spirits, and in every respect promotes the well-being of the entire man.

We therefore assert, that unless this work be very severe, the health infirm, the employment decidedly unadapted to the capabilities and tastes, or the real necessaries of life almost unattainable, a fair share of happiness is within reach, and if it is not found, we had need rather to blame ourselves than our condition —to suspect something wrong in the disposition within, rather than in the circumstances by which we are surrounded. And yet how many sigh for this or that place in society, and refuse to enjoy the present and daily comforts that drop thickly upon their path till that end be attained, and which indeed is rarely the case! Ambition is a ladder whose summit is nowhere, though its base is everywhere, and he who places his discontented foot upon it, is entering upon a course of feverish restlessness, and bidding adieu to settled comfort and enjoyment. The eminence desired becomes only the second step in the ladder, and is but an additional spur to something still more elevated and ambitious; and the higher the point gained, the more fear of retrograding and losing the ground already won. There must be a certain amount of discipline of the passions, a certain amount of self-denial, a certain amount of universal love—in short, an agreement between our convictions of what is right, and our earnest endeavours to practise it; and if this point be attained, it will do more to secure our happiness than any remove of situation or change of circumstances that we can possibly imagine. But where our convictions and our practice are at variance, and the great laws by which we are governed are disobeyed, it is absurd to expect happiness in any position. We will give two or three illustrations of unhappy characters to be met with every day, which may serve to explain more fully what we mean:—

Edward is a young man of some talent certainly, and, with his decent and comfortable circumstances, and his mental capacity of enjoyment, might surely be happy; yet he is not so. He is proud of his intellectual superiority, is eager for a wider sphere to display his talents, and is moody and misanthropic because he thinks his superiority is not sufficiently recognised and admired. The position he desires is that of an idol, and the attitude of his circling friends should be, in his modest estimation, that of humble worshippers. Those that are his equals or superiors he envies, those that are beneath him he despises. Because the world naturally refuses to pay him the homage he claims, he rails at it, and affects to despise that praise which in reality he so much desires to secure. Now, nothing can be plainer than that his unhappiness is his fault, not his misfortune—the result of his own inordinate desires, rather than any real cause of complaint; and that if he would get rid of that sourness that is preying upon his temper and heart, he must revise his principles, moderate his expectations, and refuse not to appreciate that talent in others which he desires to be appreciated in himself, nor to render that respect to his superiors which he expects his inferiors to render to him. He is violating habitually the great laws which his Maker has ordained; and as they will not alter for him, the change must be on his side, and his life and those laws brought into greater harmony: then, and not till then, will he be happy.

Another illustration. My neighbour Temple is a friendless man: he confesses it, he complains of it. He declares that he never met with a mind he could fully sympathise with (and I am sure it is not because his own is so transcendently superior); that mankind are so selfish and so cold that friendship is a thing scarcely to be hoped for. The consequence is, he feels isolated, is melancholy, and suspicious. But has he ever set about making friends in the right way? Has he ever, by acts of good-will, kindness, friendly feeling, himself made proper advances to those whose friendship he complains of not possessing? Is he himself prepared, by self-denial, respect for the feelings of others, and warmth of affection, to play his own part in the harmonious duet of friendship? We are afraid not; we fear his own heart is out of tune—that there is too much pride, misanthropy, doggedness of opinion, and want of delicacy in himself, to allow of his reciprocating the friendship of any one, even if it were thrust upon him. If he wish to be happy, if he would enjoy the blessings of friendship, let him, instead of railing at the 'cold, selfish world,' as he calls it, set it a better example than he has hitherto done; let him come out of his selfishness, his pride, his sarcastic bitterness—let him make proper advances, and he will find friends; and many who come into contact with him will be attracted, and pay back to him with interest his offered love and friendship.

Again: Mr F—— is a large capitalist, and employs in his extensive manufactory upwards of a hundred hands—men, women, and children. He keeps his carriage, lives in a splendid mansion, and if circumstances could make happy, one would think he could scarcely help being so. And yet he has a heavy dis-

satisfied heart, and a countenance more wo-begone or less indicative of enjoyment is not to be seen among all his poor workpeople. How is this? It is the very eminence he looked up to when a young man, the one desire which has influenced him from youth, and yet, as he has risen in station, just in the same proportion has his happiness decreased. The reason of his unhappiness is this: when he was a poor youth, his simple duties were tolerably well performed; industry, patience, self-denial, were exercised, and he was happy. But now his duties have somewhat altered with his change of station; the duties of industry and patience have given place to those of influence and liberality; he is now a man of authority rather than obedience, and many of his new duties are utterly neglected. He is a hard master; the poor creatures he employs by scores are utterly uncared for by him; they are employed by him for his own purposes; he calculates upon a certain profit on the labour of each, and cares not to know anything more about them than as far as they do that work cheaply and effectively. He is continually complaining of unprincipled and dishonest workmen, but he exerts no influence to benefit them, and their conduct at most is but a gross copy of his own selfishness and cunning. They are uneducated, immoral, irreligious, but he cares not; all his thought is to add from the profits of business so many hundreds a-year to that heap of useless treasure which he has already amassed. No wonder there is that scowl on his countenance, no wonder that the nightmare of discomfort sits heavily upon his spirit; he is not doing his duties, nor using his influence and wealth for good. We could prescribe for him. Let him look at his responsibilities and duties honestly; let him break out of that bondage of self which enthrals him, and live for his God and his neighbour; let him remember that these poor workpeople are really his brothers and his sisters, and let him grudge not to appropriate a part of his gains to the rendering their circumstances more comfortable, and their characters more elevated. Let him do this, and he may be happy; but till then, he may tyrannise as he may, hoard as he choose, add hundred to hundred, and acre to acre, but he will still remain what he is now—a useless, selfish, unhappy man.

Such persons as these require not so much, therefore, an alteration of circumstances, as an alteration of themselves: the heart is the deficient mainspring, which throws the whole machinery out of order. The selfish man, the proud man, the avaricious man, must expect to be unhappy, for they are drying up in their own hearts the very sources from which their happiness must flow, if it flow at all. As well might a man put out his lamp, and then complain of the darkness, as such persons put from them the sympathies and charities of life, and then complain of their unhappiness.

The other great mistake—that of supposing that there are some stations and circumstances on earth of perfect happiness, is another fertile source of dissatisfaction. Many seem to imagine that their own station and condition is of all others the most miserable, and that there are others to which, if they could but attain, all their cares and sorrows would vanish. And yet a greater absurdity never found a lodging in the human breast, hope never leaned on a more rotten staff. There is no Goshen in this world where there is light amid the surrounding darkness: pain and pleasure, sickness and health, disquiet and happiness, are scattered among mankind with an impartial hand; none are so high but they must have their troubles; few are so low as not to have their pleasures. The aching head and the feverish pulse are as often found in the palace as in the cottage; the titled lady weeps over her dead child as bitterly as the poor cottager; the master has at the least as many anxieties as his workmen; and trouble, how unwelcome soever the truth, will be found, in one form or other, in every condition. We may change servitude for command, poverty for riches, obscurity for distinction, but perfect happiness will be as distant as ever; and the future will, in any condition, even the most favourable, be chequered with pain and pleasure, the proportions of which will mainly depend upon ourselves. Whatever our situation may be, it is what we are, and not what we have, that must constitute our happiness. Let us make the most of the comforts which Providence has placed within our reach, cultivate happiness in ourselves, increase it as much as we can in all around us, and seek it in the knowledge and obedience of Him who is its source. If at any time we should feel unhappy, let us review our principles and our practice, and see if the fault be not rather within than without, and remember that, by whatever name we may seek happiness, whether pleasure, honour, power, or wealth, we shall seek her quite in vain, except under the familiar and too often repulsive name of—Duty.

WATER-CRESS.

Most persons are acquainted with the water-cress and its salutary properties; they know generally that it grows in brooks, and on the borders of fresh and running streams. Few, however, of those who, in the busy thoroughfares or quiet suburbs of London, hear the cry of 'water cre-e-ses,' or see in their daily walks the old red-cloaked women sorting the little bundles at the corners of streets, have any idea that the cultivation of this esculent now forms an important branch of horticultural and commercial industry; which, from the increasing consumption, and use made of the plant in pharmacy, is gradually rising into consequence.

In the present day, the water-cress may be found on almost every table, from the highest to the lowest. It is one of the most powerful antiscorbutics with which we are acquainted, and is said to possess the property of exciting the appetite and fortifying the stomach. We have no certain information that it is cooked in any part of England, as is occasionally the case in France; but in the north of Germany, to which country we owe its original cultivation, it is boiled and eaten as spinach.

In an old botanical work,* we are told that the watery part of Tothill Fields, Westminster, was overrun with water-cress, and that it grew on the banks of the Thames in several places. The same work also enumerates many places in England where this refreshing vegetable was abundant; and it is now known that, like many other of the simple but useful productions of nature, which, in their natural varieties, abound wherever they may be beneficial to man, it is to be found in most parts of the world.

It is of the Cruciferous family, which comprehends about twenty species, all possessing high antiscorbutic properties, and of the genus *Nasturtium*, 'said to have been so called from the effect its acrimony produces on the muscles of the nose—*nasus tortus*, signifying a convulsed nose.'† The common cress is known as *Nasturtium officinale*, and presents two varieties, the green and the blue, which by cultivation have been rendered far superior to what they were in their wild state; being less acrid, and not so liable to contract the taste of slime and mud as those found in ditches and marshes.

Fifty years ago, a considerable proportion of the supply that found its way to the metropolitan market was gathered from the numerous little streams which intersect the meadows near the towns of Newbury and Hungerford, in the county of Berkshire, from which places it was brought in sacks by the stage-coachmen of the day, who shared in the profits of the sale. The first attempts at regular cultivation in the neighbourhood of London, appear to have been made in the year 1808 at Springhead, a village near Gravesend. This plantation still exists, and is sometimes visited by the frequenters of the well-known semi-watering-place just mentioned, for the purpose of regaling themselves with a fresh-plucked salad and bread and butter. Another planta-

* Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary. 1807.
† Loudon. Encyclopædia of Plants.

afterwards commenced in Surrey, but subsebandoned. The culture, however, continued particularly in localities favourably situated rd to springs of water. Near Rickmansworth, rdshire, where there is a fine stream running ılky bottom, there are now about fifteen acres tivation. The Springhead plantation consists res, while on the opposite side of the Thames, ım Abbey, in Essex, is another of six acres. ough extensive, are insufficient to meet the f the huge metropolis. Other supplies are obn greater distances. From Uxbridge and Salist quantities are forwarded to London, packed s, every day in the year excepting Sundays; idea may be formed of the enormous confrom the sum-total of the annual sales, which o more than L.10,000.

ılture of cress requires much attention and ess, especially in winter, in which season, ingle night, a sharp frost may destroy a whole , if too remote from the springs to retain temperature. The ground is generally laid allel trenches, separated by small mounds, on culent vegetables may be grown. The bottom covered with several inches of sandy vegeh, perfectly level and equalised, so that the y have a regular flow in every part. The March and August are the most favourable g in the plants, which are generally set in r tufts, eight or ten inches apart. A wellench will be in full bearing after the first year, to the temperature of the water and the na- soil. The activity of the vegetation depends ly on the state of the atmosphere; but if the has been made with care, and the plants well will require no other precautions, with the of occasional weedings, than those necessary t from winter frosts, and the irruption of foul y water in thaws and storms.

urable seasons the cress may be gathered ee weeks; but in cold weather, two months imes required to bring the plants to perfection. e gatherings, it is customary to roll and level n of the trench, or to manure when required. lantation will last a long time; but it should d by the same process as at first, whenever it ns of decay. Sometimes, in frosty weather, y of water is increased until the plants are y covered; but as this submersion weakens hould not be continued longer than absolutely

udon describes the process as follows:— arket gardeners, who can command a small water, grow the water-cress in beds sunk ot in a retentive soil, with a very gentle slope end to the other. Along the bottom of this h may be of any convenient length and chalk or gravel is deposited, and the plants ed about six inches every way. Then, accordslope and length of the bed, dams are made s high across it, at intervals; so that when s are full, the water may rise not less than hes on all the plants included in each. The g turned on, will circulate from dam to dam; plants, if not allowed to run to flower, will ndance of young tops in all but the winter A stream of water no larger than what will of an inch bore, will, if not absorbed by the e to irrigate in this way an eighth of an some of the plants are apt to rot off in winter, tion should be laid dry two or three times a l all weeds and decayed parts removed, and filled up. Cress grown in this way, however, rior to that grown in a living stream flowing el or chalk.'

story of the cultivation of this plant on the affords some interesting particulars, which exemplify the advantages that accrue, with proper attention, from the apparently humblest objects. About the beginning of the present century, an attempt was made to form cress grounds in the neighbourhood of Paris, similar to those then common on the banks of the Rhine, by the Count de Lasteyrie; but without success; while the markets of that capital were supplied only by persons who travelled to distances, sometimes of forty leagues, collecting the cress wherever it could be found. The supply was seldom sufficient to satisfy the limited demand, although it frequently consisted of nothing more than bunches of marshy plants masked by a few sprigs of the genuine vegetable.

In the winter of 1809, Monsieur Cardon, then principal director of the hospital chest of the grand army, was quartered with his staff at Erfurt, the capital of Upper Thuringia. Walking one day in the environs of the city, when the earth was covered with snow, he was astonished by the sight of several long trenches, from ten to twelve feet in width, covered with the most brilliant green. Curious to know the cause of what appeared to be a phenomenon at that season, he walked towards them, and perceived with the greatest surprise that the trenches formed a large plantation of watercress, presenting the aspect of a verdant carpet on a surface in every direction white with snow. In answer to his inquiries, M. Cardon learned that the plantations had existed for many years, and belonged to the authorities of the city, from whom they were rented by the cultivators at the annual sum of L.2400. Since that time, however, their value has greatly increased. From a statement published in 1830, we find that the annual return then amounted to more than L.8000; and that the cress, highly esteemed for its purity and superior qualities, was sold in all the cities on the Rhine, and in the markets of Berlin, at a distance of 120 miles from the place of its growth.

M. Cardon foresaw the benefits that might be expected to arise from the introduction of this branch of horticultural industry into the neighbourhood of Paris; and, after a long search, found twelve acres of a thin sandy alluvium at St Leonard, in the valley of the Nonette, between Senlis and Chantilly, which, containing many beautifully limpid springs at a temperature of 59 degrees, appeared to be well adapted for a cress plantation. He engaged two well-informed individuals from Erfurt who were acquainted with the method of cultivation. The ground was laid out in trenches of 250 feet in length by 12 feet in breadth; which, were, however, afterwards reduced to one-half of those dimensions, as it appeared that the water lost its natural temperature, and froze in the winter, by flowing over so large a surface. In a few years, after an expenditure of L.3200, there were 92,000 square feet under cultivation.

It was no longer the cress clandestinely gathered, often in flower, or run to seed, that was exposed for sale in the French metropolis. The cress of St Leonard arrived, packed with a care to which the Parisians were strangers. Its freshness and purity were such, that the market-women, of their own accord, offered double the usual price before any demand had been made; and, in testimony of their high satisfaction, feasted the journeyman cultivator who had come to superintend the sale, and the wagoner, and sent them home decorated with ribbons and flowers.

Much greater precautions appear to be taken in the packing and transport of the cress in France than in this country. The French growers are particularly careful in warm weather, and guard the plants from exposure to the least storm, as they then turn yellow. They pack them in baskets, which contain from twenty-five to thirty dozens of bunches, so arranged as to leave a circular opening or chimney up the centre, which always remains empty. The baskets are then placed on rails fixed across a wagon, so as to permit a free current of air through all the openings; and in the summer, before putting on the tilt, the whole are well watered, to preserve their freshness during the night,

and they are delivered at the market early in the morning in the most perfect condition.

The regularity of the arrivals and constant freshness of the cress sent every day from the grounds at St Leonard, not only insured the success of the scheme, but brought forward a host of competitors. M. Cardon's German workmen left him to commence rival establishments; and there are now in the environs of Paris sixteen plantations, producing annually 1,350,000 dozens of bunches, valued at L.37,800; and, adding the charges of transport, and expenses of all the individuals employed in this branch of trade, which, a few years ago, had no existence, the sum actually circulated amounts to not less than L.60,000.

Formerly, the sale in Paris seldom amounted to more than L.20 daily in the best season; while at the present time, a supply of not fewer than twenty wagon-loads, worth L.240, is required to meet the daily demand.

Column for Young People.

VIRTUE AND GENEROSITY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

Monsieur de Flanmont.—Would you like, my children, to hear two stories of robbers that I have read in an English magazine?

Children.—Oh yes, papa; are they very long?

M. de Flanmont.—No; but I think you will be a good deal puzzled to give me your opinion of them.

Children.—How so, papa?

M. de Flanmont.—You shall see. Here is the first. An English stage-coach, full of passengers, was travelling towards a large town. The conversation fell on the subject of highwaymen, who frequently robbed travellers upon that road, and they began to inquire of each other how they would be able to save their money in case of an attack; when all declared that they had taken precaution, and were safe. A young woman of the party, with more candour than prudence, exclaimed, 'Though I have all I am worth in the world with me (bank-notes for two hundred pounds), yet the robbers could never find them; they are inside the foot of my stocking.' A few minutes after, the coach was attacked, and the passengers were ordered to deliver their purses. The robbers found so little money in them, that they were much dissatisfied, and declared that, if they did not immediately get a hundred pounds, they would search them strictly, and give them some rough treatment. They were about to execute their threats, when an old man who sat in a corner of the coach, and had hitherto scarcely uttered a syllable, said, 'You will find double the sum you demand if you will only make that lady take off her shoes and stockings.' The robbers followed his advice, took the notes, and went off. What do you say of this old man?

Clementina.—Ah, papa, what wickedness!

M. de Flanmont.—All the passengers thought as you do. They loaded him with reproaches and abuse, and threatened to throw him out of the coach. The grief of the young woman was beyond description. The old man seemed insensible to their abuse and their threats; the only excuse he made was, that every one had a right to take care of himself. When the coach arrived at the town in the evening, the old man got off before any of his companions had time to make him feel their vengeance. The young woman spent a sorrowful night; but what was her surprise when, the next morning, she received four hundred pounds, a very beautiful comb, and the following letter:—

MADAM—The man whom you had yesterday so much reason to detest, sends you the sum which you lost, interest to double the amount, and a comb of nearly equal value. I am grieved at the trouble I was under the necessity of giving you; but a few words will explain my conduct. I have just returned from India, where I spent ten years of hardship; the fortune I realised there amounts to thirty thousand pounds, the whole of which I had in bills yesterday in my pocket. If I had been searched with the strictness which was threatened, I should have lost all. What was to be done? I could not run the risk of being obliged to return to India empty-handed. Your candour furnished me with the means of averting this calamity: I beg, therefore, that you will not scruple to accept this little present, and that you will believe me ever to remain your devoted servant, &c. &c.

Gustavus.—Ah, papa, the young woman had no longer any reason to complain; and the old man was not to blame, since he gave so much more than she had lost.

Clementina.—Yes; but if I had been in her place, I would rather not have been obliged to take off my shoes and stockings before the robbers.

Gustavus.—Oh, that did not do her much harm.

Henry.—But, papa, if the robbers, notwithstanding their promise, had searched every one strictly, and had taken from the old man his thirty thousand pounds, he would not have been able to return the young woman her two hundred pounds, and he would have been the cause of her losing it.

M. de Flanmont.—Henry is right: the old man did a positive injury, without having any certainty of being able to repair it.

Henry.—Of course no confidence can be placed upon the word of a robber.

Gustavus.—But then he was sure that if he did not do that, they would have taken from him his thirty thousand pounds.

M. de Flanmont.—That is true; but do you think, my dear Gustavus, that we are permitted to save ourselves from any great misfortune, by causing one equally great to another? For, after all, the loss of the two hundred pounds was as great a misfortune to the young woman, as the thirty thousand would have been to the old man, as it was her whole fortune.

Gustavus.—Yes, papa, but he knew that he would return it.

M. de Flanmont.—He intended it, no doubt; but Henry has shown you that it might not have been in his power to do so. Other accidents might have occurred to prevent him, he might have lost his pocket-book on the road, or he might have died suddenly, &c.

Clementina.—Oh yes; and then the young woman would have had neither her two hundred pounds, nor the other two hundred pounds, nor the beautiful comb.

M. de Flanmont.—He would also have left his integrity, and the fate of his fellow-traveller, to the chances of the future—necessarily uncertain—and all to spare himself a misfortune which, though undoubtedly a great one, he had no right to evade by causing one equally great to another. It is here where the difference lies between prudence and virtue: prudence begins by considering the best means of getting out of a difficulty, and thinks it enough to make reparation for any evil it has caused to others: virtue is not satisfied with the hope of being one day able to repair an injury; it will not commit one, and therefore, though it may be sometimes less fortunate, is always more peaceful. It is by doing wrong, even with the prospect of good arising from it, that men fall into difficulties, and often into errors, from which they can never be extricated. However prudent a person may be, he cannot flatter himself that he has foreseen every consequence that may arise, or know that some of them may not be very disastrous; whilst, by imposing on ourselves the law of being first virtuous, we possess the certainty of never doing an injury to any one with which we can afterwards reproach ourselves for being the cause.

Gustavus.—But, papa, what ought he to have done?

M. de Flanmont.—I do not know; all that I am sure of is, that we ought not to do as the old man did. You will some day see for yourself how many misfortunes happen in the world by the false notion men so often entertain, that they can arrange and direct events to suit their own purposes: they regulate their conduct according to this expectation; and afterwards events multiply, become so entangled, happen in such unexpected ways, that they often see their projects fail, as their virtue invariably does, and they are unable to recover themselves. We ought, on the contrary, first to secure our integrity, and afterwards take what advantage we can of circumstances; besides, who knows what resources may be presented to the mind of a man firmly determined not to do anything against his conscience? It is undoubtedly very convenient to make use of the first means that offer themselves, but can we be sure that they are the only means, and that, were we to take a little more pains, we might not find another equally efficacious and more creditable? Whoever holds fast his integrity, and is, besides, active and industrious, will almost always get out of difficulties. I do not at this moment see in what way the old man could have saved his

thirty thousand pounds; but perhaps, if he had not so immediately determined on informing against the young woman, some other expedient might have been presented to his mind that would have been much better.

Gustavus.—I agree with you, papa; but you promised us another story.

M. de Flammont.—Here it is. You will now see, that if we must not do an injury that we can never be sure of repairing, neither must we do wrong even with the best intention. An English nobleman, on his way from London to one of his estates, was stopped in a wood by six robbers. Two of them seized the coachman, two others the footman, while the remaining two, placing themselves on each side of the carriage, presented pistols to his head. 'Your pocket-book, my lord,' said one of the robbers, who was a hideous-looking fellow. His lordship drew from his pocket a tolerably heavy purse, and gave it to the robber, who felt its weight, and appeared dissatisfied. 'Your pocket-book, my lord,' said he again, and presented his pistol. His lordship quietly delivered his pocket-book, which the robber opened, and, while doing so, the nobleman had time to examine his countenance: he had never seen such small and piercing eyes, so long a nose, such hollow cheeks, so large a mouth, or so prominent a chin. The robber took some papers out of the pocket-book, and then returned it. 'Good journey, my lord,' said he, and withdrew immediately with his companions.

On reaching home, his lordship examined his pocket-book to see what had been taken, and found he had been robbed of two thousand five hundred pounds, and that there was left in it five hundred pounds. He congratulated himself upon that, and told his friends that he would willingly give a hundred pounds that they might see the fellow. Never had highwayman a countenance better adapted to his trade. The nobleman soon forgot his loss, and thought no more of the matter, when, some years afterwards, he received the following letter:—

My Lord—I am a poor Jew. The prince of the states in which I resided deprived us of everything. I came, with five other Jews, to England, in order to save my life. After suffering severely at sea, the ship we were in was wrecked near the coast. An Englishman, a perfect stranger to me, swam to my assistance, and saved my life at the peril of his own. Nor was this all; he took me to his home, called in a doctor, and had me taken care of till I was quite recovered; and for all this he asked me no remuneration. This man was a woollen-factor, and had twelve children. Some time afterwards I found him in great grief. Disturbances had broken out in America, and the American merchants with whom he was connected were dishonest enough to take advantage of circumstances, and not pay him. In one month, said he, I shall be ruined, for I expect draughts upon me which I am totally unable to meet. His grief drove me to distraction; I took a desperate resolution; 'I owe my life to him,' said I, 'and I will sacrifice it for him.' With the five Jews who accompanied me to England, I took my stand upon the high-road—you know what followed. I sent my benefactor the money I took from you, which saved him for that time; but his creditors did not pay him in the end. He died a week since, without having been able to clear off all his debts. On the same day I gained a prize in the lottery, of four thousand pounds. I now return you the sum of which I robbed you, with the interest of it. Send the thousand pounds which remain to the factor's unfortunate family (whose address I will give you at the end of my letter), and inquire of them respecting a poor Jew who was generously received and saved by them.

P.S. I declare to you, that when you were attacked, not one of our pistols was loaded; neither could our cutlasses be drawn from the scabbard. Spare yourself all search or inquiry. When this letter reaches you I shall be again at sea. May God preserve you!

The nobleman made inquiry, and found that what the Jew had stated was true in every particular, and from that time he took care of the factor's family. I will give a hundred pounds, he would often say, to whoever will bring me information of the death of my frightful Jew, and a thousand pounds to whoever will bring him to me alive.

Henry.—Why did he wish to hear of his death, papa?

M. de Flammont.—Because this Jew was in reality a dangerous person to society. A man capable of resorting to such an action, even from the best motives, is always a person to be feared. The safety and happiness of society depend on respect and submission being paid to the laws, which preserve its order, by defending the person and property of every one. The laws cannot enter into an examination of the motives which may induce one individual to attack the person or property of another. Had the nobleman been a judge, and the Jew brought before his tribunal, he could not (even though he knew his whole history) do otherwise than condemn him to the penalty prescribed by the law, except by endeavouring to procure for him the pardon of his sovereign.

Gustavus.—The Jew had not, however, loaded his pistols; he would not commit murder.

M. de Flammont.—He would consequently have suffered a less severe punishment than that inflicted upon assassins; but he was not the less a robber.

Clementina.—Yes; but it was to save his benefactor that he risked his own life, out of gratitude. It was surely a great sacrifice; he would not have robbed for anything else.

M. de Flammont.—Undoubtedly this Jew was susceptible of the most generous sentiments and the greatest devotedness, and this ought to weigh a great deal with us in forming our opinion of him. It would also most probably procure him his pardon, or at least a great mitigation of his punishment; but for morality, and the interests of society, firm and correct principles are more essential than fine feelings. We cannot allow individuals to adopt what measures they please, to gratify their feelings or display their generosity. Even virtue must be subservient to those laws which wisdom acknowledges to be of incontestable advantage, and that marks the way in which it may be exercised, and the barriers that it must not pass. Thus, in the conduct of our Jew, in all that preceded and followed his act, there were circumstances that were even praiseworthy: he only wanted to save his benefactor; he took no more than he required for that purpose; he kept nothing for himself; and even scrupulously repaid both the sum and the interest of it; he did not even keep a farthing of what he gained in the lottery, as, after having repaid the nobleman, he gave what remained to the children of his benefactor. All this is very fine, very disinterested, but it does not prevent the action itself from being blameable; and it is what often occurs when people allow themselves to be governed by their feelings, let them be ever so good, instead of regulating their conduct by the steady immoveable principles which sometimes restrain the feelings, but always insure our virtue.

Henry.—Yet, papa, the nobleman promised more to him who should bring him the Jew alive, than to him who should bring the account of his death.

M. de Flammont.—Because he well knew that a man who was capable of such strong and devoted feelings, was one who only required stronger principles, and a less embarrassing situation, to become a person of distinguished virtue. He undoubtedly intended to teach him that, if it is noble to sacrifice our life to a benefactor, that this sacrifice should never be made at the expense of our virtue. He perhaps also wished to attach him to himself, and relieve him from the difficulties of his situation, which had caused him to consider generosity of feeling of more importance than strict principles of justice. Generosity may lead us even farther than duty, but it should never take us out of the direct line, or make us deviate in the slightest degree from the straight path of virtue.

CONDUCT TOWARDS INFERIORS.

Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to inferiors. To insult or abuse those who dare not answer again, is as sure a mark of cowardice, as it would be to attack with a drawn sword a woman or a child. Wherever, therefore, you see a person given to insult his inferiors, you may assure yourself he will creep to his superiors; for the same baseness of mind will lead him to act the part of a bully to those who cannot resist, and of a coward to those who can. But though servants and other dependents may not have it in their power to retort the injurious usage they receive from their superiors, they are sure to be even with them, by the character they spread abroad of them through the world. Upon the whole, the proper behaviour to inferiors is, to treat them with generosity and humanity, but by no means with familiarity on the one hand, or with insolence on the other.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

EMULATION.

Those natural inclinations of the human mind ought to be encouraged to the utmost (under proper regulations) which tend to put it upon action and excelling. Whoever would wish his son to be diligent in his studies, and active in business, can use no better means for that purpose than stirring up in him emulation, a desire of praise, and a sense of honour and shame. Curiosity will put a youth upon inquiring into the nature and reason of things, and endeavouring to acquire universal knowledge. This passion ought therefore to be excited to the utmost, and gratified, even when it shows itself by his asking the most childish questions, which should always be answered in as rational and satisfying a manner as possible.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

PROMISERS.

There is a sort of people in the world of whom the young and inexperienced stand much in need to be warned. These are the sanguine promisers. They may be divided into two sorts. The first are those who, from a foolish custom of fawning upon all those they come in company with, have learned a habit of promising to do great kindnesses, which they have no thought of performing. The other are a sort of warm people, who, while they are lavishing away their promises, have really some thought of doing what they engage for; but afterwards, when the time of performance comes, the sanguine fit being gone off, the trouble or expense appears in another light; the promiser cools, and the expectant is bubbled, or perhaps greatly injured by the disappointment.—*Burgh.*

HABITS OF THE PUMA.

The puma, or South American lion, has a wide geographical range in that continent, being found from the equatorial forests, throughout the deserts of Patagonia, as far south as the damp and cold latitudes of Terra del Fuego. I have seen its footsteps in the Cordillera of Central Chili, at an elevation at least of 10,000 feet. In La Plata, the puma preys chiefly on deer, ostriches, bizcacha, and other small quadrupeds; it there seldom attacks cattle or horses, and most rarely man. In Chili, however, it destroys many young horses and cattle, owing probably to the scarcity of other quadrupeds. I have heard likewise of two men and a woman who had been thus killed. It is asserted that the puma always kills its prey by springing on the shoulders, and then drawing back the head with one of its paws, until the vertebræ break. I have seen in Patagonia the skeletons of guanacos with their necks thus dislocated. The puma, after eating its fill, covers the carcase with many large bushes, and lies down to watch it. This habit is often the cause of its being discovered; for the condors wheeling in the air, every now and then descend to partake of the feast, and, being angrily driven away, rise all together on the wing. The Chilian then knows there is a puma watching his prey; the word is given, and men and dogs hurry to the chase. It is asserted that if a puma has once been betrayed by thus watching the carcase, and has then been hunted, it never resumes this habit, but that, having gorged itself, it wanders away. Unlike many of the feline family, it is easily killed. In an open country, it is first entangled with the bolas, then lassoed, and dragged along the ground till rendered insensible. At Tandeel, south of the La Plata, I was told that within three months one hundred were thus destroyed. In Chili, they are generally driven up bushes or trees, and are then either shot or baited to death by the dogs. The dogs employed in this chase belong to a peculiar breed called Leoneros: they are weak, slight animals, like long-legged terriers, but are born with a peculiar instinct for this sport. The puma is described as being very crafty: when pursued, it often returns on its former track, and then suddenly making a spring on one side, waits there till the dogs have passed by. It is a very silent animal, uttering no cry even when wounded, and only rarely during the breeding season.—*Darwin's Journal.*

INFLUENCE OF VEGETABLE DIET ON LONGEVITY.

It is said that in no other part of the world (in proportion to the population) are there more instances of extreme longevity than among the Norwegian peasantry, who scarcely ever taste animal food. In the severe climate of Russia also, where the inhabitants live on a coarse vegetable diet, there are a great many instances of advanced age. The late returns of the Greek church population of the Russian empire, give (in the table of the deaths of the male sex) more than one thousand above a hundred years of age; many between one hundred and a hundred and forty; and four between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty. It is stated that, to whatever age the Mexican Indians live, they never become gray-haired. They are represented as peaceable cultivators of the soil, subsisting constantly on vegetable food; often attaining a hundred years of age, yet still green and vigorous. Of the South American Indians Ulloa says—'I myself have known several who, at the age of a hundred, were still very robust and active, which unquestionably must in some measure be attributed to the perfect sameness and simplicity of their food.' Both the Peruvian Indians and the Creoles are remarkably long lived, and retain their faculties to a very advanced age. Slaves in the West Indies are recorded from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty years of age.—*Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.*

THE POET'S MISSION.

Weaving light fancies, lay a youthful poet,
Idly extended on the sunny grass,
Listening unto the brook that ran below it,
Watching the cloudlets o'er the blue sky pass.

Sleep fell upon him, and a low voice stealing,
Breathed his own songs—vague dreams, ideal woes;
Until in nobler strain the music pealing,
Diviner far the god-like song uprose.

'Is this,' it said, 'the heaven-born poet's mission,
Ingloriously to dream away the hours?
Forgetful of his spirit's home Elysian,
To taint its freshness, grovelling in earth's bowers?

Behold the glorious work becomes the poet!
To scatter wide the light his soul within;
To lift his voice for truth, that men may know it;
Unto the pure and good all hearts to win:

To be, as was of old, the poet-preacher,
And Orpheus-like to strive 'gainst might and wrong;
In his own life becoming a mute teacher;
Cheering the weak and suffering by his song.'

The strain died faint away in distance slowly;
The poet rose—a dreamer now no more;
And boldly entered on his course most holy,
To linger not, nor cease, till life be o'er.

D. M. M.

COLOSSAL MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT.

There is now in full operation at St Petersburg perhaps the most extraordinary, as well as gigantic, commercial establishment which can be found in the history of the world, ancient or modern. Messrs Eastwick and Harrison, the famous locomotive engine and boiler makers of Philadelphia, having succeeded in obtaining the great contracts for the construction of the locomotive requirements for the system of railroads about to be carried out in Russia, have located themselves there—built a manufactory of immense extent, in which 3500 men are constantly employed, and in the conducting of which there are some curious features. To keep order among such a congregation—exceeding the whole population of a good-sized town, and consisting of English, American, Scotch, Irish, German, and Russian—a company of soldiers is kept on duty at the works, and a perfect police force, whose duties are confined to the establishment. Refractory men of every nation are discharged for irregular conduct, excepting Russians, and these are, for the slightest offence, immediately tied up to the triangles, soundly flogged, and sent again to their work. It is but justice to Messrs Eastwick and Harrison to say, that they have strongly appealed against this treatment, so peculiar to this semi-barbarous nation, but without effect. The plan of paying this enormous multitude is ingenious: on being engaged, the man's name is, we believe, not even asked, but he is presented with a medal, numbered; in the pay-house are 3500 wooden boxes, and on presenting himself on Saturday night for his pay, the clerk hands him his money, takes his medal as a receipt, which is dropped in the box of its number, and gives him another medal, as a pledge of engagement for the following week.—*Mining Journal.*

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JOURNEY TO MOUNT SINAI*

ıG Suez, and sailing along the eastern shores of d Sea, we arrived at Tor—intending to proceed to Sinai, which is distant about two days' jour- and, at a camel's walk. While waiting for the which were to convey us to our destination, uently resorted to the famous *Waddy Moosa*, or of Moses, for the purpose of bathing in a hot which tradition asserts to have been used as by the great Jewish lawgiver. The *Hummum* or Bath of Moses, is about ten feet square and p, partly enclosed with stones; and the waters, h they emit a highly sulphurous odour, are, in ience of their temperature, exceedingly agreeable bather. The exact spot at which the Israelites through the Red Sea, in their flight from Egypt ter of controversy; but travellers have generally ed that the *Waddy Moosa*, with its wells and its us palm-trees, is identical with the Elim of the narrative, where the Israelites, wearied of the aters of Marah, encamped, having found 'twelve f water, and threescore and ten palm-trees.'

is a wretched collection of hovels built of gray nd mud; and so close to the water's edge, that ing at the petty embankment, consisting of stems palms laid along blocks of coral, whose duty it ist the inroads of the sea, one could not help ming an idea of insecurity. The inhabitants, r, do not appear to be at all incommoded by such tion. They are an indolent race of Greeks, con- of about a dozen families, whose spiritual interests nded to by a priest from the monastery of Mount the contented occupant of a domicile not less l than those of his parishioners. Fishing, the dates, and the supplying of water to such ships h at the spot, constitute their chief means of od.

th, 1839.—Our camels having arrived, we left d striking into the *Waddy Moosa*, halted at the f Elim, to fill our sheep-skins, and give our drink. In this we lost much valuable time; for ıbs, accustomed to regard water as the prime ry for a journey, insisted upon taking in the supply here, though they knew we should meet ndance of it next morning.

had just extricated ourselves from the multipli- small ravines formed in the chalky soil of the and were entering another water-course, on the side of which lay an extensive plain, when dark- me on. By the advice of our Arabs we came to until the moon should appear. Unbuckling our mattresses, blankets, and cloaks, we sought for the softest places of the water-course to spread them in, while our servants prepared coffee—our Arab conductors doing the same for themselves. I was sipping the refreshing beverage, when one of my companions drew attention to the picturesqueness of the scene before us. There sat the Arabs around their fire, which was casting up its ruddy glow against the bank under which they had chosen their resting-place, and ever and anon flashing upon some of their bronze faces—bronze both in their natural hue, and in the imperturbable gravity of their expression: near them were the camels, in their meek and patient attitudes of repose. The savage and dimly-discerned scenery around, harmonised in a strange but effective manner with the little warm picture which it enclosed, the only foliage visible, that of the shaggy tamarisk, constituting a principal feature in the whole. The first artists of Europe might have envied us the pleasure of such a sight. Upon me the effect produced was exactly that 'jocund and boon' sensation which I recollect as having been described by a young Frenchman whose travels formed part of my boyish reading. Not having seen Laborde's splendid work at the time of my journey, I was not then aware that the power of causing this peculiar sensation is held to be characteristic of Arabian scenery. In contradiction, indeed, to this observation, I was informed afterwards by one of my companions, a man of highly-cultivated mind, that the emotions experienced by him on the occasion, and which he considered to be alone appropriate, were those of a wild inexpressible melancholy. Laborde, I believe, has remarked on similar instances which came within his own knowledge, of contrary effects being produced on different minds by the same scenery; and the subject is certainly a curious one. As for me, in addition to the 'jocund and boon' sensation which I have mentioned, there soon rose another of a different kind. I felt in a more profound manner than ever I had done before my historical relationship to the past ages of the world, to those ancient Israelites wending through this same wilderness, and bearing on, within the bosom of their singular economy, a load of blessings for all mankind. Here was I on the ground which they had trodden, and under the same sky which had canopied them, without, it is true, the pillar of fire by night, but not without the presence of Him who led them in all their wanderings, and bore with all their perverseness.

The moon rose about eleven o'clock; and, greatly refreshed by our short repose, we recommenced our journey, having previously, however, had recourse to the never-failing coffee. After a few hours of travel, day dawned upon us as we were in the middle of an extensive stony plain; after traversing which, we entered the mountain ravines which lay beyond it. These *waddies*

* paper has been forwarded to us by Captain Michael Max- ow, of the Indian army.

or water-courses vary in breadth from twenty to eighty yards, and though dry at the period of our journey, presented the appearance of having recently been filled with water. I was informed, however, that it is only after the melting of unusually deep snows on the hills that they exhibit any considerable stream—a circumstance which happens probably once in five years. If embankments of masonry, such as are raised in India, were built across these waddies, perhaps few parts of the world would excel this in fertility, for wherever the slightest moisture can lodge, the surface is seen throwing forth vegetation. To create a soil by pulverising the rock, and to secure a plentiful supply and equal distribution of water by means of embankments, would be works of no great difficulty or expense; and it occurred to us, that if the pasha of Egypt had visited Sinai, the notion of adding this new territory to his dominions would have very readily suggested itself.

The waddies are covered with a profusion of bitter and aromatic herbs, which afford nourishment to the camel, and which at times exhale a pleasing perfume; and these, together with the wiry-leaved tamarisk or bastard-cypress, and an occasional palm-tree, give a touch of Oriental character to the scenery, without detracting from the accuracy of the poetical description of the sacred narrative—'a waste howling wilderness.' Perhaps of all the waddies on the way to Sinai, none impresses the traveller more than that called *Waddy Habroon*, or the Valley of the Hebrews; though why it should have received this name, rather than any other of the ravines through which the Hebrews must have passed, it is not easy to conjecture. We halted here, and took breakfast under a little projection of the rock which bounds one of its sides. But for a streamlet which trickled its feeble way through gravel and rushes, wild cypresses, and a meagre sprinkling of date palms, and which raised some of the sweeter home-feelings, this ravine would have outrivalled all the others for sublimity and solemn grandeur. The Scriptural expression—'a waste howling wilderness'—characterises, as exactly as language can, the style of the scenery of these waddies all along the route to Sinai; but one must have been there—one must have seen the ragged, shattered, and splintery pinnacles of bare red rock frowning above, and literally *listened* to the unbroken silence of the waste below, before one can understand the full force of the description. Never before had I experienced to such a degree that fulness and almost sickness of emotion which, in the common phrase of authors, defies the power of language to express it. Not only did language appear too feeble; the very habit of speech seemed, for the time, an imperfection which belonged only to a low condition of being. In his more glorious moments, a poet might rise to a level with the spirit of the mountain scenery of Europe; but here the highest powers of description would have been unavailing.

In the haunts of men, morning, mid-day, and evening are distinguished by their appropriate incidents; but in the desert, the progress of time is measured only by the great horologe of nature. There are three distinct aspects of earth and sky in the wilderness. At one time the traveller gazes with delight upon the mountain tops as they begin to be pencilled out by the rays, and to separate themselves from the heavy masses beneath; he inhales delicious refreshment from the cool bland winds, fragrant with scent from the scattered shrublets; and hies him onwards, as if motion were enjoyment. This is morning. But soon mid-day approaches, and the traveller begins to droop under the glare of the angry sun, which looks down upon him like a great bloodshot eye. Hemmed in between the piles which rise on both sides, and, as it were, sternly prescribe his path, he sinks under an aching sensation of fatigue; his eye drinks in molten fire from the burning sands, and finds no relief in turning to the rocky boundary; he is fain to seek rest on every spot of scanty herbage, and his soul and body are occupied in one single feeling, an intense longing for the evening. At last it comes; and who shall describe the night of the desert, whether with the light of the moon or with that of the stars? O how beautiful is moonlight here! Streaming down in a silvery flood, it bathes the barrenness around in soft and gentle radiance. Night in every land is the season for the heart to speak; but nowhere so peculiarly so as here, where man roams a houseless wanderer under the open canopy of heaven, with the silent stars looking meekly down upon him. An eastern night is truly glorious; and I am strongly of opinion that the pictures of this part of the world which I have seen, have all been taken under the influence of its mellowing witchery.

Anxious to press on, we did not halt till late in the afternoon, when our path, which had for several hours been ascending, brought us to a petty nook, where we resolved to remain during the night. Although we should have scarcely thought of dignifying the little declivity with the name of a ravine, we found that it boasted of the designation of *Waddy Sambra*; indeed every bend and alley of this thinly-peopled country is known by a distinct name to its wandering inhabitants.

May 6th.—We arose with alacrity, and felt braced for our journey, as well by the cold, which had increased very perceptibly since our leaving the coast, as by our anticipations of a sight of Sinai. Quitting an extensive valley which lay at right angles to *Waddy Sambra*, we entered, after some hours' travelling, a mountain-pass of dark-brown rock, differing from such as we have already seen in this, that the water-channel which ran through it, instead of occupying the entire breadth of the pass, was not more than twelve feet broad, while the breadth of the pass between the ranges was at least three hundred yards. Aware that, after we had entered this pass, Sinai could not be far distant, I dismounted, with the view of hastening forward at a more rapid pace than that at which the broken nature of the ground permitted the dromedary to advance. Full of excitement, and prepared by the descriptions of certain travellers to expect a sight of the most unusual and impressive kind, I had reached a slight elevation on the borders of an oval-shaped plain of considerable extent, when one of the Arabs exclaimed, '*Gibbel Moosa*' (Mountain of Moses)—the name given to Sinai. Our disappointment was extreme. We looked in vain for some awful, isolated mountain, such as we had supposed Sinai to be. All that we saw was the fore-mentioned oval-shaped plain, bounded on the right and left by a chain of vast mounds of stone, or rounded hills, quite different in character from the other broken ranges. Opposite to us, separated from the plain by a shallow water-course, which wound half round its base, and disjoined from the range on both sides—more, however, on the right than on the left—was a mountain, seemingly about three hundred feet high. This was the mountain the sight of which had drawn forth the exclamation of the Arab—St Catharine's, with its famous convent,* behind which, and concealed from us as yet, lay Sinai proper. The convent, as seen from where we stood, presented an appearance the very reverse of imposing; indeed the whole scene was disappointing to our excited imaginations. Was *this* the plain through which the Israelites had passed when about to receive the law? Was *that* the mountain where, for forty days and forty nights, Moses had remained hid from the people, amid incessant thunders and lightnings, and a constant smoke ascending from it, like the smoke of a furnace, and the mysterious intermitting blasts of a trumpet, exceeding loud? Such, in spite of ourselves, were our reflections; and we all agreed, both then and afterwards, that we had seen mountains far more sublime. We forgot, in the imme-

* The convent of St Catharine's, at Sinai, was founded, according to tradition, by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the fourth century.

liate feeling of disappointment, that the Scriptural narrative nowhere warrants the expectations which we had entertained, of seeing in Sinai a mountain different from others in its conformation; and that the tremendous transactions which occurred on it, stood in no need of the scenic effect which our hasty imaginations were demanding.

Crossing the plain, and approaching the monastery, we could better observe the massive masonry of its walls. The monastery gardens, with their irregular and unsubstantial enclosures, lying between St Catharine's and the plain, had no doubt detracted from the appearance of the edifice, as seen from a distance. Admiring the industry of those who, without the assistance of any of the appliances of science, had rescued from the barrenness of nature the patches of cultivation which I saw, and deeply impressed at the same time by the thought, how deep and strong must have been the feeling which could have led men to renounce the world, and come to dwell in such a dreary and forbidding solitude, I arrived at the monastery of St Catharine's.

The worthy fathers had descried us at a distance with the aid of their telescopes, and were quite prepared, not to open their gates for us—for that is not the way in which visitors are admitted into the monastery of Mount Sinai—but to hoist us up by a windlass, into what may be described as an overhanging window, or a balcony without a floor to it. A rope as thick as a man's arm is lowered, the loop at the end of which being placed under the person to be raised, in the manner of a swinging-rope, he gives a signal to those above, who hoist him up accordingly. In this manner we soon effected our entrance into the monastery, servants, baggage, and all. One cannot help thinking, that if this device is intended to secure the place against Arab aggression, it is somewhat insufficient; besides that the mere name of the pasha is an ample protection. If, however, the design of the romantic mode of entry be to create an impression on visitors, one can pardon the harmless trick for its success. There was, in fact, something pleasing in being hoisted up some thirty or forty feet of dead wall, and swung into a curious-shaped apartment, among a number of good-humoured-looking fellows, with long beards, and robes of camels' hair, who, both the workers at the windlass and the lookers on, gazed at you with the most unsophisticated curiosity.

When all had ascended, we were conducted to the part of the convent appropriated to visitors, where we were accommodated with a suite of apartments both for ourselves and our servants. The room which we selected had an abundance of cushions and Syrian carpets, necessary to form that indispensable convenience in the East—a divan. We stood, however, in greater need of food than of rest, and the kind-hearted superior accordingly ordered bread and dates to be set before us. The former was a great luxury, after the acid composition which for some days we had been eating under the name of bread; and the dates were an excellent substitute for butter—an article which the abstemious monks never use. Simple as the fare was, we made a hearty meal, and the crystal water of Sinai tasted as if expressly designed to allay the thirst caused by the saccharine matter of the dates. It may here be proper to inform all who are interested, that the life of any animal is not permitted to be taken within the walls of the monastery; the good fathers, however, are accommodating in their spirit, and your servants may slay a whole flock of goats outside if they choose, and the carcases will be handed in for your use. As the goats of Sinai are reared on aromatic herbs and grasses, their flesh surpasses the finest venison in flavour. Sheep and cows are not procurable in this part of Arabia. The monks themselves live for the most part on fish and vegetables. Having fortunately been informed, before setting out from Tor, of their *penchant* for the former article of diet, we had brought six baskets-full as a present for them. Not having been salted or prepared for the journey, they had certainly not been improved by their carriage through the wilderness; our dragoman, however, informed us that a slight, or even a considerable degree of taint, would not prevent them from being greatly relished by the fathers. It was a severe fast with them at the period of our arrival; and it was provoking to think that two days more must elapse before our fish could be tasted. It is expected at the monastery that you pay for whatever you require, with the exception of bread and water, which are regarded as free to all comers. In the English spirit, we first insisted upon defraying all our possible expenses, after which we exhibited our present of fish. The discipline of the monastery is very rigid; and at whatever hour of the night you may awake, the same incessant heart-breaking chant assails your ear.

And now let us take a view of the interior of the monastery. From the veranda or balcony of our quarters, we were bewildered by seeing, piled up along the inside of the heavy walls of the quadrangle, an endless series of little lodges, almost like children's card-houses. As we looked at this jumble of little cells, we could hardly help thinking, notwithstanding the incongruity of such an idea with the locality, how admirably the borders of the quadrangle were suited for a game of 'hide and seek.' Becoming at length familiar with the appearance of these little tenements, we turned our eyes to the more important buildings which occupy the centre of the enclosure—the church of Justinian, or *Oostinianoos*, as the monks call him, and the mosque, which, to gratify the Mahometans, is, singularly enough, allowed to exist within the monastery walls. Continuing the glance till the eye rested on the bare and verdureless masses of dusky shattered rock which surround the convent like a rampart, the effect was peculiar. The walls of the monastery, by hiding the more adjacent ground from the view, produced the impression that you were in the bottom of a crater, of which the mountains round you were the sides. Few situations could have been selected better suited for the purposes of self-mortification; and the prolonged endurance of such a place must be inexpressibly painful. The fathers consider residence in this convent a hard service, and are glad to exchange it for that of Cairo when they can. All things considered, however, they are a wonderfully cheerful set of men; and they seemed anxious to do all they could to amuse us. We were happy in finding in their number a venerable individual who had been a merchant in Bengal, and had visited many parts of India, but had at length, for some cause or other, retired from the world, and come to end his days at Mount Sinai. This person attached himself to us during our stay, and was of essential service in pointing out and explaining much that was curious about the monastery. Although he professed to have abjured all interest in the world which he had forsaken, and even to be careless as to the fate of the relations he had left in Hindostan, I did not fail to perceive, that to speak a language which his tongue had long disused, but which was still familiar to his heart, gave him pleasure; indeed, all the while I continued addressing him in that language, which had perhaps in bygone days uttered his tenderest emotions, his eye seemed to say, no less plainly than the voices of the Hindoo shopkeepers I afterwards met with in Mocha, 'O speak to us once again in that dear Hindoostanee, for we do love to hear it!'

On the day after our arrival, we were taken to inspect whatever was considered worth attention in the monastery. We passed through the church built by Justinian. The exterior impressed us with the idea of great antiquity, but possessed no title to the praise of architectural beauty, resembling a vast powder-magazine rather than a church. The interior has also a very ancient appearance, but little more can be said for it, and the traveller who seeks gratification in the sight of beautiful paintings or superb furniture, would be disappointed here. There are, it is true, silver candlesticks at least seven feet high, but their size and their

value are their greatest recommendations, the workmanship being rude enough. The paintings on the roof and walls are the veriest daubs that ever issued from a brush. The mosaic of the church is simple, and, although in excellent preservation, appears to be coeval with its foundation. After surveying the church itself, we were conducted into a spacious recess at its farther extremity, where, besides the marble chest or sarcophagus in which the uncorrupted body of St Catharine is said to repose, we were shown the exact spot where Moses beheld the Burning Bush. Here, in the spirit, or rather according to the letter, of the sacred narrative, we were required to take off our shoes before we made our approach. Nor was the penance in the slightest degree inconvenient, for the passage was covered with rich Syrian carpet. A lamp is kept constantly burning within the shrine, casting a dim religious light through the gloom of the holy recess. The outer coating of the shrine consists entirely of splendid silver plates, a minute description of which would occupy several pages. Standing looking at them, I could not refrain from reflecting on the grossness, albeit the naturalness, of that taste which, instead of leaving a spot so sacred in our associations in its primeval state, a patch of ground on a barren hill-side, with the free winds of heaven blowing over it, could think of walling it in, and roofing it over, and covering it with Syrian carpet, and besilvering and beslubbering it with such in-door attentions.

Before leaving the church of Justinian, I inspected the splendid curtain of tapestry said to have been worked by the fingers of St Catharine herself, and which certainly, if she worked the whole of it, does credit to her patience, as well as to the forbearance of time. It is a rich web of crimson silk, about twenty feet long and ten broad, wrought with a skill which few ladies of the present age could emulate. The figures are embroidered of silk, plentifully intermixed with the richest gold twist, and represent scenes from the Scripture history—palm-covered landscapes, men and women in Oriental costume, and flocks and herds, among which the camel is always a conspicuous object. Altogether, the curtain, if not one of the most tasteful things in the world, is certainly one of the most rare and costly: it would sell, I should think, for ten thousand pounds in any capital of Europe.

Outside the church of Justinian were shown to us, growing in a small bed of earth, three or four reputed lineal descendants of the Burning Bush, in no very thriving condition. It struck me that the plant thus selected by the monks (not the present race, who evidently believe the tradition, but those of some former generation) to represent the Burning Bush had not been judiciously chosen. It is a rare plant in the district, and resembles the raspberry in its leaf, so much so indeed, that I could not help inquiring if it produced fruit. The plant which would have agreed better with my fancy on the subject was a small scroggy one, bearing a pretty but diminutive pink flower, and whose branches are so thick and close, that, if carefully cultivated, it could be shaped into seats by the pruning shears. So hardy is this little inhabitant of the desert, that it grows plentifully even on Mount Sinai, which also exhibits patches of various kinds of aromatic herbage, including a species of thyme with larger leaves than that of England.

Having made the tour of the interior of the monastery, we were prepared to ascend Mount Sinai proper. We were first ushered out of the monastery into the garden, through a low subterraneous passage defended by two massive iron gates, either of which was capable of resisting anything but artillery. The venerable superior himself opened these gates, and led us into the gardens—a sort of terrace about fifteen feet above the level of the ground outside, and containing abundance of fruit-trees, especially plums and almonds. Rosemary and similar herbs grow in perfection here; vegetables were not in season, but we were told they are produced in great plenty.

From a door in the wall of the garden we were required to let ourselves down, by taking hold of a rope, and walking down the wall backwards—a task of no great difficulty, owing to the roughness of the masonry. We were now fairly beyond the precincts of the monastery, and the ascent began. It was greatly facilitated by a sort of rough stair of large stones, for which pilgrims are said to be indebted to the piety of the Empress Helena. For my part, however, I saw no difficulty in the ascent of Mount Sinai sufficient to prevent any youthful lady, with a loving heart, and a stalwart arm to lean upon, from accomplishing it. An hour's walk brought us to a small flat or landing-place, where we refreshed ourselves at a well of excellent water. From this a winding path brought us to a second landing-place, where, besides plenty of water, there was soil enough to form a garden, had the monks so chosen. The only thing, however, which we found growing here was a large and beautiful cypress-tree. On this part of the mountain is an ancient chapel, of no great size, and of as simple architecture as the church of Justinian. This chapel, our guides informed us, was erected over the burial-place of the prophet Elisha; but as we have no account of Elisha's having ever visited Sinai, and as we are told in the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Kings that he was buried in Palestine, this must have been a mistake. Possibly the purpose of the chapel may have been to commemorate the scene in the life of Elisha's predecessor, Elijah, recorded in the nineteenth chapter of the first book of Kings; although the absence of all appearance of a cave near the spot would seem to indicate that, even under this supposition, the founder had fixed on the wrong locality. Continuing our ascent from the neighbourhood of this chapel, we came to another flight of steps resembling the former, but in better state of preservation. Ascending these, we were told that we stood on the top of Mount Sinai.

Mount Sinai proper, as has been already mentioned, is not visible on the road from Tor, being concealed by the intervening mountain of St Catharine's. There is a striking difference between the colour of the rock composing Mount Sinai and that of the rock composing St Catharine's—a circumstance which is rendered all the more noticeable by the close juxtaposition of the two mountains; so close, indeed, as only to be expressed by the word *contact*. The stone of St Catharine's is the same porphyry-coloured granite which appears to compose almost all the ranges of the desert; the stone of Sinai, on the other hand, whatever be its composition, is of a dirty white and gray colour, with a thin black or brown scurf, produced by the action of the weather. In this appearance our imaginations tried to find evidence of the great elemental warfare recorded in the sacred books; but unless in the whiteness of the summit, which might be supposed to have been the effect of the bleaching action of fire on porphyry-coloured granite, we could not find traces so palpable as we desired. Sinai rises like a vast tower from the plain, and is a more roundly-shaped eminence than is common in this region. Creeping close to the brink of the precipice, on the side opposite to that by which we had ascended, I gazed downward, not without feelings of dread, as the wind swept over me in sufficient force to carry me away. On this side, the mountain is not devoid of sublimity, which, however, is not increased by the small chapel erected on the spot. The plain at the foot of Mount Sinai is of greater extent than the oval-shaped one mentioned as stretching out before St Catharine's; and, contrary to the assertions of some, is, with the small hills which bound it (even without having recourse to the opinion, that geological changes have been brought about in this locality by convulsions which have happened subsequently to the period referred to by the sacred historian), quite large enough to have afforded encamping room to the Israelites while the law was being delivered. However, we are not bound to consider this mountain the true Sinai, although there seems to be little room for doubting that it is. There is one mountain in the vicinity of Tor,

with an immense plain at its base, which some are disposed to think is more entitled to the honour.

The Gulf of Suez is said to be visible from the top of Mount Sinai, but the weather was too hazy to permit our seeing it. We enjoyed, however, at one view all that sublimity of desert scenery which we had seen only in detached portions during our route. A vast extent of rocky wilderness lay before us, the shattered and verdureless pinnacles in which seemed like the upsputterings and spray dashes of a sea of adamant, rolling its reluctant billows under the hands of the Creator.

After luxuriating for some time in the prospect, we prepared to descend the mountain by a different route. In the descent, the worthy father who acted as our guide pointed out to us the spot where Moses broke in pieces the two tables of stone, and also the place where his hands were supported by Aaron and Hur while he prayed for the discomfiture of Amalek. Reaching the base of Sinai, we pursued a path leading round that of St Catharine's; and here we saw well-cultivated olive-gardens, belonging to the convent; also a huge stone, which we were informed was the very rock out of which Moses had brought water. It is a weather-rounded mass, of about ten feet high and six broad, which appears to have been detached from the mountain-cliffs above. According to the Scriptural narrative, Moses smote the rock only twice; but here we saw *twelve* goodly gashes. The propriety, however, of a separate outlet for the water of each tribe, will be apparent to every one.

From Moses' Rock we were led to the place where the Israelites worshipped the golden calf—the spot being marked by a hole dug into the rock immediately in front of St Catharine's, partly filled with rubbish, in token of abhorrence for the idolatry of which it had been the scene. Close to this locality we saw an encampment of Arabs, miserably poor in their appearance, but with large herds of goats—the Arab's wealth—browsing near them. It is quite a puzzle to conceive how these men can live under their slight tents of black goats' hair during the snows of winter.

Our walk ended, we re-entered the monastery by the same route as we had used for our exit. A few curiosities still remained to be seen. In the library, the superior showed us a manuscript Greek New Testament, said to have been written by a young lady in the fifth century; and a surpassingly beautiful specimen of caligraphy it was. We were shown also a paper purporting to be a copy of the firman granted by Mahomet to the monastery, the original, on which the prophet, who could not write, had stamped the impression of his hand, covered with ink, by way of signature, having been taken away by one of the sultans, who deemed it too precious to be left with the monks. The paper which we saw bore the delineation of the back of a hand, and appeared to be a copy of a copy, made expressly to bear handling.

And now came the time when we must quit this wonderful place. We parted with friendly regret from our kind-hearted entertainers, to whom we kept waving kisses with our hands while we remained in sight. Under the monastery walls we found a vast *posse* of Arabs, who offered us rock crystals, and rods resembling hazel, for sale. Disentangling ourselves from these people, we recommenced our journey through the scenes of grandeur which we had formerly passed. We had an opportunity, before leaving the neighbourhood of the monastery, of observing the exceeding hardness of the granite of which the desert ridges are composed. Some Greeks and Arabs in the service of the monastery were at work, shaping blocks of it into building stones; we examined their tools, and found them much blunted by the operation. I may mention here, that within the monastery are forges, anvils, and almost every implement necessary to assist human labour in a rude state of the arts. From the date the monks manufacture a spirit which, when tinctured with the juice of the southernwood, which grows profusely in the desert, is called *aqua ardente*—a name, however, which it scarcely deserves. The southernwood and other aromatic herbs of the desert possess the property of being igniteable in a green state—an unspeakable advantage to the traveller, as otherwise the refreshing coffee would be unattainable.

Much has been written respecting the dangerous character of the Arabs of the peninsula of Sinai. So far as my experience goes, I am bound to say that, in all my intercourse with them, I met with the most genuine politeness—that politeness which Lord Chesterfield defines as 'a desire to please.' The Greek inhabitants of the peninsula likewise, both lay and clerical, merit equal praise. The clergy are simple and dignified in their deportment; they possess in a high degree the affections of their flocks; and their morals appear to be unimpeachable. The monks of Sinai have been accused of covetousness; of this, however, I saw no evidence. Though not rich, they are not servile or cringing. The free-will offerings which flow to the monastery from Europe, together with a small revenue arising from the sale of their dates, and of the spirit which they manufacture from them, support them with decency, and enable them to show much kindness to their poorer brethren, and to the Arab population.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

'When I wed,' said young May to a friend with whom he was one day in conversation, 'it shall be with a woman who is pretty; I could not love any other. She must also be accomplished; I should not otherwise feel happy in society with her. She must be good tempered, or we might be eternally squabbling. She must be young, or her attractions would soon fade.'

'When I wed,' replied his friend, 'it shall be with a woman who is wealthy; I shall then be sure of being comfortable for life.'

In the course of time both May and his friend, whom we will call Matthews, went in search of a wife. They were both of respectable connexions, comely young men, and possessed fair opportunities of making a selection. May first entered upon his matrimonial expedition, resolving that he would adhere implicitly to the combination of qualifications which he believed could alone secure his happiness. Many months passed away, and among none of his acquaintances could he select a lady whom he conceived either sufficiently pretty, or accomplished, or good tempered, or young: they were all tolerable; but did not attain the necessary standard in either of the requisite qualifications. His was a persevering temperament, or he might have despaired. At length he was fortunate enough to meet a young lady, then in the zenith of her beauty, with blue eyes, auburn hair, and a complexion of alabaster and vermilion in their most approved proportions. May was smitten. Had his heart been less under the control of his head, he would have fallen straightway 'in love;' but he recollected that beauty was only one of the necessary ingredients of his matrimonial compound, and he paused. Here, however, was one requisite to begin with—something on which he might base his hopes—upon which he might have an assurance to proceed in search of the remaining qualifications. He procured an introduction to the family of the young lady, and was soon on intimate terms. Everything advanced prosperously. The lady was accomplished in the most extended signification of the term. She was evidently young, although—ladies will be so close—he had not been able to learn her precise age; and he had watched narrowly, but had never succeeded in discovering that she possessed any infirmity of temper. He paid her a visit one morning, for the purpose of presenting her with tickets for an approaching concert, and, being ushered suddenly into her presence, discovered her in the act of pulling her younger sister's ears, the latter not having properly learned a French lesson to which she had

been set. This was improper, but should scarce have been an unpardonable offence. May was, however, so surprised and shocked at the occurrence, that he curtailed his visit to the shortest dimensions commensurate with good-breeding (taking care to make no reference to the tickets he had brought), and never returned to the house. He was undoubtedly a fastidious young gentleman.

Beautiful as the morning, and gentle as the dove, was the next damsel who passed under his review. A winning kindness lurked beneath the glances of her dark hazel eye, and the tones of her voice resembled softest music. She was indeed the impersonation of goodness and meekness. May was enchanted with her appearance; but with his enchantment was mingled the cold calculation which had influenced him, probably for good, in the preceding case. He thought he could be happy with this fair creature, were she but accomplished. Unfortunately she was not: her circumstances and condition in life were such as had led rather to the cultivation of the amiable, than of the more brilliant qualities of a female education. There was stability of character, mingled with infinite taste, but an absence of extrinsic adornment. May was too much wedded to his standard to be content with this, and he thus lost a 'pearl of precious price.' Some time elapsed ere he was enabled to make a third essay towards obtaining a wife possessed of beauty, accomplishments, good temper, and youth. He had found youth, beauty, and accomplishments, and next, good temper and beauty, but with these he had not been content. He now met youth, good temper, and accomplishments, but was as little so. The young person who now attracted his attention had just passed over that period of life which has been so aptly compared to the earliest of the seasons. Her mind partook of the elasticity of her gait, yet had it acquired a certain degree of maturity, which told of her approach to womanhood. She was the breathing representation of the point of transition from the freshness and verdure of spring, to the brilliancy and the brightness of summer. She was, however, deficient in personal beauty, nay, particularly 'plain,' as the phrase is; and as May had resolved that he could 'love no woman who was not beautiful,' why, he passed her by also. Those persons who were aware of the objects of his search predicted an utter failure—not so much on account of the rarity of the stated combinations, as of the fastidiousness of the party who was to judge of their extent. It was, however, May's good fortune to be at length enabled to test the propriety of his standard. After many researches, and many disappointments, he met a lady at once young, accomplished, beautiful, and good tempered. What a day of joy was that to our fastidious friend! how numerous the congratulations he bestowed upon his zeal, his patience, and his perseverance! He would certainly have become insane from an ecstasy of delight, had he possessed an excitable temperament; but he did not, as has been already perceived.

May experienced no difficulty in placing his suit in desirable progress; and when it appeared to him that he had submitted to all reasonable delay, he 'proposed,' and was—rejected!

The lady entertained, and perhaps more justifiably, ideas not less exalted than his own relative to the party whom she should select as her partner for life, and it had occurred to her that May by no means coincided with those ideas.

Such a consummation of all his hopes, of all his perseverance, had not been expected, and it inflicted a fearful blow upon his pride. He endeavoured to reason himself into the belief that he had been grossly ill-used; but he could not conceal from himself that a freedom of selection was not his right alone. The result of his reflections was, that if he hoped to obtain a wife at all, he must in future abandon one or more of the qualifications which he had regarded as so absolutely necessary. He determined on abandoning accomplishments. These could be acquired in after-life, when yo beauty could not; and to create good temper had not originally existed, was very problemati

Having come to this determination, he had verse much of his old course again, but with advantage of new faces and new acquaintances. he had been loitering on his way, now rejecti beauty, now that, time had travelled onwar those whom he once knew as 'disengaged,' eit become the partners of less fastidious persons, regarded him with different eyes. A manly of person had in him given place to extraordin pulence, and suavity of demeanour to some composity and irritability. The good things life had enlarged his bulk, self-esteem had give agreeable turn to his conversation, and mortif and disappointments in the progress of his matr plans had rendered his temper uneven. He wa fore no equal competitor with younger and b spirited persons in the new field on which he wa ing, and it was not to be wondered at that he w quished in many set encounters. After very teristic perseverance, it became again evident that he must lower his standard for a wife anot

A love of the beautiful had rather predomin May's mind, and he now resolved that, if he enco beauty and good temper, he would be content would of course sometimes include youth; but i great modification of his original conceptions. however, for May's good fortune! Beauty had s admirers, that he seldom succeeded in securin tion to the offerings he presented at her shrine good temper playfully hinted that the gentlem had for so many years shown so much fastidi with regard to others, could not himself prove able acquisition.

Well, thought May—willing to make one mor ere he resigned himself to despair—beauty is bu sitory after all, and good temper a lottery—I content with youth. It is so delightful to wa expanding of the young mind, and to mould the ter of one's wife to the perfection of our standar wife shall certainly be young. But alas for the of our expectations! May had forgotten that now old, and that it is not every one's good for meet with a young woman who would 'rathe old man's darling than a young man's slave.' posed to youth, and he was rejected. From th ment he abandoned what appeared to him a h task, and passed the remainder of his days ' bachelor.'

Matthews, in the interim, had entered up search after wealth—unsatisfactory and humilia it is under most circumstances, but particul when made to influence considerations respectin riage. It was necessary for him to veil his int motives; and for a time he succeeded in doing s however, his attentions were ever in the direc which wealth was to be found, they were soon i to the right cause. This was unfortunate, as jected him to many rebuffs. Mothers would bi daughters be cautious of encouraging advan the part of Mr Matthews; and guardians woul cately hint that his views in certain quarters we sumptuous. Our hero was, however, clothed in brass,' and was not thus to be deterred. It was r able to observe how, in despite of all the defences surrounded his objects of pursuit, with what ing and intrepidity he would surmount them all, m cure an intimation of his 'ardent and devoted s be conveyed to its destination. Every similar corded in ancient or modern times is, upon comp cast immeasurably into the distance. Well, unl friend May, he was ultimately successful. Des the precautions which had been taken to prev approach, and in the teeth of all the dangers beset him, Matthews succeeded in obtaining th tions of a young lady of fortune, and married her

To do him justice, he was not wholly unprincipled. He had wedded for wealth, but was quite disposed to love, and to do all honour to his wife. The latter was high-spirited, confiding, and affectionate. Reared in the midst of luxury and profusion, she scarce knew the value of wealth, and had given little heed to the exhortations of her friends concerning Matthews's interested views. 'He has told me he loves me,' she would reply, 'and I believe him. He may be poor, but he is not mercenary.' Accustomed to the gaieties of a fashionable circle, Mrs Matthews contemplated rendering her house, after marriage, the agreeable resort of all the *ton* of the society in which her wealth entitled her to move. Being at the same time benevolent, she mentally arranged plans of extensive usefulness. On these two points it seemed probable that some unfortunate collision would occur between her husband and herself. Matthews had no enlarged views of benevolence; and his idea of society was limited to an occasional dinner, or a party at cards. At any rate, he was not disposed that that for which he had yielded his liberty, and fought so strenuously, should be what he considered 'foolishly squandered.' For some months, however, he felt a delicacy in stating his views to his wife, simply observing on one occasion, 'I fear, my dear, that we must begin to keep our expenditure within more circumscribed bounds.' 'Nonsense, Henry,' replied Mrs Matthews: 'of what value is wealth if it ceases to minister to the necessities of the unfortunate, or the gratification of social intercourse? If you love me, you will offer no opposition to my views in this matter.' Matthews was about to reply, but his wife placed her fingers playfully on his lips, enjoining silence, and the subject was discontinued. A few days after, he had another opportunity of adverting to the matter, of which he availed himself. His wife contemplated giving an entertainment on a more than usually splendid scale, and was desirous of consulting him relative to some of the arrangements.

'I suggested the other day, my dear,' he remarked, 'that we should place some limit to these entertainments.'

'I think I replied to you, Henry, that if you loved me, you would urge no objection?' she said pettishly.

'I know you did, my dear, but I cannot longer defer speaking plainly; we *must* retrench.'

'*Must*, Henry; did you say *must?*'

'Certainly, my dear; the money may be more advantageously disposed of than in giving these parties.'

'Is it not *mine*, Henry?'

Matthews reddened to the eyes; he had not anticipated so pointed a question. 'It *is* yours; but remember that the law gives me control over it,' he replied somewhat sharply.

Mrs Matthews coloured deeply in her turn; and then, a moment after, the blood fled from her countenance, and went back rushing to her heart, till it produced a feeling of suffocation. Her husband's language and sentiments were of a nature to which she had been totally unaccustomed: his declaration concerning the control which the law gave him over her property, brought back vividly to her mind the caution of her friends concerning his interested motives in proffering marriage. The whole was the occurrence of an instant. 'Henry,' she said, as the thought presented itself, 'it is not true what my friends reported of you previous to our marriage, is it?'

'What did they say of me?' he asked.

'They said you sought my fortune rather than myself.'

Here was a direction given to the discussion which Matthews did not expect, and the suddenness with which it had occurred completely discomposed him. His wife perceived his discomposure, and reiterated the question. He said abruptly, 'It is not true,' and quitted the room.

Here was a disavowal of the suspicion which had occurred to her, but the mode in which it had been given was not calculated to produce belief. If it were not well-founded, wherefore the agitation, the delay in giving a reply? Suspicion, once excited, overthrows every barrier of confidence, and Mrs Matthews felt convinced that her friends had spoken truth. Pride, self-esteem, vanity, love, all brought the tears gushing to her eyes, and she wept bitterly.

Matthews, after composing himself, returned to the apartment, to assure his wife of the falsity of her suspicions. She permitted him to believe that he had succeeded, but never again did Mrs Matthews repose that confidence in her husband's affection, and that reliance on his honour, which are among the surest safeguards of the happiness of wedded life. They appeared to the world a contented, if not happy couple; but Matthews ever felt, in despite of himself, that he was receiving the wages of a mercenary trickster; while his wife would sometimes wonder what it was which so weighed her spirits down, and rendered her wretched, until she reflected that she was wedded to an ADVENTURER.

OLIVER CROMWELL VINDICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ALTHOUGH Cromwell sat as representative of Huntingdon in the third and fourth parliaments of Charles I. (1627–9), he may be said to have lived to his thirty-seventh year in perfect obscurity. He devoted himself to farming business, had a large family of sons and daughters, and seems to have been altogether what is called a respectable member of society; albeit he himself, in the spirit of religious self-reproach, says he was the chief of sinners. On the rise of the troubles in Scotland, and the consequent calling of a parliament for supplies (1640), Cromwell came up for Cambridge. It was not, however, till he reappeared in the next parliament (1641), as representative of the same place, that he attracted any special attention. Sir Philip Warwick then describes him as 'a gentleman very ordinarily apparelled,' in 'a plain suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor.' His linen 'plain, and not very clean,' his 'sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour.' It is needless, however, to pursue these historical details; suffice it that, when it fairly came to war between the king and parliament, and the latter began to raise troops, Cromwell contributed L.300, and undertook the mustering of volunteers in Cambridgeshire. His first [illegible]s speak of [illegible]rgy: he seized the arms in the castle of Cambridge, and stopped the university plate, worth twenty thousand pounds, from being sent away.

The first actions in the war were, as is well known, in favour of the king. How Captain Cromwell saw the cause of the evil, and redressed it, may be gathered from a portion of a speech of his, which we give with Mr Carlyle's interpolations (those within inverted commas being for helping the sense—those in brackets exclamatory comments of the editor). 'I was a person who, from my first employment, was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater; from my first being a captain of a troop of horse; and did labour as well as I could to discharge my trust; and God blessed me "therein" as it pleased him. And I did truly and plainly, and in a way of foolish simplicity, as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too, desire to make my instruments help me in that work. And I will deal plainly with you: I had a very worthy friend then; and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr John Hampden. [Hear, hear; a notable piece of history!] At

my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you; God knows I lie not. "Your troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality. do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them?" Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him: "You must get men of a spirit: and take it not ill what I say—I know you will not—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still." I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. [Very natural in Mr Hampden, if I recollect him well, your highness! With his close thin lips and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding, lively sensibilities to "unspotted character," "safe courses," &c. &c. A very brave man; but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant. Alas, there is no possibility for poor Columbus at any of the public offices, till once he become an actuality, and say, "Here *is* the America I was telling you of!"] Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did so—"did this somewhat:" and truly I must needs say this to you, "The result was"—impute it to what you please; I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did; [The Ironsides; yea!] and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually. [Yea!] And truly this is matter of praise to God; and it hath some instruction in it, to own men who are religious and godly.'

Such was the practical manner in which Oliver Cromwell laid his claim to be esteemed as a man of genius. To create an adequate antagonist force, he went to work in right earnest, acting upon the idea that he had conceived. The counties had formed themselves into 'associations' for mutual defence against royalist oppression—a measure of course condemned as treasonable by the court party. The association to which Cromwell belonged, consisting of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, and Herts, and denominated the 'Eastern Association,' was the only one that kept together, and that exclusively through the operation of the plan suggested by himself to Hampden. It was not long before Cromwell attained to the rank of colonel; and in such capacity approved his activity to the utmost. He subjected the body of men under him to many changes; gradually dismissing the bad, and admitting the good, until he formed a troop of a thousand men, celebrated in history as 'the Ironsides.' Of Cromwell's troops the newspapers of the day state, 'Not a man swears but he pays his twelvepence.' Plundering, drinking, all disorder and impiety were disallowed. Such was the discipline imposed by the colonel—and to that discipline his successive triumphs in the war were owing.

It was not long ere Cromwell had made up his mind, stung by his country's wrongs, that regicide was lawful. In this at first he stood almost alone. Most men of that age were of Shakspeare's opinion—

> 'There's a divinity doth hedge a king,
> That treason can but leap to what it would!'

Cromwell had convinced himself of the contrary. We soon read of differences between the Earls of Essex and Manchester and him: they were evidently for less earnest measures than he was. He complained of the latter to parliament (it was soon after the sanguinary battles of Marston Moor and Newbury), when the Earl of Manchester recriminated upon him, stating, among other things, that Lieut.-General Cromwell had said that 'There never would be a good time in England till we had done with lords;' and also that 'If he met the king in battle, he would fire his pistol at the king as at another.' The upshot was, that the commons relieved the soldiery by 'the self-denying ordinance' of allegiance to 'the Covenant,' and a new modelling of the army was undertaken—a measure first of all ridiculed by the royal party, but proving ultimately fatal to them at Naseby, where Charles fought his last battle on the 14th June 1645. It was Cromwell himself who turned the fortune of the fight. We quote the latter half of his letter to the speaker of the commons on this occasion: 'Sir—this is none other than the hand of God; and to him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with him. The general served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendation I can give him is, that I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself—which is an honest and a thriving way; and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for.'

This letter, both in the sobriety of its style and the fervency of pious feeling, is stamped with sincerity. We find him, in a similar manner, after relating the particulars of 'the storm of Bristol,' declaring that 'he that runs may read, that this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very atheist that does not acknowledge it.'

Such then were the enthusiastic emotions with which Cromwell now regarded the contest—a fearful state of mind to be in if wrong; an earnest of success if right. Charles still, however, depended on the old *prestige*, that 'the king's name was a tower of strength,' and dreamed not that, through the example of one man, that same tower had been already undermined. But it was so. History has indeed hitherto described Cromwell as succeeding by means of 'hypocrisy,' 'master-strokes of duplicity,' 'false protestations,' and 'fomenting of the army-discontents.' This Mr Carlyle strictly denies; avouching, on the contrary, that it was 'by *continuances* of noble manful simplicity' that Cromwell penetrated and overcame all difficulties. The evidence certainly is in his favour.

The royalist power being put down by the civil war ending in 1645, a new war took shape and arose—that between the Presbyterian party, hitherto in power, and well affected to monarchy as a principle, and the sectaries or independents, the religious party *par excellence*, the party of Cromwell. The former was strong in the cities and in Scotland, the latter in the army. The progress of things continually threw new power upon Cromwell's side, for it was insuperably embarrassing to the Presbyterians to have to battle out their principles in connexion with the existing specimen of monarchy—a man utterly disaffected to presbytery. Cromwell's party, on the other hand, free from all such falsity of position, had no stay or hindrance to prevent their carrving out the realisation of the saintly government which all aimed at. The year 1648 was a year of Presbyterian efforts for the king, then a prisoner. It saw an army of twenty thousand Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, become 'stubble to the swords' of Cromwell's troops at Preston. And then came the ascendency of the army in parliament, and the execution of Charles.

of which there can be no doubt Cromwell was the main instrument. On this subject we have some highly characteristic paragraphs from our editor.

'"More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise [a Dutch writer on the king's death]; shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay, to be preferred, think some, in point of horror, to "the crucifixion of Christ." Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St Margaret's churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread phantoms, glaring supernal on you—when once they are quelled, and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the phantom! The phantom is a poor paper lantern, with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

'A certain queen in some South Sea island, I have read in missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful people, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning mountain—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning mountain, will empty my washbowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!" She walked accordingly, this South Sea heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy. She did her experiment; and I am told they have truer notions of the gods in that island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the brave who deliver us from phantom-dynasties, in South Sea islands and in North!

'This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas! not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself, and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again. Which I take to be a very long date indeed.'

Amidst the terrible doings of this very crisis, Cromwell was carrying on a negotiation for the marriage of his son Richard to a certain Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley; and he writes on this subject only two days from the date of the king's death!

One thing becomes very clear from this book—the self-consistency of the whole theory, so to speak, on which Cromwell proceeded, and the consistency of that theory, and the proceedings themselves. The supposition of hypocrisy is preposterous: no man ever kept up a deception so long, or so exactly, or with such results. But we feel at the same time the terrible nature of this theory, carrying the man through the life-blood of opposing thousands without a shadow of humane compunction. It took the spring and summer months of 1649 to wreck and suppress the last opposition to the Commonwealth in England; but in Ireland the new government had no footing save in Dublin and Derry. But nation was unanimous after an Irish fashion—that it was wholly against the English Commonwealth, but split into many mutually hostile parties. 'Catholics of the Pale demanding freedom of religion;' 'old Irish Catholics under Popes' Nuncios, unable to agree with the Catholics of the Pale;' 'Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed breeds, strong for king *without* covenant; Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for king *and* covenant.' 'All these plunging and tumbling in huge discord for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs an unutterable blot.'

Oliver comes in with an army in the month of August, is well received in Dublin, where his party was in force, and immediately proceeds against the various independent armies opposed to him, which, through his own energy and their want of union, he in six months dissipates, leaving the country prostrate at his feet. We find at this crisis the most characteristic of all Cromwell's actions. The enemy had 4000 men under Sir Arthur Ashton in Tredah (now called Drogheda). What was their fate we shall see from Cromwell's own account of his storm of the town, in a letter to Speaker Lenthall.

Breaches having been made in the wall with cannon —'Upon Tuesday, the 10th of this instant, about five in the evening, we began the storm; and after some hot dispute, we entered about seven or eight hundred men, the enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Cassel being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a tenalia to flanker the south wall of the town, between Duleek Gate and the corner tower; which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the enemy, which they put to the sword. And this "tenalia" they held; but it being without the wall, and the sally-port through the wall into that tenalia being choked up with some of the enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the town that way.

'Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed, yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt; wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the enemy, and, by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his intrenchments; and after a very hot dispute, the enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the wall, they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their intrenchments and "of" the church; which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the enemy could not "now" annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

'Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisaded. The governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, *our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword; and indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and I think that night they put to the sword about* 2000 *men;* divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed St Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, "God d—— me, God confound me; I burn, I burn."

'The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves; and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were

come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes; the soldiers in the other tower were all spared as to their lives only, and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

'I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret.

'And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.'

The reader will perfectly understand this pitilessness in a fanatic, and see that the ascribing of the victory to God was only part of the tremendous theory which possessed him. But what will he make of the fact that an educated man of the present day, standing in no observable affinity to the religious party of Cromwell, justifies these and other like horrible barbarities, on the score that their perpetrator was a man under a solemn conviction of God's judgments on earth; not a believer in 'the rose-water plan of surgery;' one coming with acts of parliament made as near as puritan wit could make them 'to God's law-book;' calling upon the Irish to conform to these, under the threat that, on refusal, 'I will not let you continue living;' one whose word was not bluster, but followed by act: in short, for no reason in the world, when Mr Carlyle's verbal quidditics are interpreted, but because Cromwell had a religious doctrine in which he was sincere, and was stayed by no humane considerations in working it out; as if every man equally veracious were entitled to treat his fellow-creatures—his equals in the right of forming their opinions—exactly as he pleases? Will it readily be believed that an author of fame in our day is so utterly destitute of a right view of God's work and man's work on earth, as to write, with an appearance of seriousness, such wretched and unmitigated nonsense as this?

Through such stern measures, Cromwell reduced Ireland. His reduction of Scotland was accomplished in a less harsh manner, because the people of that country were more akin to him in their religious feelings. These transactions, however, as well as his whole career as head of the state, must be left unreviewed, as our space is for the present exhausted. We meanwhile recommend a perusal of Mr Carlyle's work. It has effectually, we believe, vindicated its hero from the charges of hypocrisy and mere ambition: the only tenable theory now is, that he was a Great Earnest Man, seeking primarily the realisation of a government according to Scripture, and only drawn into personal aggrandisement because that was unavoidable in his endeavours for the main end. But the merit and value of the *system* (as it may be called) of Cromwell is an entirely different consideration, and one which remains unaffected by the extraordinary defence which the system here meets. Fact, we conceive, has settled that question long ago. If the idea of a government, according to one small sect's interpretation of the divine will in Scripture, had been a good idea, it must have lived. But what is the fact? that, in eighteen months from the death of the strong man who had upheld it for four or five years under constant difficulties, it went down amidst the kicks and curses of universal human nature, not only never to rise again, but to be followed by one of the worst possible governments of another kind, which nevertheless men embraced with transports of joy, as if any kind of tyranny were felt as relief from one professing a basis and a justification in religion.

'THE CITY.'

It is a well-known part of the egotism of Londoners to speak of 'the city,' as if it were *par excellence* the only city in the world, and with the conviction that the locality indicated by the term will be known and recognised in the most remote regions of civilisation. This egotistic designation of an infinitesimal spot on the globe (and indeed of a small portion of the metropolis itself), is not altogether inexcusable; for although we question whether a merchant of the bazaar at Constantinople, or a trader in the Gostoni Dovor of Moscow, would fully understand that '*the* city' meant our city and not his, yet few foreigners connected with commerce would feel more than a moment's hesitation in fixing the meaning attached by Londoners to the expression. The space between the far-famed Temple Bar and the equally celebrated Aldgate Pump one way, and the river Thames and the 'bars' of Smithfield and Holborn the other, presents a scene of busy ceaseless commerce—a sea of traffic, the waves of which reach to the most distant shores.

In the dark alleys and dingy chambers which surround the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, transactions are daily completed, the enormous value and amount of which it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to compute. But the exterior aspect of 'the city'—the peculiarities of its merchants, with the more observable and important of their bewildering operations—are not so difficult to note; and an attempt has been recently made to detail them in a little work entitled 'The City, or the Physiology of London Business, with Sketches on 'Change and at the Coffee-houses.'*

Of all the complicated ramifications and motions of commerce, banking must be considered the mainspring; hence the author has judiciously commenced his book by some insight into the interior of the Bank of England. 'This bank is governed by a court of twenty-four directors, eight of whom go out of office every year, when eight others are elected. Half-yearly dividends are declared, and the proprietors now receive 7 per cent. per annum on the stock. It is the most absolute corporation in the country; for although the proprietors meet twice a-year to be informed of the state of their affairs, little or no information is gained beyond the amount of the *rest*.' This 'rest,' which we so often find mentioned in the newspapers, consists of what remains after the dividends are satisfied, and forms a fund for any unforeseen contingency which may arise during the coming half year. Upon this residuum the directors can 'come and go:' it consequently imparts freedom and elasticity to their operations. As they are by no means communicative as to their transactions, the increase or decrease of this reservation is almost the only clue the public have to the state of their affairs; hence the declaration of its amount is eagerly looked to by all persons largely interested in the money market.

A vast proportion of the money affairs of this empire are transacted in a modest room of the 'great house in Bartholomew-lane' (to borrow a favourite expression from a famous auctioneer), called the 'bank parlour.' This mysterious apartment is looked upon with a sort of awe, and no banker's clerk presumes to mention it but in terms of respect and veneration. 'It is rather meanly furnished with lengthy mahogany settles, covered with faded crimson merino; the walls are without the least decoration; and a bridge of tables, the deformities of which are hidden by green baize, alone separates the directors from the proprietors. A few scattered chairs is all the accommodation offered to the directors while the meetings are in progress; but these

* Baily Brothers: London, 1845.

are seldom or never filled, as they generally stand out the quarter of an hour or twenty minutes the proceeding lasts. The attendance of the directors under such circumstances would, without question, be considered a fatiguing process, did not the ear suddenly encounter the rattle of cups and saucers, and the eye discover a very spruce messenger, with white cravat and light pumps, gliding stealthily behind the screen from and to the room where the refreshment is served. The lobby to the bank parlour is the only place in the establishment which is at all indebted to art for attraction. Here we have a few of the old cashiers of the bank, painted with remarkably gray wigs, lay down collars, and stiff lace ruffles, including that singular character Mr Abraham Newland, who rose from a baker's counter to be chief clerk of the Bank of England. We suppose the directors have discontinued the plan of panelling the memory of departed officers, for we see none of those to whom common report assigns part of the management of later years.' Perhaps that part of the building which is of the most intrinsic importance, is on the basement, in which the cellars are for the storing of bullion. Of this they contained in October 1845, the value of L.14,865,000. Above ground the various offices afford accommodation for about 800 clerks, whose salaries range from L.50 to L.2000 per annum.

The less important banking transactions of 'the city' are carried on by private and joint-stock banks. The first are no more than firms of two or three individuals who trade in money, as other copartneries deal in less current merchandise, on their own account and responsibility; whilst the latter are conducted on principles first and successfully practised in Scotland, but which were not introduced into England till within the last fifteen or twenty years. They have a large staff of officers in the character of managers, sub-managers, and secretaries, beside their cashiers and clerks, as in ordinary banking-houses. Being modern establishments, their officers present widely opposite characteristics to those of the older private firms. Instead of being attended to in the latter by 'cashiers and clerks peering through spectacles with a steady and staid appearance, whose only inquiries are respecting the weather and the prospects of business, you find yourself, on entering a joint-stock bank, in the company of sprightly young gentlemen, who talk about new operas and the other amusements of the town with all the ease of connoisseurs in high life, and whose chief study is to give effect to chequered neckerchiefs, showy chains, and mogul pins. This, no doubt, is the march of improvement, but to the quiet man of business, the times in this respect are scarcely so acceptable as the old days of white ties, venerable faces, and tranquil attention to the wants of customers. The modern improvements do not facilitate the counting or weighing of sovereigns, crossing cheques, or balancing ledgers.' Our physiologist should, however, have added that, as a set off to the *dilettante* peculiarities of the new school, they are more quick and ready in their motions, and do not keep one so long waiting one's 'turn' at their counters as the spectacled gentlemen of the old school.

Although to discount bills of exchange is usually recognised as only part of a banker's business, there are several firms who make that their sole business, and are known as 'discount houses.' 'The bills these houses principally discount are those of merchants and country bankers; and the rates paid vary according to the general supply of money, and the terms upon which the Bank of England is disposed to make advances. Two and a quarter, and two and three-quarters per cent. is about the current quotation for unquestionable paper, and at these prices a great deal of business has been done in the plethoric state of capital during the last two or three years; but as much as five and six per cent., even on first-rate bills, has been paid when a scarcity has existed, and when the bank has continuously advanced its rates of accommodation. Bill-brokers advance money on all descriptions of securities, such as exchequer bills, consols, wine, sugar, or other produce warrants; but they usually take care to stand in a good position; that is to say, on the right side of the value of the security they hold.' To show the enormous sums advanced in this way, we are told that three of the most eminent concerns have each not less than five millions of money under discount in the course of the year.

The mysteries of the Stock Exchange are partially unravelled in the work before us. This building—in which fortunes are daily, hourly being won and lost—is hidden by the houses which form the east side of Bartholomew-lane and the northern bend of Throgmorton Street. It is entered by Capel Court, nearly opposite to the rotunda of the Bank of England; but entrance is rigidly denied to all save stock-brokers. Any banker, merchant, capitalist, trustee, or private individual, therefore, who may wish to buy or sell stock, must employ a member of the Stock Exchange (of whom there are about 800) to effect the transaction. The process is this:—The principal having given his orders to the broker, that individual wends his way into the exchange, inside of which another class of men are always to be found ready and eager to do business, who are called 'jobbers.' 'When a broker comes in as a buyer or seller, he is instantly surrounded by a number of jobbers, who announce their readiness to take or supply whatever amount of stock he has orders to deal in at a price varying the 1-8th (2s. 6d.) per cent. To explain: if a certain broker has business to transact in L.5000 consols, the jobber will offer to buy his L.5000 at the market price, say at 97, or to sell him the same amount at 97·1-8th, without being in the slightest degree aware whether the broker has orders to buy or sell; thus taking on himself the risk of selling that which he does not possess, or buying what he has no intention to keep, his only object being to *undo* his bargain at a difference of 1-8th per cent., and sometimes at only 1-16th, with another broker, who may have to effect an operation precisely the reverse of the other; which 1-8th or 1-16th per cent. constitutes the profit of the jobber.' By the ageney, therefore, of the jobbers, a market is always maintained, for they are ever ready to buy or sell. Most of them confine their transactions to one particular stock, though some deal in every sort of public security. Their profit is derived from the turn of the market, which is always in their favour. Thus, when stock is quoted in the newspapers at '35 to 1-8th,' it means, the public is given to understand, that if they wish to sell, only 35 per cent. will be obtained for their stock; but if they want to buy, 35 and 1-8th per cent. must be given. The lower price quoted is the selling, and the higher the buying price; the 1-8th being the jobbers' profit. The jobbers are, in reality, the 'middle men,' who stand in the house in the character of dealers, always, or almost always, ready to buy or sell, thus obviating the necessity of any broker seeking a second broker with whom to transact his particular business: or, in other words, whom it might suit to buy the stock which the first broker had to sell, or *vice versa*. Now, in this case, even if a second broker could be found, he might not be able to concur in the precise amount of stock in which the other had to operate; whereas the jobber is ready to do business to any amount, even to the smallest fraction, and hence prevents much time and labour from being fruitlessly consumed.

It is curious to reflect how the instinct of a humble, and *par excellence* innocent animal, has been brought to bear upon such a business as that of the Stock Exchange. According to our author, 'Till within the last seven or eight years, the ordinary courier brought the news from the continent; and it was only the Rothschilds, and one or two other important firms, that "ran" intelligence in anticipation of the regular French mail. However, about ten years ago, the project was conceived of establishing a communication between Paris and London by means of pigeons, and in the course of two years it was in complete operation. The training of the birds took con-

siderable time before they could be relied on; and the relays and organisation required to perfect the scheme not only involved a vast expenditure of time, but also of money. In the first place, to make the communication of use on both sides of the channel, it was necessary to get two distinct establishments for the flight of the pigeons—one in England and another in France. It was then necessary that persons, on whom reliance could be placed, should be stationed in the two capitals, to be in readiness to receive or despatch the birds that might bring or carry the intelligence, and make it available for the parties interested. Hence it became almost evident that one speculator, unless he was a very wealthy man, could not hope to support a "pigeon" express. The consequence was, that the project being mooted, two or three of the speculators, including brokers of the house, themselves joined and worked it for their own benefit. Through this medium several of the dealers have made large sums of money; but the trade is scarcely so profitable as it was, because the success of the first operators has induced others to follow the example of establishing this species of communication. The cost of keeping a "pigeon" express has been estimated at L.600 or L.700 a-year; but whether this amount is magnified with the view of deterring others from venturing into the speculation, is a question which never seems to have been properly explained. It is stated that the daily papers avail themselves of the news brought by these "expresses;" but, in consideration of allowing the speculators to read the despatches first, the proprietors, it is understood, bear but a *minimum* proportion of the expense. The birds generally used are of the Antwerp breed, strong in the wing and fully feathered. The months in which they are chiefly worked are the latter end of May, June, July, August, and the beginning of September; and though the news may not be always of importance, a communication is generally kept up daily between London and Paris in this manner. In 1837-38-39, and 1840, a great deal of money was made by the "pigeon-men," as the speculators supposed to have possession of such intelligence are familiarly termed; and their appearance in the market was always indicative of a rise or fall, according to the tendency of their operations. Having the first chance of buying or selling, they of course had the market for a while in their own hands; but as time progressed, and it was found that the papers by their "second editions" would communicate the news, the general brokers refused to do business till the papers reached the city. The pigeons bringing the news occasionally get shot on their passage; but as a flock of some eight or a dozen are started at a time, miscarriage is not of frequent occurrence. At the time of the death of Mr Rothschild, one was caught at Brighton, having been disabled by a gun-shot wound, and beneath the shoulder-feathers of the left wing was discovered a small note with the words "Il est mort," followed by a number of hieroglyphics. Each pigeon establishment has a method of communication entirely its own; and the conductors, if they fancy the key to it is in another person's power, immediately vary it. A case of this description occurred not long ago. The parties interested in the scheme fancied that, however soon they received intelligence, there were others in the market who were quite equal with them. In order to arrive at the real position of affairs, the chief proprietor consented, at the advice of a friend, to pay L.10 for the early perusal of a supposed rival's "pigeon express." The "express" came to hand, he read it, and was not a little surprised to find that he was in reality paying for the perusal of his own news! The truth soon came out—somebody had bribed the keeper of his pigeons, and were thus not only making a profit by the sale of his intelligence, but also on the speculations they in consequence conducted. The defect was soon remedied by changing the style of characters employed, and all went right as before.'

Quitting the Stock Exchange, we cross the end of what was once 'Bank Buildings,' and enter the place where merchants most do congregate—the Royal Exchange. The 'old massive building, with its firm oaken benches for the accommodation of those who were tired of pacing the ambulatories, and its walls extensively illustrated with placards of ships about to sail, of goods to be sold, and lists of the sworn brokers of London, we have now a large and sightly building, with walls flaring with colours, exhibiting in the encaustic process vases filled with fruits and flowers, gay, indeed, but not universally admired by men of business, or connoisseurs in architecture. The hours of 'Change—as regulations lately instituted enforce—are from half-past three to half-past four P.M., a period when the merchants and others connected with mercantile affairs meet together before the close of the business of the day. The different interests are severally divided, and hold, almost by prescriptive right, a particular spot where their members meet, and these are called the "walks;" such as, the "Mediterranean," the "German," the "Spanish," or "Portuguese" walks. Here parties discourse of the latest events; failures, if there be any; recent contracts for goods; last-quoted prices; and general business. The two great days on 'Change are Tuesday and Friday, and then the full force of the mercantile interest is in attendance, as the operations which regulate the foreign exchanges are on these occasions concluded.'

Although individuals may pass their days in the different public offices and places of resort, yet their object is the same—commerce. 'The bustle and activity of city life,' says our author, 'begins at nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and concludes between six and seven o'clock in the evening. Between the former hours the suburbs and the west have poured in their thousands of human beings, who are engaged in business from Monday morning till Saturday night, in one continued round, and who, in the latter hours, return to their homes to prepare for the morrow's occupation. Before and after those hours you see or hear scarcely anything in the shape of business. In the intermediate period the whole place is alive with the multitude engaged in the operations of the day, and the comers and the goers seem never likely to expend their force, and one would imagine that the great concourse could never disperse. Visit the city at twelve o'clock mid-day, and again at seven in the evening, you would wonder where the people had all gone to. Round 'Change you would not find a soul; in Bartholomew-lane, the only cry heard would be that of the 'bus-conductor for Paddington and Holloway; and in Lombard Street the police would watch you as though you contemplated a burglary at Glyn's or Barclay's, and perhaps inquire the cause of your loitering in the neighbourhood. At eight o'clock at night the "stillness of death" reigns over the city, and not till the morning, between that hour and nine, is there anything like the note of preparation sounded for business. The city is not now much chosen for a residence. The old houses in the best thoroughfares are either let as offices, or given up to the occupation of housekeepers who have the charge of the premises. At the banks, the rule is for the junior partner to reside on the premises; and a certain number of clerks also live in the house. Merchants and others, who formerly located in the suburbs, have in a great number of cases chosen west end domiciles. Regent's Park, and the rows of villas that stud the neighbourhood of Kensington, Brompton, Hammersmith, and other places tending to those points, are thickly inhabited by city men. Clapton, Hackney, Islington, Peckham, and Clapham, which at one time were considered very convenient distances by these people, have been denuded of a number of their former occupants. Clerks, instead of principals, now reside in these localities, all short rides or walks from the city being filled with the habitations of this class of persons.'

At night 'the city' is indeed silent, and it is only the west end of the town—where the fashionables re-

side, and the places of amusement are situated—that shows symptoms of life. The rich merchant has rolled home in his carriage, the clerk has had his sixpenny ride to Camberwell or to Paddington, the perambulating orange-seller has taken his basket to his garret for the night, the ticket-porter has rolled up his apron and retired to his court, and all is hushed in a silence that is only broken by the tread of a policeman or the barking of a dog which has lost his master. The busy hum of men is no longer heard. Business has retired to rest, and the feverish pulse of speculation has ceased to beat.

EFFECTS OF CULTURE ON VEGETATION.

THE effect produced by civilisation on the feelings and intellect of the savage, the modifications induced in the characters of the lower animals by domestication, are not more wonderful than the changes which have been effected on many vegetable families by the power of cultivation. Root, stem, leaf, flower, and fruit, are each naturally endowed with a certain degree of mutability, according to circumstances of soil, climate, and other external conditions; and man, practising upon this mutability, has, in course of time, succeeded in rearing products which bear scarcely any resemblance to their natural originals. There is a limit, no doubt, to this divergence from the normal type—a line beyond which organic adaptability cannot be forced, without interfering with the healthy existence of the organism; but of such a limit in vegetation we are yet almost absolutely ignorant. All that can be said in the present state of our knowledge is, that certain results have been obtained, some of which we intend to notice as being at once highly curious and important.

In a state of nature, most vegetable tribes are limited to definite localities, these situations being characterised by some peculiarity of soil and atmospheric influence. If the conditions of soil and climate remain the same, the character of plants is nearly uniform and stationary; and this may be always said of them in their natural state. But if they be removed from a poor to a rich soil, from a warm to a cold climate, from a dry to a moist habitat, or *vice versa*, then their internal structure will undergo a change, and this change will manifest itself in one or other of their external characters. In some classes, the change is most evident in the roots and tubers, in others in the stems and leaves; while in many the flowers and fruit are the parts most affected. Sometimes change of situation produces merely a more luxuriant development of all the parts of a plant, without causing any abnormal growth of a particular organ, as may be seen every season by comparing the crops on a poor gravelly soil with those on rich alluvium, or the produce of a neglected field with that of a well-manured garden. Culture, in the widest sense of the word, may therefore be considered as the cause of these irregular changes, which assume in plants a wonderful degree of permanency, and may be transmitted to successive races; though, generally speaking, if the artificial stimulus be not kept up, plants will return to their normal or natural condition.

The changes which *roots* and *tubers* can be made to undergo are numerous, and highly beneficial to man. The potato, for example, is a native of tropical America, and when found wild, its tubers are not larger than a chestnut, and scarcely edible; while in Europe it has been rendered, by artificial treatment, one of the most valuable articles of human food. The produce of an acre of wild potatoes could be held in a single measure; while in Britain the same area will yield from forty to sixty bolls. Cultivation has also produced innumerable varieties of this tuber, each varying in shape, size, colour, and quality; and this, it may be said, all within the last hundred years; for though the potato was imported from America three centuries ago, it is scarcely one since it met with anything like attention. Beet, parsnip, and turnip, have been also wonderfully modified by culture, and made to break off into numerous varieties. The bulb of the latter, for instance, has, since the beginning of the present century, been metamorphosed from globular to fusiform, in colours from white and yellow to purple and green, and in weight from a couple of ounces to more than twenty pounds. So also with the carrot, which in a wild state has a slender root of a yellowish-white colour, but which, under cultivation, swells out, and becomes succulent, assuming a deep red or orange colour. In the one case the root is not much thicker than a common quill; in the other it becomes as thick and long as a man's arm—the produce being sometimes so much as 400 bushels per acre. The cause of most of these changes is abundantly obvious. Cultivation removes a plant to a richer soil, where it can obtain all the elements essential to its growth with greater facility, and without suffering those impediments to continuous growth which alternate drenchings and droughts are so apt to occasion in a state of nature. If the soil be too wet, it undergoes drainage; if too dry, it is irrigated; besides being deepened and softened, to admit of the easy expansion of the bulb or tuber on every side. As in animals, so in plants, every individual has a tendency to reproduce its own qualities in its offspring, and man, taking advantage of this feature, rears only such species and hybrids as best suit his purpose, until, by successive developments, these qualities greatly exceed anything in nature, or even become altogether monstrous.

Stems, though less liable to metamorphoses of this kind, are still capable of being strangely changed from their normal condition. Every one is aware, that if a tree which is a native of mountains be planted in a valley, it grows more rapidly, but its timber becomes softer and less durable; and in like manner, if the tree of a valley be removed to a mountain, it becomes of slow growth and stunted form, but produces timber remarkable for its toughness and durability. By cultivating upon this principle, tall stems are for the most part rendered short or dwarfish, and shorter ones taller—the dahlia, for example, having been reduced to one half of its natural height by garden culture. The cabbage, in a wild state, has a tough, slender stem, which by culture has become fleshy and fusiform: there are no stalks and shoots to be found among the asparagus plants of the sea-shore which can compare with those of our gardens; and so also it might be noted of many culinary plants, that differ so much from their originals, that none but a botanist could detect the relationship. Nor is it in the external characters only that cultivation effects such changes: the intrinsic properties are equally liable to metamorphosis—as from sour to sweet, from acrid to agreeable, or even from poisonous to wholesome. The well-known garden celery is a native biennial found on the sides of ditches in the vicinity of the sea, and in this state is highly acrid, and of a coarse rank flavour. Culture, however, has now transformed the leaf-stalks of the common species into one of the most agreeable salads, and the bulbous roots of the celeriac into a wholesome and nutritious esculent.

As in roots and stems, so in *leaves* the influence of cultivation is manifested in a very marked and curious manner. 'The *Brassica oleracea*,' says Dr Neill, 'is a plant indigenous to our rocky shores; but no one seeing it waving its foliage in its native habitat, could possibly anticipate that it would ever appear in our gardens disguised as the ponderous drum-head or sugar-loaf cabbage, or on our tables as the delicate cauliflower and broccoli.' In the one case the stem is tough and slender; in the other it becomes fleshy and fusiform; when wild, the leaves are small and wavy; under favourable culture they become large and succulent, thickening so rapidly, that they have not actually room to unfold themselves, but gather into a *heart* or cluster several feet in circumference. The original colewort would weigh scarcely half an ounce; we have seen a well-nourished drum-head weigh more than thirty pounds. The *Crambe maritima*, another plant growing

spontaneously on the southern shores of our island, has in like manner been improved into the sea-kale of our markets: so it may be remarked of the artichoke, the endive, spinach, succory, and, in fact, of all our esculents and salads. It is owing to this protean susceptibility that, under cultivation, certain leaves become puckered, as in the curled cress and curled savoy; that notched and lobed ones become simple and entire; and that thin and leathery ones are transformed into thick and succulent masses.

The changes which occur in the *floral organs* are also very numerous; and on this feature depends all that beauty and variety which it is now so much the object of the florist to produce. These transformations consist in an increase of the petals, in a conversion of petals into stamens, and in some modification of the colour. What are called *double* flowers are produced by a multiplication of the petals, as in the common varieties of the rose; and *full* flowers are those in which the multiplication is carried so far as to obliterate the stamens and pistils. The rose, for example, produces in a wild state only a single row of petals, surrounding a vast number of yellow stamens; but when cultivated, many rows of petals are formed at the expense of the stamens, which are proportionally diminished in number. Compare the dog-rose of our hedges with the cabbage or Provence rose of the garden; or compare the single anemones and ranunculuses of the Levant with the finest Dutch varieties, and see what cultivation has produced. In the one case there are only five diminutive petals; in the other we have hundreds: the wild anemone is scarcely an inch across; Dutch florists have reared specimens more than six inches in diameter. The same may be remarked of the polyanthus, which is very unlike its parent, the primrose; of the auricula, the hyacinth, dahlia, and other floral favourites, which, under cultivation, have each sported into many hundred varieties. 'The dahlia,' says a recent authority, 'is a native of Mexico, from which it was introduced in 1789, but afterwards lost to our cultivators. It was reintroduced in 1804; but it was not till ten years later that it was generally known in our gardens. The first plants were single, of a pale purple colour, and though interesting, as affording a new form of floral ornament, they by no means held forth the infinite diversity of that tint and figure exhibited by their double-flowered successors. At present the varieties are endless, each district of the country possessing suites of its own, and cultivators occasionally raising at one sowing a dozen kinds which they think worthy of preservation. The results have been most propitious to the flower-garden, from which, indeed, the dahlia could now nearly as ill be spared as the potato from the kitchen-garden.'

With regard to the change of hues in the *colouring of flowers*—the streakings, the mottlings, and dashings—it is almost impossible to speak. 'Its infinite changes and metamorphoses in almost every cultivated flower,' says Dr Lindley, 'can be compared to nothing but the alterations caused in the plumage of birds, or in the hairs of animals by domestication. No cause has ever been assigned to these phenomena, nor has any attempt been made to determine the cause in plants. We are, however, in possession of the knowledge of some of the laws under which change of colour is effected. A blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow flower will become white or red, but never blue. Thus the hyacinth, of which the primitive colour is blue, produces abundance of white or red varieties, but nothing that can be compared to bright yellow—the yellow hyacinths, as they are called, being a sort of pale yellow ochre, verging to green. Again, the ranunculus, which is originally of an intense yellow, sports into scarlet, red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. White flowers which have a tendency to produce red, will never sport to blue, although they will to yellow—the roses, for example, and the crysanthemums.' A few scanty observations such as these are all that can yet be offered by the naturalist respecting a subject which gives to many plants their sole value, and to all vegetation one of its chief attractions.

The changes produced by cultivation in the *fruit* or *seed* are also very numerous and obvious. Where, for instance, is there a native grain like wheat, or a native fruit like the apple? In a wild state, the seeds of our cereal grains (wheat, barley, oats, &c.) are thin and meagre: under proper culture, they become large, plump, and full of farina, so as to afford the most important elements of human subsistence. The small globular sour crab of our hedges is the original of the numberless varieties of apples now cultivated in our orchards, each variety differing somewhat in size, shape, colour, and flavour. In like manner with the sloe, which few could detect as the parent of our purple, yellow, and white plums; with the hazel-nut, which is the ancestor of the filbert and cub-nut; with the almond, which is the original of the peach and nectarine; with the diminutive wild lime, from which has sprung the shaddock, the orange, and lemon; and so also with the wild cherry, and with almost every species of our cultivated fruits. We not only can change their size, colour, and other external characters, but can transform them from dry, acrid, and noxious fruits, to fleshy, pleasant, and wholesome products.

The above are some of the more obvious and important effects produced by the ingenuity of man on the natural characters of plants, especially as exhibited in the roots, stems, leaves, and organs of fructification. We could add almost indefinitely to the list; but enough has been advanced to show that vegetation is endowed with a wide range of adaptability—a feature necessary, in the first instance, for its own preservation against the vicissitudes of soil and climate to which it may be subjected; and evidently fitted, in a secondary sense, to administer more fully to the growing requirements of civilised man. The results which have been accomplished refer but to an insignificant section of the vegetable races; and judging from these, we may be hopeful that there are yet thousands of species equally fitted, under cultivation, to administer to our support and gratification.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. I.

Stukely.—Well, such wonderful things are now done by machinery that I don't know what it is all to end in.

Gilaroo.—Wonderful indeed. I saw it stated the other day in a Manchester paper, that casks can now be made by machines—umbrellas, I know, have long been turned out by machinery.

Stuke.—You mean barrels, actual beer barrels?

Gil.—Certainly; but of course I only speak from hearsay. The staves, hoops, and heads, are in the first place dressed off by other machinery; then the real cask-making machine is fed with these prepared articles, and in two minutes' time turns out a complete and well-finished barrel. Old barrels can also be repaired by the same machine, the only difference in time being occupied in the taking of them to pieces previously to substituting such fresh staves, heads, or hoops, as may be required for the machine. The barrels, when completed, are superior to any heretofore turned out by manual labour, the machine fitting each stave as close as though the whole barrel had been formed of a single piece of timber. The inventor is said to be an operative, who would gladly take a patent for his machine, if he had the means.

Stuke.—Well, that is curious; but can it be believed? There is such a deal of stuff in the newspapers, that we never know how much to believe or disbelieve.

Gil.—True; too much nonsense, I allow. I see, however, that another invention is perfected and in use, which was only hinted at twelve months ago; and a very clever thing too it seems to be.

Stuke.—What is it; anything about steamboats?

Gil.—No; it is a clock which is to go by the dropping of water, a hydraulic clock it is called. I cannot say that I rightly understand it; but this is what is said about it. Attached to the axis of the crane-wheel, is a small bucket-wheel on which the propelling power, a single drop of water in a second, acts. The action of a pendulum keeps the motion in perfect regularity, and the other machinery is of the most simple description. It requires no winding up, and from its great durability in the absence of friction, it will be easily kept in repair. I am told it keeps time with great accuracy, and that one has been going well for the last nine months. I understand the inventor is a watchmaker in a village in Fife.

Stuke.—Much need of some improvement in clock-work. Every public clock in town has its own time. You may set off from one end of a street at six o'clock, and arrive at the other end at half-past five.

Gil.—No, no, Stukely, not quite so bad as that; however, I allow that things are in a bad way with public clocks, and as they rule watches, no man's watch gives exactly the same time as any other man's watch. It is a universal confusion of time. Nothing for it, however, but to regulate the time all over the country by London or Greenwich time, and to move every public clock in a town by magnetic wires from a common centre.

Stuke.—Well, well, I wish they would do something. Last summer, when residing for a short time at a country town, I found that the church clock was regulated by the watch of the driver of the stage-coach; and he kept the time always a quarter of an hour back for his own convenience.

Gil.—We shall have all this put to rights, I daresay, when the railways go everywhere. How easy it will be to regulate time by the electric telegraph! By the way, do you see that a wire from one of these telegraphs is being carried along the Edinburgh and Glasgow line?

Stuke.—I was not aware; but I am glad to hear of that apparatus being extended over the country. These triumphs of science almost reconcile one to the accidents which are still too frequently taking place on the various lines.

Gil.—You probably have not heard, either, of a clever and rather fine thing which took place the other day on the Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Stuke.—No; how was that?

Gil.—A traveller, on arriving in Edinburgh, missed his pocket-book, containing L.700. On making known his loss, a stoker told him that a man had followed him from the station, and had immediately afterwards returned and taken his place in a train for Glasgow. The gentleman ordered an express engine; and though some time was lost in getting up the steam, the engine came in sight of the train when approaching the inclined plane that leads down to Glasgow. The whistle of the express engine was violently blown, and the train in front went off to the other line of rails. The express shot past, and got to the station in time to admit of arrangements for apprehending the pickpocket. The train then came in: the suspected person was seen and identified by the stoker, who had accompanied the gentleman; and the pocket-book and money were found on his person. This was really well managed; but the best point in the story is to follow. The gentleman, overjoyed at recovering his money, offered a handsome reward to the stoker, which was resolutely refused; and the gentleman therefore inclosed L.100 to the directors, requesting them to take payment for the express, to reward their servant as they might see fit, and if there was any change, to forward it to him. The directors returned the whole sum; stating that they would make no charge for the engine, and would themselves reward the stoker!

Stuke.—Well, I do say that was capital. I hope the stoker has been rewarded.

Gil.—I don't go along with the general notion about rewards. Every man should do his duty in helping his fellow-creatures, because it is his duty to do so, and not for the sake of money. I don't like paying people for doing what is right. The pleasure of having done a good action is the best reward.

Stuke.—To hear you talk in this way! You know very well that few people bestir themselves one way or another without the hope of reward. The child at school cares nothing for learning; it only looks to the empty praise and the more solid prize which it may receive. Neither does the soldier fight for fighting's sake; he is always looking forward to promotion.

Gil.—Mean motives all.

Stuke.—Be it so; but we must take the world as we find it. Besides, there are so many rewards for doing mischief, or at least very questionable actions, that in fairness there should be also rewards for actions which are commendable. It will be long ere you demoralise the world by rewarding the performers of heroic or virtuous actions. You have, of course, heard of the famous Monthyon prizes in Paris?

Gil.—Certainly I have.

Stuke.—Then, are they not creditable to the nation? We have nothing like them. Great virtue or heroism under difficulties meets with not the slightest mark of public esteem in England. I will relate a case in point, which I have had partly from the Inverness Courier, and partly from private information. The island of Rona is a small and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Applecross, and is well known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its north-western extremity, called the 'Muckle Harbour,' of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor woman, named Widow Mackenzie, who is upwards of seventy years of age; her lonely cottage is called by sailors 'the lighthouse,' from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbour *open*, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night, the widow may be seen, like Norna of the Fitful Head, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration—it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not rest even here, for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. This poor creature, in her younger days, saw her husband and three brothers drowned before her face; and she is known frequently to sit for hours on a rock gazing on the spot where they sank. Her only dependence now is on the produce of a cow and two or three goats; and no one resides with her but her daughter. Now, is not this a case of meritorious benevolence worthy of some mark of public approbation? Just compare it for a moment with what has been lately done by a great railway speculator to call forth a tribute of national gratitude.

Gil.—Don't speak of that abomination. I consider it nothing short of a national disgrace. Not that I, by any means, disparage this extraordinary son of fortune, whose doings in life have certainly been very wonderful; but this testimonial affair looks so like a mere piece of mammon-worship, that I cannot endure it.

Stuke.—That may be; but I don't give up my point. Certain actions are worthy of public reward; only I think it a pity that the reward is left so much a matter of accident or caprice. A Rowland Hill, for instance, may have only fifteen thousand pounds presented to him for a service which cannot be spoken of as less than a universal benefit; while the commander at a

victory gets a peerage and a pension for three generations. A private banking company known to me, actually, the other day, gave their discharged manager a pension exceeding the annual value of the tribute conferred upon the author of the penny post.

Gil.—Well, that may be. But talking of inequality in remunerations only serves to remind us that all rewards for services to mankind are on a vague footing. Can anything, for instance, be more absurd than that a light book of amusement, which will not be heard of in the next generation, realises greater gains to the author than could be derived from the profoundest and most widely and permanently useful philosophical work that any human being could pen? Such things show to me how absurd is the whole of the present system of gains, though I suppose it must run its course, and do a great deal more mischief before mankind be fit for anything better. By the way, have you observed the newspapers stating that a professor of phrenology has been appointed for the Andersonian university of Glasgow?

Stuke.—No, I did not, nor do I care. I consider phrenology to be nonsense.

Gil.—Of course, you have investigated it, to speak so decidedly.

Stuke.—Me! Not I. I have something else to think of. The idea of telling people's characters from the outsides of their skulls is too ridiculous to be thought of.

Gil.—You are wrong at the very first; for the outsides of people's skulls are only looked at as an indication of the volume of brain within; and that may well be a point of importance, as the brain is, by general acknowledgment, the organ of the mind. Many a thing, too, has been laughed at, which, in the long run, turned out to be true. The right way is not to laugh at, but examine new discoveries, real or alleged. I cannot say I am altogether a believer in phrenology myself, but I like fair play, and should wish to see it thoroughly and candidly investigated. The appointment of a professor in such a school as the Andersonian university, seems to me a good move. It lifts the science into a position which will compel at least respectful consideration, and that I suppose is all its adherents are in the meanwhile anxious about. How curious the manner in which craniology from Gall's time has battled its way up to this point! Honour to the man who——

Stuke.—Stop, stop, for any sake; you are getting into one of your high flights, and that I have no time for. So, good-night, Gilaroo; good-night.

SUCCESS.

The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence to every animated being. 'Happiness,' it has been finely observed, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.' To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's wo—who is not bound to his fellow-men by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness he has none. His life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he will descend to the grave 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' Such a fate is not to be envied; and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE VAULT OF THE PRINCES.

[Translated from the German of Schubart (born 1739, died 1791). We present this piece, as a specimen of a series of translations from German poets, executed by Mr Gostick, and just published by Mr Smith of Fleet Street. The volume, which is entitled 'The Spirit of German Poetry,' is remarkable as a copyright work now presented for the first time in a cheap form. The translations and connecting prose matter, which is of a critical and biographical nature, seem to us well executed.]

And here they lie—these ashes of proud princes,
Once clad in proud array,
Here lie their bones, in the melancholy glimmer
Of the pale dying day.

And their old coffins from the vault are gleaming,
Like rotten timber, side by side,
And silver family-shields are faintly beaming—
Their last display of pride!

Here vanity, reclining on a bier,
Looks out from hollow sockets still;
Quenched are the fiery balls that from these skulls
Could look and kill.

Here marble angels weep beside their urns,
Cold tears of stone for aye—
The Italian sculptor (*smiling all the while*)
Carved out their false array.

The mighty hand is but a mouldering bone
That once held life and death—
See that frail breast-bone, heaving once so high
Bright stars and gold beneath!

O wake them not, but let them soundly sleep;
For cruel was their reign,
But scare yon ravens, lest their croakings wake
Wutherich to life again.

O wake them not—the scourges of their race—
Earth has for them no room—
Soon, soon enough will over them be rattling
The thunders of their doom!

APPROPRIATE MONUMENTS.

Whilst walking about the churchyard of Stolpen in Saxony, I remarked a group of basaltic columns tastefully placed over a grave. Such a sight could not fail to bring to mind the recent loss of the celebrated geologist of France (Dolomieu), who has treated so well of basalt; and I could not help thinking that a similar simple mineralogical trophy might, with propriety, be raised over his tomb, as calculated to perpetuate the memory of his labours. In former times, a sphere circumscribed by a cylinder was placed over the sepulchre of Archimedes; a spiral logarithmic curve was inscribed upon the monument of Bernouilli; and both emblems were equally fitted to recall the attention of posterity to the discoveries and writings of these eminent men.—*Daubuisson in* 1803.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

The sneers of superficial men upon the weakness which has appeared in the conduct of some inquirers into nature, ought to have no influence to discourage us from those researches. If some few have spent too much time in the study of insects, to the neglect of the nobler parts of creation, their error ought to suggest to us, not a total neglect of those inferior parts of nature, but only to avoid the mistake of giving ourselves wholly to them. There is no species which infinite Wisdom has thought worth making and preserving for ages, that is not supremely worthy of our inquiring into its nature. And it is certain that there is more of curious workmanship in the structure of the body of the meanest reptile, than in the most complicated and most delicate machine that ever was or will be constructed by human hands.—*James Burgh*, 1754.

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EMULATION.

We frequently hear of a 'noble emulation;' but it is questionable at least whether the expression does not involve a contradiction in terms. In the first place, what is emulation? It is simply and essentially a desire to be before another. We may be emulous either of excelling in what we believe to be good, or of outmatching in what we know to be evil; but in either case the motive power—the emulation—is a desire to get the better of another; in other words, to exalt and benefit self.

Now, all that is really 'noble' in our nature has entire reference to the well-being and happiness of others. True nobility is based upon self-sacrifice, not upon self-advancement. It is the servant of all, not the vain-glorious patron. It seeks the happiness of others—not for the sake of outrivalling a fellow-worker, but because it delights to see others happy. Is it not clear, then, that emulation—the crowning star in the diadem of pagan morality—implies a littleness of mind, a self-regarding spirit, inconsistent with that real nobility of soul, that god-like disposition, which it was the great purpose of Christianity to develope?

It is not denied that a spirit of emulation and rivalry has often incited men to acts of usefulness, when higher and purer motives would have failed; nor would we with niggard lips withhold the praise which every useful action may command. The hireling is worthy of his hire. All we contend for is, that genuine nobility is self-denying—that it belongs to a singleness of purpose—and that purpose the common good of all. The essential littleness, however, of a spirit of rivalry, considered as a motive to action, may be seen in its practical results. It destroys moral independence, and renders a life of usefulness or of indolence perpetually contingent upon the presence and conduct of a rival. It has no innate life—no heaven-imparted energy. Like the fabled vampire, it sucks its life-blood from another's veins, and lives only in its victim's death. It cannot act spontaneously; and it co-operates only to ensnare or to destroy. If emulation has given rise to much that is useful, it has also been the prolific parent of bitter heart-burnings and envious thoughts. It has awakened animosities, jealousies, and hatred, in the bosoms of those who should have been as friends and brothers in the same good cause. Like earth-born life, it carries with it the elements of decomposition and death.

Was it the earthly fire of emulation that warmed the breasts of Howard, of Wilberforce, or of Oberlin? Or was it a living sympathy with their suffering and degenerated brethren that glowed within their hearts? If the former, then, however exalted in their own opinions, or in the opinion of an admiring world, they could not have been—as we reverently believe they were—men of God's nobility: God's messengers of glad tidings to the three great families of human wretchedness—the depraved, the oppressed, and the ignorant.

But, it may be asked, can we not be nobly emulous of doing good? Can we not nobly vie with each other in benefiting our fellow-creatures? When used metaphorically, such language may be quite allowable; but in plain and sober reason, we cannot. The very wish to do more good than another, implies an indifference to the interests of that other person, and an undue anxiety about our own, which is incompatible with the universality of true nobleness.

It is not, however, in the public or more important actions of our lives only, that this principle of Christian nobility should be observed. It is equally applicable to all, however trivial or apparently unimportant. There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathising affection, or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in actions which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admiring thousands. There is a 'still small voice' within, which is of more value than the acclamations of the world. And it is in the more humble duties of life—in our daily intercourse with each other—in the quiet, the sweet, the unseen circle of domestic affection, that the singleness of purpose here recommended is really most important. It is here that the more lovely and gentle feelings of our nature may be brought into a pure and peaceful existence; and it is here that we are called upon to make a more cheerful and entire surrender of our selfishness. And yet, how often may we detect ourselves yielding to its unhallowed impulse! How often do our petty quarrels, our bad tempers, our selfish indulgences, interfere with the union and harmony that should ever be associated with the thought of home! It was at home our earliest days were spent; it was at home the time of fond, innocent, confiding childhood was passed; and though this may not have been really the happiest period of our earthly existence, yet is it one to which the tired soul delights to revert with a fond and grateful remembrance. Happy are they who have that remembrance treasured within their hearts!

But to return to our more immediate subject: although emulation may be seen to be a corrupt and corrupting passion, yet, knowing that it has ever exercised a powerful influence over the world's destinies, both for good and for evil, it will be well to ascertain distinctly the source from whence it has sprung, so that we may each of us be better able to turn the original and uncorrupted stream into its native channel, and thus enjoy the benefit it is intended to confer, while at the same time we avoid the accompanying evil.

The desire to be thought well of by our fellow-creatures, although essentially self-regarding, is a feeling possessed more or less strongly by all; and when

rightly directed and restrained, it is not only the occasion of much unmixed good to others, but it is also the source of many pure and delightful emotions to its possessor—to reject which would be to follow the example of those stoical religionists, who seem to imagine that, in order to obtain the approbation of their Maker, they must learn to despise all the pleasures which he has beneficently placed at their disposal, and render themselves as independent of his bounty as their frailties will admit. There is, even in the best regulated minds, a principle of self-love which, when legitimately manifested, appears to be necessary, not only to the preservation of individual existence, but also to constitute the basis of individual identity. Perhaps not one of the world's great men could be pointed out who did not or does not possess what may be called a strong selfhood. In order to control opposing circumstances, and mould men's desires and aspirations to their will (whether for good or for evil), it seems absolutely necessary that they should feel strongly their own individuality. The higher and purer feelings cannot afford the requisite stamina: they are descended from heaven; but they require a plane from which they may be reflected; and that plane must be found in our own selfhood.

There can be no action without reaction. The ball could not be forcibly propelled through the air, unless the cannon were fixed and immoveable. The lever could not raise the weight, unless it had a fulcrum whereon to rest. We could not even walk erect upon the earth, unless the ground resisted our tread. And neither could piety, conscientiousness, or benevolence become developed in a life of active usefulness, unless they had a foundation in a strong and unvacillating selfhood. In vain should we sympathise with the distresses of others, unless we felt that we could do something for their relief; in vain should we wish to see injustice banished from the earth, unless some one felt himself called upon to assist in its removal. It must be clear, that without some degree of self-confidence we could do nothing. And yet the same principle that imparts this stability and energy to the mind, becomes, when wrongly manifested, the life and origin of every evil passion.

What then is to be done? Our selfhood cannot be destroyed; for it is not only inherent in our nature, but essential to individual existence. The answer is evident: it must constitute *only* the foundation, and not monopolise the whole mind. It must be merely the fulcrum, and not the power by which the lever is moved. It must serve the higher principles, not rule them. It must be the means by which we act, *not the motive to action*. That which we have to sacrifice is not our entire selfhood, but our selfish desires and motives. The great purpose of our lives, the ruling motive of all our actions, should be to make ourselves not merely agreeable, but useful to each other. This does not imply, indeed it is incompatible with, a reckless abandonment of self. In order to make the best use of our powers and opportunities, we must act with prudence, we must exercise our judgments, and practise self-denial in all its varied forms. We must learn not only to deny improper gratifications to ourselves, but also to decline administering them to others—even at the risk of giving offence; for if we do not, we sacrifice what we believe to be their real advantage to our own selfish love of praise. If we always act with an intelligent and sincere desire to be useful, there will be but little danger of our forgetting what is due either to ourselves or to others. A love of being useful, although not the source, is at least the basis of every virtue; and it is only because the essential selfishness of emulation has been concealed beneath an accidental covering of usefulness, that it has attained its present position in the code of the world's morality. It is really but an ungenerous manifestation of the desire for fame.

Emulation, however, is not the only selfish passion that has thus served its time in the history of man, and become by him falsely regarded as a positive virtue. The love of dominion, revenge, avarice, and all other passions that stimulate to active exertions, have, by the good arrangement of Providence, been rendered in some way conducive to the general good; and they have all been extolled by their respective votaries as the legitimate and leading principles of our lives. But society is evidently advancing towards the pure and perfect. Principles of action which formerly passed current unchallenged, must now submit to a rigid scrutiny. Away with all that will not stand the test of reason and universal good! Let each of us examine honestly his own motives, and reject those which are inconsistent with the real good of others, and we may rest assured that in thus obeying the laws of God, and promoting the happiness of each other, we shall be adopting the only course that will necessarily ensure our own. And finally, in reference to all motives of emulation, let us ever remember that while we should always desire the esteem of the upright and intelligent, there can be no real good in wishing to outrival another.

OWEN AND LARRY.

As must be pretty generally known, the main consideration with every labouring man in Ireland is his potato-field, or *garden*. This patch of ground is the grand subject of thought and occupation; and such must necessarily be the case, until employment of a general kind is found by the Irish peasantry. Does the Irishman think of marrying, his first care is to secure 'a garden:' as a necessary consequence, there still must be a garden to provide support for the annual additions entailed by this step; and as a fresh spot is generally tilled each year by the hundreds and thousands—ay, millions—who, without a rood of ground of their own, must procure it at any cost, no wonder that 'the garden' should be, as we have said, an all-engrossing theme.

Our readers may therefore well imagine the dismay which lately spread amongst an ignorant and credulous population, when not only the hope of their gains, but the hope of their very life, seemed gone; nor is it surprising that the field thus opened was soon occupied by the crafty and unprincipled, that many a speculation was formed, many a stratagem resorted to, and the evil magnified in many an instance, to form an excuse for the evasion of legitimate claims. At the moment we are writing, we receive assurance that the calamity was at first over-estimated. Alarm, in its worst form, appears to be passing away. But, while rejoicing in the improved prospects of our poor neighbours, we have also to mourn over the new revelations which have been given of characters formerly above suspicion. We deplore that any should have been found heartless enough to seek their own profit out of the sufferings of their friends. Yet such was the case. The potato failure of 1845 will be memorable for more than the privations it may occasion.

In our immediate circle of observation, there are at least two or three individuals who will probably never forget 'the disorder,' as this failure has been locally termed. Owen Lynch and Larry Sullivan were neighbours in the little village of Crobeg, and though as unlike in disposition and pursuits as can well be imagined, there were just at this time some points of similarity which brought them into agreement, or rather into connexion, in a manner materially influencing their future lot. Owen was a shoemaker, though perhaps, considering his local opportunities, the term cobbler would be more appropriate; at any rate, like his more celebrated predecessor, 'who lived in his stall,' 'none was more blithe and contented than he;' and if he did sit on the lowest step of his profession, why, it is not the office exalts the man, but the man the office.

Owen had a frank, honest countenance, a most happy disposition, and an unblemished character: but he had

more: intelligent and ingenious withal, he had books for his leisure moments, which furnished thoughts for his busy hours, and those, again, were transmuted into many a little plan, not only for his own comfort, but for the improvement of his more ignorant companions; and though many, too indolent themselves to adopt his suggestions, sneered at what they called his particularities, there were many more who had to thank him for showing them how practicable simple pleasures are. The sweet bird cheering him with its song, the wild flowers in his window, the brightness of that window, the whitewashed walls, the cleanly floor, though all apparent trifles, still spoke of civilised tastes and habits, and made his cottage, we must confess, quite conspicuous amongst the habitations of Crobeg: not that Owen thought its arrangements perfect. Did we say he was happy? Ah! not quite; he had long coveted a sweeter bird, a brighter flower; but we must not anticipate.

His neighbour Larry was of quite another stamp; his was no ignoble trade, and he evidently took pride in its superiority. He was a carpenter, and, with common steadiness, might soon have been as independent as he was clever; but Larry had too much ingenuity. He was a man of many expedients; and scorning the rectilineal principles of his craft, the crooked way had ever more charms for him than the straight. He ever preferred to gain his object by skilfully misleading or overreaching another; indeed he seemed to consider this faculty quite in the light of an accomplishment, and his favourite maxim was, 'Only for fools, wise men could not live.' With such a propensity, it might be supposed Larry was not a very popular character; and yet, such is worldly estimation, he was often an admitted and favoured associate where the intrinsic worth of Owen could hardly make any progress; but Larry was handsome, off-hand, and lively. He made his gains lightly, and parted with them as lightly again; and though many had winced at his double dealing, and many more might expect to do so, yet he told out the tale of his cleverness so freely, that it seemed almost done for fun, and those who joined in his laugh could hardly find fault with his story. We need hardly add, that with the fairer portion of his acquaintances he was a general favourite; no partner so desired at a pattern, no escort to a fair so coveted: his attentions conferred distinction, and his approval brought applause. One alone, and she the best and fairest, held aloof from this flattering notice. Perhaps she thought it too lavishly, too universally bestowed; perhaps she wished to enhance what seemed too lightly valued; or perhaps her heart had selected another standard. Who may guess? Why, of all the fair maidens of Crobeg, none seemed so indifferent to his attentions as Aileen Doyle, and yet none could so easily have secured them.

Sweet Aileen! who can describe her? And yet, dear reader, have you ever seen a print of Maclise's 'Irish Hood?' Well, then, we do believe Aileen must have sat for that picture; or that, in some of the artist's far-off rural wanderings, he might have passed by the chapel where she knelt, and transferred her fair face to his unfading canvas. And yet not always are those fringed lids thus cast down, not always is that rosy mouth so grave; those hazel eyes can laugh right merrily and saucily too, and an arch bright smile can part those lips, and show the snowy pearls within. And, Aileen, you must throw back that shadowy hood, and show the sunshine that ever lingers on the smooth braids of your nut-brown hair, and talk to us a little, till we see the warm blood mantling again in that soft cheek. There now, we have her at her spinning-wheel, the day's more active labours over: she has swept up the floor, set the potatoes on the fire, and laid a coarse clean cloth for her father's supper; and now she sits down, not to idle, but to while away the time till he comes. And Aileen is not alone: Larry Sullivan had stepped in to see her father, but she loses no time while he lingers; and half-gaily, half-demurely, she raises her soft eyes now and then, as she listens in seeming attention to his words. She has listened with attention, but not with indulgence, and a heightened colour on the cheek of each shows some embarrassment in the pause that has now ensued: but again the silence was broken, and Larry resumed—'It is not fair to bring up old scores, Aileen, and I doing my best for the last half year to please you. Did I not take the pledge, though Paddy Brim at the public was my oldest friend? And well was I proved coming from Limerick the other night: not a drop would I let inside my lips, though they were shivering from the frost; and many a time I was provoked; let alone Norry Connors asking me to thrate her.'

Again the soft eyes smiled; but the answer was in a careless tone—'Oh, you never were fond of that sort of comfort, provoke you who might; so don't say you refused Norry Connors to please me.'

'Sorrow another reason then, Aileen: I have turned my back on them all now for your sake. Come now,' persisted her admirer, 'don't be so contrary. Advent is coming on, and there is no time to lose. Why, if you don't make up your mind, that regular old bachelor, Owen Lynch, will get the start of us. They say he is only waiting till the garden is dug, to speak to the priest.'

A penetrating look accompanied this piece of information; and certainly, had Larry's destiny hung on the thread his companion was spinning, it was severed at that moment; and when the fair head was raised again, after stooping to remedy the mischance, the flushed cheek betrayed some annoyance or emotion; but she answered calmly, 'And when will you have your garden dug? It would be fitter for you to go about it, Larry, than to be shuling here.'

'My garden,' answered Larry laughing; 'wisha then, machree, I'll leave my garden alone till I get it for nothing.'

'Till 'tis worth nothing, I suppose you mean?' said Aileen composedly; 'if the frost once sets in, what with that and "the disorder," you will have little to dig.'

'Oh, mine is high and dry: I'm not afraid of the frost; and as to the disorder, I don't think there is more than a barrel touched in the entire acre—though that is between ourselves,' added he quickly. 'A very different story I had for Mr Pyne.'

'And why so?' asked Aileen wonderingly. 'Mr Pyne is a kind man, and could have no greater pleasure than to hear your crop was thriving.'

'Arrah then, Aileen! how simple you are,' said Larry with an incredulous smile, 'as if you didn't know that the best of my play is to persuade Mr Pyne that the crop is not worth the digging. I am sure of getting it for little or nothing; for I told him I would sooner leave it to him entirely, than pay him the rent of the acre; and though he gave me till to-day by way of considering, I just sent him the same message again; and I'll be bound he'll give it at my own price, for he is in a hurry to get the ground clear for the wheat.'

'Oh, Larry, you could not act so,' exclaimed Aileen, while her cheek flushed and her eye lightened with an expression of indignant earnestness—'you could not take advantage of a gentleman's kindness to deceive him—you could not surely be so ungrateful to the High Hand that spared your crop, to go and belie it now? And it would be no use for you,' added she: 'remember my words—if you persist in this, you will be without your garden. Mr Pyne will see through you, and take you at your offer—for he is no fool; and then what would you do, Larry? Where in the wide world would you face, and your garden gone? Be advised by me: go up with the first light, and tell him you are sorry for that message.'

'Ah, catch me at that,' cried he; 'women don't understand these matters; and yet,' added he suddenly, with his most insinuating look, 'tell me to do it for your sake, Aileen, and it will be another story.' He was about to take her hand, when her father's step was heard approaching, and he had barely time to reiterate his

question in a low and earnest tone—'for *your* sake, Aileen?'

'For God's sake and your own, Larry, and no more,' was the hurried answer; and turning with a smile of welcome to her father, she drew a long sigh of relief as he entered the house. Whatever was Larry's original business, it was unheeded now, and he shortly took his leave. Aileen busied herself about her father's supper, and noticed him no further; but she could not conceal an unusual abstraction, and looked up in some trepidation when her father told her she need not hurry herself with supper for a while. 'And come here, asthore!' added he, 'I want to talk to you for a moment: have nothing to say to that schemer that was in here just now. I'm not angry with you, Aileen; for how could your innocent heart be supposed to know him? but I warn you now, and that's enough. He had the assurance,' added the old man warmly, 'to ask me for my child to-day, and he knowing himself to be thrown on the winter without a meal's provision for himself, let alone another; and, what was worse, to be reduced to that by his own scheming too. Yes, Aileen, he thought to have come round Mr Pyne, because he was a good man; but the better he was, the more he was hurt at such roguery, and when he got a message this morning, still huxtering about the garden, he sent in his own horses, ploughed out the potatoes in no time, and has them all in the house by this. And to think that fellow wanted to get my Aileen after such behaviour, and he without a scrap of a garden now.'

'Oh, father, he did not know that,' cried Aileen; 'he had no notion Mr Pyne would take him so short.'

'But I tell you, child, he did know it,' said old Darby half angrily; 'more like himself to decave you; and Mr Pyne did not take him short; he made him offers galore; and it was not till he saw he was bent on cheating, that he took it out of his hands. I thought to give the lad a piece of my mind when I saw him here to-night, but he made off too quick.'

''Twas better not, father,' said Aileen in a low sad voice; 'he had enough to vex him then.'

Darby looked at her intently for a moment, then with a smothered sigh turned away; but Aileen followed him to the window, and putting her arms round his neck, looked up into his face with her sweet clear eyes, and said, 'Don't be uneasy, father, about your own colleen; we are of one mind in this; but for all that, it is not for us to give poor Larry the hard word; he has trouble enough, and little comfort now.'

Her father's countenance brightened as she spoke, and returning her caress, he answered fondly, 'God bless you, my own Aileen; whoever has you will never want comfort; but we will think of this no more: go now and lay another plate on the table, for Owen Lynch said he would step over to supper.'

'Owen Lynch, father?' cried Aileen, colouring deeply. 'Oh, father, we have nothing ready good enough for him; they say he is in a manner as particular as one of the gentry in his own house.'

'Nothing good enough for him! Do you think so, Aileen?' asked her father with a quiet smile; but she turned quickly, almost impatiently away, and he continued more gravely—'It is my turn now to ask you to spare the hard word; and little he deserves it. I may thank him and his good advice for the plenty I have in my field to-day; he is a blessing to us all, and he is blessed himself, and has the best garden in all the country; and if you saw him to-day, directing them all how to make their pits, how to use the damaged praties, and how to save the good ones, you would say there were few had more sense in the head or goodness in the heart.'

Aileen had no time to reply, for the subject of their conversation entered, and shaking off her recent depression, she received him with a cordial friendliness most gratifying to her father. Their talk of course turned on the prevailing topic, narrowed into the circle of their own immediate neighbourhood, especially of the field they had just quitted; and Darby, compa
different lots, remarked, 'I was just telling Aile
a lucky day you advised me to plant the pratie
you see them that cut them had twice the failu
I could have done your bidding entirely, and
cups, I would be as well off as yourself, but I
in the seed, and glad to get enough of the white

'They eat very sweet, at all events,' answered
'I don't think I ever saw better.' Darby smile
compliment, and replied jocosely, 'Aileen was a
had *nothing* good enough for you, Owen, when I
you were coming.' The fair girl raised her eye
deprecating expression to her father's; but encou
Owen's midway, her own were quickly cast do
the bright colour mantled in her cheek. He a
gently, 'Aileen ought to know me better;' and
if unwilling to add to her embarrassment, contin
conversation as before. From this he led it on
discoveries, other lands, spoke of things fam
many, but wondrous to his auditors, and, enc
now and then by a soft question or remark from
felt his thoughts and words grow clearer as he
them to his intelligent though unsophisticated
And Aileen—where is the woman of any degr
could be insensible to such homage? Is it that
descendants of Eve still retain that thirst of kn
which ensnared their first mother? Or is it th
tive consciousness that 'knowledge is power,'
makes those weaker vessels so readily yield to
premacy? We know not. But of this we are certa
we seldom knew the female heart which did not
to the power of intellectual fascination: and
even in her humble sphere, was she to be an exc
We can only say, that on parting that night,
lowed Owen to hold her hand for a moment, w
said, 'We have indeed to thank you for a happ
sant evening;' and such words from such lips se
away with head and heart not quite so steady
he last crossed the threshold.

The door had closed, and Aileen had just tu
make some comment to her father, when sudde
sound of quick footsteps was heard outside,
struggle, a heavy fall, a groan, and quick re
steps again. Pale and dumb, Aileen gazed fo
ment at her father, and laid her hand beseechi
his arm, as he seized his stick to dart towards t
but the next moment a sort of sickly consci
overpowered her, and relaxing her hold, she falt
words, 'Poor Owen!' and sank upon a chair.

In a few moments her father returned, accon
by a neighbour, and indeed bearing poor Ow
and insensible, between them. He was laid on
bed, and surgical assistance soon procured;
doctor shook his head gravely, and pronoun
sufferer to have received a severe contusion: i
be only the head, it might be the brain, but at a
there was great danger; and with sad misgivings
listened attentively to the directions of the
man, and prepared to watch beside him whose
she had just been enjoying so intensely, and
gretted as a happiness to be perhaps enjoyed no

She watched beside him day after day, and ne
patient a more attentive or gentler nurse. B
detail the slow progress of his sufferings: the
recovery at last arrived; and need we tell that
time warmer, kindlier feelings were busy in th
of each. It has ever been the same story; an
Owen was at length able to walk for the fir
across the room, he was supported by the arm
betrothed bride. To her, and to her only, he c
the circumstances of his injury. He had hardly
the door, when he was followed and seized from
he struggled to free himself; and then his as
raising his arm, gave him a blow with a heav
which felled him to the ground. At that mo
light from the window flashed upon the face
enemy, and revealed the features of Larry Sulliv
slight shudder passed through Aileen's frame, a

raised her eyes timidly to Owen's, as about to speak; but he drew her fondly towards him, and silencing her as lovers best know how, he continued—'I think I know all, Aileen, and can hardly blame the poor fellow: he was maddened by the loss of his garden, and the loss of what was better far: and at that moment he saw me coming out, and perhaps thought me a happier man than I really was; so no wonder if he did not well know what he was doing.'

'Ah, Owen,' answered Aileen, gravely shaking her head, 'it was no sudden burst: I saw that very day he bore you no good will; but I little thought——' She paused a while, and then added—'From the moment he told me about the garden, my notion of him changed entirely; I saw the truth was not in him, nor the settled way. Until then I thought him harmless, though maybe too wild: but that day, though he tried to seem his best, showed me he was wicked at heart. What good,' continued she with an earnest simplicity that almost made her companion smile—'what good could come of any man who could speak so lightly of deceit and treachery, and of throwing up his garden like the dirt of the road?'

And Aileen was right in the warning she had given Larry. The loss of his garden, and the loss of his love, made him entirely reckless: he did not await the consequences of his nocturnal encounter with Owen, the danger or the disgrace, but enlisting in a regiment just about to sail for India, left the village, probably for ever. And Owen, with his beloved Aileen, look forward to next Shrovetide for the fulfilment of their hopes, brighter far than they once could have ventured to indulge; for Mr Pyne has rewarded Owen's usefulness and intelligence with a small farm, and thus accomplished the height of his ambition. Aileen's fortune is to provide the stock; and often, while listening to the lovers discussing their plans, old Darby will silently rub his hands together with a smile of self-congratulation, and then half audibly ejaculate, 'Just think of a man without a garden asking for my Aileen!'

BEN JONSON.

The 'Shakspeare Society' has recently illustrated some points of interest in the life of Ben Jonson, the great founder of English comedy, and the most distinguished of all Shakspeare's contemporaries. A singular life was that of 'rare Ben,' compounded of seemingly discordant elements, and presenting strange and vivid contrasts. It was a comedy in action, with a dash of the melodrama, like thunder and lightning, amidst the scene. Milton has written a sonnet on his attaining the age of twenty-three, at which time he had done nothing more than 'dream away his years in the arms of studious retirement, like Endymion with the moon on Latmus hill.' Ben Jonson was dreaming and working after another sort. Before he was twenty-three, he had studied his grammar with good Master Camden, Clarencieux, and had wrought as a bricklayer with his stepfather; he went next as a soldier to the Low Countries, where, as he boasted, he had, in the face of both camps, killed a man, and taken *opima spolia* from him; then he returned and took to study again, but soon became a player—a very indifferent one—and a dramatist of all work. He married, and had two children, and was the author of one of the best comedies in the English language (Every Man in His Humour), and all this before

> Time, the subtle thief of youth,
> Stole on his wing his three-and-twentieth year.

In two more years, Ben was deep in dramatic composition, and had killed another man! The latter was an unfortunate affair. Jonson quarrelled with an actor named Gabriel Spencer, and, being 'appealed to the fields, he killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his.' For this fatal passage-at-arms Ben was imprisoned, and almost brought to the gallows. Two spies, he says, were set over him in prison, to take advantage of him; but, being forewarned by his keeper, he baffled their efforts to entrap him, and got clear off without a trial. He revenged himself on the spies with this downright epigram—

> Spies, you are lights in the state, but of base stuff,
> Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,
> Stink, and are thrown away—end fair enough!

There was a spy of a different kind—a friendly eavesdropper—whom Ben did not shake off so easily. A Roman Catholic priest found his way to the player's cell, and made a convert of him. 'Thereafter he was twelve years a Papist;' but was reconciled again to his mother church; and at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine! Ben did nothing by halves. He seems to have been twice again in prison; on one occasion for joining with Chapman and Marston in writing against the Scottish nation, to the scandal of King James and his northern courtiers. They expected to have their ears cut and their noses slit; but the rage of James was appeased without any such tragic denouement. After his delivery, Ben banquetted all his friends, among whom were Camden and Selden; and in the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him, and showed him a paper of 'strong lusty poison,' which she intended, if the sentence had taken execution, to have mixed in his drink; and—'for she was no churl'—she meant also to have drunk of it herself! Jonson must have 'taken after his mother.' That the poet should have written against the Scotch, was almost a parricidal offence; for Ben was half a Scot by birth. His grandfather was from Annandale (no doubt a Border Johnstone), who served under Henry VIII. His father lost his estate in the reign of Mary, and after suffering imprisonment, turned minister, but died a month before his illustrious son was born. Jonson's birth is now fixed in the year 1573, not 1574, as stated by Gifford and other biographers.*

Ben Jonson was a traveller. He was in France in 1613, as we learn from one of his own frank and curious confessions related to Drummond:—

'Sir Walter Raleigh sent him governor with his son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was; thereafter laid him on a car, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out, and telling them that it was a more lively image of the crucifix than anything they had.'

In the summer of 1618, Ben made his memorable journey to Scotland *on foot*. King James had visited his native country the year before, and the dramatist (who was then a devoted courtier) must have been

* The error arose from a cause worth mentioning, as connected with historical dates. In England, at this time and long afterwards, the year was reckoned as commencing on the 25th of March; but in Scotland this computation was changed, and our present mode adopted, from and after the 1st of January 1601. Jonson's age was ascertained from some verses which he wrote in Scotland in January 1619, not in January 1619-20, as Mr Gifford states. See Mr David Laing's edition of Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond, published by the Shakspeare Society. Mr Laing conferred a great favour on the lovers of our early literature by this carefully-edited reprint.

aware that he would gratify his sovereign no less than himself, by undertaking a journey to the north, and describing its scenery and people. Dr Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, at the age of sixty-four, was a wonderful feat; but the lexicographer trusted to post-chaises, guides, and horses; and he, moreover, had the indefatigable Boswell for his purveyor and companion. The dramatist set out alone, to walk the whole way from the Thames to the Tweed and the Forth. He was of huge bulk, with a 'mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he tells us, and

> His hundred of grey hairs
> Told five-and-forty years.

He remained in Scotland about five months, leaving it on the 19th of January 1619, and arriving in London some three months afterwards. There would be various jovial meetings with English worthies by the way! Jonson seems to have visited Loch Lomond, and meditated a poem, or pastoral drama, on that beautiful locality. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and on his return, he remembered with affection the 'beloved Fentons, the Nisbets, the Scotts, the Livingstons, and all the other honest and honoured names.' With Drummond of Hawthornden he remained some weeks. This was the last of his principal visits, and it was the most important, for Drummond privately took notes of his guest's conversation and opinions, and thus preserved several curious particulars and traits of character. Drummond has been charged with treachery, in receiving and entertaining Jonson, for the purpose, as is alleged, of recording his foibles and opinions, and noting down his defects. The charge, however, is altogether unwarranted. Drummond never published his memoranda, though he survived Jonson twelve years; and nothing has transpired to show that the notes were inaccurate. That their general effect is unfavourable to Jonson, may be accounted for, without detracting from the substantial merits of either party. Judging from the slightness of the notices of such men as Shakspeare and Spencer, Drummond does not seem to have attempted to 'draw out' his visitor. Of Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, and other glories of Elizabeth's court, Jonson could have furnished interesting anecdotes and particulars; but few are given. Of the virgin queen herself, Ben reported—

'Queen Elizabeth never saw herself, after she became old, in a true glass: they painted her, and sometimes would vermilion her nose. She had always, about Christmas evens, set dice, that threw sixes or fives—and she knew not they were other—to make her win, and esteem herself fortunate;' a characteristic of the weakness that was blended with this remarkable sovereign's masculine character. Of Bacon we are told—'My Lord Chancellor of England wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band'—a slight personal trait, that one is pleased to know of so great a man. The critical opinions delivered by Jonson were harsh and crude, and evidently distasteful to Drummond. Most of them have that tone of arrogance and boasting which exposed Jonson to so much animosity and ridicule in his own day. He did not realise the fine picture he has drawn of critics in 'Cynthia's Revels'— a man, 'so truly learned, that he affected not to show it; who would think and speak his thought freely; but was as distant from depraving another man's merit as proclaiming his own;' and '*for his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer any injury, as to receive one.*'

The Scottish poet, however, judged his English brother somewhat too sharply, and did not make sufficient allowance for his position and peculiar temperament. He should have forborne from a final summing up. Ben certainly forgot himself sometimes over his cups—sat too late, and drank too much—for he was not niggardly of his own hospitality—and, recollecting perhaps the struggles and difficulties he had overcome, he glorified himself too loftily and ostentatiously on his success, his talents and his acquaintance with the great. From some of his depreciatory remarks on his contemporaries, we may appeal from his after-dinner sallies to the generous tributes and friendly memorials in his published works. *There* the young and gifted Francis Beaumont and the 'gentle Shakspeare' receive a full measure of justice and of praise. Jonson had resolved to write an account of his 'foot pilgrimage.' He got Drummond to send him some information, and had proceeded a certain length with his task, but unfortunately a fire broke out in his house, and consumed his manuscripts. History, poetry, translation, grammar, and divinity,

> Wherein was oil, beside the succours spent
> Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent,

perished in the flames; and, as we further learn from his hearty 'Execration upon Vulcan,'

> Among
> The rest, my journey into Scotland sung,
> With all the adventures.

This was a serious loss, and the poet seems to have despaired of replacing it.

Dryden has said, in a well-known couplet, that great wits are nearly allied to madness. The position has been disputed with complete success, for the highest wit or genius has ever been, and must be, united to a sound understanding and healthy temperament. Even in our cloudy ungenial climate, no trace of this baleful consanguinity has been found among the truly inventive and great original minds. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Fielding, and Walter Scott, were active, lively, and sensible men. Their 'garlands and singing robes' never impeded their free motion in this ordinary work-day world. We sometimes, however, discover a strong melancholy and incipient hypochondria in the case of men of bright, but irregular and secondary, genius—as Ben Jonson, Dr Johnson, Byron, and Coleridge—arising from physical or constitutional infirmity, heightened in some instances by intemperance. Ben Jonson's melancholy at times assumed a ludicrous and fantastic form. He told Drummond that he had 'consumed a whole night in lying, looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his imagination.' The battle of the pigmies and cranes, and the wars of the Lilliputians, were nothing to this brave fantasy! The following is a touching and poetical instance of aberration:—

'When the king came in England [1603], at that time the pest was in London; he (Jonson) being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasy, at which he should not be dejected. In the meantime comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and *of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.*'

Jonson honoured his boy's memory with some tender verses—

> Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
> Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
> Oh, could I lose all father now! for why
> Will man lament the state he should envy?
> To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
> *And, if no other misery, yet age!*
> Rest in soft peace, and asked, say here doth lie
> Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry:
> For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
> As what he loves may never like too much.

More touching and beautiful, however, is an effusion on the death of his first daughter, an infant. Mr Peter Cunningham has found an entry in the register of St Martin's-in-the-Fields (Jonson's parish in his early days), which seems to record the death of this child in 1593. Jonson was then only in his twentieth year.

but his youthful marriage and paternity are undoubted—

> Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
> Mary, the daughter of their youth;
> Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
> It makes the father less to rue.
> At six months' end she parted hence,
> With safety of her innocence.
> Her soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
> In comfort of her mother's tears,
> Hath placed among her virgin train,
> Where, while that severed doth remain,
> The grave partakes the fleshly birth,
> Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

This tenderness of the rough, hard-living poet—'surly Ben'—is inexpressibly touching. His heart was in its right place. 'Of all styles,' says Drummond, 'he loved most to be named *honest*, and hath a hundred letters so naming him.' He merited the manly appellation which he coveted. Jonson's over-conviviality, however, accompanied with generally improvident habits, involved him in many difficulties, from which Shakspeare's better fortune and prudence seem to have kept him free. He trusted largely to the patronage of the court and the nobility, and was an unscrupulous adulator. The Earl of Pembroke, he said, allowed him L.20 every year to buy books—a delicate and refined mode of administering assistance. But Jonson had embalmed the memory of the earl's mother in that imperishable epitaph—

> Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death, ere thou hast slain another,
> Learned, and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

The Earl of Dorset was also among Jonson's patrons, and he enjoyed the confidence and help of Bacon and Raleigh. The wits of the Mermaid Club were all his fast friends. Pecuniary independence seems never to have been dreamt of by the poets of those days. The only shame was in getting too little, not too much. Jonson vaunted loudly of his spirit and boldness in attacking the vices of the age, and the worthless tribe of sycophants and poetasters; yet he seems to have flattered the nobility all round, and to have half lived on his patrons.

It is pleasant to find that, after his plays and gorgeous masques had lost their attractions, and disease had cramped his energies, many of the aristocracy remembered their ancient poet, and relieved his necessities. Charles I. at one time sent him a present of L.100, and converted his laureate's salary of a hundred merks into pounds, adding at the same time a tierce of Canary wine, the poet's favourite beverage. The Earl of Newcastle appears to have been one of his most attentive and generous patrons; and Mr Peter Cunningham has contributed to the Shakspeare Society a most lively and ingenious begging letter addressed by Jonson to this nobleman. The original is among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum—

'My Noble and Most Honoured Lord—I myself being no substance, am fain to trouble you with shadows, or, what is less, an apologue or fable in a dream. I being strucken with the palsy in the year 1628, had by Sir Thomas Badger some few months since a fox sent me for a present, which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease, as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this very week, being the week ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dream (and morning dreams are truest), to have one of my servants come up to my bedside and tell me—"Master, master, the fox speaks!" Whereat methought I started, and troubled, went down into the yard to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement, the tub I hired for him, cynically expressing his own lot, to be condemned to the house of a poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not anything heard but the noise of a saw dividing billets all the week long, more to keep the family in exercise than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master: and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. I, his master, began to give him good words, and stroke him; but Reynard, barking, told me these would not do; I must give him meat. I, angry, called him stinking vermin. He replied, "Look into your cellar, which is your larder too, you'll find a worse vermin there." When presently calling for a light, methought I went down, and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of saltpetre men. Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle Street for the king's most excellent mole-catcher, to relieve me, and hunt them. But he, when he came, and had viewed the place, and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handful, smelt it, and said, "Master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin; the king or some good man of a noble nature must help you. This kind of mole is called a *Want*, which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the working of it in time. And therefore God keep you, and send you health." The interpretation both of the fable and dream is, that I, waking, do find *Want* the worst and most working vermin in a house, and therefore, my noble lord, and next the king my best patron, I am necessitated to tell it you. I am not so impudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay; but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give me, in the name of good letters, and the bond of an ever grateful and acknowledging servant. To your honour. Ben Jonson.

Westminster, 20*th December* 1631.'

The earl could hardly have resisted so interesting yet direct an appeal to his benevolence. Up to the period of his death, the poet had occasional glimpses of prosperity and joyousness. That excellent letter-writer, Howell, describes, under the date of 1636, a 'solemn supper' at Ben's house, at which he was a guest. The host was rather talkative and egotistical, according to Howell, but there was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. This must have been on quarter-day! Jonson died in the following year, August 6, 1637.

Jonson was the most learned of all the poets of this brilliant era. His life and habits seem to have been very unsuitable for severe and continuous study; and it is certain he had not (though the contrary is often asserted) the benefit of a university education. The energy of his character, and his ambition for scholastic distinction, seem to have overcome all obstacles. He 'took the wall' of Shakspeare and all his fellow players and dramatists; he was the schoolmaster of the tribe, and in his latter days he ruled despotically. His classical studies are seen in their fairest light in his masques, and the exquisite lyrical poems scattered throughout his plays, with other minor pieces, which are rich in conception, and highly polished. His latest production, the pastoral drama called the Sad Shepherd, is also extremely poetical in subject and imagery. The comedies of Jonson are rarely pleasing, but are invaluable for their pictures of London and English life, their satire, admirable delineation of character, and the artful construction of the fable or plot. The conception of such characters as Kitely and Captain Bobadil by a youth of two-and-twenty, is a remarkable fact, and shows a sort of innate aptitude for comedy. There are passages of insufferable coarseness and pedantry even in the best of his plays; but their defects are redeemed by ready wit and broad humour, shrewd observation and sterling sense. His English vocabulary seems to have been inexhaustible. His style, so original in phrase and construction, flows on like a flood stained with impurities and exotic substances, yet ever sweeping, rattling on—a voluble and irresistible torrent. His satire and declamation have the same directness and energy. With what Juvenalian relish and eagerness he holds up some vice or folly to ridicule and detestation! How forcibly he depicts the miser, the epicure, the coxcomb, coward,

or bully! His tragedies, on the other hand, are cold, stiff, and formal. In these his learning, or rather his pedantry, overlaid his fancy. Shakspeare he once accused of 'wanting art.' In his own Roman plays we see little else but art—patient digging in the mines of classic story. In Shakspeare, art was incorporated with and lost in the midst of his creative originality. He had the essence and spirit, Jonson the language and facts, of classic antiquity.

> One but preserved the ashes: HE the flame,
> True to its sense, but truer to its fame.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

An article on this subject from the pen, we understand, of Dr Chalmers, appeared in a recent number of the North British Review. In this article there are many considerations—urged with all the author's accustomed force—to which the friends of the working-classes ought to join in giving publicity.

It appears that of late certain parties, possessed of great power over public opinion, have been trying to write down Savings' Banks. The arguments by which they seek to cast discredit upon these institutions, may be learnt from the following extract, quoted by Dr Chalmers from one of their articles on the subject. 'Take,' say the parties referred to, 'an extraordinary example. A labourer, sixty years of age, by hook or by crook has saved L.500. We know such a case. The L.500 is the plague of his life. It would be a mercy to swindle him out of it, except that he would probably fret a good deal at the loss. Could he forget it, he would be both a happier and a better man. To begin with, it is a guilty possession. His father is maintained by a distant Union; his sons and daughters are all but forbidden his cottage. He invests it in secret. It was lent at five per cent. to a gentleman engaged in the expensive amusement of overbuilding himself. The gentleman righted, and repaid the loan. So there was the labourer going about in the dusk of the evening looking for some needy yet trustworthy person to give him five per cent., or four-and-a-half, or four. At last he was forced to put it in the funds, where it now lies; but before he did this, he had offered it to a neighbour, whose death might have cost him every farthing, but who was honest enough to decline it on that account. He wishes to take a small farm, suited to his capital, but cannot hear of one. If, however, he were so fortunate, it is evident what would soon become of a farmer who, up to the age of sixty, had never occupied an acre of land, never owned a horse or a cow, or a single agricultural implement, except his spade, his hoe, and his pick-axe. A bad farmer, of course he would also be a bad emigrant. This L.500, then, is a burden of which the owner will only be relieved when he throws it on the ground. When he dies, his children, without estate, occupation, or husbandry, will squander it, not in dissipation, but in the mere feebleness and incontinence of ingrained poverty.

'A domestic servant, at the age of fifty-five or sixty, finds that she is incapable of further service, or, what amounts to the same thing, that people prefer younger servants. She has saved L.80. Very creditable in her, of course, and very stingy she must have been to her nephews and nieces to do so much. But what is she to do with her L.80? If she can make up her mind to part with the principal—and it is a very pardonable tenacity which prevents her from doing so—she could purchase L.8 a-year, or 3s. a-week. This is a shilling a-week for food and clothing, after lodging and fuel have been paid for. While she is looking about for a use to put it to, she lives on it, and it wastes away. All her relations are in the labouring class. There is not one of them who, in return for her little capital, or in the hope of its reversion, can offer her a domestic asylum where she will be useful and respected. Such a sum would insure her the title of Madame to the end of her days across the Channel, and quite set up her peasant brother and nephews. It would be a mine of agricultural wealth. On this side the Channel it would be a snowball in the sun.'

Now, though we can hardly conceive a person setting himself seriously to prove that the habit of saving ought to be discouraged among the working-classes, still it is evident that the effect of such clever and witty paragraphs as the above, is to spread the idea, that in England it is useless for people in the humbler ranks of life to save money. Supposing the sentiments which the writer expresses to become general among the classes whose case he is considering, what would be the results? The labourer would say to himself, 'By working hard, and living frugally, as I am doing now, I should be able, by the time I am sixty years of age, to have L.500 of my own. But what will be the use of it? In this country there is no way of safely and profitably investing so small a sum as L.500. In all probability I could not obtain a farm suited to such a capital; and even if I could, what sort of a farmer should *I* make, who never owned an acre of land? There is the same objection to my emigrating. In short, I should be obliged to lend the money privately; and then I should be in a continual state of alarm lest I should lose it. In France I could have found many ways of turning it to account, but here it would be the plague of my life; and when I was dead, all my relations would scramble for it over my corpse. It is best, therefore, not to save at all, to spend as I go, trusting to chance and the Union for my old age.' In a similar manner the domestic servant would reason. 'I am in a fair way,' she would say, 'to have L.80 of savings when I give up service. But what is L.80? If I were to part with the money, I might obtain three shillings a-week for it all the rest of my life; but how could I live upon that? I have no relations who could give me bed and board in exchange for my L.80. What a pity I was not born in France, where, they tell me, L.80 would secure me the title of Madame, and be quite a little fortune. Well, I shall give up saving; and when my nephew Jack comes to borrow other two sovereigns, I shall just let him have them, though I know, good-hearted fellow, he spent the last two I gave him at Greenwich fair.'

Of course such a pernicious way of thinking is not likely ever to be professed in the broad terms we have supposed. Whatever be the *conduct* of the working-classes in the matter, it will take a great deal of arguing to convince them that the habit of saving is a bad thing. The habit is so recommended by the universal experience of mankind, and is so rooted in the better parts of our nature, that it can fall into disrepute only in a very deteriorated condition of society. The question, therefore, whether it be advantageous for the working-classes of England to save money, might be safely treated as a mere scientific speculation with which the economists were amusing themselves, were it not that experience shows that there is not a more effectual way of perpetuating vicious practices in society, than by giving them the shelter of a theory. So infallible is the connexion between speculation and practice, that if the united gin-shops of England were to pay a staff of lecturers to go about disseminating the notion, that it is useless for the humbler classes to become capitalists, we are confident the result would be an immense increase of the number of gallons of spirits drunk within the year. It is therefore incumbent on sound economists not to suffer such a notion, however abstractly stated, to go abroad, without sending out its refutation after it; and this is what Dr Chalmers has done in his article on Savings' Banks.

The great fallacy, he says, of the reasoning of those who would cast discredit on the habit of saving among the humbler classes, is, that they talk as if the only use of money were to make more money. There is a limit, they say, to the increase of capital in a country; more money may be saved by a nation than it can

had employment for. Small capitalists, especially, have little chance of being able to find a profitable investment for their money. Except in times of inordinate speculation, as, for instance, during a railway mania, there is scarcely ever an opportunity for a man with but a small sum of money by him to make a lucky hit. While the nabob with his L.20,000 or L.30,000 can find ways of employing his money which will yield him a good interest, the thrifty labourer or artisan with his L.200 or L.300 will in most cases be obliged to remain a labourer or artisan all his life, because he can find no way of turning his little capital to account.

In answer to this, Dr Chalmers, admitting in the fullest manner the doctrine of the limited increase of capital, observes, 'Our purpose in these accumulations is not that the poor man should thereby acquire something to trade with. Ours is a homelier aim; and, to express it in homely language, it is simply that he should lay by for an evil day—for old age, which is the winter of life, or for those mishaps and sicknesses which might be termed its days of foul weather. Our chief anxiety and aim is, not to effectuate the movement of labourers and their families from the grade of society in which they are now placed to the one above it, but to elevate and improve their condition as labourers—to raise, in fact, the whole platform of humble life above the mire of its present degradation, so that there shall be no sunken storeys, inhabited at least by human beings, in our social edifice—a change which could, we believe, be accomplished without derangement or disturbance to those who occupy the upper apartments of the building, and without injury to the gracefulness or beauty of its higher elevations. Such being our main object, it is not profit at all that we should seek after; and would vastly rather that each depositor's little stock were kept in its place of safety, than put to hazard by the laying of it out on any speculation, however tempting. We even do not mind very particularly what the amount of interest is which the bank allows upon it, inasmuch that we should make no effort to raise the interest above the centage which is currently given. The principal design of the institution, and all its most valuable purposes, are served, if the money withheld from vicious or unnecessary expenditure at one period of life, is in reserve for needful subsistence or additional comfort at another period—even though during the latter period it should melt away like a snowball in the sun, and the last fragment or farthing of it should disappear with the final payment for the burial of him of whom it could be said at the termination of his honourable career, that his own hands ministered throughout to his own necessities, and to those who were with him.'

But besides this obvious use of the poor man's little accumulations in the Savings' Bank being a provision against times of distress from ill health or other causes, the reverend doctor contends that these Savings'-Bank deposits would have a wholesome effect on wages. 'A little stock,' he says, 'in the hands of labourers, would act both by an equalising and an elevating power on the wages of labour.'

To illustrate its effect in *equalising* wages, he instances 'those seasons of depression which so often take place in the trading world, when, by a glut in the market, wages are brought indefinitely low—and so a dreary season has to be traversed of under-paid and ill-paid industry—when, often for months together, workmen and their families have to live as they may in wretched starvation, or in wretched dependence on the allowances of a poors'-house. The peculiar misery,' he says, 'of such a condition is, that, to eke out a bare subsistence, the operatives are tempted to overwork, in order to compensate, by the amount of their work, for the deficiency of their wages. This we have frequently seen among the weavers in Glasgow, where, in those sad seasons of shaden markets and sunken wages, the practice was to keep the loom constantly agoing, so that it never rested all the four-and-twenty hours—the man and his wife sometimes taking their turns, and sharing the day's and night's work between them. Now, mark the effect of this dire and frantic necessity, and the sort of wretched cross-purpose in which it landed the unhappy parties, insomuch that the only result of this their strenuous and excessive labour, was both to prolong and to aggravate the mischief against which they were struggling with all their might, sorely but ineffectually—seeing that the woful predicament into which they are brought, is caused by the very glut which they are doing their uttermost to feed and to perpetuate.' They would be sending more cloth than usual into the market, at the very time when there was too much in it already. 'Now,' says Dr Chalmers, 'the best, the only extrication from such a calamity we can think of, were a little stock in the hands of labourers, who could therefore, on the resources which themselves had accumulated in good times, live for a season without labour, or at least without that grievously-excessive labour by which the weary interval of depression is so indefinitely lengthened out. It is thus that the period of bad times might be incalculably abridged, with a consumption quickened by low prices, and a production lessened by the voluntary abstinence of workmen, who could thus afford to relax or intermit their toils on every occasion of miserably low wages—till, on the happy conjunction of rising markets with cleared and empty warehouses, their work came to be eagerly sought after by competing capitalists, and its remuneration again ascended till it reached, or better still if it overpassed, the standard from which it had fallen.'

In order to make plain the power of Savings' Banks to *elevate* the wages of labour, Dr Chalmers has recourse to another Scottish illustration, drawn from 'the scene which is exhibited on the autumn mornings in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, where shearers are in the habit of resorting to be hired for the work of the harvest. Let us just imagine,' he says, 'that each of these candidates for employment had a five-pound note in his pocket; or that, instead of living from hand to mouth, and being dependent on a master for his next meal, he had the means within himself for the comfortable subsistence of the next month or the next quarter of a year; on such a simple change in the state of our labourers, there would hinge a mighty difference in the result of this negotiation for wages. A higher wage would be brought about by the quiet operation of a market law—by a mere abatement of the necessity, and so of the keenness and competition for masters on the one side; and this of course followed up by an enhancement of the necessity, and so of the keenness and competition for workmen upon the other. We should not wonder if the calm and conscious possession by each labourer of his five-pound note, were eventually to raise the wages of each by a 6d. per day—a good interest out of doors for their accumulated treasure, and an abundant compensation for the smallness of the interest allowed by the bank, or of the interest within doors. Let our people only have saved enough to relieve them of the apprehension that, although refused the work they are seeking for, they will not on that account, for a good many days at least, go supperless to bed, and this would powerfully turn the balance in their favour. It is true,' he continues, 'that we can look for no general or sensible rise of wages from the operation of this cause, till Savings' Banks have been greatly more multiplied, and the habit of saving has been carried to a greater extent among the people. But why not make a right beginning in the matter; or rather, as the beginning has been already made, why not persevere and move on in the right direction?' Besides, it is not altogether true that the depositor in the Savings' Bank would have to wait till the habit of saving became general among his fellow-labourers, before he reaped the benefit of his own frugality in the shape of higher wages. The difference of the amount of wages given to one workman, and that given to another, is generally determined by the superiority of skill or character possessed by one of the workmen over the other. An eminent Spitalfields silk

manufacturer told Dr Chalmers that 'he made more of those well-conditioned and well-conducted workmen to whom he gave two guineas a-week, than he made of those misthriven, reckless, and dissipated characters to whom he gave half a guinea.' Now, the circumstance of a workman being a depositor in a Savings' Bank, would operate as a sort of certificate of character. It would be 'the guarantee of a sobriety and a moral superiority, which would make him all the more valuable to his employer; qualities these which are worthy of a price, and for which he often will be paid accordingly.'

Farther to illustrate the influence of Savings'-Bank deposits in raising wages, the doctor contrasts it with the opposite influence of debts. 'We have often heard,' he says, 'of an oppressive and unprincipled master, under the infamous truck system, who tempted his servants to expend beyond their wages, that he might become the dictator of his own terms with them when he had thus got them into his power.'

It would be well if these healthy considerations were disseminated, so as to become general among the working-classes. Assuredly, the habit of saving is not yet so overgrown a virtue among the English artisans, that it requires to be written down or even repressed. On the contrary, all the best and most enlightened friends of the working-classes, all who believe that the only effectual way to improve them is to stimulate them to self-improvement, and assist them in it, all such will join in desiring the prosperity and multiplication of those admirable institutions—Savings' Banks.

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

Adventure has always its charms, be it by flood or field, at home or abroad, but more especially when it lies amid scenes little known, or even before unvisited. Under this impression we turn to a recent volume* by the surgeon of a whaling vessel, who traversed the Pacific some ten or twelve years ago, dating his departure from England in 1832, and his return in 1836. The lapse between the date of the incidents and that of their publication is an unusual circumstance; but perhaps the author, acting on the good old Horatian maxim, judged that his manuscript would not be the worse for the retention. Be this as it may, the 'Adventures' constitute a not uninteresting volume, relating as they do chiefly to shooting, fishing, and sailing excursions, and to exploring rambles on some of the uninhabited islands of Polynesia.

In October 1832 Dr Coulter set sail from Spithead in the good ship 'Stratford,' and, after a somewhat stormy run, entered the tropics, touched at Brava, one of the Cape de Verds, and at the Falklands. These last mentioned islands are, in Southern Atlantic conversation, called the 'egg market,' from the immense quantities of eggs of geese, penguins, and albatrosses, found along their shores. The nests of these birds are so numerous as to constitute ranges of two or three miles in length, and from three to six feet apart. 'This arrangement,' says our author 'is very convenient in every respect. The birds can easily hold a conversation across this street; and the sailors can walk up the centre of it, beat them out of their nests, and march off with the good eggs, thoughtfully leaving behind two or three bad ones as an inducement for the birds to return to their homes after the invasion.' From these long streets of birds'-nests, the ship's company carried off some six or seven tons of good palatable provision.

Having left the Falkland Islands, and rounded Cape Horn, the Stratford entered upon the scene of her whaling operations, and had good and easy success, if we may judge from some of the hunts described by Dr Coulter. Dismissing, however, these marine adventures, we shall follow him in his excursions on the islands which were visited during the cruise. Juan Fernandez —the island of the immortal Robinson Crusoe—was that first touched at, the vessel anchoring on the north side in deep water close to the beach. The island when they arrived was tenantless, though some time before the Chilian government had attempted to make it a sort of penal settlement. The attempt was unsuccessful; the convicts, amounting to about one thousand, rose on the soldiers in charge of them, seized their arms, and compelled two vessels, which were in the anchorage at the time, to carry them to the mainland.* A more enchanting habitation, if we may judge from Dr Coulter's description, could not be wished for either by citizen or convict. It is from sixteen to eighteen miles long, and about seven in width, and chiefly consists of a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs in romantic waterfalls. After leaving the beach of Cumberland Bay, there is a level tract of some thirty acres filled with rose bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, which is so tall, that one could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. The island was abundantly stocked with bullocks, goats, and dogs —all imports since the time of Crusoe—but so wild, that when disturbed they dashed through the thickets like deer. There was also no want of fish, as the sea all around abounded with delicious rock-cod; and seals could be had in almost any quantity. Having replenished their stock of beef, fish, wood, water, &c. and having stowed away a few boat-loads of the mint, which formed an agreeable anti-scorbutic tea, the Stratford hoisted anchor, and bade adieu to this delightful and ever-memorable island.

The solitary life of Robinson Crusoe, or, more correctly speaking, Alexander Selkirk, appears to be anything but singular in the annals of the Pacific. This great and generally placid ocean is dotted over with hundreds of islands, the larger of which, in groups, are inhabited by tribes of people described by Cook and other voyagers, but the smaller and more isolated are lying in a state of nature, and untenanted, at least by natives. 'There is scarcely, however,' says our adventurer, 'an uninhabited island in those seas, in the thoroughfare of shipping, on which there is a fertile spot of earth with a supply of water, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it.' Islands so occupied become in some measure shops to passing vessels; they furnish them with fresh vegetables and water, and likewise can give some information regarding the route of ships which had lately visited them. Dr Coulter mentions the case of an Irishman who, put ashore for bad behaviour from a vessel on Charles's Island, lived there some years a roving and independent life: he was at last killed in attempting to carry off from Guyaquil a queen for his beautiful domain. Another solitary of a different character was Johan Johonson, a Swede, who, somewhat later, lived a quiet life on this island, cultivating the ground, rearing goats, catching turtles, and otherwise occupying himself. This worthy man was ultimately robbed of his hard-earned property, including his boat, by a band of villains to whom he had shown kindness. 'There is an inducement,' says our author, 'to live on such islands; and that is the sale of their produce to seamen, who are very glad to get a supply of fresh vegetables, and even give cash for it. Then, again, the great feeling of ease of mind and independence—no one to control a man, no one to demand anything of him. The only real annoyance those isolated men meet with is the occasional runaway sailor, who hides in the bush until the ship sails, and then asks shelter

* By John Coulter, M. D. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1845.

* The island has since been taken on lease from the Chilian government by an American, who has brought to it a small colony of Tahitians, with the intention of cultivating it, so as to make it become the resort of whalers and other vessels navigating the Pacific.

from the monarch of the island, and perhaps afterwards ill-treats or otherwise annoys him.'

After some weeks' whaling, the Stratford anchored at Chatham island, another of the Gallapagos group, for the purpose of recoopering her oil, and otherwise righting her cargo. A tent having been erected on a smooth grassy plot close to the water's edge, one-half of the crew took their turn of the land and vessel alternately; and a most delightful residence they had. 'Fine green turtle came in on the beach at night, and, with a little row and fun in watching for and turning them, were easily taken; then the wild ducks on the lagoons, and plenty of large doves on the land, were easily knocked down by a man throwing a stick among them; the terrapin, or elephant tortoise, of from two to four hundred pounds weight; plenty of fine fish close to the rocks; whole beds of very high strong mint, with other herbs in great variety; all those, with many others, afforded the men a great treat, particularly when taken by themselves and used on shore. There were plenty of large hair seals in all directions on the beaches and rocks, whose skins made mocassins for every one in the ship; and, to complete the comforts of this encampment, fine fresh water was obtained by digging down about fourteen feet. All round this end of the island the woods extended to nearly the beach and rocks, and in some instances overhung the water. It was a rich sight. I had been at this island twice before, but had not an opportunity of seeing so much of it; indeed little more than the rocks, beach, and a mile or so inland. As we were to lie here some time, and as there was nothing for me to do professionally, I determined to shoulder my gun, and walk right round the island on an exploring excursion.' Having arrayed himself in leathern cap and jacket, canvas trousers and strong shoes, and carrying with him the indispensable accoutrements of knife, axe, gun, and canteen, the doctor set out alone; not an individual would volunteer his companionship; it 'was all a humbug,' said they, 'to be tramping about an uninhabited island from morning to night.' For a week or two our adventurer found everything very pleasant—delightful scenery, good living, and no charges; nothing to do but travel, cook his own turtle and venison, and sleep soundly without dread or danger. His stipulated time being nearly expired, he again bent his way through brake and ravine to the encampment; but mark his dismay when he found the tent and vessel gone—not a trace of his companions save a pole stuck in the ground, and a bottle dangling at the top of it. This, however, contained a note from the captain, stating that the vessel had broken from her moorings, and that, in consequence of the current and swell, he was obliged to run her to sea; but that he would bring her up to her old berth as soon as the storm abated. Here then was our adventurer an involuntary Robinson Crusoe on one of the Gallapagos; set adrift for days, it might be for weeks, and left to his own resources, with the exception of a change of clothing, some shot and powder, a small bag of biscuit, and a frying-pan which the captain had considerately deposited near the deserted encampment. There was no use for idle regret: wishes could not better his position; and so arraying himself in his new apparel, Dr Coulter set out once more to lead the life of a solitary hunter and fisher. The account of one of his adventurous rambles possesses much pathetic interest.

'When I was better than half way down the weather side, at about four miles inland, I came suddenly on a space of ground, which was partially clear, and where a few trees lay that had evidently a few years ago been cut down by some one. On further entering this space, there were mustard pumpkins, melons, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, all growing indiscriminately, and in a very wild state—tall weeds, and suckers of young trees, starting up here and there from the roots of the old ones.

'In looking about, I saw what was once a spade, but the blade of which now was only rust, and fell in pieces when I touched it with my foot. Near this, in a hollow, was a well with water enough, but overgrown and covered with weeds. It was regularly built round with stone. I continued my search over this once well-cared for plantation, until I came to the highest or upper part of the clearing, which was walled along for several hundred yards by solid rock. Up near this, almost concealed by a clump of trees, and nearly overgrown with wild vine, I discovered a house, or rather hut, on a comfortable scale. There was no sound of human voice here—all was still.

'I knew, from the indications about, that it was long since the place had been attended to. The net-work of vines round it was so thick and close, that I had to make an opening through it with my axe. On entering this wild barrier, I came at once on the house, which was built against the rock, with a shed roof thatched—the sides and front merely posts of wood, interlaced by vine branches, and covered over with mud. The whole was in a falling state; there was only a doorway into it, but no door.

'I now with strange feelings entered the door; there was ample light through this ruin to see all. It was a melancholy sight and discovery to me. In the centre of the floor, near a rude table, lay the skeleton of a man, only partially concealed by what had once been a covering of skins. On my touching it, it fell into powder; the bones, though in apposition, were separated by the slightest touch. On one side were an old boiling pot and frying-pan, wood, axe, &c. all in rust; a tobacco-box, with a rudely manufactured pipe, on the table; an old worn-out and rust-eaten carabine and cutlass in the corner: there was a shelf which had once served for a bed, with seal-skins on it. I searched minutely, but could not find either paper or any other thing that could give the least information as to the name, or who this unfortunate recluse was.

'It was a dismal scene. I came out and gazed on this hut for some time; a thought struck me, and I proceeded to execute it. All was a ruin, and now falling; the only thing I could now do for this remnant of humanity was to bury it; the only way I could even do that was to cover it with the ruins. A few blows of a heavy stone against the posts laid all prostrate, and shut out the sight for ever.

'Whilst in those seas I made many inquiries, from captains and others frequenting those islands, about this solitary man, but no one knew or had heard anything about him. He must have been dead for many years, from the state of the skeleton, the hut, and long-neglected plantations. I left the grounds without touching anything, with a heavy heart, and could not eat a bit until I was miles away from it.'

After a lapse of fourteen days, the Stratford hove in sight; and a couple of boats were lowered at the signal of the doctor, who admits that though he always experienced great delight in a change of scenery, and exploring unknown places, he felt infinitely more in again hearing the voices of his friendly shipmates. The voyage was now directed towards the Marquesas, a group of islands whose inhabitants were then thorough barbarians and cannibals. On one of these the doctor was again accidentally left, and was obliged to remain for some time, and cultivate the acquaintance of the natives. In a few days he became a great favourite with the chief of the tribe, who, being at war with another tribe, thought the adventurer's rifle more than match for a thousand of the spears of his opponents. The doctor in short became a great man—too great we fear for his own liking or comfort; for they not only made him a chief, but insisted on his being tattooed, and made 'one of themselves.' 'I was,' continues he, 'four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing

conchs and firing muskets ended the ceremony. The people and chiefs all then looked upon me as more than one of themselves. They came in numbers, bringing what they thought delicacies of all sorts—fruit, fowl, pig, fish, &c.; and the chiefs gave me various presents. Indeed all was an exhibition of real kindness.' Besides causing him to be tattooed, his adopters insisted on our member of the College of Physicians changing his own respectable habiliments for the less cumbersome costume of the country. '"Mate" [one of the chiefs] gave me his own head-dress, which he had worn in fifteen battles. It fitted me exactly, and was a splendid thing. There was a hoop of brown bark, about three inches deep, to fit on the head; this was encircled with pearl-shell of various shapes, and red berries glued fast on; from the entire circumference of the top, drooped gracefully over the shoulders the long shining feathers of the cock's tail; the inside was lined, and the lower edge fringed, with the varied-coloured bright feathers of the ground-parrot. As soon as he put it on my head, and adjusted it, he took me to a Marquesan looking-glass (a deep pond of clear water) to look at myself; and from what I beheld then, I certainly thought my friends at home would scarcely know me.' Nor did the change end in the dress; they made him alter his profession, turned the physician into a warrior, and compelled him to take part in the pending encounter. The account of that savage affair is the most unpleasing portion of the volume, and we gladly pass it over. The object of the war, we are told, was satisfactorily attained, by the restoration of the mother and child of the chief, both having been stolen in order to be made a sacrifice in one of the heathenish rites common in these islands. A short time afterwards, the Stratford appeared once more in sight, and our author left the island, and gained the ship; his grotesque appearance being greeted 'with the most tremendous and unrestrained laughter.'

Cruising for whales again occupied the Stratford for several weeks, after which she touched at Robert's Island, the most northern of the Marquesas. This islet, according to the doctor's description, is quite a gem of a place—secure, and well stocked with every sort of Polynesian produce. And who, it may be asked, were the lords of so desirable a domain? Why, another Robinson Crusoe in the person of Thomas Holt, an English sailor, who had left an American brig, on board of which he had met with some unfriendly treatment. Here he had already lived five years; three by himself, and two in company with another English sailor and a native Marquesan boy. The little group seemed perfectly happy; and so many will think they ought to have been, for, under a most delightful climate, they had plenty of hogs, fowls, fruit, fish, and turtle—everything, in short, which they desired; and the whole seasoned with the most perfect freedom and independence. The doctor's description of a visit to the palace of these island monarchs is quite a picture:—'Our way lay through a delightfully picturesque and natural avenue of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and other trees, with here and there a high naked rock of very fantastic form. The weather was very fine, the temperature of the air agreeable, and the vegetation around was fresh and luxuriant. The chirp of the paroquette, and the occasional note of other birds, added life to the scene.

'After walking through this for about a mile and a half, we came to a very densely wooded part, and by taking a scarcely defined footpath through this for a few moments, we arrived at an open space, from which the trees had been cleared away, leaving the stumps about two or three feet high. At one end of this clearing, and close to a small pond of fresh-water, Holt's house stood. In the rear of this habitation was a complete barrier of thick timber, which had not been touched. The house itself was about twenty feet long by twelve wide, sufficiently capacious for the residence of the two men and the boy that formed the only inhabitants of this island. At one end of it there was a kind of cook-house erected, where they prepared their meals. The furniture of the house consisted of two sleeping places for the men, and a smaller one for the boy, built up against the side of the house, after the manner of a ship's berth; two muskets, and a couple of Marquesan spears. Fishing-gear hung against the wooden partition, the house being divided into two apartments. Two frying-pans, and an iron boiling-pot, with three large calabashes slung for carrying water, and five or six canoe paddles lying in the corner; a kind of a table was in the centre of the larger room, rudely enough made, by driving four posts into the floor, and resting on them a slab of wood, roughly flattened with an axe. They had also two spades and as many axes; pieces of hollowed wood served them for plates and dishes.'

After leaving the Marquesas, the Stratford touched at the Georgian and Society Islands, and ultimately at Tahiti—Pomare's own isle—to which recent events have now attracted the attention of Europe. To these our author alludes but slightly—conveying, however, the gratifying information that all of them present unmistakeable evidence of improvement both in economy and morals. While at Tahiti, the doctor was presented to no less a personage than Queen Pomare, and was nearly getting into a more serious adventure than any into which accident had yet thrown him. This was nothing short of marriage with one of the queen's maids of honour—her majesty vehemently urging the affair, and promising our M.D. an ample bribe in the shape of land and oxen. 'Not being inclined at the time,' says the doctor naïvely, 'I waived all those brilliant inducements, and begged to decline so great a favour, even from the hands of her majesty.'

Here the adventures end somewhat abruptly, but with a promise that the author will, in a future work, bring the reader across the meridian of 180 degrees into east longitude, and tell him of adventures and occurrences at islands and other places where a civilised trader seldom, and a missionary never landed.

MR DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS TALE.*

We are happy to find that Mr Dickens, in his annual volume for the present year, has left the question of social wrongs and rights to the discussion of those who can consider them in a calmer and less partial spirit, and turned his attention to a subject of purely moral interest, more within the scope of his powers, and better suited to his habits of thought and feeling. The title of his new book indicates a theme of the domestic kind, embellished with fancy. The contents justify the anticipation thus raised. It is a picture of humble life, contemplated in its poetic aspects, and at its more romantic crises; and shows its author, in one sense, ambitious of becoming the Wordsworth of prose fiction. Deficient in the profundity and stern power of that great master, the novelist yet has some requisites which the poet wants—a certain wit and humour, and, above all, an experience of civic life, that the bard of Rydal has failed to cultivate. Moreover, Mr Dickens succeeds quite as much by tact as genius.

The story to which we are introduced by 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' has, however, not benefited much by such experience, though it has greatly by the tact. In its elements it is trite, commonplace, and simple; there is but one *new* character in it, Tilly Slowboy, a girl from the Foundling, employed as nursemaid to the carrier's wife, Mrs Peerybingle, the heroine of the tale: a small part in the eccentric line of farce-writing, which is conceived with equal humour and truth, but occupies only a trifling space in the background of the composition. The other characters consist of a middle-aged carrier, a man of slow intellect but warm heart, who has married a young, gay, little,

* The Cricket on the Hearth, a Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1846.

chubby sort of woman, whom in his happier moments he calls 'Dot,' on account of her diminutive appearance—a toymaker and a toy-merchant, both dealers in fancy articles, and having their own fancies reacted on by their occupation—a sailor youth, who has disguised himself as a deaf old gentleman—a blind girl, his sister, and daughter of Caleb Plummer, the toymaker already mentioned—and May Fielding and her mother, a decayed gentlewoman, still tenacious of her gentility. These unpromising elements, however, are combined with so much skill and effect, as to impress us anew with an old conviction, that, in the hands of a true artist, there is nothing which may not be made interesting and pleasing. There is also no little delicacy of sentiment, situation, and character, involved in the treatment; and the whole is so evidently pervaded with a moral purpose, that it fails not to command at least the reader's respect. We feel, perhaps, this more than admiration for the talent displayed.

It will be convenient, before proceeding to extracts, to sketch an outline of the plot. Edward Plummer has returned, after many years' absence, from 'the golden South Americas,' but hears by the way that the girl, May Fielding, to whom formerly he was affianced, has long given him up for lost or dead, and is about to be married to Tackleton, the toy-merchant, for the sake of his wealth. Better to learn the true state of matters, he assumes the disguise before mentioned—packs himself into the carrier's van, installs himself in the carrier's house, and finally manages to get himself bedded and boarded there; in fact, he has contrived to let the little woman into his secret, who keeps it from her husband, as being the least likely of men to keep it from others. Circumstances at length become suspicious; and the attention of the good, honest carrier is directed to them by Tackleton, who is rather disposed to look on the 'ugly' than the handsome side of things, and who accordingly, as a toy-merchant, still patronised the hideous and demoniac in dolls, tumblers, Jack in the boxes, and giants, in preference to the beautiful and the amiable. The moral purpose of the book is contained in the results of these events: the jealous carrier shows himself both wiser and more merciful than Othello; and, in the end, his tempter a repentant Iago, with as little real malignity as could be desired.

In the working up of these simple materials, Mr Dickens invests with life and intelligence the inanimate as well as the living portion. He opens his story with describing the contest between the Kettle on the grate and the Cricket on the Hearth, and does this in a style of personification which, to say the least of it, is bold. The song of the Kettle he even gives in rhymed words, which, for the sake of a remark it suggests, we quote:

'That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors, to somebody at that moment coming on towards the snug small home and the crisp fire, there is no doubt whatever. Mrs Peerybingle knew it perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above all is mist and darkness, and below all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming!——

'And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in! with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the Kettle (size! you couldn't see it!), that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun; if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces; it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly laboured.

'The Kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the Cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! It's shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still they sang it in their emulation.'

Now, our readers will have perceived that this song of the Kettle, though written as verse, is printed as prose. This is a peculiarity in Mr Dickens's compositions which has not generally been perceived. It was, however, pointed out some time ago in 'The New Spirit of the Age;' and many passages adduced, written in blank verse, of irregular metres and rhythms, such as that employed by Southey and Shelley, in 'Thalaba' and 'Queen Mab.' The frequency of its occurrence indicates not only a design on the author's part to elevate his style by such means, but a poetic spirit in him, to which some kind of music is necessary as the natural utterance of its better thoughts. But the charm is a concealed charm; the varied harmony has still the look of uniform prose, and therefore steals unobserved into the reader's mind, who is pleased he knows not why. This is a little trick of style, which it is well, we think, to point out, particularly in such a work as the one under review, the merit of which is almost altogether dependent on style, and the poetic form of treatment which, with more or less success, is adopted.

This spirit and form of treatment is transparently manifest in the episode of the toymaker and his blind daughter. Here the writer has sought to exhibit, not without effect, the influence of art in its humblest form. From our first acquaintance with him, we discover his ruling passion. 'There is,' says he, 'rather a run on Noah's Arks at present. I could have wished to improve upon the family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. It would be a satisfaction to one's mind, to make it clearer which was Shems and Hams, and which was Wives. Flies an't on that scale neither, as compared with elephants, you know.' Such are the poor toymaker's truly artistic aspirations, justifying at once his relationship, though distant, with the Raphaels and the Michael Angelos. Another instance—'"You couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Boxer's tail, mum, for half a moment, could you?"

"Why, Caleb, what a question!"

"Oh, never mind, mum," said the little man. "He mightn't like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in for barking dogs; and I should wish to go as close to natur' as I could, for sixpence. That's all. Never mind, mum."'

'Caleb and his daughter were at work together in their usual working-room, which served them for their ordinary living room as well; and a strange place it was. There were houses in it, finished and unfinished, for dolls, of all stations in life. Suburban tenements for dolls of moderate means; kitchens and single apartments for dolls of the lower classes; capital town residences for dolls of high estate. Some of these establishments were already furnished according to estimate, with a view to the convenience of dolls of limited income; others could be fitted on the most expensive scale, at a moment's notice, from whole shelves of chairs and tables, sofas, bedsteads, and upholstery. The nobility and gentry and public in general, for whose accommodation these tenements were designed, lay, here and there, in baskets, staring straight up at the ceiling; but in denoting their degrees in society, and confining them to their respective stations (which experience shows to be lamentably difficult in real life), the makers of these dolls had far improved on nature, who is often froward

and perverse; for they, not resting on such arbitrary marks as satin, cotton-print, and bits of rag, had superadded striking personal differences which allowed of no mistake. Thus, the doll-lady of distinction had wax limbs of perfect symmetry; but only she and her compeers; the next grade in the social scale being made of leather; and the next of coarse linen stuff. As to the common people, they had just so many matches out of tinder-boxes for their arms and legs, and there they were—established in their sphere at once, beyond the possibility of getting out of it.

'There were various other samples of his handicraft besides dolls in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's Arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in anyhow at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass. By a bold poetical license, most of these Noah's Arks had knockers on the doors; inconsistent appendages, perhaps, as suggestive of morning callers and a postman, yet a pleasant finish to the outside of the building. There were scores of melancholy little carts, which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears, and guns. There were little tumblers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up high obstacles of red tape, and coming down head first upon the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable, not to say venerable appearance, insanely flying over horizontal pegs, inserted for the purpose in their own street doors. There were beasts of all sorts; horses, in particular, of every breed, from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle. As it would have been hard to count the dozens upon dozens of grotesque figures that were ever ready to commit all sorts of absurdities, on the turning of a handle, so it would have been no easy task to mention any human folly, vice, or weakness, that had not its type, immediate or remote, in Caleb Plummer's room. And not in an exaggerated form; for very little handles will move men and women to as strange performances as any toy was ever made to undertake.

'In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. The blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker, and Caleb painting and glazing the four-pair front of a desirable family mansion. * *

"So you were out in the rain last night, father, in your beautiful new greatcoat?" said Caleb's daughter.

"In my beautiful new greatcoat!" answered Caleb, glancing towards a clothes-line in the room, on which the garment [a miserable robe, made of the old covering of a goods' bale] was carefully hung up to dry.

"How glad I am you bought it, father!"

"And of such a tailor, too," said Caleb. "Quite a fashionable tailor. It's too good for me."

'The blind girl rested from her work, and laughed with delight. "Too good, father! What can be too good for you?"

"I'm half ashamed to wear it, though," said Caleb, watching the effect of what he said upon her brightening face; "upon my word. When I hear the boys and people say behind me, 'Halloa! here's a swell!' I don't know which way to look. And when the beggar wouldn't go away last night, and, when I said I was a very common man, said, 'No, your honour! Bless your honour, don't say that!' I was quite ashamed. I really felt as if I hadn't a right to wear it."

'Happy blind girl! How merry she was in her exultation!

"I see you, father," she said, clasping her hands, "as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want when you are with me. A blue coat——"

"Bright blue," said Caleb.

"Yes, yes! Bright blue," exclaimed the girl, turning up her radiant face; "the colour I can just remember in the blessed sky! You told me it was blue before! A bright blue coat——"

"Made loose to the figure," suggested Caleb.

"Yes, loose to the figure!" cried the blind girl laughing heartily; "and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome!"

"Halloa! halloa!" said Caleb. "I shall be vain presently."

I think you are already," cried the blind girl, pointing at him in her glee. "I know you, father! Ha, ha ha! I've found you out, you see!"

'How different the picture in her mind from Caleb as he sat observing her. She had spoken of his free step. She was right in that. For years and years he never once had crossed that threshold at his own slow pace, but with a footfall counterfeited for her ear; and never had he, when his heart was heaviest, forgotten the light tread that was to render hers so cheerful and courageous!

'Heaven knows! but I think Caleb's vague bewilderment of manner may have half originated in his having confused himself about himself and everything around him, for the love of his blind daughter. How could the little man be otherwise than bewildered, after labouring for so many years to destroy his own identity, and that of all the objects that had any bearing on it?'

This is a delicate conception, and executed with much tenderness of feeling. Poor Caleb! He has also deceived his daughter on another point nigher her heart. He has represented Tackleton to her as their guardian angel, not as their stern taskmaster, which he really was; and she, in her blindness, had indulged an affection for him, the strength of which his intended marriage with another was to show. All the characters of the story are assembled at a pic-nic party held once a fortnight at Caleb Plummer's: on such an occasion, the state of her feelings could be concealed no longer. The old man's consequent distress is pathetic. He is again on a visit to Mrs Peerybingle's.

'"Bertha, my dear!" said Caleb, "I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone. Hear me kindly. I have a confession to make to you, my darling!"

"A confession, father?"

"I have wandered from the truth, and lost myself, my child," said Caleb, with a pitiable expression in his bewildered face. "I have wandered from the truth, intending to be kind to you, and have been cruel."

'She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him and repeated "Cruel!"

"He accuses himself too strongly, Bertha," said Dot. "You'll say so presently. You'll be the first to tell him so."

"He cruel to me!" cried Bertha, with a smile of incredulity.

"Not meaning it, my child," said Caleb. "But I have been, though I never suspected it till yesterday. My dear blind daughter, hear me, and forgive me! The world you live in, heart of mine, doesn't exist as I have represented it. The eyes you have trusted in have been false to you."

'She turned her wonder-stricken face towards him still; but drew back, and clung closer to her friend.

"Your road in life was rough, my poor one," said Caleb, "and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many things that never have been, to make you happier. I have had concealments from you, put deceptions on you—God forgive me!—and surrounded you with fancies."

"But living people are not fancies?" she said hurriedly, and turning very pale, and still retiring from him. "You can't change them."

"The marriage that takes place to-day," said Caleb, "is with a stern, sordid, grinding man; a hard master to you and me, my dear, for many years; ugly in his looks, and in his nature; cold and callous always; unlike what I have painted him to you in everything, my child—in everything."

"Oh, why," cried the blind girl, tortured as it seemed almost beyond endurance—"why did you ever do this? Why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come in like death, and tear away the objects of my love? Oh, Heaven, how blind I am! how helpless and alone!"

'Her afflicted father hung his head, and offered no reply but in his penitence and sorrow. * *

"Mary," said the blind girl, "tell me what my home is—what it truly is."

"It is a poor place, Bertha; very poor and bare indeed. The house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter: it is as roughly shielded from the weather, Bertha," Dot continued in a low clear voice, "as your poor father in his sackcloth coat."

'The blind girl, greatly agitated, rose, and led the carrier's little wife aside. * *

"Dear Mary, a moment—one moment—more this way; speak softly to me. You are true, I know. You'd not deceive me now, would you?"

'"No, Bertha, indeed."

"No, I am sure you would not; you have too much pity for me. Mary, look across the room to where we were just now; to where my father is—my father, so compassionate and loving to me—and tell me what you see."

"I see," said Dot, who understood her well, "an old man sitting in a chair, and leaning sorrowfully on the back, with his face resting on his hand, as if his child should comfort him, Bertha."

"Yes, yes; she will; go on."

"He is an old man, worn with care and work. He is a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired man. I see him now, despondent and bowed down, and striving against nothing; but, Bertha, I have seen him many times before, and striving hard in many ways for one great sacred object; and I honour his gray head, and bless him!"

'The blind girl broke away from her, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, took the gray head to her breast.'

This is exquisite sentiment. The mental anguish suffered by the jealous carrier is of a more painful character. For a while he indulges in thoughts of murdering the youth; he sits up all night in his chair before the fire in the greatest agony; and but for the Cricket on the Hearth, who treats him with fairy songs and fairy shapes, he would have been guilty of something desperate.

'Thus the night passed. The moon went down; the stars grew pale; the cold day broke; the sun rose; the carrier still sat, musing, in the chimney corner. He had sat there, with his head upon his hands, all night. All night the faithful Cricket had been chirp, chirp, chirping on the Hearth. All night he had listened to its voice. All night the household fairies had been busy with him.

'He rose up when it was broad day, and washed and dressed himself. He couldn't go about his customary cheerful avocations; he wanted spirit for them; but it mattered the less, that it was Tackleton's wedding-day, and he had arranged to make his rounds by proxy. He had thought to have gone merrily to church with Dot. But such plans were at an end. It was their own wedding-day too. Ah! how little he had looked for such a close to such a year!

'The carrier expected that Tackleton would pay him an early visit; and he was right. He had not walked to and fro before his own door many minutes, when he saw the toy-merchant coming in his chaise along the road. As the chaise drew nearer, he perceived that Tackleton was dressed out sprucely for his marriage, and had decorated his horse's head with flowers and favours.'

Shortly after this, it is discovered that the stranger has left his apartment *via* the window.

'"John Peerybingle," said Tackleton in his ear, "I hope there has been nothing—nothing rash in the night?"

'The carrier turned upon him quickly.

"Because he's gone!" said Tackleton; "and the window's open. I don't see any marks; to be sure it's almost on a level with the garden: but I was afraid there might have been some—some scuffle. Eh?"

'He nearly shut up the expressive eye altogether; he looked at him so hard. And he gave his eye, and his face, and his whole person, a sharp twist—as if he would have screwed the truth out of him.

"Make yourself easy," said the carrier. "He went into that room last night, without harm in word or deed from me; and no one has entered it since. He is away of his own free will. I'd go out gladly at that door, and beg my bread from house to house for life, if I could so change the past that he had never come. But he has come and gone; and I have done with him!"

"Oh; well, I think he has got off pretty easily," said Tackleton, taking a chair.

'The sneer was lost upon the carrier, who sat down too, and shaded his face with his hand, for some little time, before proceeding. "You showed me last night," he said at length, "my wife—my wife that I love: secretly——"

"And tenderly," insinuated Tackleton.

"Conniving at that man's disguise, and giving him opportunities of meeting her alone. I think there's no sight I wouldn't have rather seen than that. I think there's no man in the world I wouldn't have rather had to show it me."

"I confess to having had my suspicions always," said Tackleton. "And that has made me objectionable here, I know."

"But as you did show it me," pursued the carrier, not minding him, "and as you saw her—my wife—my wife that I love"—his voice, and eye, and hand, grew steadier and firmer as he repeated these words, evidently in pursuance of a steadfast purpose—"as you saw her at this disadvantage, it is right and just that you should also see with my eyes, and look into my breast, and know what my mind is upon the subject. For it's settled," said the carrier, regarding him attentively; "and nothing can shake it now."

'Tackleton muttered a few general words of assent, about its being necessary to vindicate something or other; but he was overawed by the manner of his companion. Plain and unpolished as it was, it had a something dignified and noble in it, which nothing but the soul of generous honour dwelling in the man could have imparted.

"I am a plain, rough man," pursued the carrier, "with very little to recommend me. I am not a clever man, as you very well know. I am not a young man. I loved my little Dot, because I had seen her grow up, from a child, in her father's house; because I knew how precious she was; because she had been my life for years and years. There's many men I can't compare with, who never could have loved my little Dot like me, I think!"

'He paused, and softly beat the ground a short time with his foot before resuming.

"I often thought that though I wasn't good enough for her, I should make her a kind husband, and perhaps know her value better than another; and in this way I reconciled it to myself, and came to think it might be possible that we should be married. And in the end it came about, and we were married."

"Ha!" said Tackleton, with a significant shake of his head.

"I had studied myself; I had had experience of myself; I knew how much I loved her, and how happy I should be," pursued the carrier. "But I had not—I feel it now—sufficiently considered her."

"To be sure," said Tackleton. "Giddiness, frivolity, fickleness, love of admiration! Not considered! All left out of sight! Ha!"

"You had best not interrupt me," said the carrier with some sternness, "till you understand me; and

you're wide of doing so. If, yesterday, I'd have struck that man down at a blow who dared to breathe a word against her, to-day I'd set my foot upon his face if he was my brother!"

'The toy-merchant gazed at him in astonishment. He went on in a softer tone—

"Did I consider," said the carrier, "that I took her, at her age, and with her beauty, from her young companions, and the many scenes of which she was the ornament, in which she was the brightest little star that ever shone, to shut her up from day to day in my dull house, and keep my tedious company? Did I consider how little suited I was to her sprightly humour, and how wearisome a plodding man like me must be to one of her quick spirit? Did I consider that it was no merit in me, or claim in me, that I loved her, when everybody must who knew her? Never. I took advantage of her hopeful nature and her cheerful disposition, and I married her. I wish I never had! For her sake—not for mine!"

'The toy-merchant gazed at him, without winking. Even the half-shut eye was open now.

"Heaven bless her!" said the carrier, "for the cheerful constancy with which she has tried to keep the knowledge of this from me! And Heaven help me, that, in my slow mind, I have not found it out before! Poor child! Poor Dot! *I* not to find it out, who have seen her eyes fill with tears when such a marriage as our own was spoken of! I, who have seen the secret trembling on her lips a hundred times, and never suspected it till last night! Poor girl! That I could ever hope she would be fond of me! That I could ever believe she was!" * *

"If that is your opinion——" Tackleton began.

"So let her go," pursued the carrier. "Go, with my blessing for the many happy hours she has given me, and my forgiveness for any pang she has caused me. Let her go, and have the peace of mind I wish her! She'll never hate me. She'll learn to like me better when I'm not a drag upon her, and she wears the chain I have rivetted more lightly. This is the day on which I took her, with so little thought for her enjoyment, from her home. To-day she shall return to it; and I will trouble her no more. Her father and mother will be here to-day—we had made a little plan for keeping it together—and they shall take her home. I can trust her there or anywhere. She leaves me without blame, and she will live so, I am sure. If I should die—I may perhaps while she is still young; I have lost some courage in a few hours—she'll find that I remembered her, and loved her to the last! This is the end of what you showed me. Now, it's over!"

"Oh no, John, not over. Do not say it's over yet! Not quite yet. I have heard your noble words. I could not steal away, pretending to be ignorant of what has affected me with such deep gratitude. Do not say it's over, till the clock has struck again!"

'Dot had entered shortly after Tackleton, and had remained there. She never looked at Tackleton, but fixed her eyes upon her husband. But she kept away from him, setting as wide a space as possible between them; and though she spoke with most impassioned earnestness, she went no nearer to him even then. How different in this from her old self!

"No hand can make the clock which will strike again for me the hours that are gone," replied the carrier with a faint smile. "But let it be so, if you will, my dear. It will strike soon. It's of little matter what we say. I'd try to please you in a harder case than that."

"Well," muttered Tackleton, "I must be off; for when the clock strikes again, it'll be necessary for me to be upon my way to church. Good morning, John Peerybingle. I'm sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company. Sorry for the loss, and the occasion of it too!" * *

'The carrier stood looking after him until he was smaller in the distance than his horse's flowers and favours near at hand; and then with a deep sigh, went strolling like a restless broken man among some neighbouring elms, unwilling to return until the clock was on the eve of striking.'

Here we are certainly taught a beautiful lesson; nor is the effect of the *denouement*, which must now be obvious enough to our readers, lost upon Tackleton himself. When once he has got over the unpleasant sense of having been jilted at the very church-door, reflection and conversion comes. He transfers all his wedding preparations to the rival party, visits it himself, and joins heartily in the festivity.

'"Mrs Peerybingle," said the toy-merchant, hat in hand, "I'm sorry; I'm more sorry than I was this morning; I have had time to think of it. John Peerybingle, I'm sour by disposition; but I can't help being sweetened, more or less, by coming face to face with such a man as you. Caleb, this unconscious little nurse gave me a broken hint last night, of which I have found the thread. I blush to think how easily I might have bound you and your daughter to me, and what a miserable idiot I was, when I took her for one. Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-night. I have not so much as a Cricket on my Hearth. I have scared them all away. Be gracious to me: let me join this happy party."

'He was at home in five minutes. You never saw such a fellow. What *had* he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known before his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the fairies been doing with him, to have effected such a change!'

We have now done enough to show what are the moral elements of Mr Dickens's present tale. Nothing remains for us but to hope that his future publications will be at least as harmless and innocent, if less simple and primitive, in conception and incident.

CONSOLATION FOR ABSENCE.

[From Mr Gostick's interesting volume—'The Spirit of German Poetry.' This piece of surprising beauty and elegance is, in the original, the composition of Louise Brachmann, a singular half-crazed person of Sappho-like demeanour, and who, after many odd adventures, came to Sappho's fate in her forty-third year.]

Our eyes still drink from the same fount of light;
The same wind round us softly breathes or blows;
We both lie veiled in the same cloud of night;
One spring to both its opening glories shows.

When morning dawns, I cry: 'Awaken day!
And strew thy roses wheresoe'er he roam;'
When in the sea the sun is sinking—'stay,
And cast a gleam to light him to his home.

'Still glow upon the hill his eyes behold
With beams of promise, when his heart feels lone,
While on yon coppice, tinged with fainter gold,
I gaze till all the evening glow is gone.'

What lofty mountain is he travelling o'er?
What favoured valley do his eyes survey?
What happy lake, beside some foreign shore,
Mirrors his beauteous aspect, far away?

In visionary, moonlit, silent night,
When ghostly forms on distant mountains shine,
My heart beats high—I say with deep delight:
'He lives—however distant, he is *mine*!'

And, as the stars look out, a gladdening ray
Seems darting from his eye to cheer my heart—
All thoughts of earthly distance melt away,
We meet in heaven—and never more to part!

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THE PLAGUE OF THE PERSONAL.

Considering that man is chiefly an immaterial being, it seems a great pity that he should have been clogged for a few short years of his existence with such a thing as a body. It is a sad plague, this body of his, on many accounts. For one thing, at the very first, it is a troublesome thing to transport. At a natural rate of going, four miles an hour is the utmost of its locomotive power. Vehicles of all kinds, from a horse to a steam railway carriage, are attended with monstrous trouble and inconvenience. How different had we been spiritual solely—able, like Ariel, to girdle the earth in forty minutes! Then this same gross structure of ours is so liable to damage. Only think of a railway collision, or the consequences of your horse taking fright in that emblem of your respectability, a gig! Think of what a syncope your soul may experience through a severe bruise or wound—nay, saving your presence, an oversharp dose from a doctor still in the bondage of allopathy. Think of sea-sickness! That noble thing, the mind, prostrated by a little see-sawing on rough water. Is it not all very vexing? Particularly as you know the body to be such a subordinate and unimportant part of you. What right has so gross and paltry a thing to interfere so much with your comfort, and take so much from your dignity?

Inferior and unessential too as it is, we see such considerations attached to it. While unanimous as to the mind being the only thing worth looking to, not one of us but admires pretty girls and handsome young fellows, according to the sex we be of. The gramineous character of all flesh is a truism, on which all flesh is unanimous; yet what care is universally shown to keep the verdure in its trimmest possible state. With one breath we express our disesteem for this poor tabernacle of the soul—with another we scold the tailor or milliner for some little failure in adorning it. We preach of the beauties of the mind, and exhaust the dentist's ingenuity to preserve one of our incisors. Take the most unworldly-minded of us, and ask his opinion of wooden legs! To men regarding the mind as solely valuable, it should be a matter of indifference whether a limb be of the statutory material or ligneous; yet is there a choice? 'But the original leg is the more convenient.' That is not the reason; but no matter. Take the case of red hair instead. This is as 'convenient' as brown or black, or fair or auburn; but will any one say the point is indifferent? Why, it is such things which determine for some women whether they are to be countesses! And not merely this; but good-looking people have everywhere a chance of being better liked than plain people. They are apt to be popular without any other attractive qualities, and with no trouble on their part; while it usually costs plain people a world of exertion merely to overcome the repugnance which is instinctively felt for them. Does this speak to externals being indifferent? Does it show the body to be of no sort of consequence? Alas! the very contrary. It should not be so; but it is so. The personal comes in to traverse and confound all our ideas of merit. We can't tell whether a man is to be more indebted to scientific attainments or to whiskers; or whether a young lady's prospects are most likely to be affected by her amiable character and good sense, or that peculiar dimple formed near the corner of her mouth when she smiles!

The world proclaims the inferiority of the personal; but I would just ask one question. Did it ever conspire to establish the equal importance of men of five and men of six feet? No such thing was ever heard of. And, accordingly, we see a man of five feet go through the world, a perpetual martyr to the injustice of his fellow-creatures. There is a full abstract admission of his equality; he counts as a 'soul' in population returns and paragraphs about accidents, the same as the six-feet man; he is the same in the eye of the law, pays the same taxes, has alike his epitaph and elegy. But he is never the same in the reckoning of men. The gravest, the most gentle smile at the little man. With the rude he is the theme of perpetual jokes. His choice of a wife is narrowed to the small number of women inferior to himself in stature. Symptoms of self-esteem, which would be passed over unnoticed in other men, appear monstrously ridiculous in him, though he has as good a right to stand well with himself as any giant of them all. Odd notions, or a shrill voice, or whimsical tastes, in his case excite ridicule and give birth to nicknames, where bigger men would escape. In fact, a man of unusually small stature is, from his cradle to his grave, under a difficulty unknown to other men. The dwarfishness is something always to be overcome in the first place, before he can start fair with other men. What is perhaps worst, he is unavoidably sensible of the involuntary demerit, and affected in his most ordinary conduct by a consideration of it. It drives him to do and say absurd things, in the desperate anxiety to get the better of it; and this makes him only be the more laughed at. Verily, the little man knows whether the frail corpus be of much consequence to a human being or not.

The plague of the personal is particularly seen in men whose main function in life is that of exercising the intellect. Men of mind, as I may call them comprehensively, ought not to have bodies at all. Bodies merely impede their operations. It is only the lowest and simplest form of this trouble, that literary men must eat, and that they have families who must eat also. Very sad, no doubt, are the vexations from this cause; alien and unsuitable tasks, hard drudging work, quarrels with grudging publishers. But there are

higher and more sentimental evils which fine souls find still less endurable. The Spectator first remarked the prevalent desire to discover of a distinguished author whether he is a tall man or a short man, handsome or plain, and so forth. It is perhaps eminently natural, but must to many authors be extremely annoying. Seldom is the personal in such cases equal to the mind: often it is homely, blemished, insignificant. For such an author as he of Waverley to have men—ay, and women—coming to get a sight of his poor coil of flesh, and going away, saying, 'What an ordinary-looking man he is! lame too!'—could not, one would think, but be vexing even to that placid being; or if it was not, it ought to have been so. For worship of the mental emanations to show itself in this meddling curiosity about the form of a visage or the hue of a complexion, is surely most unworthy. There is the work, most likely expressed from a teeming mind of superior native qualities, and not expressible from anything else—take it as it is, and be content with it, as one of God's good gifts to man—the personal has nothing to do with it. Perish this despicable personal altogether, beside the consideration of the mind's craft, which may indeed not be worth remembering ten years; for fashions change, and one man's good things supplant another's, but yet is *capable* of being preserved through all time.

For such reasons, I have sometimes thought it fortunate for certain authors that they have no biography. For only observe what a biography is. We learn from Pope's that he was crook-backed and spider-like, ill-natured, and over-fond of stewed lampreys. Now, is it not vexing to think of these personal matters attending for ever the name of Pope and the admiration of his writings? How much better to be a Homer, of whom nothing is certainly known whatever! We there worship the pure mind alone—a name, a word, being all that survives besides. This is the only right immortality, because thus only that continues to live which deserves to do so, or which mankind have any concern in seeing live. Shakspeare seems to have been amongst the most fortunate of modern authors in this respect. He is, as I once had occasion to remark before, almost a mythic being. There are his six-and-thirty plays, as sound and fresh as compositors and commentators could allow them to be: all of him that we have any real concern in possessing, we possess: all which he desired to see preserved, is preserved. The rest is fallen into the forgetfulness which befits it. Men will still puzzle after his personal facts—his worldly means, his style of living, his righteousness towards his wife, and whether she married again—but it is almost wholly in vain. A chinkless cloud-veil shrouds it all. Shakspeare has the happiness, as an immortal, to be only SHAKSPEARE! How different for poor Kit Marlow to have the ugly fact of his death in a base brawl ever staring his name in the face! How sad, in comparison, for Otway to be remembered as one choked in hunger by a roll! Literary biography in general is little better than a catalogue of human woes. It really is too bad that these poor sons of genius should both, for the most part, find no seats secured for them at the table where all who will work are fed, but also have their lustrous pages dimmed and blotted by the remembrance of their penurious miseries. Let us starve, they might say; but be our garrets and our rags consigned to oblivion. If there be any dignity to be attached to the product of our pens, let it not be profaned by details of our shabby personal existences.

It would even be better for readers, merely with a regard to their enjoyment of the writings of the immortals, if there were no such thing as literary biography. Regarding an author as only a Voice, we should have a much greater interest in him and his works than otherwise. Perfectly abstracted from all these sorry particulars as to birth and death, bodily form, good or bad fortune, we should treat his writings more purely according to their merits, and love them for their own sake only. The imagination would in most cases make a much better biography for the author than his actual life could have furnished. In a case, for example, like that of Byron, we should be left free to surmise all kinds of unhappiness that ever were known, and others besides, for the mournful misanthropic spirit which shines through those verses. It would have been like the effect of that deep-cut word which arrests us in pacing the cloister at Worcester—MISERRIMUS—word more eloquent than volumes could be. Compared with a biography thus suggested, the *knowledge* that Byron had a maddish mother, that he proved incapable of the domestic virtues, and consequently got into bad terms with British society, and was forced to take refuge in a moody retirement on the continent, is worse than tame; it is destructive of all fine sentiment in the case. It is a strange fatality in us that compels our seeking for these personal details, and reading them in volumes quarto and octavo. We blindly rush to gratify a superficial feeling of the moment, and spoil for ever the deeper and more abiding gratifications to be derived from the intellectual part of the man, if taken unconnectedly with the personal.

It is only another form of the same fatal curiosity which impels many persons to become what are called Lion-hunters. Not content with receiving into their souls the divine thoughts which the gifted have been allowed to utter, they must run hither and thither for an opportunity of beholding the poor personality of the author, with all the blemishes which may rest upon it, so contrarious to the beauty of his intellectual being—to hear him speak, perhaps, and in his tremor murder that English which he discourses so finely with his pen—or to watch him as he eats, and learn that his noble soul is attended by tastes utterly mean and trifling. Surely this is a sad perversity amongst the lovers of the intellectual. Far better it were to remain in ignorance of the paltry personal altogether, and allow ourselves to think of our favourite author only as an abstraction, or, if in any tangible form at all, at the most as the book in which we read his thoughts.

> 'I have a fancy of my own,
> And why should I undo it?'

These thoughts are almost whimsical, and are half meant to be so; but, after all, they point to a serious truth. The personal is inextricable, in our present form of being, from the mental, and it has, in many circumstances, an apparently exclusive importance. Yet, on all considerations really worth speaking of, the mind is what truly constitutes the man. It is not the tongue which speaks, or the eye that sees; it is the mind. It is not the body which drags us into error; it is the mind. And, accordingly, we may know what pretensions any one has to be a judge of his fellow-creatures, as we observe him tend more or less to estimate them according to material or immaterial peculiarities. The weak, the gross, the frivolous, fasten upon the tangible, and the tangible only. They see but in Pope the waspish little humpback; in Burns only the ploughman. The thoughtful and refined, on the contrary, speak little of

any of these trivial particulars, but expatiate with generous ardour on the Inner Being, whence flow the winged and deathless words, and to which all else is but external and accidental.

INTEGRITY—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

In the little front parlour of a private house in one of the small streets of Lambeth sat two females, busily occupied with needlework. One was a thin spare woman, in the decline of life, whose garb proclaimed her to be a widow; the other, a pale delicate girl, over whose brow twenty summers scarcely seemed to have passed. They were silent, and it was evident, from the gestures of the younger, that they were in expectation of a visitor, for her eye glanced ever and anon at a Dutch clock, which ticked audibly in one corner of the room, and her ear anxiously listened to every step which passed the window. It was night, and the single candle which burned upon the round oak table cast its feeble rays upon the simple white dress which they were making, and which seemed to be an object of peculiar interest to both. 'Ah, I well remember, six-and-twenty years ago, making up my wedding-gown,' the elder female at length broke silence by observing; 'and my young heart was then like yours, Lucy, full of hopes and plans for the future; but you know, my child, how those hopes have been disappointed,' she added with a heavy sigh.

'Dear mother,' the maiden interposed, whilst her pale features beamed with animation, 'I think *I* can scarcely be disappointed in *my* hopes and expectations, for I have none beyond what may reasonably be drawn from the present position of things. I have already experienced too much of the world's rough usage to entertain any ideas of happiness or prosperity which are not likely to be realised.'

'You have, indeed, my child, been schooled by affliction. At your age I knew not what sorrow was. I thought when I married that I was but entering on a scene of happiness; instead of which, it was my first step towards misery.'

'I trust, however, that your age will be rendered tranquil,' the maiden resumed, looking tenderly in her parent's face.

A well-known step beneath the window here attracted the attention of Lucy; and ere the knocker had finished its office, she was at the street door, with her hand locked within that of her intended husband. They re-entered the room together, and the maiden called his attention to the dress upon which she and her mother had been engaged, playfully demanding his opinion of the taste she had displayed in its fabrication. 'Dear Walter!' she exclaimed in surprise and concern, seeing him turn away with a sickening smile, 'what has occurred to distress you—forgive my levity—you are surely in trouble, or seriously ill?'

'I am not ill, dearest Lucy,' the young man made answer, with a strong effort at composure. 'Don't alarm yourself, my love; something has occurred which has much distressed me, and which must postpone our marriage for a short time; but I will tell you all presently,' he added, as he sunk upon the chair which his attentive bride-elect had already placed for him beside the fire.

'What can be the matter, Walter?' cried Mrs Weldon impatiently; 'I had a presentiment that some evil was in reserve for us.'

Lucy did not speak, but her hands instinctively dropped the robe she had been exhibiting, and her eyes rested anxiously on his countenance.

'You know, dear Lucy,' the lover began, 'that I told you last night that I was empowered by my master to receive the sum of eighty pounds, and that I was flattered by the confidence he reposed in me; judge, then, my distress of mind when, on applying for it this morning, I was told that it had been paid already; that a young man, representing himself to be a servant of Mr Gratton's, had produced a bill exactly corresponding with the one I presented, and signed his name Walter Ormond. The clerk who had paid the money had, unfortunately for me, taken so little notice of his person, that he could not describe him; and he went as far as to imply that I had made a double demand. The signature was shown to me, and it really so nearly resembled my own, that I could scarcely say that it was not penned by me. I hastened, however, to my master, and stated to him the whole affair, which is so involved in mystery, that my character cannot be fully cleared excepting by the disclosure of the truth. Mr Gratton is too generous unwillingly to suspect my honesty; yet the evidence is so strong against me, that I am sure he must entertain some doubt. I am supported by the acquittal of my own conscience,' he added, 'but I cannot offer you, dearest, a name tarnished by suspicion. A short time will perhaps bring the matter to light, and then it will be my highest happiness to solicit you to bear it, and to share my fortunes.'

As Walter concluded, Lucy, who had listened with an interest the most intense, put her hand within his with a look of confiding tenderness, which touched her lover more than any language could have done: but Mrs Weldon's grief was more noisy; she burst into floods of hysteric tears, which her daughter in vain strove to soothe. Thus passed the evening which poor Lucy had begun so happily; but none—not even her lover—surmised the depth of anguish her gentle heart was called to endure. A suspicion of the most horrible nature had presented itself to her mind, and it was one she dared not breathe, even to the mother from whom she had never before concealed a thought.

Walter Ormond was a lodger in the house of Mrs Weldon; he had not therefore far to retire at the wonted hour of rest. 'Cheer up,' dear Lucy, he said at parting; 'I cannot think that I shall long be permitted to lie under a stigma of this nature. Time will reveal the perpetrator of the fraud, and my character will then be cleared.' Lucy faintly smiled in answer.

'Do, dearest mother, go to rest,' she cried, addressing her parent, when her lover had quitted the room. 'I will sit up for George: he will not be very late, I daresay.' The mother yielded to her intreaties, and she was left alone.

The midnight hour passed, and Lucy still sat occupied with her needle, giving the last finish to her wedding-dress, though it was with an aching heart. Young as she was, Lucy Weldon had, as her mother had said, been schooled by adversity. Her father, by profligacy and intemperance, had brought his family from competency to the lowest depths of poverty, and the industry of his wife and daughter had alone saved them from starvation. His death had been sudden and dreadful, having been caused by an accident which occurred whilst he was in a state of intoxication. But the sad fate of the father had failed to warn his son from pursuing a similar course; on the contrary, the example of the parent seemed to stimulate him to run the same length in folly and vice. Since the decease of Mr Weldon, George had professed to maintain his mother and sister from the profits of a business in which he was engaged; but it was little assistance that he really afforded them, and they were obliged to let part of the house, and still labour hard with the needle, to provide the common necessaries of life.

Another hour passed ere the young man made his appearance; but when he came, he offered no apology for his late return. His spirits were so much excited, that he did not notice the expression of unusual sadness which sat upon his sister's countenance. 'I have a present for you for your bridal, Lucy,' he triumphantly exclaimed, displaying as he spoke a little box, containing a handsome pair of gold ear-rings. Lucy turned from him with a sickening shudder.

'I thank you, George,' she with difficulty faltered

forth, 'but I value not such baubles, nor do I know that I shall ever be a bride.'

'Now that is an ungracious way to receive my present,' he observed. 'I thought to see you look very stylish; and I have bought a new watch for myself to grace your wedding also.'

'I tell you that I have no wedding in prospect,' she returned, whilst her heart beat with violence, and her cheek turned to an ashy paleness.

'What can you mean?' interrogated the young man: 'has Walter proved a rascal? If so, he shall feel the effects of my wrath.'

'Spare your threats, George,' his sister interposed; 'Walter is not to blame—he is to be pitied. God only knows who is the perpetrator of the crime.'

'You speak in such enigmas, I really cannot understand you,' George observed; but the eager eye of his sister perceived that his colour changed and his lips trembled.

'Can you say that you know nothing of the matter?' she asked, looking earnestly in his face.

'How should I know, girl?' was his dogged reply.

Lucy's feelings were too poignant for endurance, and she burst into a passion of tears. 'Oh, George,' she exclaimed, 'as you value the happiness of your sister, the peace of your mother, and, above all, the approbation of your own conscience, confess the truth, and do your utmost to make reparation for the fraud you have committed. I surmised it all ere you appeared; and these baubles too surely corroborate my worst fears.'

'Lucy, are you mad?' the young man demanded with feigned astonishment.

'I am not mad,' she returned, 'though the mental torture I have endured for the last few hours has been enough to deprive me of reason; but I am deeply concerned in this matter, upon your account as well as Walter's. He is writhing under the possibility of having his honesty suspected; and you, oh, my brother, you are—you cannot deny it—the guilty person who has brought this misery upon us? Think,' she pursued, finding that he remained silent—'think upon the anguish you have already caused me and Walter; think that you will bring our dear mother in sorrow to the grave, if you persist in the sad course you have of late pursued; think how you will answer at the final day of account for the crimes you have committed; and for my sake, for your parent's, and for your own sake, let me intreat of you to commence a new life.' As she concluded, she rose from the seat upon which she had sunk, and throwing her arms around him, wept convulsively. The young man's heart was penetrated; he could not answer; and when he felt her tears upon his cheek, he could with difficulty repress his own. But these emotions were of short continuance; pride and long-indulged habits obtained the mastery over affection and conscience, and roughly pushing her from him, he fiercely demanded if she intended to become his accuser, and procure him fourteen years of exile. 'Oh, my brother,' Lucy passionately returned, 'you know that it would break my heart to see any evil happen to you, above all, to become your accuser; but the good name of one equally dear to me is at stake, and justice demands that the innocent should be exonerated from the suspicion of crime.'

'What proof have you of the truth of your surmises?' he bitterly interrogated.

'George, George, why will you agonise me thus? Let there be no necessity for me to tax you with the crime; make the confession yourself, and all the restitution you have in your power. Surely you have not yet parted with the money? or if you have done so, you have at least effects to the amount.'

'I have nothing but these ear-rings and my watch,' was his reply, 'and they, together, cost me thirteen pounds.'

'What can you have done with the remainder of the sum?' she asked in breathless agitation.

'I have lost it.'

'Lost it! By what means?'

'No matter by what means.'

'Yes, George, it does matter by what means. I must know whether you were robbed of it by a stranger, or whether, as I have reason to surmise, you have spent it at a gaming-table.' He turned from her, but did not reply. 'My conjecture is but too true,' she pursued. 'Oh, George, for a night of what you call pleasure, you have plunged us all in misery, exposed your person to the penalty of your country's broken laws, and added a dark crime to the catalogue of your offences, for which you know not how soon you may have to answer.'

'Cease to reproach me, Lucy,' cried the young man; 'I am already cut to the quick by my misfortunes; but I shall have better luck to-morrow, and then I will make amends for all. I am really sorry to have put off your wedding.'

'What! would you try to redeem the past by plunging into further vice?' his sister asked. 'No, George, if you have no means of making restitution but by committing another sin, I pray you forbear; I will endure it all. I will promise secrecy, though it will cost me more than I can express to abide by it. I will do anything, if you will forsake the companions who have led you into your present evil course. Will you do this, dear George?' she pleaded, once again twining her arms around him. 'You were wont to love me dearly, when we were children; you used to say that you could refuse me nothing. Let affection, if you have no higher motive, now induce you to comply. I plead for the sake of all who love you, but oh, my brother, mostly for your own sake, for you are injuring yourself most deeply.'

Again the young man was overcome. 'I will promise you, Lucy,' he at length articulated, pressing her to his heart in a close embrace; and with these words he hastened from the room, to the solitude of his own chamber.

With a heavy heart Lucy retired also, but her thoughts were too busily occupied with the dreadful transactions of the day for sleep to visit her pillow. Her mother and lover noticed her unusual paleness at the breakfast hour, and Walter, attributing it to the uneasiness she felt on his account, again strove to cheer her by encouraging hopes of a speedy discovery of the truth, little imagining the distress such a discovery would bring.

'My opinion was always in accordance with the old adage, that "honesty is the best policy,"' cried Walter Ormond one evening, as, with a countenance radiant with smiles, he sat himself beside his gentle mistress, who was, as usual, busily occupied with her needle. 'Don't think me an egotist, dearest Lucy,' he pursued, 'when I tell you that Mr Gratton was so much pleased with the manner in which I negotiated an affair of trust for him yesterday, that he has to-day offered me the travelling department of his business, which will be better for my health than the confinement of the warehouse, and, moreover, yield me a larger salary.'

Lucy, overwhelmed with feelings of gratitude and pleasure, burst into a flood of tears.

'I am more especially pleased with the offer,' the young man resumed, 'because it proves the high opinion my master entertains of my probity, notwithstanding the late occurrence. I know that I have been tested by a strict scrutiny, which, though very painful at the time, has in the end afforded me the satisfaction of feeling that my character is raised in Mr Gratton's esteem. And now, my own Lucy,' he proceeded, taking the maiden's yielding hand within his own, and pressing it with tenderness, 'now there is no further occasion for delaying our marriage.'

As Lucy would on no account leave her widowed mother, and was unwilling to separate her wholly from her son, it had been arranged that the young couple should occupy a floor in the same house, and an early day was now appointed for the celebration of the nup-

tials. Had George, however, dared to express his real sentiments, he would have preferred being left alone, hoping thus to escape the watchful eyes of those who could not do otherwise than feel pained by his conduct, and, above all, to be freed from the affectionate remonstrances of his sister, which he dreaded more than anything beside.

The eventful morning came, and Lucy, when arrayed in her pure white dress, appeared more beautiful than ever to her admiring lover. She took her accustomed place at the breakfast table, and the only difference observable in her countenance was, that her usually pale cheek was slightly flushed with the excitement of the occasion. Mrs Weldon was in good spirits, and George seemed little less pleased than Walter himself. Their only guests were an elderly man who had been intimate with the family for many years, and his youthful daughter, who were to perform the offices of father and bride's-maid. Never did a marriage seem to promise more durable happiness, though it was without the festivities which accompany the nuptials of the high-born and the wealthy. Walter, more from the desire to shield his retiring bride from vulgar curiosity than from pride, had engaged a coach to convey them to the church, and Lucy had just finally arranged her attire, when a vehicle drove up to the door. Ere she stepped forth to enter it, she turned to imprint a kiss of affection on the cheek of that beloved parent who was now about to yield her up to the protection of another, and as she did so, a scuffle in the passage attracted her attention, and caused a dread of she knew not what to so far overcome her, that she sunk almost fainting into her mother's arms.

'What means this tumult?' cried Walter, darting towards the door, which George had opened; but his anger was exchanged for alarm, when he beheld the young man within the firm grasp of two sturdy fellows, who were evidently officers of justice.

'George Weldon is our prisoner,' exclaimed one of them, addressing the inquirer; 'and we have a warrant to search this house.'

'What can this mean?' interrogated Walter, looking earnestly in the countenance of his intended brother-in-law. 'What can you have done to subject yourself to this outrage?'

George did not reply.

'He has only made himself expert at counterfeiting people's signatures,' returned the officer with a laugh.

'Can this be true?' exclaimed Walter in breathless agitation, and the mysterious transaction which had so nearly caused the loss of his own character arose to his recollection as he spoke. George still maintained a dogged silence. The wedding party had by this time congregated at the parlour door, and their appearance denoting the ceremony which was about to have taken place, the men, supposing their prisoner to be the intended bridegroom, rudely commented on the change of scene which had occurred. Intreating them, for the sake of the females, to spare their taunts, Walter now hastened to the terrified Lucy, and endeavoured to dissipate her fears. Mrs Weldon could not believe that her son had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, and in piteous accents begged of her intended son-in-law to accompany him, and do his utmost to save him from the ignominy of being imprisoned. 'If George can prove his innocence, he has nothing to fear,' pleaded the young man; but a sad presentiment filled his own mind, though he strove to buoy up others with hope.

The house now underwent a thorough search, and within the covers of an old pocket-book, which was found in the chamber of the unhappy young man, a number of pieces of paper were discovered, upon which imitations of signatures had been made. Walter endeavoured to prevent this circumstance coming to Lucy's knowledge; but in vain; and so powerful was the shock her feelings sustained, that she was carried fainting from the scene of tumult to the house of their neighbour and friend Mr. Jones. The grief of the mother was not less intense; already had she been a severe sufferer from the misconduct of others. Her married life had been a daily martyrdom, yet never had she endured anything so poignant as the present calamity. On Lucy's return to consciousness, she saw the necessity there was for the exercise of firmness on her part, that she might become her parent's comforter; and whilst disrobing herself of her bridal habiliments, and setting aside the few things which served to remind them of the happiness they had that morning anticipated, her mind was busily occupied in endeavouring to form some plan whereby she might serve her still tenderly-beloved, though unworthy brother. Walter returned, without bringing any cheering intelligence. The delinquent had been put into close confinement, there to await his trial at the next sessions.

We will pass over the period of intense solicitude which preceded the trial, and the still more harrowing anxieties which attended that event. Suffice it to say, that every exertion which affection could suggest was made for George. His mother and sister sacrificed almost all the worldly wealth they possessed to provide able counsel, which succeeded so far as to procure some mitigation of the sentence; and fourteen years of banishment was awarded him. In the course of the examination, the fraudulent act committed against Mr Gratton became known; but that gentleman, being aware of the intended connexion between Walter Ormond and Lucy, generously forbore to appear against him for their sakes.

No language can describe the feelings of the wretched family when the sentence was passed, and all hope of acquittal was over. The lacerated heart of the mother could bear no more: she fell a victim to the intensity of her grief, leaving her afflicted and orphan child to the protection of the high-principled young man, whose love had been but further cemented by the disgrace and misery which had overwhelmed them. It was the dying woman's last request, that the marriage of the young people should take place as soon as her remains were consigned to the grave; and happy was it for the sorrow-stricken girl that she possessed one faithful friend in this hour of deep distress. Sad, however, were the feelings with which she laid aside, for one day only, the habiliments of mourning, and arrayed herself in that bridal dress which seemed destined to be worn in sorrow.

Such are the scenes of misery, such is the devastation, a career of vice too often produces. The guilty cannot suffer *alone;* for one wrong action may bring a train of evils upon the innocent, the extent of which it is impossible to compute.

There was one other gentle breast which had received a wound not less severe than that Lucy had experienced, though it bled in secret. Catherine Jones, the daughter of Mrs Weldon's aged friend, had from childhood regarded George with affection, having, with the wilful blindness of love, drawn a veil over the imperfections of his character. Though no engagement had ever existed between them, she had reason to believe that the attachment was reciprocal, and her young heart had fondly anticipated a future of happiness as his wife. How keen, therefore, was her disappointment when she discovered that his principles were corrupted! But even when he became an outcast and an exile, she withheld not her sympathy, but pleaded his youth, and the evil example of his father, as an apology for the crimes of which he had been guilty.

It was nearly fifteen years subsequent to the period of George Weldon's banishment, that a man in the meridian of life, but whose wasted form, wan aspect, and grizzled hair, bespoke premature decay, stood on the threshold of the house which had once been the abode of the Weldons, and in a tremulous voice inquired if that family still resided there. The young woman to whom the question was addressed, after replying somewhat discourteously in the negative, shut the door abruptly in his face, deeming his appearance too suspicious

to demand better treatment. George (for it was he) turned from the house which had been the home of his youth with a sickening heart, and bent his steps towards that which had been the residence of his mother's friend, Mr Jones, trusting that he should here at least be able to gain some information regarding his sister. The death of his parent had been communicated to him by letter, and he had also received intelligence of Lucy's marriage, but, from some unknown cause, the correspondence had not been carried on for the last six years. He was therefore fearful lest death might have robbed him of this last tie, and that Walter, desirous of dropping a connexion which had disgraced him, had purposely avoided further communication with him. To his unspeakable satisfaction, he found Mr Jones still in his old abode; but time, hardship, and mental suffering, had wrought so great a change in the person of the returned exile, that he was under the painful necessity of making himself known to his former friend.

'George Weldon! Is it possible?' the old man exclaimed, raising his hands and eyes as he spoke.

'Well may you not recognise me, sir; I am indeed altered,' cried the wanderer. 'But tell me, I beseech you, of my sister. Does she live?' The suppressed breath of the inquirer bespoke the intensity of interest he felt in the reply, and it called forth the commiseration of his aged companion, who deemed that the heart in which affection is unextinguished, cannot be wholly lost to virtue, however crime may have debased it.

'She does live, my friend,' Jones exclaimed, warmly grasping the hand of his guest as he spoke, 'and, I am happy to add, in improved circumstances. Her husband is now a partner in the house of business in which you left him a servant, and they consequently left the humble abode your mother occupied in this neighbourhood, for one more commodious, six or seven years ago.'

'Thank Heaven she lives!' ejaculated the brother in extreme agitation.

'And do you not rejoice in her prosperity?' Jones somewhat reproachfully asked.

'I do most fervently,' was the reply; 'but I cannot but feel that this circumstance will separate me more widely than ever from my only remaining relative—the only being I have now on earth to love. Walter Ormond, as the partner of Mr Gratton, must wish to avoid an outcast like me, and this accounts for the long silence which led me to believe my sister dead.'

'It does no such thing, boy. You do Lucy injustice by the supposition. I promise you as hearty a greeting in their handsome new house at Peckham, as if you had found them still living in a back street at Lambeth, like their old friend Jones, for they have mourned *you* as dead, not having heard from you so long.'

'You afford me unspeakable happiness by that assurance, sir,' George exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears he vainly endeavoured to repress. 'But Lucy ever was an angel, and if her example had influenced me as it ought to have done, I never should have been the wretch I am.'

'Well, we will hope that you will do all you can to redeem past offences by your future good conduct,' Jones soothingly interposed.

'Alas!' replied the culprit, 'I have, I feel, returned to my native land to *die*. But if I am permitted to breathe my last near to my sweet sister, it is more than I deserve.'

The old man gazed mournfully on the wasted form before him, and felt that the prophecy would but too probably be accomplished. Although on the verge of eighty, his own form was still hale and vigorous, and he grieved over the premature decay of one who might, he thought, have numbered as many years, had he not become amenable to his country's laws.

'You are too weak, and too much excited, to bear a meeting with your sister at present,' he kindly said; 'but you shall, if agreeable to you, stay the night with me, and I will to-morrow break the intelligence of your arrival to your relatives.'

George thankfully accepted of the hospitable and considerate offer. But a further trial awaited him: he must meet the eye of Catherine, who, her father (unsuspicious of their former attachment) informed him, was still unmarried, devoting the meridian of her days, as she had done her youth, to his comfort and happiness.

'May I ask that you will spare me, by not making my name known to your daughter?' George asked with extreme agitation, which did not escape the notice of his host. Jones promised compliance. But the caution was unavailing; for no sooner did Catherine, who had been absent for a few hours, re-enter the room, than she recognised her early lover. Changed and haggard as he was, his lineaments were too deeply graven on her heart to be erased by time. The romance of youth had, however, given place to the more prudent decisions of maturer years in the breast of the ever amiable and loving, but now firm-minded woman, and, after a brief struggle with her feelings, she was enabled to greet him without the appearance of emotion. The feelings of the conscience-stricken exile were not so easily controlled. The sight of one he had once tenderly loved awakened a thousand reminiscences of a painful nature, and he gladly availed himself of his kind host's invitation, to retire early, that he might, as he said, recruit his strength, and be better prepared for the meeting with his family on the morrow.

They met—the long-banished brother, stained by crime, and branded with ignominy, and the fond, affectionate sister, whom no changes, nor even crimes, could alienate; and the now humbled soul of the outcast poured forth its penitence on that faithful bosom. Time, which had reduced the once fine athletic form of George Weldon to a mere shadow, had wrought no other alteration in Lucy, than that it had ripened her girlish charms into matronly beauty. There was still the same sweet, but somewhat sad expression on her placid countenance; for her present prosperity could not wholly obliterate the remembrance of her early griefs.

The home in which George now found his sister presiding, was, unlike that of her girlhood, the abode of peace and plenty. It was furnished with everything that could contribute to comfort, although nothing superfluous was to be found there. The exile was welcomed with a cordiality on Walter's part, and a tenderness on Lucy's, which he had not dared to hope or expect, but which met with a return of the most lively gratitude. When it was rumoured in the neighbourhood that a brother of Mrs Ormond's had come from abroad, and was staying at her house, in the hope of recruiting his health, it was little imagined that he was the George Weldon who, fifteen years previously, had been arraigned at the bar of justice, and condemned as a felon: but notwithstanding that this circumstance was concealed from the world, the culprit experienced that self-abasement which is the sure accompaniment of guilt. He could scarcely endure to meet the open countenance of his high-principled brother-in-law, conscious, as he could not but be, that Walter's good conduct alone had conducted him to his present competence, and that, having had even greater opportunities, he himself might have been equally prosperous had he pursued a similar course. But for the disgrace and trouble he had brought upon his family, his tender mother might, he thought, be now witnessing the happiness of her deservedly-beloved child: but for his deviation from the path of probity, he might have been the support of her declining years, instead of having been the cause of her death. All these recollections and self-upbraidings, together with his keen sense of shame, operated powerfully upon his naturally sensitive mind, and tended to strengthen a disease which years of toil, privation, and suffering, had brought on. It was his own prophecy, that he had returned to die in his native land; and it proved true. Neither affection nor skill could arrest the progress of the malady, and, after lingering for some months a helpless and hopeless invalid, he breathed his last on the bosom of that

faithful sister whose affection he had so fully tested, and to whom he had been, through life, little else but a source of unhappiness.

Thus perished George Weldon in the meridian of his days, the victim of evil example and his own vices. His dying hours were, however, marked by sincere repentance. Reader, this tale is not wholly fictitious; the crimes and the sad end of its hero are sketched from life, and are here related to hold forth a lesson of warning.

POPULAR NAMES.

THE CARMAGNOLE.

The Carmagnole was the name of a song and dance which became popular during the terrible days of the French Revolution. Expressive of a quick step, lively and animating, the air was a prodigious favourite with the Parisian mobs of that time, who used to call for it from military bands and the orchestras of theatres, and join in dancing to it, singing at the same time the doggrel verses which had been composed for it—some of which are here translated. They evidently bear reference to the first triumphs over the royal family and their friends in August and September 1792 (Monsieur Veto was a nickname for Louis XVI.):—

Madame Veto declared that she
Would slaughter send through all Paris:
She lost, as it appears,
Thanks to our cannoneers,
Let us dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Monsieur Veto did vow that he
Would to his country faithful be:
How has he kept his word?
No quarter—now the sword!
Let us dance, &c.

Antoinette resolved, good lack!
To make us fall upon our back:
She missed; and as we rose,
She got a broken nose.
Let us dance, &c.

* * *

I'm a *sans-culotte*, and sing,
Spite the council and the king:
Hurra Marseilles—the cause,
The Bretons, and the laws.
Let us dance, &c.

We'll remember long and sure
The *sans-culottes* of the *faubourg*:
Drink we merrily,
Dogs of liberty.
Let us dance, &c.

The singing and dancing of the Carmagnole became the signal of ferocious assaults on authority, and the expression of savage rejoicings over it. On any occasion of excitement on the streets, round the scaffold, even within the walls of the Convention, troops of sans-culottes would be seen circling round with beating feet to this tune, with faces full of dreadful meaning. The very prisoners whom suspicion condemned to the risk of a horrible death, no one could say how soon, would cheer themselves with the Carmagnole. '*Dansons le Carmagnole!*' were amongst the most familiar words known in Paris during at least a couple of years. Fashion appropriated the word, and applied it to a peculiar form of *blouse*, with wide sleeves, worn by the revolutionists, and all those who wished to make a show of their patriotism. Barrère, and some other members of the Convention, also gave the name of Carmagnoles to the measures passed by that body, and to some of the orations delivered from the parliamentary tribune in fanatical phraseology, having reference to the *veto* or opposition of the government, or to the victories of the army. The song and the new-fashioned garment both disappeared with the Reign of Terror.

Our readers may be curious to learn the history of a word so celebrated. Not far from the right bank of the Po, near the city of Turin, there lived, in the year 1405, a youth, aged fifteen, who had earned a good character as keeper of sheep on the farm where he was employed. No prowling wolf, driven by hunger from the hills, or roving man-at-arms, whose trade was war and rapine, had ever been able to elude his watchfulness. They had sometimes, it is true, set his courage at defiance, but with a result that made them repent of their temerity, until at last he was known throughout the country as 'the bold shepherd, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone.'

During the time that Francesco was thus tending sheep, war broke out in Italy; a war of parties; and so eager was the struggle for supremacy, that the highways were infested by bands of *condottieri*, troops who hired themselves to the best paymaster, or to the chieftain most ready to accord them sack and pillage in the cities taken by storm. Facino Cane was one of those partisan leaders, who fought indifferently for Venice or Genoa, Milan or Turin, careless whether their banner bore the evangelical lion of St Mark, or the silver cross of Sardinia. At that time no person below the rank of a noble could rise to the command of regular troops; but to be a leader in the companies of Facino Cane, the only qualifications required were a wholesome contempt of danger, and such skill in strategy as might deceive an enemy or decide a victory.

Francesco was sleeping by the roadside on one of those evenings when, in Italy, the declining sun paints the sky in golden splendour, and the fleecy clouds glow with hues as of some far-off conflagration. A man passing by stopped, and commanded the young shepherd to rise; whereupon Francesco opened his eyes and rose to his feet. The stranger regarded him with a scrutinising eye, and said musingly, 'There is a man's stature.' 'And a man's heart,' rejoined Francesco, raising his arm to strike the intruder, who had roused him so unceremoniously. 'I am Facino Cane,' replied the connoisseur of bone and muscle; on hearing which the arm of the shepherd remained suspended for an instant, and then fell unnerved to his side. 'Yes, Facino Cane, who has risen from the ranks in the troops of Visconti, and made himself prince of Tortone and Verceil, because the world belongs to men of heart.' 'In that case,' answered Francesco, 'I have to demand my portion of inheritance from Italy.' 'Here is the key of your ducal castle,' added Facino, buckling a heavy sword to the young man's side, whose eyes sparkled as he followed the soldier-prince in his journeys over the country, recruiting his army with all those who, to the stature of a man, added the desire for military honours.

In 1424, the marriage of the Count of Castel Nuovo with Antoinette Visconti, niece of Philippe Marie, Duke of Milan, was celebrated in the capital of the duchy. The palace *del Broletto*, built for the newly wedded pair, resounded with festive songs; while the blazonry of escutcheons, hanging on the wainscotted walls of the hall of state, showed with what proud titles the sovereign duke honoured a subject in his royal alliance. One commemorated the taking of Placenza, another the surrender of Brescia, a third the siege of Bergami; on the other side the guests might read, Milan reconquered, and the reunion of Genoa to the ducal crown; while in the centre of a trophy rose, straight and glittering, the great sword given by Facino Cane to the shepherd Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, become successively captain and general, under the name of Carmagnole; and afterwards, by the marriage now spoken of, count and nephew of the Duke of Milan.

Not long after, a man accused of having excited the enthusiasm of his soldiers, of having won the love of conquered people by his moderation in the hour of victory, and of having, in short, injured his master by his high position in the esteem and admiration of foreigners, was seen slowly following the road to Venice. He left behind him the immense wealth he had won, confiscated by the unjust avarice of his sovereign; and without knowing where to find a shelter, he carried nothing but the great sword of Facino Cane, and the ineffaceable glory associated with his name. It is said

that one evening, overcome with fatigue, he knocked at the door of a mean cottage, and being without the means of paying for a lodging, he ventured to mention a name proscribed by the law in support of his request for a shelter beneath the humble roof. The whole family fell at the feet of the great general. The women offered their tenderest cares, the men volunteered unlimited service, and a little child was named Felix Glorioso (Happy and Glorious) on the spot, from having touched, in his play, the hilt of the sword of Carmagnole.

In 1430, there was at Venice a general of fortune, whom princes even, in the service of the republic, considered it an honour to obey. Having escaped the dagger of an assassin, sent by Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, to acquit a debt of gratitude by a murder, the new Venetian general received from the hands of the doge, before the altar of St Mark, the standard and baton of commander, which assured to him the supreme authority over the armies and territory of Venice. This man, loaded with honours and riches, who extended every day the limits of the republic, and consolidated her power, was again Carmagnole.

The 5th of June 1432, the ministers of justice led a man bound and gagged between the two columns of the Piazetta of Venice. An assistant forced his head down upon the block which stood prepared, and the executioner, with one blow, struck off the head of the sufferer, already half dead with grief and torture. The crime publicly brought against him, was that of having permitted four hundred prisoners of war to return to the cultivation of their fields. The secret accusation was, however, having merited the confidence of the senate, without leaving any room to suspect his fidelity to the republic; and as his influence over the army could not be diminished without failing in the recompense due to him, he was made the victim of an unjust trial, under the impression that there was less of ingratitude in taking his life, than in the exhibition of distrust after all the services he had rendered.

Is it necessary to add that this man, whom tyranny doomed to a traitor's death, but whose whole life had been that of a hero, was the Sardinian shepherd boy, the companion of Facino Cane, the saviour of Duke Philippe Marie of Milan, the protector of Venice; in one word, Francesco Bartolomeo Bussone, surnamed Carmagnole?

It was originally to celebrate this popular hero that the song and dance of the Carmagnole took their rise in Piedmont in the fifteenth century. Strange with what different associations the name was to be afterwards invested.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have been much interested in the autobiography of Frederick Douglass, a person of colour, lately a slave in the United States, and now a lecturer in the cause of abolition.* The account he gives of his early life, and the condition from which he was able to relieve himself, bears all the appearance of truth, and must, we conceive, help considerably to disseminate correct ideas respecting slavery and its attendant evils. Some of the passages present a dismal picture of what is endured by the negro race in the slave-holding states of the union.

Douglass was born on a plantation in Talbot county, Maryland, about the year 1808, his mother being a negro slave, and his father a white man—the proprietor of the estate, he has reason to believe. Soon after his birth he was placed under the charge of a negress too old for field labour, and his mother was hired out to a planter at twelve miles' distance. He then only saw her occasionally at night, when she could steal away to visit him for a brief space, in order to be back before sunrise, whipping being the penalty of any such unauthorised absence. The strength of the maternal feelings may be judged of from the fact of these visits to see her child. She would lie down and clasp him to her bosom for an hour or two, and then depart long ere daybreak to renew her labour in the fields. The poor woman died when her boy was seven years old, and it was long before he knew anything about it.

On the plantation of his uncompromising proprietor, the young slave passed the first years of his life. The principal products raised were tobacco, maize, and wheat, the labour of cultivating which was performed by bands of negroes under overseers, who strictly enforced every regulation with the whip. Having been put to attend on one of his master's sons, young Frederick escaped the more severe labour of the fields, and he had the satisfaction of being seldom whipped; but he tells us that he suffered much from hunger, cold, and other miseries. In hottest summer and coldest winter he was kept almost naked; no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers—nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to the knees. Neither had he any bed; he lay on an earthen floor, on a sack or any other article he could conveniently secure. Along with the negro children, his companions, he fed at a trough placed on the ground; at these meals of boiled corn-meal, some used oyster-shells, others pieces of shingle, and some only their hands, in place of spoons; and he that ate fastest got most—the whole affair being like a scramble of monkeys.

When between seven and eight years of age, our hero was selected to act as a servant to a daughter of his master, who was married to a Captain Thomas Auld in Baltimore. This was a joyous rise in his condition. Being duly washed and scrubbed, he was installed for the first time in a pair of trousers, and felt himself already a new man. At Baltimore he was treated with unlooked-for kindness, and his duty was so far from being irksome, that it consisted only in taking care of his new master's son, little Thomas Auld. Mrs Auld did not entertain the usual notions respecting slavery, and was disposed to lighten the condition of the dark-skinned boy—she even began to teach him to read.

'Very soon after I went to live with Mr and Mrs Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A B C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, "If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would *spoil* the best nigger in the world. Now," said he, "if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy." These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—namely, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher,

* Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave, written by himself. Dublin: Webb and Chapman. 1845.

I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read.'

Inspired with this ardent wish, young Frederick took every opportunity to learn not only to read, but to write; and only succeeded by dint of many stratagems and much patience. 'The plan which I adopted (says he), and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent on errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome—for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in the neighbourhood. This bread I used to bestow on the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids; not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them, for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country!'

Being now able to read, he had obtained a key by which he could open the treasures of knowledge hidden to the poor unlettered negro population. But the gift of learning brought with it depressing considerations. The thought of being a slave for life bore heavily on his heart; and while yet only twelve years of age, he began to inquire of himself how it should be the fate of some men to be slaves and others freemen. This very puzzling question was at length cleared up by his perusal of a book entitled 'The Columbian Orator,' which he chanced to get hold of. At every opportunity he read this book, in which, says he, 'I found among much interesting matter, a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue exhibited the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect, for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master. In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold that very discontentment which master had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish.'

While in this state of mind, he heard something of the abolition movement in the northern states. 'I went one day down to the wharf; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went unasked and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, 'Are you a slave for life?' I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away.'

Meanwhile he learned to write, beginning by imitating the letters chalked on the timber in a ship-building yard. 'After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, 'I don't believe you. Let me see you try it.' I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and asked him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time my copy-book was the board-fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the italics in Webster's Spelling-Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time my little master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbours, and then laid aside. By copying these, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.'

After various turns in his condition, he was, by the death of his owner in 1832, transferred to Mr Thomas Auld at St Michael's, where he was exposed to much harsh treatment. This new proprietor affected to be more than usually devout; but this, to the surprise of Frederick, neither made him more humane to his slaves, nor led him to emancipate them. 'Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preachers' home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them.'

Neither the religious nor the intellectual culture of the slaves on the establishment troubled this set of worthies; they in fact set their faces against any improvement in the condition of these unfortunate beings. A young man having collected the negroes together on the Sunday evenings to teach them to read the New Testament, the school was broken up by an irruption of the leaders of the class-meetings, armed with sticks and other missiles. 'I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture—"He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning and

whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner-time, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash.'

Frederick did not please his master, who alleged he had been spoiled by a city life; and, to bring him in as a good field hand, he was transferred for a term to Mr Covey, a great professor of religion, and a person reputed for his abilities as a 'nigger breaker.' He had been at this new home only a week, when he committed the unpardonable crime of allowing a team of oxen with a dray to break away from him in the woods. Catching the animals after several hours' toil, and returning home, he tells Mr Covey what had happened. 'He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocket-knife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order. I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences. I lived with Mr Covey one year. During the first six months of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and ploughing teams. Mr Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us; and at saving fodder-time, midnight often caught us in the field binding blades. Made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, Mr Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died, the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute! Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping and waking under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint gleam of hope that flickered for a moment and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality.'

We must pass over some distressing details which follow, and take up the narrative of our hero in January 1834, on his removal from Mr Covey to the establishment of Mr William Freeland, a person of a more generous disposition, and without any pretensions on the score of religion. 'This, in my opinion (says Frederick), was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes, a justifier of the most appalling barbarities, a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds, and a dark shelter under which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly of all others.' Of course, in making these observations, our author wishes to guard his readers against the notion that true piety is an enemy of freedom and justice; he only means to show how religion is employed as a cloak for every iniquity in the southern states of the union.

Freeland was a humane master, and at the end of the year 1834, Frederick had the satisfaction of being hired by him from his proprietor for one year longer. This permitted him to devote some little leisure time to the cultivation of his mind, and the instruction of the negroes with whom he lived. Along with two of these he contrived a plan of escape, to be aided by passes, which he had the ability to write. The runaways were, however, taken; and after confinement in jail, our hero, very much downcast, was sent to labour in a shipbuilder's yard in Baltimore. Here he was shockingly abused by the white workmen, and on one occasion was so much beaten that he had to be removed; and after this, for some time, he was permitted to hire himself out, on the condition that all he made by his labour should be paid over weekly to his owner. 'In the early part of the year 1838 I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, "Is this all?" He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received anything, for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honourable sort of robber.' Discontent at this as well as every other mode of coercion, at length, in September 1838, induced Frederick to attempt once more his escape, in which if he failed, he might reckon on the severest punishment, besides being placed effectually beyond the means of any fresh effort at freedom. Fortunately he laid his plans so well that he succeeded in reaching New York without interruption. The more effectually to escape detection, he changed his name. Hitherto he had borne his mother's name Bailey, which he changed to Johnson on leaving Baltimore; and this he afterwards dropped, to take that of Douglass. At New York he was joined by a young woman from Baltimore, to whom he was united in marriage. The newly-married pair, not thinking themselves safe in this great city, went to New Bedford, a sea-port in Massachusetts. Here the extent of shipping and proofs of wealth astonished him. 'Added to this, almost everybody seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore. There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships. I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the labourer. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharfs I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland.'

On the third day after his arrival he procured employment on the wharfs, there being no work too hard or too dirty which he did not gladly undertake. 'I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry the hod, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks, all of which I did for nearly three years in New Bedford before I became known to the anti-slavery world.' Having accidentally been led to speak of slavery at a meeting of abolitionists, he seemed to have at length alighted on his proper vocation; and from that time until now he has been engaged in publicly pleading the cause of his unfortunate brethren.

On his quitting America for Europe, a meeting of per-

sons friendly to emancipation took place at Lynn, Massachusetts, where he had resided for the last two years, and unanimously passed the following resolution in his favour:—'That we are especially desirous that Frederick Douglass, who came to this town a fugitive from slavery, should bear with him to the shores of the old world our unanimous testimony to the fidelity with which he has sustained the various relations of life, and to the deep respect with which he is now regarded by every friend of liberty throughout our borders.' Mr Douglass is now we believe in Great Britain, lecturing on the subject of slavery, and we should suppose few could be more capable of depicting the horrors of that great national iniquity.

ASCENT OF THE WETTERHORN.

The Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests, in the canton of Berne, is one of those lofty seats of perennial snow which used to be considered as defying the foot of man to approach their summits. A few years ago, the Jungfrau, one of these peaks, was ascended by a party, including our countryman, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh. More recently, three Swiss naturalists surmounted the Shreckhorn, or Peak of Terror, leaving a flag flying on the summit, to the wonder of chamois-hunters and guides. Since then—in the summer of the past year—a young English gentleman, named Speer, accomplished the ascent of the Wetterhorn, which, like the Shreckhorn, had been deemed utterly inaccessible. And this was the more remarkable as an enterprise, that it was performed fully a month earlier in the season than any other of the great ascents of the same character. Under the sanction of Mr Speer, we here abridge a narrative of his adventure, which he drew up immediately after its conclusion, and which has already appeared in a periodical work of more limited circulation than the present.

Having first reached the Grimsel, a height of 6570 feet, on the southern slope of the great chain of the Bernese Alps, 'a conversation,' says Mr Speer, 'was held between the host (a hardy old mountaineer), myself, and three of the guides, as to the proceedings to be adopted, and also as regarded the probable result of the undertaking. This terminated satisfactorily. Two of the boldest, J. Jaun and Caspar Alphamalph, volunteered to accompany me, and as both one and the other had trodden the summit of the Jungfrau, I instantly placed all confidence in them; and leaving them in company with my former guide to prepare for our expedition, I retired early, knowing that the ensuing night would necessarily be spent on the glacier of the Aar—a locality not very favourable to repose. The morning broke without a cloud, and I found the three mountaineers fully equipped with hatchets, ropes, crampons, long poles shod with iron, blue veils, &c. not forgetting provisions for two days, and the flag which we fondly hoped should bear testimony of the forthcoming exploit. On leaving the Grimsel, our course lay among fallen rocks, up a desolate valley, bounded on the left by the Leidelhorn, and on the right by the Juchliberg and the Bruniberg. This valley (situated about 7000 feet above the Mediterranean) appeared gradually to enlarge, and we perceived its further extremity to be closed from side to side by a wall of dingy-looking ice, rising vertically between two and three hundred feet in height: this was the termination of the glacier of the Aar. Having attained the summit of this wall, by scaling the rocks on its border, we perceived the vast glacier of the Aar itself spread out before us for many miles, and surrounded by the gigantic peaks of the Finsteraarhorn, Shreckhorn, Oberaarhorn, Vischerhorner, and Lauteraarhorn, the former rising to the height of 14,000 feet; the remainder ranging between 11,000 and 13,000 feet above sea-level. Following the course of the terminal moraine, we reached the pure unsullied surface of the glacier itself, which we now found thickly spread with crevasses, all running parallel with each other: the majority of these being filled with snow, considerable caution was necessary in sounding them with the poles, previous to trusting the body to so frail and deceptive a support. Proceeding thus along the centre of the glacier for three hours, we arrived opposite the little hut constructed for M. Agassiz, in order to enable him to carry out more fully his experiments on the increase and advance of the glaciers. Situated fully 300 feet above the level of the ice, it is in a great measure sheltered from the fall of avalanches and from the effects of those hurricanes and snow-storms to which these elevated regions are so liable. The sun was now gradually declining, the innumerable ice-bound peaks and glaciers being lit up by its last rays, until the whole chain presented the appearance of burnished gold. This magnificent spectacle suddenly ceased, and every object resumed its ghastly bluish tinge, as the shades of night shut them out from our view, merely leaving the white outline of the nearer peaks discernible.

'We now attempted to obtain a few hours' sleep, after taking every possible precaution to guard against the severe cold: in this latter we partially succeeded. Sleep, however, was tardy in its approaches, the novelty of the situation being too exciting. Towards midnight several vast avalanches fell, with the roar of the loudest thunder, on the opposite side of the glacier. This was quite sufficient to banish all drowsy sensations; we were soon, therefore, on foot, preparing in earnest for the anticipated seventeen hours of successive climbing over snow and glacier. The first point to be accomplished was the descent to the surface of the glacier, into the recesses of which (owing to its disrupted condition) we found it necessary to penetrate, finding ourselves at the bottom of a well, round three sides of which walls of ice rose almost vertically. Up these walls it was necessary to ascend, in order to effect our exit from our cold dismal prison. Jaun, our *guide chef*, commenced cutting out steps in the ice, and in a short time we all emerged from our retreat, and stood safely on the glacier of the Lauteraar, at its junction with that of the Finsteraar. The former descends from the Shreckhorn and Col de Lauteraar; the latter from the Finsteraarhorn and its attendant peaks.

'Our course was now directed across the glacier towards the Abschwung, along the base of which we cautiously proceeded, the ice at this early period being dangerously slippery. The doubtful crevasses were sounded, and the yawning ones avoided as far as possible. These at length (on our attaining an elevation of 9000 feet) ceased in a great degree, and the surface of the glacier appeared covered for miles in extent with a thick coat of unsullied and unbroken snow; whilst in front of us, and fully three hours' march distant, rose the Col de Lauteraar, 10,000 feet in height, hitherto considered impracticable. Its brilliant white crest being cut out in the strongest relief against the deep blue sky, tempted us into the belief that it was close at hand: we soon, however, became aware of our inability to calculate distances in regions where the vast size of the surrounding objects, combined with the peculiar light reflected from the snow and glaciers, baffle any such attempt. For hours we continued surmounting long slopes of snow, sinking at every step half-way to the knee; and as yet no visible decrease of distance appeared. At length we reached the first range of those great crevasses usually found at the foot of the steepest ascents: among these it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution: the whole party were lashed together, and we threaded our way through this labyrinth of blue and ghastly abysses to the very foot of the redoubted Col de Lauteraar, which now rose quasi-perpendicularly far above our heads for many hundreds of feet, whilst on its ridge we perceived a mass of overhanging snow, which, from its threatening aspect, caused us great uneasiness; in fact, a more formidable or apparently inaccessible barrier could scarcely be witnessed. It was, nevertheless, necessary to surmount it, and the question now was, how is it to be done? At our feet lay a large crevasse, on the opposite side of which the wall of snow rose immediately, not leaving the smallest space on which to place the foot. Our head guide, however, nothing daunted, by means of his long alpenstock succeeded in excavating a hole in the snow, into which we might jump without much danger of falling into the yawning gulf below: he first crossed, and extending his baton to assist the next comer, I seized the

friendly aid, and jumped. The snow, however, gave way, and I remained suspended over the abyss, grasping with all my strength the extended pole: from this perilous position I was instantly rescued; and the rest of the guides having crossed in safety, we found ourselves clinging to the wall of snow which constitutes the southern aspect of the Col.

'The ascent now commenced in earnest, the first guide having been relieved by the second in command, who (hatchet in hand) assiduously dashed holes in the snow in which to place the hands and feet. The steepness of the Col being such, that the necessary inclination of the body forwards, which all ascents require, brought the chest and face in close contact with the snow, the excessive brilliancy of which, notwithstanding our blue glasses and veils, proved singularly annoying. In this critical position, our progress upwards was of necessity very slow, the advance of the foot from one step to the succeeding one being a matter of careful consideration, as a slip, the least inclination backwards, or even giddiness, must inevitably have proved fatal to one or other of the party. Thanks, however, to the efforts of the hardy mountaineers, the summit of the Col was at length attained, five hours after our departure from the night encampment. For some time previous, our sphere of vision had necessarily been limited by the interposition of the Col de Lauteraar; its crest, however, being attained, we beheld a great portion of Switzerland stretched out like a map far below, whilst on either side rose the summits of those gigantic barriers which bound the valley of Grindelwald. On the left the great and little Shreckhorn and the Mettenberg, and on the right the object of our ambition, the three peaks of the Wetterhorner, the Wetterhorn, the Mittalhorn, and Rosenhorn: below us lay the fields of snow which descend from these summits, and crown the superior glacier of Grindelwald.

'It was now deemed necessary to descend a portion of the opposite side of the Col we had just surmounted, previous to arriving at the foot of the great peak, which appeared to rise in close proximity to the height of 2150 feet above the plateau of snow on which we stood, and which in itself attained an elevation of 10,000 feet. We now began our descent, which, although not so steep as our previous ascent, was perhaps more terrifying, the precipices of ice and snow, together with the wide crevasses thickly spread at their feet, being constantly before the eyes. Great stress being laid on the ropes and hatchets, this descent was in turn safely accomplished, and we again began to ascend slope after slope of snow (at times threading our way with much difficulty among the gaping crevasses, all of which presented the appearance of the deepest azure), our course being directed towards the base of the superb central peak known as the Mittalhorn, which now towered above our heads; apparently a huge pyramid of the purest ice and snow. To me it appeared so impossible to scale it, that I ventured to inquire of the guides whether they expected to attain the summit; to this they replied, that they assuredly did so. I therefore held my peace, thinking myself in right good company, and the south-western aspect of the peak being deemed, to all appearance, the most practicable, we began the arduous task of scaling this virgin mountain. The ascent in itself strongly resembled that of the Col de Lauteraar described above: its duration, however, being longer, and the coating of ice and snow being likewise more dense, the steps hewn out with the hatchet required to be enlarged with the feet preparatory to changing our position. In this singular manner we slowly ascended, digging the left hand into the hole above our heads, left by the hatchet of the advancing guide, and gradually drawing up the foot into the next aperture; the body reclining full length on the snow between each succeeding step. In this truly delectable situation our eyes were every moment greeted with the view of the vast precipices of ice stretching above and below; impressing constantly on our mind the idea that one false step might seal the fate of the whole party: connected as we were one to the other, such in fact might easily have been the case. We had now been three hours on the peak itself, and the guides confidently affirmed that in another hour (if no accident occurred) we should attain the summit: the banner was accordingly prepared, and after a few minutes' repose, taken by turning cautiously round, and placing our backs against the snow, we stretched upwards once more, the guides singing national songs, and the utmost gaiety pervading the whole party at the prospect of so successful a result. The brilliant white summit of the peak appeared just above us, and when within thirty or forty feet of its apex, the *guide chef*, considerately thinking that his employer would naturally wish to be the first to tread this unconquered summit, reversed the ropes, and placing me first in the line, directed me to take the hatchet and cautiously cut the few remaining steps necessary. These injunctions I obeyed to the best of my abilities, and at one o'clock precisely the red banner fluttered on the summit of the central peak of the Wetterhorn.

'We had thus, after three days' continual ascent from the level of the plain, attained a height of 12,154 feet. Up to this period our attention had been too much occupied in surmounting the opposing obstacles which lay in our route, to allow us to contemplate with attention the astonishing panorama which gradually unfolded itself. The summit being under our feet, we had ample leisure to examine the relative position of the surrounding peaks, the greater portion of which appeared to lie far beneath us. To the north we perceived the Faulhorn and the range of mountains skirting the lake of Brienz; behind these the passage of the Brunig, together with the lakes of Lungerne and Lucerne, on the banks of which rise the pyramids of the Righi and the Mont Pilate, the summits of which (the boast of so many tourists) appeared as mole-hills. Towards the east the eye wanders over an interminable extent of snow-clad summits, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon—a perfect ocean of mountains. Turning to the south, however, we there perceive the monarchs of these Bernese Alps rising side by side: the Rosenhorn and Berglistock raise their snow-clad crests in close proximity; separated from them by the Col de Lauteraar, we perceived the rugged Shreckhorn, aptly denominated the Peak of Terror; whilst the loftiest of the group, the Finsteraarhorn, appears peering among his companions. To the right of these two peaks the brilliant Vischerhorner next came into view, beyond which we discover the three celebrated sister summits of the Eiger, the Mounch, and the Jungfrau; the whole group exceeding the height of 12,000 feet. At the base of these gigantic masses lies the Wengern Alp, apparently a mere undulation; whilst far below, the outline of the village of Grindelwald may be faintly discerned, the river Lutchinen winding, like a silver thread, through the valley. On all sides of the peak on which we now stood (on the summit of which a dozen persons could scarcely assemble) we beheld vast glittering precipices; at the foot of these lie the plains of snow which contribute to the increase of the numerous glaciers, situated still lower; namely, to the left the superior glacier of Grindelwald and that of Lauteraar, to the right the glaciers of Gauli, of Reufen, and of Rosenlaui, out of which rose the peaks of the Wellhorn, the Tosenhorn, and Engelhorner.

'Many anxious looks were now cast in this direction; the guides having determined to reach Rosenlaui through this unexplored region. We had remained above twenty minutes on the summit, exposed to a violent wind and intense cold; although in the plain, on that day, the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at 93 degrees in the shade. The sudden appearance of a few fleecy clouds far below caused us some misgivings; we therefore (after firmly securing the flag-staff) commenced our descent on the opposite side of the peak to that by which we had ascended, in order to reach the plains of snow surmounting the great glacier of Rosenlaui. From the excessive steepness of this slope, and the absence of crevasses, it was deemed advisable to sit and slide down the snow, guiding our course with the poles. In this manner we descended with the greatest rapidity to the plateau. Here again great caution was required, many of the crevasses being covered with a slight coating of fresh snow, incapable of

sustaining the weight of the human body. After crossing this plateau, we arrived at the foot of the Tosenhorn. This is a lofty peak, situated at the junction of the glaciers of Rosenlaui and Reufen, which at this point become identified with the great slope of snow descending from the Wetterhorner. This region being a *terra incognita* like the preceding, our advance was slow and wavering; and on the descent of the Tosenhorn, the difficulties appeared rather to increase than diminish—the loose rocks and stones covering the southern aspect of the peak, receding continually from under the feet and falling in showers over the precipice; below which, at a fearful depth, we could discern the deep blue crevasses and bristling minarets of the glacier of Rosenlaui. Quitting the rocks, we again found ourselves on slopes of snow so vertical, that for a long period of time it was necessary to descend backwards, as if on a ladder, the hatchet being in full play. At the foot of one of these slopes the snow broke suddenly away, leaving a crevasse apparently about four yards in width, the opposite border of which was fully twenty feet lower than that on which we stood. This at first sight appeared insurmountable, the guides themselves being bewildered, and all giving advice in one breath. We were at this time clinging to the slope of snow, over the very verge of the blue gulf below. Jaun at length volunteered the hazardous experiment of clearing it at a bound: this he accordingly did, arriving safely on the inferior border. The ropes being detached, the remainder of the party mustered resolution, and desperation giving fresh courage, we all in turn came flying across the crevasse upon the smooth snow below. Our successful triumph over this alarming obstacle having greatly inspirited us, we prepared to cross a narrow slope of ice, on which our leader was diligently hacking a few steps. A sudden rumbling sound, however, arrested our attention; the rear guides drew the rest back with the ropes with violence, and the next moment an avalanche thundered down over the slope we had been preparing to cross, leaving the whole party petrified with horror at the narrowness of their escape. The clouds of fine snow in which we had been enveloped having subsided, we again descended, during three hours, a succession of steep walls of ice and snow, reaching the glacier of Rosenlaui at five o'clock P.M. The passage of this glacier resembles in every respect that of the far-famed Glacier de Bossons on the Mont Blanc, the crevasses being so numerous as to leave mere ridges of ice interposed between them; and these ridges being the only means of progress, the eye was constantly exposed to the view of the surrounding gulfs of ice which at every step appear ready to swallow up the unfortunate individual whose presence of mind should fail, whilst the pinnacles of ice rising overhead often totter upon their unsteady foundations. In our present fatigued condition, the passage of the glacier was indeed highly perilous. The extreme caution and courage of the guides fortunately prevented the occurrence of any serious accident, and at eight P.M. we bade a final adieu to those fields of snow and ice-bound peaks over which our course had been directed for seventeen consecutive hours. All danger was now past, and the excitement having ceased, the tedious descent over rocks and fallen pines became insufferably fatiguing. The baths of Rosenlaui were still far below at our feet, whilst the sombre hue of the pine forests, stretching down into the valley, formed a striking contrast to the uninterrupted glare of so many previous hours. Night was now gradually throwing its veil over the surrounding objects; the glimmering of lights soon became visible; and at nine P.M. we all arrived safely at the baths of Rosenlaui, where for several hours considerable excitement had prevailed—the flag fluttering on the summit of the peak having been discovered by means of a powerful telescope. Four small dots had likewise been noticed at an immense height on the otherwise unsullied snow, which dots having been likewise seen to change their position, the inhabitants of the valleys wisely concluded that another of their stupendous mountains was in a fair way of losing its former prestige of invincibility.

'On the following morning I took leave of the two intrepid chamois hunters, to whom on several occasions during the previous eventful day I had owed my preservation. I was shortly afterwards informed that these poor fellows, though so hardy, were confined by an illness arising from the severity of their late exploit. For myself, I escaped with the usual consequences of so long an exposure to the snow in these elevated regions; namely, the loss of the skin of the face, together with inflammation of the eyes, and, accompanied by my remaining guide, who was likewise in a very doleful condition, we recrossed the Great Shiedeck, arriving at Interlacken the 10th of July.'

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. II.

Stukely.—You have been in the north lately, I think: did you come or go by way of Edinburgh?

Gilaroo.—Yes; what of that?

Stuke.—Oh, only I wished to know if you chanced to see a particularly splendid edifice, in the old English style, getting up near Edinburgh—the finest building, I believe, now erecting in the United Kingdom; will cost, I am told, something like a hundred thousand pounds.

Gil.—Well, I think I do recollect something of the sort; some nobleman's residence, I suppose; a splendid situation it occupies, west of the town.

Stuke.—Quite right as to situation, but wrong as to its objects. Why, it is an hospital for educating and boarding poor children—a munificent endowment of an old printer named Donaldson, who died some twenty years ago. There are so few instances of such considerate benevolence, that one cannot but honour the memory of so good a man.

Gil.—Avast there, as Tom Pipes would say. Considerate benevolence with a vengeance! More likely a piece of vanity in the old gentleman. Does it not strike you that this practice of rearing poor children by the hundred in magnificent palaces, quite at variance with their prospects in life, is exceedingly absurd? If the wish were to rear monks, I could understand the principle of the thing; but why children who are to mix in the world should be taken from under their parents' direction and culture, and brought up in seclusion in large houses, where they have neither industrial exercises nor domestic training, and at best only get some book instruction, is past my comprehension.

Stuke.—You surprise me. I always thought these hospitals among our most admirable institutions. The benefits they confer by relieving parents in meagre circumstances from the great cost of educating children, are too well known for me to say anything about them.

Gil.—A mistake, my dear fellow—all a mistake. You are wandering in the dark ages of twenty years ago. Since that remote period, the world has got quite new lights on the subject of rearing and educating children; and, what you will think curious, they have gone back to nature for principles. It is now a settled point—that is, settled among all but the no-reading, no-thinking very respectable personages who go on dreaming of the past—that children can never be so well brought up as within the pale of the institution pointed out by nature—to wit, the family home, or at least in private educational establishments in which something like fireside training—the training of the affections—has a place.

Stuke.—Then what would you do with all the endowed hospitals for youth?

Gil.—Either turn them into day schools, or infuse into them the principles of an education which would develop the whole faculties and feelings of the pupils. Some might be advantageously abolished, and their funds devoted to general purposes of education.

Stuke.—You would not certainly meddle with hospitals for the aged and infirm?

Gil.—Not quite sure. I rather think that, in most instances, endowed almshouses, asylums, and all that kind of thing, are got up very much as monuments of posthumous vanity. However, that is neither here nor

there as to the main question. The worst feature of these institutions is, that the people who go into them must feel, to a certain extent, that they are pauperised —that they are objects of a bounty doled out in the eye of the public. Now, I would prefer sheltering them from this indignity. Instead of cramming a lot of old men and women into a big house, called an asylum, or into a row of small edifices, called almshouses, I would give each poor person an allowance of so much per annum to go and live where he liked. His pittance might be of consequence in providing a decent home in the house of a brother, sister, or other relative; or he might select a cheap place of residence in the country, visit his friends occasionally, and perhaps eke out his income by some trifling employment. Among the other advantages of this plan, there would be a saving of a house, also of salaries to governors, physicians, chaplains, domestics, door-keepers, and so forth. I see it mentioned in the newspapers, that the late Sir Gabriel Wood has bequeathed the princely sum of L.30,000, to be expended in the erection and maintenance of an hospital in Greenock for the reception of the aged, infirm, and disabled seamen of that port. This bequest will doubtless do much good; but it would do a great deal more if the cost of erecting and maintaining a fine mansion—perhaps an eight or ten thousand pound affair —were not to be abstracted from it.

Stuke.—You do take such queer notions.

Gil.—Perhaps so; I don't insist on my plan being the right one in all cases. There is no rule, you know, without exceptions; I would only have the subject reconsidered by those who think of leaving money for beneficent purposes. The subject indeed has another side: it may be a question whether bequeathed money ever does the good expected from it, leave it any way you like. Whereas, if men were to be liberal during their lives, instead of after death, they would not only make sure of doing good in a right direction, but reap all the pleasure of being benevolent. Is there not something melancholy in contemplating the death of the unfriended rich? Picture to yourself an old wealthy man, for whom no one entertains either respect or affection; see him reclining on his death-bed, with no single consolation but that of owning fifty thousand pounds. But what if it were fifty times fifty thousand? It can give no new lease of existence, allay no pain in his condition, purchase no real pleasure, ensure no happiness. Its possession is probably a trouble: how he should leave it is an annoyance. After pondering on all sorts of schemes, he fastens on the idea of endowing an hospital; and this becomes to him a kind of substantiality in his dreams; as he sinks unfriended to his rest, the vision of a building which shall rise a proud memorial of his charity floats in his dying brain. Well, at length the building is erected, but before the last stone of it is laid, the testator is a mass of clay, and nobody thanks him for his alms. He cheated himself with a fancy. 'Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?'

Stuke.—Very gloomy view of affairs I must confess; why, what would you be at?

Gil.—I only want to see people act with a little foresight, and do their duty while they may. Have you ever read Carlyle's Past and Present?

Stuke.—Yes—no: I have tried; but it is too mystic and high-flown for my poor faculties.

Gil.—Carlyle is seldom anything but mystic. It is *in* him, I suppose, and he cannot help it. Yet in his mysticism there are often gleams of strong original thought. I like originality. I like to see men think for themselves, and not go droning on upon the same set of tunes, like a barrel organ, generation after generation. Carlyle is one of these dashing original thinkers and writers. He tells his mind, and that I take to be a great point. He also tells people pretty freely as to their failings. One of his sayings struck me: it is 'that every man should *find his work, and do it.*'

Stuke.—I see nothing in that; everybody is bound to follow his calling.

Gil.—That's just what I expected you would say. Carlyle's meaning goes deeper than a man's professional labours. He implies that every one among us should cast about for some kind of work in which he can make himself useful to his fellow-creatures. One man has a gift for this, another has a gift for that; one can give much valuable assistance, for example, as to the getting up a useful class of schools, and another can be of material service in improving the health of towns. Sometimes the 'work' may consist in only giving a little countenance and advice; at other times it may depend on personal exertions; in another class of cases it may be necessary to expend some money; and at the very least it will consist in giving good wishes and no opposition towards schemes of general benefit, which the more enterprising are willing to undertake. The other day I heard of a case in point:—A gentleman and his wife, without family, and having a fortune equal to their wants and wishes, became tired of living in London, where they had little else to do but amuse themselves. Reflecting on how they could lead a life not only more useful, but more agreeable to their feelings, they resolved on removing to the west of Ireland—the last place which most people in their rank would have thought of. They removed thither accordingly, took a house in a poor village, and commenced a career of active benevolence. Not discouraged by accounts of others having failed to improve the condition and habits of the Irish peasantry, they set about a persevering course of social melioration. For one thing, they established a school for teaching girls sewing and household work; and it is amazing what good this in time effected. Formerly, the people in the village and neighbourhood had gone about in rags; the women seldom mended anything, and the cottages were dirty and wretched. Now, not a torn or ragged garment was to be seen; buttons were sewed on as soon as they fell off, and the clothing generally exhibited quite an altered appearance. The houses also were better kept; pigs were turned out of doors; and the firesides had for the first time an air of neatness and comfort. All this of course took some years of incessant labour; petty vexations had to be endured, and much opposition at first to be encountered. But a spirit of genuine practical benevolence overcame all difficulties, active and passive; and the gentleman and his lady had ultimately the gratification of seeing their schemes successful. What may be the degree of pleasure they derive from reflecting on the good they have done, I leave any one to judge. Can their permanent satisfaction of mind be for a moment compared to the fleeting pleasures of an idle fashionable existence—a mere fiddle-faddling in drawing-rooms? And yet thousands never venture a thought beyond enjoyments of this transitory kind. I would not, certainly, recommend all the world to rush away to Ireland, like the hero and heroine of my anecdote, although many might do worse. Persons willing to do good to their fellow-creatures may find plenty scenes of enterprise, plenty things to do at their own doors. And to do so, is what is implied by a man's *finding his work, and doing it.*

Stuke.—Well, if it be all that, I think there is plenty of it just now. Every one seems to be running after everything but what he has any express call to interfere with. And what a struggle people have to appear what they are not! I am sure many mistake their own dignity and importance in trying to play second fiddle to others, for they only get laughed at for their folly. Cobden, the other day, I observe, gave a smart rap over the knuckles to those who build their greatness on this false foundation. 'I know a case (said he) exactly in point. In Cheshire there is a young man, the son of a wealthy manufacturer, who is exceedingly fond of hounds and horses, of hunting and sporting, and whose greatest ambition it is to ape the manners and keep the company of the neighbouring squires. He is the darling of his mother, who encourages him in all his extravagant expenses, on the plea that he is such a credit to the family, and keeps such good society—to

say nothing of the five or six hunters which he keeps besides. Well, this young gentleman was lately riding along the road with a certain friend of mine, a nobleman, and a hunting squire. On coming to a turn of the road, he thought that he would be able to make a steeplechase ride across the fields, instead of going round; and when he was gone, my friend inquired who was the young fellow with such capital cattle; when the squire replied, "Oh, he's only one of them cotton chaps off the hills." Now, if any of the cotton lords of Preston have the same ambition as the Cheshire cotton chap, let them think of what was said of him behind his back. The squires, although just before they may have been drinking your wine, will say of you, "He's only a cotton chap from Preston." They wont know anything more about you. It is always a great mistake for a man to attempt to set up for what he is not. For what he is, he is something; but as a mere sham, he is nothing. A cotton-spinner is somebody while he sticks by his order; he has in that both rank and respectability. It is through such as he that Manchester has become a great and important town in the estimation of statesmen and in the eyes of the world; and that greatness was acquired only by the Manchester manufacturers setting up for themselves and forming an order of their own. It is to them that we owe the institutions and Athenæum which have made Manchester celebrated.' Now, I take this not to be a bad hit.

Gil.—Of course it is; and I would add, that the man who follows his profession, is precisely the person who can be of most use in helping others. You talk of people running about doing things out of the ordinary track. Though not fond of betting, I will take any odds that if you investigate this very curious matter, you will find that it is chiefly the very busy who are concerned in all the out-of-the-way pieces of duty. I have always remarked this. Those who have plenty of time, and plenty of means, seldom do anything. Who are those who act as magistrates, as members of hard-working committees, as bustlers about on all occasions when any good work is on hand? Not the men who have nothing to do; not those who find a difficulty in killing time; but persons who have already nearly every moment filled up—who have perhaps twenty to thirty letters to answer daily, and who habitually give close consideration to private business of the most important kind. I have seen so much of this, that when I want any one to lend assistance in some useful public duty, I never go to the idle and leisurely—I always seek out the man who has so much to do that he scarcely knows which hand to turn to.

Stuke.—That seems about as paradoxical as the art of putting a quart into a pint bottle. I am for every person minding number one. Charity begins at home.

Gil.—Yes, but does not end there. No doubt men may sometimes do harm by their meddling. We must always take judgment along with us, and act accordingly. I am disposed, for instance, to think that there is far too much fuss made about improving the condition of the working-classes, so called.

Stuke.—I am all amazement! You who have always spoken in such a friendly strain of the working-classes!

Gil.—It is because I am their friend that I say what I say. Although an advocate for every one helping in the general cause of humanity, not only as a matter of duty, but from the pleasure to be derived from doing good, I am equally an advocate for all making the very best effort to help themselves. Self-exertion and self-dependence are unquestionably our portion. Nature, in my opinion, never intended that all the thinking should be done by a few, and that all the rest of mankind should act as puppets under them. Every man has brains as well as hands, and to impose no labour on these brains is far from wise. This is, however, what claptrap writers on the working-classes seem inclined to do. Instead of recommending working-men to use their thinking faculties, to cultivate self-denial and self-respect, to make every reasonable effort to improve their means and opportunities, they appear to wish them to remain passive—work, but not think; for everything that can improve their condition is to be left to the contrivance of the parties charged with looking after and thinking for them. Don't you see that this is not exactly as it ought to be, and is in some measure contrary to common sense? I think I pay the working-classes a much higher compliment when I tell them they have as good brains amongst them as are to be found in any other department of society, and that they have only to cultivate and exercise these brains, and act in unison with others who are desirous of aiding them, in order to remedy all imperfections in their habits and condition.

Stuke.—For my part I don't see that anything keeps down the working-classes but their intemperance. Cure that, and they will be all right.

Gil.—Intemperance is only a symptom of a disease, not the disease itself; and it is of little use attacking symptoms. Yet this is what has lately been attempted in the laudable endeavour to put down intemperance among the humbler classes. The true plan of procedure would be, to reach the malady which prompts men to consume their earnings in liquor. What is this malady? Ignorance; and, along with that, want of self-respect. Until the working-classes are educated, and improved in their tone of manners, their habits, and their aspirations, we can have little expectation of seeing them abandon dram and beer drinking. Temperance societies must therefore in a great measure alter their proceedings. They must commence a crusade against popular ignorance; insist on the carrying out of broad plans of national education; advance measures of sanitary improvement; and encourage all amusements, literary and otherwise, of a harmless kind.

Stuke.—I saw a pamphlet the other day in which the writer—the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley, and apparently a well-meaning sort of man—pointed out how advantageous it would be for the working-classes to live in a species of clubs, forty to fifty families in so many apartments, all in one building: the saving of rent, and also by buying everything at wholesale prices, would, he says, be prodigious.

Gil.—I have no faith in these projects. They do not sufficiently take the failings and prepossessions of mankind into account. My belief is, that on human nature is stamped the principle of living in independent families. A husband, wife, and children, compose a community perfect in itself; and to seek happiness or prosperity by any other arrangement, is clearly against nature, and must necessarily fail. Some other time, I shall give you a little more of my mind on this momentous subject, if you will have patience to listen to me; meanwhile, as it is getting late, I must bid you good-by.

Stuke.—Good-by, Gilaroo, good-by. [*Gilaroo departs.*] A' queer fish that; I humour him in his newfangled notions.

THE POET'S VOCATION AND POWER.

It is not enough that the poet can gracefully dally with the flowers and the breezes by the wayside; that he can feel and make felt the glories of nature, and weave into his lays the beams of sun, and moon, and stars. These the genuine poet must and will recognise in all their beauty, and appropriate them as costly material in building the house of his fame. He will fashion them into a rainbow that shall span the weeping vale of earth, and make it radiant with the hues of heaven, even when darkest with storms. But this is not enough. Man is the grand work of nature, or rather of God; and it is in man, and his destinies and struggles, that the poet must find his noblest theme. The true vocation of the poet unquestionably is to animate the human race in its progress from barbarism towards virtue and greatness. He is appointed by Providence to arouse to generous exertion, and to console in distress. There is nothing so full of the elements of poetry as the fortunes, and aspirations, and achievements of the vast human family. Its endeavours to escape from the sensual into

the intellectual life; its errors, its failures, its sorrows, and its crimes, all are prolific of poetic and dramatic matter of the intensest interest. To guide and encourage humanity in its arduous but ever-onward career; to assist it to tread down despotism and oppression; to give effect to the tears and groans of the suffering; to trumpet abroad wrong in all its shapes; to whisper into the fainting soul the glorious hopes of a still higher existence—these are, and have ever been, the godlike tasks of the true poet, and therefore has he been styled a prophet and a priest. There never was an age in which the magnificent developments of human genius and intellectual energy, in which, too, the social position of society presented to the mind of the poet such stirring and magnificent themes, as the present. We have advanced, in Europe and America at least, out of the first periods of barbarism and semi-barbarism. Christianity has done a great work upon the earth in establishing as civil and as national principles the grand doctrines of human right, and in opening the general mind to the perception of the fact, that virtue, happiness, and immortality, go hand in hand. We have uttered our judgment against slavery, and war, and priestcraft, and have given deep and incurable wounds to those enemies of the earth's repose, if we have not been yet able utterly to remove them to their true place, amongst the monstrosities which are only matter of memory and of wonder. But we see daily in the mind not merely of private society, and of enlightened men in their writings, but in the mind of nations, and its expression through the press, that the leaven of peace and liberty is fast leavening the whole popular mass in most countries, and will ere long present glorious fruits. The energies which once manifested themselves in war, are now turned into the noble channels of moral investigation and scientific discovery. Steam, electricity, and chemistry, are from day to day luminously revolutionising all our modes of life and manner of thinking. By means of them 'many already run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge is increased.' But still there is a vast mountain of ignorance, of prejudices, and of crime and suffering to remove. The very light which is poured upon us only lays more bare to our astonishment the social evils that have long walked about in the darkness. We see the multitude thronged together in misery, and the few only 'faring sumptuously every day.' With growing knowledge we must have more equable comfort, and means of virtuous and intellectual enjoyment. From factories, and pits, and dense alleys, the weak and young cry out of oppressions that destroy body and soul, and they are the poets with the words of fire and feeling, at the head of preachers, literary and public men, who must be the great prophets of social sympathy, the heralds of justice, and Christian kindness between man and man, if they do not desert their heaven-appointed post. One true word from them goes like an electric flash through all the joints and sinews of society. It is on the great subject of human right and Christian love that they are only great to their possible extent. By this they seize at once on the whole world, and become famous in the same moment that they are the eternal benefactors of their fellow-men. It is not the particular evil which they strike at and destroy, which measures the limits of their benefaction. They propagate a spirit which goes on operating the same moral changes from age to age. By the single poem of 'The Shirt,' Hood acquired more fame than by all the previous labours of twenty years. He became in an instant the poet of the million, and instead of the smile which had illumined the face of jaded luxury at his puns, ten thousand blessings from the hearts of the wronged and afflicted rose up to Heaven on his behalf. What is it that has given to Burns and Ebenezer Elliot such a living place in the souls of the people? It is because, with all their love of nature, they had a still livelier love of man, and gave utterance to those great truths which became, as soon as uttered, the property, the language, and the watchwords of the million in their grand quest after liberty and knowledge.—*Eclectic Review for December.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The great alterations in mechanics, the application of chemistry to agriculture, and the unlimited powers of steam, seem to have opened to the people of Great Britain a new, and assuredly no unreal, field of view. Under forms from which the philosopher may turn away, as from empty symbols of material civilisation, the great ideas of an infinite extension of manly power and manly industry have been developed: with the exception of the superficial extent of this little island, every element of society is here in a state of rapid and endless growth. The population almost doubles itself in the course of a man's lifetime. The natural resources of the soil are continually increased by the application of science. What can always be achieved by power, can now be executed with certainty by means of the wonderful natural element which man renders subordinate to his service. In all directions, the walls of the world—the horizon of society—appear on the point of vanishing, and nobody can venture to fix a limit to the exertions or the acts of man in reference to his earthly existence on this planet.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

A HAPPY LIFE.

[SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1568—1639.]

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.

I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.—*Horne.*

RECREATIONS.

Let your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable, and lawful: the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and the liberality of their Maker.—*Steele.*

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VISIT TO A HAREM.

BY A LADY.

eriencing for two days the miseries attend- weather in the Black Sea, it was with feel- expressible satisfaction that we found our l floating along the smooth water at the he Danube. We had the tedium of a qua- ore us; but it did not extend to the Turkish river; and we accordingly went ashore at a ttle village, where the captain stopped for an e in provisions. We had, however, miscal- hospitality or rather toleration of these rural f Mahomet; for the moment we entered the ere followed by a growling crowd, full of fury t of a set of giaours, and in the end we had elves by flight from a shower of stones with y assailed us. Next morning, awaking at , we found our bark anchored in the har- idden, the principal town of Bulgaria, and government of the Pasha Eiredeen. A mes- the captain requested that I would come to act as interpreter.

ot long in obeying the summons, and found gers and officers of the steamer surrounding om I at once distinguished to be a Greek, wore the Turkish costume, and who was eavouring to make himself understood, with ls of wretched Italian, by a party who, except consisted solely of French and Hungarians. greatly relieved when I addressed him in nd he at once explained the purport of his Highness Eiredeen Pasha, whose doctor he ent him to request that we would go and visit had very seldom an opportunity of seeing nd particularly ladies. He had desired the se his utmost eloquence in securing our con- had sent several soldiers of his own guard to s in safety to the palace. Our captain, who stly to dread offending the pasha, declared uld not refuse, and that the visit would be resting; assuring me at the same time, that ce of the formidable-looking guard would re us from any annoyance. It was therefore hat we were to go; but when I prepared to doctor on shore, I found that our adventures eding evening had so far cooled the ardour f the travellers, that no one seemed disposed ny me except two Frenchmen, our own in- s and travelling companions.

large and really picturesque town, the streets handsome, lined with the open stalls where habitually transact business, and many of ed in, so as to render it agreeable to walk through them even in the heat of the day. As we passed along, preceded and surrounded by the soldiers, we were struck with the terror which they seemed to inspire among the people, who, so far from showing any disposition to injure us, scarcely even dared to raise their eyes. The doctor, who had been absent many years from Greece, was delighted to have an opportunity of talking his own language, and gave me much information as we proceeded: he told me that the pasha was exceedingly rich and powerful, and had many thousand subjects. The late Sultan Mahmoud had given him his own adopted daughter in marriage, and my new acquaintance promised to endeavour to obtain permission for me to visit the harem; but this, he said, was a favour rarely granted to any one, and would depend entirely on the pasha being favourably disposed towards us. He then asked me why the other passengers had not accepted the invitation; and when I mentioned the cause of their fears, he instantly begged I would describe the principal actors in the assault, and give the name of the village, 'for,' he said, 'the pasha will have them all punished instantly; he is anxious to encourage strangers to come here.' Now, I knew that in Turkey *punishment* invariably means decapitation, and I could not help thinking that such summary vengeance, taken on a whole population, would by no means tend to produce an encouraging effect on the minds of the travellers he wished to conciliate. My companions were of the same opinion. We therefore extorted a promise from the doctor that he would say nothing on the subject, and very soon found ourselves at the gate of the palace. It was a dwelling by no means unworthy of a prince, and covering a large space of ground. We passed through a handsome gateway guarded by sentinels, and entered an immense court almost entirely filled with soldiers. The building itself was low, and very irregular, consisting principally of a succession of long galleries and terraces; but there was also an endless number of rooms, each destined to a separate purpose, which the doctor named to us as we passed through them—the waiting-room, the audience-chamber, the room where the courts of justice were held, and so on; and in all of these, motley groups were to be seen, of just such persons as in more civilised parts of the world invariably crowd round the dwellings of the great. The pasha's own dependents seemed very numerous, and several of them now officiously led the way to the room where we were to wait his highness. The furniture consisted solely of a long low divan, amply supplied with cushions, and several baskets filled with the rarest flowers. The doctor, and several others who followed us in, took off their slippers on entering the apartment, and then ranged themselves round it, their hands crossed on their bosom. During the interval of delay which followed, we remained in great admiration of the view from the

windows, which was most striking; the strange oriental town, composed of the most fantastic buildings, and half hid by fine old trees, lay smiling in the sunshine, on the banks of the noble river. Suddenly a great movement was manifest in the outer room, and the doctor, with somewhat of trepidation, announced the pasha. Two or three soldiers entered, and took their station at the door, and his highness almost instantly appeared, leaning on two Turks. He was a tall, good-looking man, with piercing dark eyes, and a grave stern expression of countenance: he wore the tight-fitting braided surtout, and the red cap or fez, drawn down over his strongly-marked eyebrows, and his peaked black beard fell almost to his waist, where a magnificent sword was secured by a leathern belt. He possessed a dignity of manner which was really quite imposing; coming forward without speaking, he took my hand, and requested me to sit on the divan beside him, and then turning to the doctor, directed him to introduce my two companions, and ordered stools to be brought, that they might sit opposite to him. We were amused to see that the poor doctor, formerly gay and talkative, had suddenly subsided into the most humble and submissive of beings. He acted as interpreter—for his highness spoke nothing but Turkish—and some minutes were spent in going through the usual compliments with all due formality. Pipes were then brought in by two negro slaves; and one, splendidly inlaid with jewels, was offered to me. I was tolerably well acquainted with the ceremonious usages which are 'de rigueur' in an Eastern visit; and I therefore, to the utter astonishment of my French friends, composedly took it, and saluted the pasha with all the solemnity I could muster. It is only strict politeness to repeat this salutation, which is performed by placing the hand on the heart, the lips, and the forehead, every time that anything is offered; and the pasha and I were therefore to be seen constantly bowing with great gravity, while coffee and sweetmeats were being handed round. The intense solemnity of our proceedings, however, met with a most ludicrous interruption.

One of our passengers on board of the steamer was an American, and so thoroughly an American in manners and in ideas that we had very little intercourse with him, even within the narrow bounds of our common sitting-room. We even did not know his name, though one of our party had maliciously named him 'Kentucky,' from the constant repetition of this word in his conversation. The said Kentucky we had left asleep on the table in the saloon, and great therefore was our amazement when, unasked and unannounced, he made his appearance at the door, pushing his way through the guard, and marching up to the pasha, his hat on his head and his cane in his hand just as he would have walked along the streets of Boston. The intruder stared at his highness for a few minutes with imperturbable coolness, and then turning to me (for he could speak nothing but English), he ejaculated, 'I calculate he never saw an American afore.' The horror of my two companions (whose French politeness was most thoroughly shocked), the consternation of the doctor, and the indignation of the pasha at this want of respect, were most amusing; the latter fixed his flashing eyes on the unfortunate Kentucky with a look which evidently made him uneasy, and I hastened to excuse his sudden appearance the best way I could.

The doctor now told me that the pasha had consented to my visiting the harem, and he proposed conducting me thither at once, if I felt so disposed. I was delighted with the prospect of inspecting an establishment which must be so very characteristic, so perfectly Eastern; for the doctor told me that no other stranger had ever been admitted to the apartments of the sultana, who was of course a very great personage in their estimation, whereas, at Constantinople, so many travellers habitually visit the harems, that they are half Europeanised. My two companions did not, however, look much pleased at the idea of being left in solemn conference with the pasha, which, in the absence of the doctor and myself, must be reduced to the mute language of the eyes; nor did they seem to derive much consolation from my assurance that the further proceedings of Kentucky would probably afford them some excitement. But it was impossible that they should accompany us, and we therefore left them, seated beside the American, with whom they could hold no communication, and directly opposite to the pasha, who stared fixedly at them with the most imperturbable dignity. I followed my companion through several long corridors, putting to flight various negroes and other slaves, who seemed to think it was as much as their head was worth to look at me. The doctor told me, that on account of her high rank, the sultana reigned singly in the harem as the pasha's only wife, but that there were a number of odalisques, one of whom could speak Greek, and would interpret for me. We crossed an open court, with a fountain playing in the centre of it, and entered what seemed to be a separate building. Here the doctor stopped, not even passing the threshold, and told me he could go no farther, and that two negroes, who now presented themselves, were to be my guides. I did not half like being left alone in this strange-looking place, and would have remonstrated against his leaving me; but he looked perfectly terrified when I proposed it, and disappeared the moment the door was opened. The two slaves walked before me in silence, their eyes bent on the ground, through several passages, till we reached the foot of a stair, where they in their turn consigned me to the care of two women, who were waiting for me. One of these was the interpreter, a remarkably pretty woman, though immensely fat; and the other was, without exception, the most hideous old woman I ever beheld, whom I rightly guessed to be the duenna of the harem. They received me with the highest delight, and as though I were conferring a great honour upon them, fervently kissing my hands and the hem of my dress, in return for which I could only wish that they might live a thousand years and never see a 'bad hour.' Seizing me by the hands, they dragged me in triumph up the stairs, and through several rooms, to the audience chamber of her highness the sultana. Like that of the pasha, it was furnished with a long divan, over which were spread two of the most splendid cashmere shawls I ever saw: several cushions were ranged on the floor, and the windows were all hermetically closed by the fatal screens of which we had heard so much. They are a sort of wooden lattice; but the open spaces are so very small, that one can scarcely discern anything without.

The women made me sit down, and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me, in a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my own house. How far I was at *my ease*, installed 'á la Turque' on an immense pile of cushions, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture. The interpreter now left me alone with the old woman, who crouched down on a cushion at my feet, and with the help of a few words of Turkish with which I was acquainted, she managed to give me quite as much information as I wished for on the domestic life of Eiredeen Pasha's large family. We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath, of a different colour, falling below the knee, and finally, a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red, or a mixture of gay colours, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief, and various other ornaments, were twisted in their hair with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilised countries. Of all the number, only three struck me as having any

great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair, and soft brown eyes; the other was, I think, a Georgian—very dark, with beautiful features and the most haughty expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect as the mother of a fine little boy whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter hurrying in, announced the sultana; the slaves fell back and ranged themselves in order, I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half a dozen women. She was a tall dignified-looking person, of some five-and-thirty, and far from handsome: nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light-blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these a narrow robe of red cashmere, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers also worked in gold at least six inches wide; this garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a cashmere scarf of great value, and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful sibelline fur; her head-dress was a silk handkerchief embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds. She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great stateliness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honour she had done me in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile; and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her: I obeyed, and had them to recommence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy, for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semicircle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched most critically every movement I made. I was determined, therefore, to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff.

Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts), were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl whose duty it was to present me the richly-embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal cups, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which, for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of refreshing them all. One arduous duty I felt it was also necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow much admiration on the sultana's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eyes in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left me. I was afraid I had offended her; but a few minutes after, she returned in a new costume equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment by minutely inspecting my own dress, and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me. My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalised to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive either why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions, many of which I really found it hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth: her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked farther than from one room to another, and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought, nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

Her highness now sent for her children to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces: and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live for ever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four fine little children, and the eldest, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering bonbons to the pasha himself as to this imposing little personage. My attention to the children quite won the heart of the sultana, and she desired the interpreter to tell me that we were henceforward to be 'sisters;' and I was obliged to receive this addition to my family connexions with becoming delight; she also wished me to be informed that she had once seen a Christian at Constantinople, and that she was not at all like me. I thought this very likely, but I was growing very anxious to terminate my visit, which had lasted, with its interminable ceremonies, nearly two hours. The sultana was very unwilling to let me go, but when I insisted, for I thought the patience of my companions must be quite exhausted, she once more rose and left the room; in a few minutes the interpreter returned, and, kneeling down, kissed my hand, and then passed a most beautiful diamond ring on my finger, which, she said, the sultana begged me to keep, though it was quite unworthy of her 'sister.' I was much shocked at the idea of taking it, for it was a ring of very great value; and though I ought to have known that in Turkey it is an insult to refuse a present, I could not help remonstrating. The sultana came in herself to bid me farewell, and I endeavoured to return it to her, but she frowned in a way which really frightened me, and commanded the slave to tell me that, doubtless, it was not good enough for me, and that, since I wished for something better, a more valuable present should be found. This settled the question, of course, and I put on the ring, and went to take leave: she had seated herself and received my parting compliments in great state; her last speech was to beg that I would tell the people of England always to recollect, that if they came to Widden it would suffice that they were my countrymen to insure their having a friend in Firedeen Pasha. I then touched her hand, and passed out of the room without turning my back to her, whilst the slaves kissed my hands again and again. To me one of the most painful feelings which assailed me during my visit, was in witnessing the fawning servility with which these poor creatures treated their mistress—it is an atrocious system altogether.

The same negroes waited to conduct me to the spot where I had left the doctor, and where I found him waiting for me, holding in his hand a string of amber beads, which he insisted on my accepting, and I no longer dared to refuse any present. Just as I thought, my two friends had been for some time very uneasy at my long absence, and heartily tired of staring silently at the unmoved pasha; the American had started up about five minutes after I left the room, and coolly walked off without even bowing to the pasha, who sent after him a look which led my friends for a moment to expect to see the head alone roll back through the door where the entire man had disappeared.

We immediately took our leave, as it was nearly time for the steamer to sail, and on arriving on board I had only time to send back a few brooches and jewels by our friend the doctor, in order that the remembrance of her adopted English sister may live a little longer in the recollection of the sultana of Widden. For my part, I shall not soon forget the singular insight I thus gained into the private life of so many responsible and reasonable beings, who live from year to year as degraded prisoners, and neither ask nor wish for freedom, honour, or justice.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.

The human mind, as has been often observed, is as difficult to move as matter; and with equal difficulty can it be checked when once in motion in any particular direction. A more correct mode of stating the proposition would perhaps consist in saying that it is not the mind, taken in its ordinary sense, which presents this inertia, but something which deceitfully assumes the semblance of mind: is it not, in short, prejudice cherished in defiance of examination and conviction? or may it not be in some cases only an exhibition of opinion, at variance with the convictions of the intellect? Arising from whatever source, this inertia, or hostility to change, is in no case so strikingly manifest as in the birth and development of important truths, or scientific discoveries, affecting in many instances the well-being of society: in the diffusion of knowledge, whose blessings would have elevated and energised the world at large.

At first sight, it appears unaccountable that truth should make its way with less facility than error; that the minds of men should open so tardily and reluctantly to the light. The explanation may however be, that slowness of progress is essential to the permanence of truth; or that the *inertia* really consists in lack of knowledge. Ignorance and prejudice are always great enemies of truth. Copernicus kept his celebrated work—in which he established the Pythagorean hypothesis, that makes the sun the centre of our system—locked up for thirty years before he ventured to publish it. One hundred years later, Galileo, who had taught the same doctrine, was made to abjure his opinions publicly, and on his knees; and to declare that he would abstain from their promulgation in future. Two generations passed from the earth after Newton first made known his sublime theory and discoveries, ere they were generally appreciated and adopted. But this is not all: neglect and disfavour were not the only impediments; envy and jealousy, selfishness and hatred, have from time to time arrayed themselves in formidable opposition. Men have blindly combined to stay the course of truth, little thinking that they might as well attempt to arrest the motion of our planet as it turns to meet the beams of day.

The history of an individual case would perhaps *better* illustrate these views than a regular process of reasoning. In selecting Franklin, we take a name familiar to all readers: his fame has travelled into every nation. One passage in his life furnishes a text admirably adapted to our present purpose. We read that, on the occasion of making his celebrated kite experiment, so conscious was he of the ridicule that awaits untried or unsuccessful experiments in philosophy, that he went out to the fields, accompanied by his son, to whom *alone* he had communicated his intentions. This is a striking case in point: here was a man holding in his hands the clue to a new truth, about to become its interpreter to the world, yet dreading the world's cognisance of his novel and daring investigation.

Without entering upon details as to the history and progress of electricity prior to Franklin's researches, it may be observed that the subject was but little understood till the time of Hawkesbee, who added materially to our knowledge by his numerous experiments on attraction and repulsion, in which he made use of a globe of glass, set in motion by machinery, instead of rubbing glass tubes, as was the usual practice. Nothing was added to his inquiries until after the lapse of twenty years, when we meet with the names of Grey, and Du Faye of Paris, intendant of the royal gardens, who was the first to note the passage of the electric spark from the human body: he also discovered the two different properties of electricity, which he distinguished as the *vitreous* and the *resinous;* and gathered additional facts respecting attraction and repulsion. A body vitreously electrified repelled bodies in a similar state, but attracted those in a resinous state; and the reverse. This was the germ of that theory which Franklin subsequently extended and established on a true basis. Next came Wheeler and Desaguiliers, and the German electricians, one of whom introduced the use of the revolving cylinder. In 1746, Muschenbroeck, a professor at Leyden, discovered the surprising properties of the so-named 'Leyden phial;' and soon after, several French and English experimentalists discovered that the electric shock could be conveyed to great distances by means of wires and strings. At the same time, Mr Watson made the important observation, that the glass tubes and globes used in the experiments 'did not contain the electric power in themselves, but only served as first movers and determiners of that power.'

Du Faye supposed that the operations of the two electricities he had discovered were always distinct, never combined; but Franklin showed that the difference between the two consisted simply in the excess or defect of one and the same fluid; which his experiments subsequently confirmed. He had heard of what he calls 'Mr Muschenbroeck's wonderful bottle;' and in 1747 proceeded with his accustomed industry to investigate the phenomena on which its efficacy depends. He found that the *vitreous* and *resinous* electricity of Du Faye were nothing more than *positive* and *negative* states of the same fluid; 'and showed that the inside of the bottle is electrified positively, the outside negatively; and that the shock is produced by the restoration of the equilibrium, when the outside and inside are brought into communication suddenly.' When a globe of glass was used, the charge in the prime conductor was increased, or *positive;* but if a globe of sulphur was employed, then the charge was decreased, or *negative.*

Together with Watson, Franklin, to use his own words, had discovered that 'the electrical fire is not created by friction, but collected—being really an element diffused among, and attracted by, other matter, particularly by water and metals. . . . To electrise *plus* or *minus*, no more needs to be known than this, that the parts of the tube or sphere that are rubbed, do, in the instant of the friction, attract the electrical fire, and therefore take it from the thing rubbing: the same parts immediately, as the friction upon them ceases, are disposed to give the fire they have received to any body that has less;' and in charging the Leyden phial or jar, 'whatever quantity of fire is thrown down upon one side of the glass, the same is thrown out of the

other. There is really no more electric fire in the phial after it is charged than before; all that can be done by charging being to take from one side, and convey to the other.'

But his most famous discovery was the identity of electricity with thunder and lightning. His thoughts had long been directed to the subject; and he was waiting the completion of a tall steeple, then being built at Philadelphia, in order to attempt his experiments, when, growing impatient of the delay, he determined on trying to bring down the electric fire by readier means. For this purpose he took two light cross sticks of cedar, to the extremities of which he fastened the four corners of a silk handkerchief, as being the best material to resist the effects of a thunder-shower. To the upper end of one of the sticks a pointed iron wire, about a foot in length, was attached; and with tail, loop, and string, the kite was completed. In the summer of 1752, as stated above, he went out to the fields, accompanied by his son, and raised the kite. To the end of the hempen string was tied a key, to which was fastened a silken string, kept dry by being placed under a shed. One very promising cloud passed over without effect; and as the fate of his theory depended on this experiment, he was beginning to despair of success, when he observed the loose fibres of the hempen string to separate, and, as it were, repel each other. He put his knuckle to the key, and received a spark; and when the twine became thoroughly wet, charged a jar with electricity drawn from the clouds. His sensations on drawing the spark—on verifying his hypothesis by actual experiment—will be shared by every earnest inquirer for the truth, who, divesting himself of narrow and selfish views, regards only the best and universal interests of society. The essentially practical genius of Franklin soon led him to apply his discovery to the benefit of mankind, by the use of pointed iron conductors affixed to buildings, which have been more generally adopted in America than in Europe. He afterwards erected a pointed iron conductor on his own house, to which a bell being attached, warned him by its ringing whenever the rod was charged with electricity: with this he made many experiments to ascertain the electrical state of the clouds.

We shall now see how Franklin's discoveries were received—not by the ignorant or by the world generally, but by the learned, the great men of science. Franklin announced his theories with the modesty of genius. Having been led to examine into the phenomena of electricity, by the present of a glass-tube from Mr Peter Collinson of London, in return he sent him information of his success, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of his experiments. 'Collinson got them read (says Franklin) in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their Transactions. One paper, which I wrote for Mr Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Mr Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs.' The papers were eventually given to Cave, for publication in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who preferred to publish them separately; in which he 'judged rightly for his profession; for, by the additions that arrived afterwards, they swelled to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money.'

Priestley, in his History of Electricity, published in 1767, says of this publication—which bore the unassuming title of New Experiments and Observations on Electricity, made at Philadelphia, in America—'Nothing was ever written upon the subject of electricity which was more generally read and admired in all parts of Europe than these letters. There is hardly any [illegible] language into which they have not been [illegible]; and, as if this were not sufficient to make [illegible] properly known, a translation of them has lately [illegible] made into Latin. It is not easy to say whether we are more pleased with the simplicity and perspicuity with which these letters are written, the modesty with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes when they were corrected by subsequent experiments.

Priestley was almost the only man with the reputation of a philosopher in England who spoke with fairness of Franklin's discoveries; in fact the only person, as far as can be judged, who really examined them without prejudice. European men of science generally were unwilling to believe that an American and a colonist, separated by the ocean from the world of letters, should have discovered that by which they had been so long puzzled. In England there was another cause for dissatisfaction, if not contempt. Franklin was known to be a printer—a mechanic, who had actually wrought at the press. In some works of the day he is spoken of as 'that fellow Franklin, a Philadelphia printer.' That a printer should presume to teach the learned and the aristocratic dilettanti of London, was too bad; and his letters, as we have seen, were treated with the indifference they were supposed to merit. Yet there were his theories, and what should be done to put them down? The Abbé Nollet of Paris was among the first to take up the cudgels against the Franklinian hypothesis. His own theory was of 'affluence and effluence;' somewhat similar to that entertained by Boyle, of which, he says, he 'was obliged to undertake the defence, seeing that he could do so with good reasons, and in spite of the pretensions of the Philadelphian school; that he was in some measure attached to his own principles; and before trying the other, he was resolved to try if he could not make Franklin's experiments square with his own theory.' The abbé displayed in this not only a pitiable weakness, but went further; for, to use the words of one of Franklin's friends, in repeating the experiments, he 'alters them without giving any reason for it, and makes them in a manner that proves nothing: and further, he taxes Mr Franklin with having concealed a material part of the experiment; a thing too mean for any gentleman to be charged with, who has not shown as great a partiality in relating experiments as the abbé has done.'

The opposition of the Frenchman only served to expose his own prejudice and dishonesty. The attention of the unprejudiced in all parts of Europe was drawn to the new theory, and many of them—among whom Beccaria of Turin particularly distinguished himself—stepped forward to its defence.

An opponent was found in our own country in a Mr Peart of Gainsborough, whose arguments will serve as a general specimen of the opposition offered by the envious of that day to the Franklinian doctrine. In 1791 he wrote a work in which he explained his own theory, and denounced that of Franklin. He contended for two active principles, which he named *ether* and *phlogiston*, one of them found at one end of a magnetic needle, the other at the opposite end. 'These principles,' he says, 'and this theory, alone can rationally explain the phenomena of electricity, which never will be understood unless they be admitted. . . To attempt to account for them by the doctrine of positive and negative electricity, would be as ridiculous as ineffectual. . . Must we admit of a theory which plainly gives the lie to all our senses, in every electrical experiment, when plain sense, with a little attention, will point out the falsity of the doctrine? . . The whole doctrine of plus and minus electricity is a groundless error, contradicted by reason, and by every electrical appearance, and therefore not worth defending. . . But enough of a theory so puerile and unnatural.'

In a subsequent publication, he replies in no very measured terms to a gentleman who had ventured to undertake Franklin's defence: — 'And pray who are you, sir, who thus arrogate to yourself the privilege of condemning every opinion which differs from your own?' And accuses him of adopting 'a style which is too com-

monly assumed when ignorance is inflated by self-importance; when arguments are wanting; or when there happens a combination of the two.'

Here we might descant upon the absurdity of pinning one's faith to any particular theory. The inquirer after *truth* needs no theory: his mind should be ever opened to its influences, come in what shape soever they may. Had but a tithe of that energy which has been wasted in factious opposition, been devoted to patient and unprejudiced investigation, the position of society would be far above what it is at present. The folly is rendered more evident by the result. Franklin's views were admitted in proportion as they became known. There was found to be truth, after all, in the statements of the Philadelphia printer. The Royal Society even owned itself to have been wrong; it atoned for the 'laugh of the connoisseurs' by electing Franklin a member of the body, and conferring upon him a gold medal. His principles, now universally recognised, bid fair to be handed down to posterity as equally expressive of the principles of electricity, as the Newtonian philosophy is of the true system of nature in general. His example is a striking instance of what may be done by honest, patient, and truth-seeking perseverance.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'Nothing can be done without money,' said George pettishly; 'I had a splendid project in my head, but nobody will listen to such a poor fellow as I.'

We were three friends met together, bewailing the rigours of fortune: our lamentations, however, took the turn they usually take among companions whose age does not exceed twenty years.

'And I,' said Albert, 'have finished a work which would create my reputation, could a publisher only be met with willing to undertake the expenses of printing.'

'I have asked our principal,' added I, 'to increase my salary, after four years of assiduous service; and he answered, that of such clerks he could find as many as he wished for six hundred francs a-year.'

'My dear fellows,' interrupted George, 'although we have, neither the one nor the other, any hope of making a fortune, could we not get the credit of being rich?'

'To what good?' asked I.

'It gives one a position in the world; a large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held; everything becomes easy.'

'I remember,' was my answer, 'having heard in my childhood of a cousin who went to Jamaica or Martinique, and never returned.'

'That is just what we want: we will bring this cousin to life, or rather we will kill him. Yes; Jaques Meran died at Martinique, leaving a sugar plantation, fifty slaves, in short, a fortune valued at two millions of francs, all to his dear cousin Louis Meran, from attachment to the name.'

We laughed heartily at the joke, of which I thought no more: but my two reckless friends, George and Albert, spread abroad the tale when we broke up with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came to compliment me. It will of course be understood that I disavowed all cause; but no one would believe me; my two friends had affirmed the truth of the report. In vain did I assert that it was all a joke: many remembered my cousin Jaques; some had actually seen him embark at Nantes in 1789. Among the number of these visits was one of not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a frock coat in the new fashion, without having the means of payment; the garment was worn out, and I yet owed half of it. There had been for some time a coolness between my creditor and myself, whose importunities I wished to avoid. The rumour of the legacy made him hasten to find me: such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends. 'Good day, Monsieur Matthieu,' said I with some embarrassment as he entered; 'you are come for the fifty francs?'

'Does monsieur imagine that I am thinking of such a trifle? No; it was for the mourning.'

'What mourning?'

'The mourning for your cousin, monsieur—the mourning of an heir-at-law! Without doubt you want a complete suit?'

'At this time, Monsieur Matthieu, it would be impossible.'

'I hope monsieur does not think of withdrawing his favours from me? Coat, vest, and pantaloons black; frock of dark bronze for the morning.'

'I tell you again I have not yet received——'

'I intreat monsieur not to speak of money; it will come soon enough,' added the tailor, who had already taken out his scissors, and passed his measure round my waist.

I was in truth in great want of clothes, and permitted him to continue. No sooner was he gone than another individual entered, who immediately began, 'My dear monsieur, you must do me a great service. Buy my house. You are rich, very rich—you want real estate. Fifty thousand francs are nothing for you: only the half of your income: and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Monsieur Felix to buy it; but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle.'

'I buy your house?—what folly!'

'It is no folly. It is a safe investment. After some repairs, in two years it will be worth double. I have your word;' and he left without giving me time to reply. So well did he propagate a report of my purchase, that in two hours afterwards Monsieur Felix came to me in a great hurry, apparently out of humour. 'You have cut the grass from under my feet, monsieur,' said he on entering: 'I cannot do without that house, and thought it was already mine, as I had made an offer of forty-nine thousand francs, believing that the owner would surely come to my terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement; so, without further preamble, I come to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand francs upon your bargain.'

Fifteen thousand francs coming, I knew not how, to me, who had so much trouble in earning my eight hundred francs of salary as clerk to the registry of the courts of law. Although but little acquainted with business, I saw the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied, 'It is impossible, monsieur, for me to give you an answer at this moment: return at five o'clock: meantime I will consider the matter.'

At a quarter before the appointed hour Monsieur Felix was again at my door. 'Monsieur,' said I, 'I had no wish for that house, and did not even think about it, when the proprietor came to beg me to purchase it; and it appears the house is now mine. As it suits you, and any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer.'

'You shall be paid in a fortnight, in paper on Paris,' exclaimed the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on Paris! I was so little accustomed to that currency, as to imagine that it would be necessary to send it to the capital for payment, and therefore wrote to a commercial house, the only one whose address I knew, as from that I received regularly an annuity of five hundred francs left me by one of my uncles, and which formed a welcome portion of my income.

With what impatience I waited the expiration of the

time, when I wrote to Messieurs Hugues and Bergeret that, having certain funds to invest, I begged their advice as to the safest mode. It appeared that the words *certain funds* have very different acceptations in commerce, according to the name and position of him who uses them. The news of my inheritance must have reached Paris. *Certain funds*, situated as I was, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable sum; at least I supposed so, on receiving in answer from the firm that my letter had been received just before the close of the Cortes loan, in which they had purchased to the amount of twenty thousand dollars; that, if I thought it too much, a large profit might be immediately realised, as the stock had gone up. A postscript, in the hand of the principal, congratulated me on my accession of fortune.

Twenty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands; the amount frightened me. I wrote instantly to my correspondents, informing them that so large a sum went beyond my means; adding, that no remittances having been received from Martinique, as they supposed, I was unable to satisfy their claims.

The answer came in a day or two, stating that, as I did not appear to have confidence in the Cortes loan, they had sold out my stock at a profit of eighty thousand francs; and begged me not to feel uneasy, as remittances were always slow in coming from the distant plantations; in the interim, my signature would furnish me with all the money I could want. The prospectus of a German bank was inclosed, in which fifty shares had been secured for me.

Eighty thousand francs! Either I understood nothing of commercial matters, or the clerk had written one or two noughts too many. My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially when I put on my new suit of black. The editor of the newspaper thought himself obliged to give a biography of my cousin Jaques, and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions. In what way would I furnish my house?—what would I do for public establishments? Some benevolent ladies wrote to recommend to my notice the institutions under their guardianship. I was ruined in postages; for, in the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money. Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich, no one would take a sou from me, and tradesmen courted the honour of giving me credit.

At last I decided on going to Paris. Immediately on arrival, I went to my bankers, who received me as the inheritor of great wealth. 'I regret,' said M. Bergeret, 'that you mistrusted the Spanish loan, for the stock has again gone up. No matter, however; you have some left.'

'Will you have the goodness, monsieur,' said I, 'to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?'

'The calculation is easy. Twenty thousand dollars, at so much the dollar—and the sum already paid. If you sell to-day, you will put about two hundred and twenty thousand francs into your pocket.'

I opened both my ears. 'You say, monsieur, two hundred and twenty thousand? Are you quite certain?'

'As certain as any one can be within a few hundred francs.'

I did not wish to appear too much the novice, and replied, 'That is well: you spoke also of a bank?'

'Yes; the establishment of this bank has met with some difficulties; but the affair is not less good: we are on the eve of terminating it, and the scrip is well up.

'Could that scrip also be sold?' I inquired.

'You hold fifty shares,' replied the banker, 'which you advanced four hundred and fifty florins, making together nearly sixty thousand francs.'

'Although as yet I have paid nothing?'

'Without a doubt,' was the answer.

'That is singular: but since you say so, I submit. I should like to make a safe investment of the whole: will you be so kind as to specify one?'

'Our five per cents., monsieur—our five per cents.: I know of nothing safer. At the present rate, the gain will be six. I can easily understand that all these little matters worry you. You will soon have to deal with much larger sums.'

'By placing all that I hold in the five per cents., I should have an income of——'

'That is soon reckoned. Three hundred thousand or thereabouts: the quotation at eighty makes eighteen thousand francs. Say twenty thousand, to make a round sum.'

'Ah, twenty thousand francs of income,' said I; 'when could I receive it?'

'Oh, to-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house.'

'That of course,' was my rejoinder. 'What other could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?'

The banker bowed.

Will it be believed? in the midst of all these treasures, I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small sum, of which I stood in the greatest need; for, after paying the expenses of my journey, I had but five francs left. Such, however, was the force of habit, that I could scarcely believe myself legitimately possessed of more than my little annuity, which was not yet due.

'Dare I ask,' I inquired, with a blush almost of shame on my cheeks—'can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me for the moment a small sum, which I want on arrival in a strange city?'

'Eh, my dear monsieur, my chest is entirely at your disposal. How much do you want—three, four—ten thousand francs?'

'I do not ask so much; a thousand will be sufficient.'

'Will you have it in gold or notes? Call the cashier. May I beg you,' said the banker, leading the way as I rose to depart—'may I beg you to continue your goodwill to our house?'

'Certainly, monsieur; you well deserve it,' I replied with a confidence which the certainty of possessing an income of twenty thousand francs began to give me.

'There is yet one favour which I wish to ask,' said M. Bergeret; 'you are not acquainted with Paris; you have perhaps but very few relatives here: come and take a family dinner with us to-day; my wife will be delighted to make your acquaintance.'

'With the greatest pleasure.'

'We dine at six: if you have no engagement for the evening, we shall have a few friends, and hope you will stay.'

There are few moments which I remember with more satisfaction than those of my leaving M. Bergeret's house. I began to believe in the reality of my fortune, and had a thousand francs in my pocket—a pleasure which had never before happened to me. The fifty golden Napoleons gave me an extraordinary impulse; in fact I stood in great need of them. Possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, I was obliged, on my arrival in Paris, to leave my trunk at the office of the diligence, not having the means of paying for a lodging. I now hastened to redeem it, and afterwards took a coach to the first hotel pointed out to me, where I established myself in a handsome apartment, and put on my suit of mourning. I arrived with so much punctuality at M. Bergeret's, that he had scarcely had time to finish telling my history to his wife. She, however, had heard enough to cause me to be received as a friend of the house. Every one did the amiable to me: I met beautiful women; and overheard whispered remarks made upon me—*modest bearing; great skill; splendid business talents.* Thus, when M. Bergeret intreated me to regard his house as my own, I promised willingly, although I could profit but little by the invitation. Madame Hugues would have me to dine, when I met with other introductions and invitations. I was taken to the theatre and to parties. Now that I was

rich, I could almost have confined my expenses to some few presents and fees.

Meantime my two friends, George and Albert, had heard with alarm of the success of their report, the truth of which they dared no longer deny. They had been frightened by my departure for Paris, which all the world attributed to difficulties in the liquidation of my debts; and feared that I had suffered myself to be deceived by what was concerted between us merely as a joke.

Three days after my return from Paris, my servant announced their names. 'Let them come in,' was my reply; for I did not receive all the world. On seeing my handsome timepiece and gilt candelabra, and the new furniture with which I had decorated my apartment, they opened their eyes in consternation.

'There is much difficulty in gaining admission here,' said Albert.

'Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects; but you, my dear friends—you will be always welcome. You are come just in time to accompany me to an estate which I have some thoughts of purchasing. It is not a large affair—one hundred thousand francs.'

'I take it to be some distance off,' said George, with a significant jerk of his head.

'Two leagues only; but I will take you in my carriage.'

'Your carriage!'

'My carriage.'

'You have a carriage?'

'Yes, and two dapple-gray horses, which I brought from Paris: as yet I have no saddle-horse, that being more difficult to find.'

My two friends retired to one of the windows, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

'Dear Louis,' they said, 'you know that your cousin is *not* dead?'

'I don't know if he be dead, for I am not very certain that he ever lived.'

'You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?'

'I am persuaded that only you and I believe so,' was my answer.

'We have done great wrong,' rejoined my friends,—'great wrong, in what was intended only as fun. It causes us much sorrow.'

'On the contrary, I thank you for it.'

'It is our duty to disavow it; we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty.'

'I intreat you to leave things just as they are: a few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds.'

George and Albert regarded me as completely deranged. 'Come,' said I, 'let us lose no time; the carriage is ready; I will tell you all as we go along. I have spoken to a bookseller, Albert, who will print your manuscript.'

Truth, however, always comes out. Some who were on the watch, were surprised that nothing arrived from Martinique; well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The edifice so quickly raised tumbled down with equal rapidity.

'The best of it is,' said some, 'he has ended by falling into the snare which he laid for others. For my part, I never believed in it.'

I comprehended that the storm had broken out, on finding one day a dozen notes on my table. They were all nearly in the style of the first I opened.

'M. Grignon presents his respectful compliments to M. Meran, and having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has the honour to enclose.'

My answers were all alike—'M. Meran thanks M. Grignon for the bill which has been so long asked for, and sends the amount.'

One letter only contained no request for money; it was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote, offering to lend me 500 francs, should I wish to remove from a place where so many rumours were circulated prejudicial to my character. My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded, 'I am rich, not by an inheritance in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich; and I have in reality been made very rich, I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who talk of me.'

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me of a friend upon whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was the subject of conversation. 'He has been fortunate,' said some; others replied, 'Fortunate if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances; it is not everybody who could manœuvre in this way.'

For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius; but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twenty thousand francs of income, and still keep it.

Moralising on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be so unaccountable.

INSECT IMPORTANCE.

INSIGNIFICANT as insects may appear to the casual observer, there are families of the race which assume the highest importance, either from the benefits they confer or from the ravages they commit. We grant that it is neither a very dignified nor always a very accurate mode of estimating the importance of the lower animals to judge of them merely as they may subserve or thwart the purposes of man; but taking even this standard, we shall find that insects are not the insignificant creatures we vulgarly esteem them. Individually, the highest of the class is but a feeble instrument either for good or for evil: it is the infinity of their numbers, and the fact of their generally living and acting in community, that renders them special objects of human consideration. We shall glance, in the present paper, at a few whose produce gives to them an economical and commercial importance.

By far the most valuable of the class is the silkworm (*Bombyx mori*), whose splendid tissue has been known from the remotest antiquity. Though early cultivated in China and India, it was not till the beginning of the sixth century that the insect was brought into Europe. Since then the culture and manufacture of silk has extended over Italy, France, and other southern countries, holding a high place in their economy, giving employment to a vast number of hands, setting in circulation a large amount of capital, and involving much intricate and difficult fiscal regulation.

It is not our intention to enter upon the natural history of the silkworm—which, like many other insects, passes through the successive stages of egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, and moth—farther than to remark that it is in its second stage that it becomes economically important. Each moth having dropped to the number of 300 or 500 eggs, these are hatched by natural or artificial heat, according to the climate of the country, and a voracious caterpillar is the produce, which is carefully tended and fed with mulberry leaves, or with lettuce—both of these plants abounding in a tenacious juice or caoutchouc. On acquiring its full growth (about three inches in length), this caterpillar spins for itself an

oval-shaped cocoon, formed by a single filament of yellow silk, from ten to twelve yards in length, emitted from the stomach of the insect preparatory to its assuming the chrysalis form. It is in this state that the silk is taken, the insect being destroyed by immersion in warm water, and the cocoon carefully unwound. Were the cocoon left undisturbed till the chrysalis had become a moth, the latter would eat its way through the envelope, and so cut the silk into a number of short lengths, instead of one continuous filament. Of course a sufficient number of cocoons are left untouched for next year's brood, comparatively few moths being sufficient to stock an extensive establishment. It is thus that a plain-looking, greedy, leaf-devouring insect becomes of so much economical importance; requiring human attention to supply it with food and shelter, hands to unwind the silken cerement, to assort and twist the filaments into threads, cords, &c.; individuals to dye, weave, and finish it—independent of the co-relative aids of chemists, designers of patterns, and framers of the necessary machinery. Nor can this insect, humble as it may seem, be dispensed with so long as man admires and values the beauty of a silken fabric; for though he knows that the cocoon is obtained by the animal from the peculiar vegetables it feeds upon, yet all his boasted knowledge in chemistry has not enabled him to elaborate from mulberry leaves a filament possessing the same lustre, beauty, and tenacity.

It is almost impossible to enumerate the various fabrics woven from silk, either for the purposes of dress, upholstery, or ornament; but an idea of its importance may be formed from the fact, that scarcely an individual, even in humble life, but can boast of wearing it to some extent, either for dress or ornament. In Britain the annual value of the manufacture is estimated at nearly ten millions sterling—more than nine-tenths of which are for home consumption. We draw our chief supplies of the raw material from Bengal; from Italy, which produces about eleven millions pounds annually; from China, where, next to tea, it is the staple article of export; from Turkey; and in smaller quantities from Holland, the United States, and other countries. The foreign states in which the manufacture chiefly exists are China, India, Italy, Switzerland, and France; the latter kingdom alone producing fabrics to the annual value of about eight millions sterling. We have no very accurate data as to the amount of silk stuffs consumed in the various countries of the world; but considering how generally they are worn in oriental as well as in European countries, and reflecting upon the increasing demand by a civilised population in the Americas, we cannot be far wrong in stating that a million and a half of human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of silk, and that it creates an annual circulating medium of between thirty and forty millions sterling! So much for the importance of an humble insect which, if it had been shown to our ancestors five hundred years ago, would have been as little valued as the earth-worm beneath their sandals.

As an appropriate sequel to the silkworm, we may next advert to the cochineal insect (*Coccus cacti*), from which the red dye-stuff of that name is obtained. The male insect is winged, and not much larger than a flea: the female is wingless, and when full grown, about the size of a barley grain. It is the dried body of the female which forms the cochineal of commerce, having in this state the appearance of a shrivelled berry. It is principally used in dyeing scarlet, crimson, and other esteemed hues of which red forms the basis. The insect is found in Mexico, some of the southern states of the Union, and in the West Indies, and has we believe been introduced with some success into our East India possessions. The principal supply, however, is still from Mexico and the Central States, where it forms a staple commodity of export. In a wild state, the cochineal insect feeds on various plants of the cactus tribe; but under cultivation it is confined to two or three species, which are found both to increase its size and colour. The wild variety is gathered six times a-year; but that which is cultivated is only collected thrice during the same period. Arrived at maturity, the insects become torpid, and are detached by a thin split of bamboo, or by a blunt knife—care being taken not to break them in the operation. They are then put into bags, and dipped in boiling water to kill them, after which they are dried in the sun; and though they lose about two-thirds of their weight by this process, more than a million and a half pounds are brought annually to Europe. Some idea may be formed of the vast number of these creatures from the fact that each pound is supposed to contain about 70,000 insects. At present the value of cochineal fluctuates from six shillings to nine shillings per pound, which is scarcely a fourth part of the price obtained during the war, when it sometimes sold so high as thirty-six shillings and thirty-nine shillings a-pound. At the present rate, Britain cannot pay less than L.200,000 annually—for what?—the dried carcases of a tiny insect!

Lac, or gum-lac, with its varieties seed-lac, lump-lac, shell-lac, &c. is also the produce of a small insect—the *Coccus ficus* of Linnæus, or the *Kermes lacca* of modern entomologists. This insect abounds in Bengal, Assam, Pegu, Siam, &c. and deposits its eggs on the leaves and branches of certain trees. So soon as deposited, the egg is covered by the insect with a quantity of this peculiar gum or lac, evidently intended to serve for a protection to the egg, and as food for the young maggot when produced. As each insect produces many eggs, and each egg has a separate envelope, the entire nest has a cellular arrangement as ingenious and compact as that of the bee. As there are myriads of these insects in every forest, the supply of lac may be said to be indefinite. In its natural state, this production is called *stick-lac;* after the cells are separated from the sticks and granulated, they are called *seed-lac;* this melted by fire, and made into cakes, becomes *lump-lac;* and the term *shell-lac* is given to this substance after it has been again liquefied, strained, and formed into thin transparent plates. Lac also yields a fine red dye, which, though not so bright as cochineal, is said to be more permanent, and is often used as a substitute. From our East India possessions we annually export about 3,000,000 lbs. of shell-lac, and 1,000,000 lbs. of lac dye; about one-half of which is, however, re-exported to Italy, Belgium, Germany, and other parts of the continent. We believe the present price of lac dye in the London market is from 2s. to 3s. per lb., though it has been known to be so high as 8s. 6d.; stick-lac sells from L.2 to L.4 per hundredweight, and shell-lac from L.3 to L.5; so that a vast sum of money must be yearly expended on the produce of this—another humble insect. The various lacs are employed in the manufacture of sealing-wax, ink, varnishes, and in hat-making.

We may here also notice the *Coccus ilicis*, or kermes—an insect from which Europeans obtained their most valuable scarlet dyes previous to the discovery of America. The kermes adhere to the shoots of the berry-bearing ilex, which is found very plentifully in many parts of Europe. They appear under the form of smooth shining grains of a brownish-red colour, about the size of peas, and covered with a fine brown powder. These grains contain the young kermes, which proceed much in the same manner as the lac insect, till they attach themselves to the young branches, and become the receptacles of a future progeny. The scarlet dye obtained from the kermes is less brilliant, but more durable than that from the cochineal; old tapestries which were dyed with it two hundred years ago having lost scarcely anything of their original vividity. It is now little used,

unless in Spain and other countries where the arts have yet made inconsiderable progress.

Known from the earliest periods of human history, and of more obvious importance than some of these dye-insects, are the various kinds of honey bee—'the little busy bee' of the poet and moralist—the permanent symbol of industry and unprocrastination. Plain-looking and humble as the common bee may appear, it divides with the silkworm the care and attention of man, and has had more books dedicated to its history and nurture than any other of the lower animals—the horse and ox perhaps excepted. At this moment we can lay our hands upon more than a score of treatises; nor does time seem to exhaust the subject, for every year is adding to our library of 'bee-books.' And after all, this attention is not more than the brown dusty-looking little insect deserves. Its honey is one of the most delicious products in nature, and along with its wax subserves numerous purposes; whilst its roaming habits assist in carrying the fructifying pollen from plant to plant, thus not only rendering fertile that which would otherwise be hopelessly barren, but creating new and approved varieties. The silkworm and cochineal insect require to be fed and cared for; the bee is a reveller in nature's common, trenches upon the store of no other creature, and converts into honey and wax what would otherwise be utterly useless. There cannot be a readier and more certain contributor to the income of the cottager than a snug little apiary, and even were it only in this light that the bee were useful, it would be deserving of all the importance with which it is invested. In Britain alone about L.120,000 is annually spent for foreign honey; and if we add to this a large home supply, and consider that in other countries the article is even more liberally made use of, we shall arrive at some conception of the economical value of the bee. But it is not the honey alone; we import 10,000 hundredweight of wax each year, and when we state that the price varies from L.5 to L.10, 10s. a hundredweight, it will be seen that its value is all but equivalent to that of honey. In Holland, the southern states of Russia, in Greece, and other countries of the Levant, as well as in America, the produce of bees forms an important item of their resources—resources, be it borne in mind, which could not be obtained by any other known means either in nature or art.

Our list would be incomplete without adverting to the insect which produces the gall-nuts of commerce, so extensively used in dyeing, in the manufacture of ink, and in other processes. These excrescences, varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch in diameter, are produced on several species of oak trees by the perforation of the female *Cynips* for the deposition of her eggs. The juices of the leaf being diverted from their proper channels by this puncture, they form a sort of wen, which increases in size, together with the larva inclosed in it. On the larva arriving at maturity, it eats its way out; hence gall-nuts are generally found with a hole in them. They are in perfection when they have acquired their full size and weight, but before the insect has pierced them; after which they become of a brighter colour and lose part of their weight. Galls are produced abundantly throughout Asia Minor from a small species of oak, but the best are those of Aleppo and Mosul, which are about the size of a nutmeg, and mostly of a bluish or gray colour, hard, heavy, and compact, with numerous small tubercles on their surface. They abound in astringent matter, or tannin, and are much used in medicine as well as in the processes already alluded to. They are imported in great quantities, and vary from L.2 to L.4 a hundredweight, according to quality.

To these insects of utility we might add the *Cantharis*, or Spanish fly, used by the apothecary in the preparation of blister ointment; as well as many others of minor value; but our limits forbid. Enough, we should think, has been adduced to prove, even to the most heedless, that insects—laying aside altogether the purposes they fulfil in the scheme of nature—are economically not the insignificant and unimportant creatures which the uninformed mind is but too apt to regard them.

THE GAUGER'S RUN.

I SUPPOSE there are few who have not heard of the demoralisation and crimes produced in Ireland by illicit distillation. In the present day there are comparatively few disorders from this cause, as the excise laws have been considerably modified, and the appetite for whisky has become less uncompromising. Some years ago, however, the people in those parts of the country where the distilling of spirits was carried on clandestinely, were at constant war with the officers of excise, and the most fearful encounters took place between them. In Donegal, where I resided with my family, we saw much more of this than was at all pleasant, and on one occasion were accidentally involved in one of these ever-occurring quarrels.

It was a very beautiful morning in June, and I was preparing to descend to the breakfast parlour, when I was startled on hearing a noise at the gate in front of the dwelling. Looking out to see what was the matter, I observed that one of the domestics was refusing admittance to a decently dressed man, who was urgently and anxiously trying to get into my premises. Hastening to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, I soon learned that the suppliant for shelter was an unfortunate excise officer—or 'gauger,' as he was called by the country people. 'Oh, for mercy's sake,' cried the distracted man, 'let me into your house; lock me up somewhere, or anywhere; hide me, save me, or I am a dead man!' I did not hesitate to bring him in, and making him sit down, I offered him refreshment, as he appeared exhausted and faint. I begged of him to recover himself, and to take courage, as there was no danger. At this moment an immense crowd of men and boys surrounded my house; and one of the men came forward to the door and demanded admission. I opened the window to inquire what he wanted. He replied, 'You have got the gauger in your house, sir, and we must have him out—we want him.' 'What do you want him for?' 'Oh, your reverence, begging your honour's pardon, that's no business of yours to meddle in; we want him, and must have him.' 'That may be, but I can't allow it: he is under my roof; he has come claiming my hospitality, and I must and will give him shelter and protection.' 'Doctor, there are two words to that bargain. You ought to have asked us before you let him in. And to be plain with you, doctor, we really respect you very much—you are an honest good neighbour, and mind your own business; and we would make the man sore and sorry that would dare to touch a hair of your head. But you must give us the gauger. To be at a word with you, doctor, we must either tear open or tear down your house, or get him; for get him we will!'

What was to be done? I could do nothing. I had no gun or pistol in the house. 'So,' says I, 'boys, you must and will, it seems, do as you like. But mind, I protest against what you are about; but since you must have your own way, as you are Irishmen, I demand fair play from you. The man inside had ten minutes law of you when he came to my house: let him have the same law still: let him not be the worse of the shelter I have given him. Do you now go back to the hill yonder, at the side of the house, and I will let him out at the hall door, and let the poor fellow have the start, giving him his ten minutes' law.'

I was in hopes that, by gaining these ten minutes, my man, who was young and healthy, would be able to reach the river Lennan, which ran deep and broad, between high and rocky banks, about a quarter of a mile off in front of the house, and, by swimming across, that he would effect his escape from his pursuers. The enemy

side agreed that the proposal was a fair one; at any e they promised to abide by it. My refugee, seeing dire necessity of the case, consented to leave his lter. I enlarged him at the hall door: the mob, true its pledge, stood on the hill about two hundred yards tant.

The gauger started off like a deer, and as a hunted r he ran his best. He cleared the first little rivulet excellent style, and just as he was rising the hilly ge which divided the smaller from the broader ain, his pursuers broke loose like a pack of hounds full chase. The huntsmen were all Highlandmen—, loose, active, young, with breath and sinew strong breast a mountain; men who many a time and o'er bog and brae, had run *from* the gauger, and they were *after* him with fast foot and full cry. m the hall door the whole course of the hunt ld be seen; they, helter-skelter down the lawn, ning swift and wild; he, trudging along, toiling up opposite hill, and straining every nerve to gain the

At length he passed the ridge, and, disappearing, ed down to the Lennan. Here, out of breath, and no to strip or hesitate, he took the water, and boldly le the plunge into the foaming river. A bad swim-, out of breath, encumbered with his clothes, the er rushing dark, deep, and rapid, amid surrounding es—the poor man struggled, and struggled on for : the enemy yelled behind him, whilst a watery re seemed to encompass him about. Frightened and austed, he had well nigh sunk for ever—another nute, and he had been a drowned man—when his suers coming up, two or three of the boldest and swimmers rushed into the river and saved him.

The huntsmen now gathered round their stricken and tive deer. They rolled the poor man about until y got the water he had swallowed out of his stomach; y dried his body with their long frieze coats; twenty ds were engaged in rubbing him into warmth. They everything which humanity could suggest to bring to life. Happily our friend had not fallen into cruel clutches of a party of Rockites, who are more eful of the life of a pig than of a human creature! ; the Donegal mountaineers had a deed to do—but a deed of death; they were about a deliberate work ut not a work of blood.

The moment the poor gauger was restored to life d in order to contribute to and hasten his recovery, ample dose of the 'poteen' he had come to prosecute poured down his throat), they proceeded to tie a dage over his eyes, and mounting him on a pony, they set with their captive to the mountains.

Removing him from place to place, during a whole r, through glens and defiles—up one mountain, and n another—at length, towards the close of a sum-'s evening, they brought him to the secluded of Glen Veagh. Here they embarked him in a ugh, or wicker boat; and after rowing him up and n the lake for some hours, they landed him on a le island, where was a hut, which had often served a shelter to the fowler, as he watched his aim at the d water-birds of the lake, and still oftener as the ill-house' to the distiller of poteen. Here was our ave led, and consigned to the charge of two trusty n—the bandage still carefully kept on his eyes. He well cared for, and fed on trout, grouse, hares, fishes, and other delicacies of the place and season; ixty of poteen, mixed with the pure water of the lake, s his portion to drink: and for six weeks he was thus s cooped up, as it were, in the dark, like a fattening ll. The period of his strange captivity being now ast to expire, his keepers one morning took him der the arm and conducted him to a boat, in which y rowed him up and down from island to island. y then brought him to the mainland, put him on a se, and again, for the length of a day, led him hither d thither, through glen and mountain, till towards ll-close of night, the bewildered but now liberated ugher finds himself alone on the high road to Letter-kenny. The poor man returned home that night to his family, who had given him over, weeks ago, as either murdered or gone to America. Yet how *changed* he stood before their eyes!—not as a grim ghost at the door, but as a well fed, fat, and happy-looking man.

Now, it may be asked, why all this mad pursuit to catch a gauger, merely to fatten him and let him loose again? The capture was a matter of important consequence to the mountaineers. A lawless deed it surely was, yet almost pardonable, seeing that the result might have produced serious consequences to the perpetrators in the district. To repress the system of illicit distillation in Ireland, amongst other enactments, there was an act passed as contrary to the spirit of the British constitution as to the common principles of right and justice—a law punishing the innocent in substitution for the guilty! This law made the townland in which the *still* was found, or any part of the process of distillation detected, liable to pay a heavy fine, to be levied on all its landholders. The consequence of this act (now repealed) was, that the whole north of Ireland was involved in one common confiscation. It was the fiscal triumph of gaugers and informers over landlords and proprietors. Acting on this anti-social and iniquitous system, the gauger of the district in question had informations to the amount of L.7000 against its several townlands. These informations were to be brought forward at the approaching assizes, and, if sustained, as no doubt they would, the result would be utter ruin to the people.

With such a prospect before them, and in the circumstances mentioned, the plot was laid for the seizure and forcible abduction of the revenue officer. It having been known that, some time previous to the assizes, the gauger was to pass through the district, on his way to the coast, and it being also known that he kept those informations about his person, the scheme was therefore to waylay him and keep him prisoner, in safe custody, out of the way and out of sight, until the assizes were over. And well and effectually the plan succeeded! The crown officer not being forthcoming at the assizes, the prosecutions, as a matter of course, fell to the ground, and the people generally were saved from loss, if not ruin. And so ended this curious case of revenue law—a law which, with other legislative abuses, helped to make Ireland very much what it is.

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY IN EDINBURGH.

It will be pleasing to many of our readers to know that the article on the Schools of Industry in Aberdeen, which appeared in our 98th number, has attracted the attention of numerous functionaries, civic and judicial, in different parts of the country, and partially roused them to the perilous condition of the juvenile mendicatory poor. In Edinburgh, the subject was brought under the notice of the town-council, in its capacity of parochial board, by Bailie Mack, one of the city magistrates, on the 23d of December, and some of his observations on this occasion deserve to be noticed.

Referring to what he had formerly stated on the subject, he proceeded:—'I endeavoured on that occasion to point out to you the very great evil which prevailed in this city; namely, that of young boys and girls, often destitute of parents, or of guardians of any sort, who were found prowling through the streets and lanes of the town, lodging in common stairs or outhouses all night, and occupied through the day in begging from door to door, and following and annoying the inhabitants on the streets, asking charity; and too often it had been found that these children, both in the daytime, and especially under cloud of night, were occupied in thieving and pilfering from the unsuspecting part of the community. At last they were discovered, and brought up as prisoners to the bar of the Police Court; many of them very young —from four to eight or nine years of age. In some cases, no doubt, it has been found that they had parents, but that of the most worthless description, who, instead of

instilling honest, industrious, and religious principles into the minds of their children, actually drill them, as it were, for plying the wretched vocations of begging and thieving. Indeed it is no rare sight to see the mothers of these children directing them into various places of the streets for the purpose of accomplishing the objects I have now referred to. These children are brought up in total ignorance of every right and proper principle, and well it may be said of them, as they grow up, that they have no 'hope,' and are 'without God in the world.' Independently altogether of Christian duty, self-interest will suggest the propriety of endeavouring to put a stop to the evil I have been describing. For what is it that entails upon the inhabitants of the city and the country generally the very large sums with which they are taxed for the support of prisoners, and for defraying the expenses incurred in the criminal prosecutions of these juvenile offenders? It is the neglect of those unfortunate children at the outset—no attention is paid to them till they imbibe the most wicked propensities, and are almost beyond the reach of humanity; whereas, if the evil were nipped in the bud—if they were taken charge of, educated, and taught to work at some industrial exercise, we should no doubt put a stop to the heart-rending scenes daily exhibited in the streets and criminal courts of this city. What is the daily practice at present in reference to the prosecution of these juvenile offenders? There is a sort of routine that is gone through with regard to them; they are first of all punished several times by imprisonment, under the sentences of the magistrates and judges of the Police Court; then they are indicted and tried in the Sheriff Court; and ultimately they are indicted and tried in the High Court of Justiciary; and it is no unusual sight to see, on a Monday in that court, three or four of the supreme judges, a jury, the lord-advocate or solicitor-general, and so many depute-advocates, macers, &c. &c. engaged in trying two or three young urchins for stealing a few *empty* bottles or the like (for it matters not what the crime is, they have gone through the *curriculum* I have narrated, and they are now in the court of the last resort); and preparatory to this trial, and after all the costs of the proceedings in the inferior courts, only consider what an enormous expense the country is put to in one of these trials in the High Court of Justiciary. There is first a precognition taken by the Procurator-Fiscal; that is sent by him to the crown agent for his perusal; by him the case is sent to the crown lawyers; an indictment is then prepared by one of these gentlemen; it is printed and executed; a jury is summoned, consisting of special jurors and common jurors to the number of sixty-five, taken from the city, the town of Leith, the county of Edinburgh, the county of Linlithgow, and the county of Haddington; many of them travelling a great distance, at great inconvenience, and at considerable expense, all for the purpose of taking their part in a trial of the description I have now given you. Witnesses are also in attendance from various parts of the country; and I believe that, upon an average, each of these trials costs the country little short of L.200 sterling, when you take into account all the preliminary steps necessary previous to the trial taking place. Now observe, I throw out no reflections against the honourable and learned judges who preside at those trials, or against the gentlemen who are engaged in their preparation: quite the reverse: all of them, I have no doubt, will cheerfully approve of and support any scheme which can be devised by which, in future, such proceedings, in regard to those unhappy youths, will be rendered unnecessary. I am quite aware, however, that to put a stop to this state of matters will be no easy task, and that a number of my friends will be thinking that I am engaged in a wild enterprise; but still I think the remedy is practicable, and at all events ought to be tried; and I am the more convinced of this, from seeing what has been done in the city of Aberdeen, as described in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. Now, I would respectfully propose that similar schools should be instituted in this city. It will be for the committee to be appointed to arrange the details; in the meantime, I would suggest the following:—

1st, The Parochial Board to open an Industrial School, on the plan of the Aberdeen Industrial School, for children of both sexes between the ages of five and fourteen.

2d, The following classes of children to be admitted:—First, 'poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, the objects of parochial relief;' second, such children, not included in the foregoing, as are taken there by the police for begging (the alternative offered to the child being imprisonment), their cost to be paid, if practicable, out of the police assessment; third, such other children as may be sent at the cost of private parties, or can be paid for out of any fund placed at the disposal of the committee of management.

3d, The schools to be conducted on the most rigid system of economy (consistently with efficient superintendence and wholesome diet), and to be made, as far as possible, self-supporting. Perhaps I may add that, as soon as practicable after the establishment of this school, another Industrial School, to be opened by private subscription, for the children of labourers—the parents being required to pay the whole expense beyond the value of the children's labour, except that which is incidental to the new experiment.

In proposing every scheme of this kind, I am aware that the first question which will be asked is, 'Where are the funds to come from?' In the first place, I may mention that a considerable sum will be raised by private subscription; for since I first mooted this question, I have been waited upon by several wealthy and influential gentlemen in the city, who have expressed their readiness to contribute to its support. But secondly, under the new poor-law bill, the Board are entitled to assess the inhabitants for the expense of at least one of the schools I have been proposing. By the 69th section of the act, it is *inter alia* enacted—'And it shall be lawful for the Parochial Board to make provision for the education of poor children, who are themselves, or whose parents are, objects of parochial relief.'

Bailie Mack concluded by proposing to remit the subject to a committee, which, after some discussion, was finally agreed to. It is therefore now under the consideration of a committee of the board, where we trust it will speedily be brought to an issue.

THE KERGUELEN'S LAND CABBAGE.

SITUATED in the centre of the Southern Ocean, and more remote than any other island from a continent, is Kerguelen's Land, or the Island of Desolation, discovered by Captain Kerguelen in 1772. It is about 100 miles in length and 60 in breadth, and seems to be chiefly composed of trap and other volcanic rocks, which rise into hills from 500 to 2500 feet high. The coast is deeply indented with bays and inlets, and the whole surface is intersected by lakes and watercourses. Owing to the coldness and moisture of the climate, the island is almost totally destitute of vegetation, and is generally spoken of by navigators as one of the bleakest and most desolate spots on the globe. Scanty, however, as its vegetation undoubtedly is—for Dr Hooker, during the recent Antarctic voyage, could detect no more than eighteen species of flowering plants on its soil—there is at least one of these species highly interesting, not only from its being peculiar to the island, but from its wholesome and valuable properties. This is the 'Kerguelen s Land cabbage' of the illustrious Cook—the *Pringlea antiscorbutica* of the systematic botanist.

The *Pringlea*—so named by the naturalist to Cook's first expedition, in honour of Sir John Pringle, who wrote a book on scurvy—belongs to the cruciferous order of plants, which includes the cabbage, mustard, horse-radish, turnip, and other genera; all less or more possessing pungent, antiscorbutic, and nutritive pro-

perties. It is described in the Flora Antarctica* as exceedingly abundant over all parts of the island, ascending the hills up to 1400 feet, but only attaining its usually large size close to the sea, where it is invariably the first plant to greet the voyager, like the scurvy grass upon many northern coasts. Its root-stocks, often three or four feet long, lie along the ground, and are sometimes two inches in diameter, full of spongy and fibrous substances intermixed, of a half-woody texture, and with the flavour of horse-radish. These bear at their extremities large heads of leaves, sometimes eighteen inches across, so like those of the common cabbage (*Brassica oleracea*), that if growing in a garden with their namesakes in England, they would not excite any particular attention. The outer leaves are coarse, loosely placed, and spreading; the inner form a dense white heart, that tastes like mustard and cress, but is much coarser. The whole foliage abounds with essential oil of a pale yellow colour, and highly pungent taste. 'During the whole stay of the Erebus and Terror in Christmas Harbour,' says Dr Hooker, 'daily use was made of this vegetable, either cooked by itself, or boiled with the ship's beef, pork, or pea-soup. The essential oil gives a peculiar flavour, which the majority of the officers and crew did not dislike, and which rendered the herb even more wholesome than the common cabbage, for it never caused heartburn, or any of the unpleasant symptoms which that plant sometimes produces. Invaluable as it is in its native place, it is very doubtful whether this plant will ever prove equally so in other situations. It is of such slow growth that it probably could not be cultivated to advantage; and I fear that, unlike the cow-cabbage of Jersey, it would form no new heads after the old ones were removed, even if it would survive the decapitation. Growing spontaneously, and in so great abundance where it does, it is likely to prove, for ages to come, an inestimable blessing to ships touching at this far distant isle; whilst its luxuriance amidst surrounding desolation, its singular form and appearance, striking even the casual observer, and the feelings of loneliness and utter isolation from the rest of the world that must more or less oppress every voyager at first landing in its dreary and inhospitable locality, are circumstances likely to render the Kerguelen's Land cabbage—cabbage though it be—a cherished object in the recollection of the mariner; one never to be effaced by the brighter or luscious products of tropical vegetation.'

After this description of the character and uses of the *Pringlea*, Dr Hooker offers some speculations as to its anomalous position and likely origin. 'The contemplation of a vegetable,' says he, 'very unlike any other in botanical affinity and in general appearance, so eminently fitted for the food of man, and yet inhabiting the most desolate and inhospitable spots on the surface of the globe, must equally fill the mind of the scientific inquirer and common observer with wonder. The very fact of Kerguelen's Land being possessed of such a singularly luxuriant botanical feature, confers on that small island an importance far beyond what its volcanic origin or its dimensions would seem to claim; whilst the certainty that so conspicuous a plant can never have been overlooked in any larger continent, but that it was created in all probability near where it now grows, leads the mind back to an epoch far anterior to the present, when the vegetation of the Island of Desolation may have presented a fertility of which this is perhaps the only remaining trace. Many tons of coal and vast stores of now silicified wood are locked up in or buried under those successive geological formations which have many times destroyed the forests of this island, and as often themselves supported a luxuriant vegetation. The fires that desolated Kerguelen's Land are long ago extinct, nor does the island show any signs of the recent exertion of those powers, that have at one time raised part of it from the bed of the ocean with those submarine algæ which carpeted its shores, but which are now some hundred feet above the present level of the sea. The *Pringlea*, in short, seems to have led an uninterrupted and tranquil life for many ages; but however loath we may be to concede to any one vegetable production an antiquity greater than another, or to this island a position to other lands wholly different from what it now presents, the most casual inspection of the ground where the plant now grows, will force one of the two following conclusions upon the mind: either that it was created after the extinction of the now buried and for ever lost vegetation, over whose remains it abounds; or that it spread over the island from another and neighbouring region where it was undisturbed during the devastation of this, but of whose existence no indication remains.'

It is certainly a curious fact in vegetable geography, that this distant and desolate island should be the only spot on the globe where a plant of such eminent utility is to be found; and equally strange that no known vegetable production bears any generic affinity to the *Pringlea*. Its origin, however, need not excite any extraordinary marvel, seeing that numerous centres of dispersion are now admitted by naturalists, and that new creations and developments are quite admissible, and in the strictest harmony with the general design of creation. It is not likely that the *Pringlea* has outlived all the geological changes, the various submersions and elevations which have taken place, since the plants of which Dr Hooker speaks were converted into silex and coal; and it is as unlikely that its seed was drifted from some adjacent island or continent now submerged, seeing that the whole surrounding region is geologically contemporaneous with Kerguelen's Land itself. The only plausible theory is that of a new creation or development—a gradation it may be of some humbler and marine form into that of the terrestrial *Pringlea*. A development of higher forms from marine vegetation has been hinted by several botanists; and considering the adaptability of vegetable life, there is nothing to forbid the hypothesis that the Kerguelen cabbage may have sprung from such a source. Be this as it may, the existence of the plant is a curiosity in the history of vegetation, and all the more striking that its properties are so eminently useful.

* Hooker's Flora Antarctica, parts xii. and xiii.

A DAY AT CREWE.

[From the Liverpool Journal.]

Some twenty years ago, a gentleman, who was a special attorney from Nantwich, found his way by the quiet service of his bay cob to the Oak Farm, near the ancient and obscure village of Coppenal. His inspection of the house and lands was curious and professional; and although the one was old and dilapidated, and the other boggy and rushy, he seemed to imbibe a liking for them, and in ten days from that date he was the owner of the neglected freehold.

The sages of the neighbourhood, who never met but on Sundays at church, heard that he was silly enough, uncommon silly for a lawyer, to give the extravagant sum of L.35 an acre for the estate of about sixty acres. Everybody said that the price was extravagant; and his friends advised him to sell it at a loss. But he had taken a liking to the place: its retirement offered an asylum to old age; and in place of selling, he kept adding to the farm by the purchase of adjoining little freeholds, until his estate ultimately reached the number of one hundred Cheshire acres.

To the surprise of the hind who looked after Oak Farm, one fine morning in summer a gentleman, evidently a stranger, arrived on the ground, attended by three men, who placed for his convenience a magical kind of instrument on three legs for him to look through, and at each remove, like Goldsmith's traveller, dragged a length of chain. In a wondrous hurry he saddled 'Dobbin,' and by dint of whip and spur, which he called hay and oats, he reached Nantwich in an hour and three quarters. The worthy attorney, to Lubin's surprise, rubbed his hands mirthfully, ejaculating, 'All right—a railway!'

In due time that most discreet and able of engineers,

Mr Locke, had levelled the line of the Grand Junction. It passed through Oak Farm. By act of parliament the proprietor was paid for all land encroached on and used, and already chance had given the attorney for a portion much more than he paid for the whole. Fortune's frolic continued to enrich him. The people of Chester would have a short cut to London, and their line came out at Crewe, exactly across Oak Farm. The Manchester people, equally impatient of delay, took another short cut in another direction, coming out also at Oak Farm. They paid compensation, and the Nantwich attorney was now a fortunate man.

The Grand Junction Company, desirous of removing their works to a central position, selected Crewe. They wanted thirty acres for their workshops, and fifty acres more for the habitations of their workpeople; and Oak Farm was laid out as a city for mechanics. Speculators drew near; the estate was nearly disposed of, the owner receiving some L.500 per acre for what originally was too dear at L.35. The worthy solicitor was in due time gathered to his fathers, and his children now inherit after him.

In common with our contemporaries, we have reported progress, from time to time, at Crewe, up to the time of their final completion; and lately we paid a visit to this model town and locomotive depôt. Unexpectedly, we met here an old acquaintance, Mr Owen Owens, now superintendent of the wagon department; and our curiosity profited largely by that kind courtesy and fulness of information which now enables us to lay before our readers a description of Crewe.

The town of Crewe is a creation of the last six years. It now numbers about 2000 inhabitants, and occupies the acute angle formed by the junction of the Crewe and Grand Junction railways. The buildings are all new designs by Mr Cunningham, and erected by Messrs Samuel and James Holme; and it is hardly necessary to add, that those gentlemen profited by an opportunity seldom afforded to others, to exhibit all the resources of taste and skill in the formation of what in strict accuracy may be called a model town. Elaborate decoration was not required; but art revealed itself in imparting beauty to dwellings of labourers; and an endless variety give a pleasing appearance to houses which less cultivated judgment would have rendered sombre, because uniform.

The dwelling-houses arrange themselves in four classes: first, the villa-style lodges the superior officers; next, a kind of ornamented Gothic constitutes the houses of the next in authority: the engineers are domiciled in detached mansions, which accommodate four families, with gardens and separate entrances; and last, the labourer delights in neat cottages of four apartments, the entrances within ancient porches. The first, second, and third, have all gardens and yards; the fourth has also gardens; and, to the credit of the labourers, one of them, at the recent floral show, carried away the prize.

The rooms are all capacious: the ground-floors are tiled, and, as the back and front are open, ventilation is perfect. Each house is supplied with gas; the water is always on at present in the street, but is to be immediately introduced into the houses. The engineers, &c. pay 3s. 6d. a week, the labourers 2s. For water there is no charge, but for gas they pay in winter twopence per week for each burner. The fittings cost them nothing. There are baths, playground, news-room, library, schools, and assembly-room. They pay one penny each for a bath when they use it, subscribe for papers and books, and pay twopence a week for each child's schooling. The company provide clergymen—one of the church of England, one of the church of Scotland—and pay L.50 a year to the surgeon, Mr Edwards, who contracts with the community at threepence a week for each family, medicine included; and the wisdom of the arrangement is implied in the fact, that, since his appointment, there has not been a single death in the town—previously there were several.

The men are all well and regularly paid, and it is impossible to imagine circumstances better calculated to promote their happiness. And they are happy. It is delightful to hear them speak of the directors, and the officers over them. In their estimation there is no company like the Grand Junction Company—no workshops like the workshops at Crewe—no workmen like themselves. Mr Trevithick, the superintendent engineer, is second only to his celebrated father, and his father was the greatest engineer who ever lived; Mr Allen, of the locomotive department, has introduced more improvements than any other man in the kingdom; Mr Worsdell, of the coaching department, is worshipped alike for the excellence of his taste and the goodness of his heart; and Mr Owens is one of those favourites whose disposition to oblige is laid under eternal obligations, but never thought such. In their opinion—and all who know his solicitude agree with them—Mr Norris has made the Grand Junction the safest line in the world; and they are all perfectly assured that nothing could by possibility happen between Liverpool and Birmingham, without being instantly known to Captain Huish. In his intercourse with them, it is pleasing to observe how nicely they appreciate that perfect gentlemanly bearing which gives a charm to courtesy, preserving its distance without leaving any impression of inferiority. They look upon him and Mr Norris, no doubt from long experience, as protecting friends, on whom, while deserving, they may firmly rely.

Crewe has a town-council, popularly chosen. They sent twenty names to the directors, who selected twelve, from whom they were to select nine: they did so, and the company added three. These representatives manage all municipal matters. They regulate the library, news-room, festivals, &c. They have no criminals. A new church is on the point of completion. It is built with blue or variegated brick, in the style of early Norman, with tower, transept, &c. and is most comfortably fitted up inside. It occupies the centre of an open space, and on the left are the boys' school, the girls' school, and the infants' school. In the boys' school we saw lads under twelve drawing most careful and accurate outlines of locomotives; and in the girls' school we were gratified with the sight of about sixty of the most healthy children we ever saw. There was an air of grace about them, indicative of good-breeding and intelligence; several of them were, indeed, quite beautiful. Their fair teachers exhibited, with considerable pride, proofs of their skill; and they sang with an attention to time which bespoke the care of their instructor. Music is a resource at Crewe, and the community is happy in the presence of Mr Jones, who excels on a dozen different instruments. His wife proudly observed, 'that if he was as big as he was clever, he would be a great man.'

The day is still young, and we enter the workshops. They cover no less than thirty acres, in the more acute portion of the angle. On the right, you turn into a large apartment fitted up for building new wagons; it opens into another still larger, and here wagons are repaired. Further on is the forge where the iron work of Mr Owen's department is executed. The fan is used instead of the bellows; but here, as in all the other smithies, bellows are erected in the event of the fan failing. Turning round from the wagon department, you enter the coach-building room, in continuation of which are the repairing shop and smithy attached. You see here the process of coach-making, from the first frame to cunning device in heraldry, which finishes the vehicle with an aristocratic attribute. One of the heraldic painters, Mr Fisher, is no mean artist. We were shown a portrait taken by him, in which the likeness was perfect, and the artistic skill broad, large, and beautiful. The colouring was not its least recommendation—there was an academic look about it.

The next great wing of the building is devoted to the locomotive department. It presents the aspect of a vast polytechnic institution: all the vast implements of engineering science seem gathered together here. Planing machines of all forms and sizes fill up the centre, connected with endless straps to a power-transmitting drum; while on either side were lathes, punching, shearing, and cutting machines. All were in motion, certainly not noiselessly; but they seemed almost instinct with life, for they did, unbidden, their various duties. In the extreme wing is the brass foundry and brass work, where men with 'patient touches of ingenious art' fashion metal into forms of beauty.

Adjoining is the locomotive waiting-room, about as large as St Martin's market, where engines are kept always ready under steam pressure in case of accident, and where all undergo examination. A new one was under trial, and it afforded us an opportunity of examining some recent improvements of Mr Allen's.

Not the least marvellous thing about this extensive establishment was the fact, that the power which moved all the machinery throughout the buildings, covering thirty acres, was transmitted from one steam-engine of 20-horse power, worked on the Cornish or expansive principle. The

arrangements secure the most perfect division of labour, and although six hundred men are employed, there was a total absence of bustle, hurry, or confusion. Each man, like the machinery, seemed to fall naturally into his own place.

But hark! the steam-whistle announces the approach of the train which is to carry us from Crewe.

Column for Young People.

AN UNCLE'S PRESENT.—BY MADAME GUIZOT.

[Madame de Boissy and Caroline at work.]

Madame de Boissy.—Caroline, do you need that sash which you got from your uncle a little while ago, by asking him to lend you the money to buy it?

Caroline.—I am very glad to have it, mamma, as it cost me nothing.

M. de B.—Did you know then that your uncle would make you a present of it?

Caroline.—Mamma, I only asked him to lend me the money.

M. de B.—I know that; but did you intend to pay him?

Caroline.—Certainly, if he would take payment from me.

M. de B.—But did you think he would take it?

Caroline (*confused*).—I do not know, mamma.

M. de B.—Tell me candidly, when you asked your uncle to lend you the money to purchase that sash, which you did not need, and which you would probably not have bought had you been alone, did you not know that it was the way to make him give it to you?

Caroline.—Dear me, mamma, you are making me examine my conscience so very rigorously.

M. de B.—That is the way it should always be examined, my child.

Caroline.—Yes, when one has done anything wrong.

M. de B.—Or to know whether one has done so.

Caroline (*agitated*).—But what harm can I have done? My uncle was his own master, and it was quite true that I had no money in my pocket.

M. de B.—There is, however, one thing which you wished him to believe, that is not true; and that is, that you really intended to buy the sash with your own money.

Caroline (*still agitated*).—But, mamma, my intentions are nothing to any one.

M. de B.—Apparently you fear they are something, as you endeavour to conceal them. You did not wish your uncle should guess them; therefore, when you were thinking of one thing, you tried to make him believe another. You would not ask him to give you this ribbon, because you know that, in making a present, one party should feel as much pleasure in giving, as the other would have in receiving: you wanted your uncle to believe that you had the delicacy not to wish for a present, which he had no thoughts of giving you, while at the same time you took a round-about method of making him give you one. You tried to obtain both the esteem which delicacy deserves, and the present which must have been sacrificed to merit it. It is clear, then, that the one or the other does not belong to you, and that you have therefore stolen into the bargain.

Caroline (*quite shocked*).—Oh! mamma, one does not steal except when he does an injury to some person, and I have done no harm to any one.

M. de B.—You have extorted a present from your uncle, which in all probability he would not have made except to a person whom he believed incapable of subterfuges. You have cheated him out of the intention he had, of giving you an unexpected pleasure.

Caroline.—He cannot know that, and therefore his pleasure will not be lessened.

M. de B.—Caroline, would you not think it stealing, were you to take money from the coffers of a rich man who was making no use of it, and did not even know the amount? If you did not do him an injury that he could himself feel, you would do it to those to whom this money would afterwards revert, and who might not have either the same wealth or the same indifference. In like manner, if you do no positive injury to your uncle by usurping a place in his esteem which is not your due, you do it at least to those whom he may hold in an equal, or in a less degree of regard, than yourself; for you either share with them an esteem you do not merit, or you deprive them of the advantage they might derive from that high example which would justify to them your uncle's preference. Impress it well upon your mind, that you can never be guilty of fraud without doing injury to some one, and that we can have no unjust acquisition that is not taken from our neighbour.

Caroline.—But indeed, mamma, that is a very trifling one.

M. de B.—The occasion is trifling, but the principle is the same; and you should no more steal needles than you would diamonds. Besides, my child, what people take the trouble of stealing, they must set some value on, or expect to derive some advantage from it; and who would wish to obtain an advantage they did not deserve? Listen to me, Caroline: you are no longer a little child, and it is time for you to know that the most perfect integrity, even in the smallest matters, is what you owe both to yourself and to others: and how very humiliating it is to try to deceive, or to think it necessary to do so.

Caroline.—Mamma, I never tried to deceive any one, I assure you.

M. de B.—I can well believe that there is no person who will acknowledge that it is their direct intention to deceive; but without saying things that are absolutely false, people pass their lives in trying to make others believe what is not true: thus, if they are cold, or warm, or fatigued, they exclaim about what they suffer; they exaggerate in order to draw attention or to excite pity; they laugh more than is natural when they wish to be thought gay; they will go to a glass and exclaim, 'How the sun has already tanned me!' in order that some one may compliment them on their complexion; or they will complain of a dress fitting badly, and say, 'What a figure I am to-day!' in hopes of hearing some flatterer say that everything becomes them; they will express a good sentiment in order to obtain commendation for it.

Caroline.—But, mamma, if the sentiment be true?

M. de B.—My dear, there is always a want of integrity in the means people make use of to obtain praise; for good sentiments are not given us that we may be admired for them, but that they may influence our conduct; they are of no value unless they accomplish this object. We could not admire the liberality of a person who only gave to obtain praise, or the fraternal feelings of him who only displayed them that it might be said how kind he was to his brothers and sisters. Besides, when people give utterance to fine sentiments in order to excite admiration, they take great care that it should not appear to be with that intention; and therefore, whatever commendation they receive, it is evident that it has been dishonestly obtained.

Caroline.—But then people would have to watch over every impulse of their mind, for those kind of things escape us without our thinking of them.

M. de B.—To prevent their escaping us, it will be only necessary that we keep two or three things in mind: first, that it is a proof of having very little respect or consideration for ourselves to descend to deceive others into paying us attention; next, that we place ourselves in a very humiliating position with respect to them, by begging a compliment or a commendation, which is only given out of mere politeness, or to oblige us, just as people give a halfpenny to a beggar in the street; and lastly, that those sort of artifices, when discovered (and they are discovered oftener than people think), cover them with ridicule, and even with shame; and that the smallest degree of falsehood always exposes us to a risk much greater than any pleasure it can procure. Tell me, Caroline, will your sash ever give a satisfaction equivalent to the grief you would feel were your uncle to discover the subterfuge you made use of to obtain it?

Caroline.—Oh! mamma, you have given me quite an aversion to it; I will never look at it again.

M. de B.—There you are wrong, my child. You must look at it, and think of it, that it may recall to your mind the necessity of always acting with uprightness.

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man jus his enmity.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE BUSHMEN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

We glean the following account of the character and manners of this wandering race from a paper read by Mr Ruxton at a late meeting of the London Ethnological Society:—The Bushmen inhabit the almost inaccessible valleys of the Snewberg and Neuweldt, and the desolate tracts of Karoo, or desert, extending from the northern boundary of Cape Colony northward nearly to the tropic. Of the human race, the condition of these poor outcasts is perhaps the most desolate and forlorn. The appearance of locusts and other insects, by mankind in general considered a plague, is by them regarded as the greatest blessing, the larvæ being sought for as a luxury. Even a slight intercourse is favourable to the morals of this people; and that their habits are warlike, is proved by the fact, that in the year 1510, Francisco Almeida, the first Portuguese governor of India, was defeated and killed by them on the Salt river, the site of the present Cape Town. In 1652, when the Dutch took possession of the Cape, the Bushmen were very numerous, and in possession of large herds of cattle, which gradually diminished as their intercourse with the whites increased. Indeed, as the colony became settled, barter for cattle was dispensed with for forcible possession; a system of persecution which drove them from desert to desert, 'their hand raised against every man, every man's hand against them.' Although inferior in stature to the Hottentots—for they rarely exceed five feet—their limbs are symmetry itself. Spare in form, the figure in youth is light and elegant, the chest round and capacious, and the foot and hand perfect. The excessive inward curvature of the spine, and the extraordinary development of the hip, are common to the Bushman and Hottentot, but more strongly marked in the former. They differ in feature, moreover, from the Hottentot. The complexion is of a yellowish-olive, or the colour of a faded beech leaf. The hair grows in small detached patches or lines of tufts, and is sparingly distributed over the head. In texture it resembles singed wool. It is not cut, but, on reaching a certain length, frizzles at the ends into a little ball, which drops off. The eye resembles that of the Chinese, while the facial angle is that of the Australian. The Bushman is a cheerful and exceedingly active person, and his power of endurance considerable. A simple windbreak forms the only shelter from the weather. Their clothing consists of a karop, or skin, thrown over their shoulders, and a smaller one twisted around their loins. Their weapons are a short heavy club, a bow and poisoned arrows, and the assagai, or dart, which they hurl with great dexterity and precision. Their mechanical skill is very respectable, as shown in their mats, fishing nets, and implements of war.

POSTPONING A DUEL.

The Newhaven Herald says that a correspondence is now going on between two gentlemen of Boston, which began ten years ago with a challenge. Mr A., a bachelor, challenged Mr B., a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal, that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other; and he declined. A year afterwards he received another challenge from Mr A., who stated that he too had now a wife and a child, and he supposed, therefore, the objection of Mr B. was no longer valid. Mr B. replied that he had now two children; consequently the inequality still subsisted. The next year Mr A. renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. This matter, when last heard of, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.—*United States Journal.*

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

In estimating the worth of nations, justice requires that, while their vices are put into one scale, their virtues should as conscientiously be poised in the other. Individuals and nations are equally stung with a sense of wrong when their crimes are acrimoniously recapitulated, and their great and good actions are all forgotten. This fatal forgetfulness is the origin of that rancour which has so long desolated the earth. It distracts private families, confounds public principles, and turns even patriotism itself into poison. Let those who have but the smallest love for the happiness of mankind, beware how they indulge this pernicious propensity. He who in every man wishes to meet a brother, will very rarely encounter an enemy.—*Holcroft.*

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

FROM 'LES FEUILLES D'AUTOMNE' OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

My daughter, go and pray! See, night is come:
One golden planet pierces through the gloom;
  Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed; the tree by the roadside
  Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer! calm night is come again:
  The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully: the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
  Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
  And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
  On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. Oh peaceful cradle-sleep!
Oh childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
  Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
  Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
  Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
  Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
  Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, labouring, suffer still;
Coming or going—doing ill—
  Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
  Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
  His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
  Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
  God also heareth *him*.

Child! pray for all the poor beside;
  The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
  With crime and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemes
  Religion's holy law.
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
  Thy prayer forgiveness draw

D. M. M.

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THE NEW PLANET.

The newly-discovered planet, Astræa, is a companion of the four little ones ascertained, about forty years ago, to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all revolving at nearly equal distances from the sun. If it be no bigger than the smallest of these, it probably is not forty miles in diameter, or possessed of a surface measuring more than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Think of a tight little island in this spherical form, wheeling along in independent fashion through space, with all its proper features of vegetation and of animated being—a perfect miniature of those respectably-sized orbs of which our own is a specimen! And supposing there are men and women upon it, think of the miniatures of nations which they must compose, and of all their other social arrangements in proportion!

In that case, a piece of land the size of four or five English counties will be a goodly continent, and a mass of sea like the Firth of Forth a perfect Mediterranean. A range of hills such as those of Derbyshire will be as a set of Alps or Himalayas to the Astræans, and their Danubes and Amazons will be about the size of our best Scotch *burns*. Rutlandshire would be a large edition of the Russian empire in Astræa. The more common-sized kingdoms would be about the magnitude of our ordinary parishes. It is inconceivable, however, that the people of this little planet are split up into nations so extremely small. Let us rather suppose that they form but four or five in all, each occupying as much land as about half the Isle of Wight. Some quarter of a million in all they might be, allowing that the land in Astræa is for the most part fit to produce sustenance for human beings. Narrow as is that field of existence, and limited its population, there will no doubt be room for the display of human passions in Astræa. It will have its wars occasionally. A Frederick the Great will set all its Europe in a flame, for possession of a Silesia of the size of the Regent's Park. An Alexander, having invaded an India resembling Cornwall in extent, will sigh, and with something like reason, to think that there are no more world's to conquer. There will be class interests too. Some little Britain will make fierce resolves to raise all its own corn, under whatever difficulties, and at whatever cost; and treaties will be entered into as between Jersey and Guernsey for an exchange of wine against woollen cloths, let the rest of the forty-mile world pine at the arrangement as it pleases. Colonies, too, will not fail to raise a pother. There will be an Algiers of parish size, with an Ab-del-Kader storming for its defence; and two mighty countries, representing a Britain and an America, will spurt out big words about an Oregon of the extent and value of the Moor of Rannoch.

The Astræans, although their world is so little, will see it to be a firm and stable thing beneath their feet, with all the other bodies of space revolving round it. If not yet arrived at the use of the telescope, and of the rules of geometry, they will believe their sphere to be the great central world, to which everything else is subordinate. But even if they have advanced as far in these matters as ourselves, they will think and speak on the understanding that Astræa is *the world*—the only place where they know for certain there are human beings—all the other spheres being only conjecturally scenes of life. Even to those most enlightened on such points, the immediateness of their own little globe will give it an importance and a centrality which they will scarcely be able to attribute to any other mass within their range of observation. There will be a great deal of self-esteem in the Astræans respecting their poor little humming-top of a world. They will look upon themselves, doubtless, as very high intelligences, and great will that man think himself who becomes known for his acts or words to one-fourth of them. He will also esteem himself a most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan person, who advocates that the five great countries should live at peace with each other, and that statesmen should legislate impartially for the good of the whole people of the globe. They will have on record their first circumnavigators and discoverers of countries; their Drakes, and Frobishers, and Columbuses; the men of giant-heart, who ventured upon untraversed seas of the width of the straits of Calais, and dared to put a girdle round a globe no less than a hundred and twenty miles in circumference. They will also have their great men of philosophy, of letters, and of arts. Would it not be curious to get a peep into one of their biographical dictionaries, and see what sort of men had been the Astræan Homer and Milton, the Astræan Socrates and Newton, the Astræan Phidias and Raphael? Their universal history would be not less amusing! What narrations of conquests pushed over the space of one of our degrees of latitude; and how interesting to trace civilisation as arising in a certain parish-like space of ground, and then spreading slowly into the adjacent parishes! Great notions entertained, too, about the origins of all those little nations; some sprung from demigods, no less. One particularly great people, convinced that they were destined to be the leading people in the world, because they were twenty thousand more in number than any other. A Napoleon in Astræa—what a droll phenomenon! Think of him setting out with the idea that his country—la Belle something—measuring about ten miles each way, was destined to predominate over the world. And behold him then overrunning his little Italy, Austria, Prussia, in succession, and thinking he had it all safe. But behold, he is at length led by constant success into an enterprise where nature happens to be against him, and he sinks more rapidly than he rose. Then histories,

poems about him, wondering at the vastness of a genius which grasped at a dominion embracing perhaps as much ground as belonged to the king of the East Saxons. Deplorations for so great a spirit, pining like the chained eagle on an islet, wretched as a toy-disappointed child, because he could not be allowed any longer to play the conqueror! He left a name at which the world grew pale—this forty-mile world, to wit—to point a moral and adorn a tale. And yet this, however whimsical it may look from our eight-thousand-mile globe, would undoubtedly be very serious to the Astræans. For just as Astræa is to us, so is the earth to a planet like Jupiter or Saturn, where men may be speculating about our Tellurian history exactly in the present strain, although, as is well known, we regard our Napoleon as something very tremendous.

It is possible, after all, that the Astræans have a more just view of themselves and their world in comparison with other worlds and other peoples. They may be, perchance, a more modest example of human nature than their earthly brethren; and it may have therefore happened that when they first learned, from their Copernicuses, Newtons, and Herschels, how matters really stood in the universe, that they felt extremely abashed and disheartened about it. Let us for a moment imagine them in their state of original ignorance, fully persuaded that Astræa was the Mundus or world, and that all the luminous bodies which, like us, they see in the sky, were merely a drapery hung up for the regalement of their eyesight. What a mighty thing Astræa is, and what a grand set of beings are the Astræans! A sun to give us warmth and vegetation. Stars to begem our nightly view. Sister Pallas, or Vesta, occasionally sailing pretty close by, about the size of a moon, as if by way of a holiday spectacle. Everything very nice and complete about us. But lo! astronomy begins to tell strange tales. It now appears that there are co-ordinate bodies called planets, probably inhabited as well as ours, and of infinitely larger size. The stars, moreover, are suns, having other planets in attendance upon them, and these probably residences for human beings too. All at once, Astræa shrinks from its position as the centre and principal mass of the universe, into the predicament of a paltry atom, hung loosely on to a machine whose centre is far otherwise. And the Astræans—the People of the World—the Metropolitans of Space—are degraded in a moment into a set of villagers. What a fall is there, my countrymen, for a respectable set of worlders, who happened not to possess sufficient self-esteem to bear them up against it! What an overturn to all the ordinary ideas of Astræan mankind! One can imagine the fact making its way over such a baby globe in the course of a couple of days, and thus producing a universal hanging down of heads and thrusting of tails between legs, as it were simultaneously. What a sad state for a world to be in—not a bit of spirit or spunk remaining in it; not one Astræan fit to say a cheering word to another! In such a state of things, one can imagine hardly a word of any kind spoken in Astræa for a week. It would look as if the planet were never to get up its head again in life. There would, however, be varieties in the moods of Astræans on this distressing subject. Some, a little more vapouring than the rest, would by and by suggest that no matter for the small size of the globe; the smaller the globe, the bigger the people, for, gravitation being less with us than in larger worlds, we require larger size to keep us fast to the ground. Let neighbour Jupiter, then, plume himself on his vast diameter, but his people must be pigmies in comparison with us. The malicious, again, would feel a consolation in the idea, that there was at least one planet no larger than Astræa. It is always a great matter to have associates in any misfortune or degradation that befalls us. Come along, then, friend Pallas, you and we against any of these lumbering worlds. Huzza for the tight, light, nice, trim, little planets! In time, the first feelings of humiliation would wear off, and perhaps the Astræans would at last come to look upon their world as not so bad after all. Well, if we are only a kind of village in the solar system, why, let us just make the best of it, and endeavour to be content.

Another view occurs respecting Astræa, that, if it have advanced in the arts conducive to locomotion, and spins at anything like an average rate of speed upon its axis, it may be quite possible to go round it in a single day, and thus enjoy either perpetual noon, or perpetual midnight, or perpetual dawn or sunset, as taste may dictate. And not only this, but if there should be any violent discrepancy of seasons in the little globe, it will only be like going down into Hampshire to move from the winter to the summer hemisphere, and thus realise all the advantages which the migratory birds possess in our sphere. One can imagine an Astræan of the upper classes having one house in the north temperate zone, and another in the south, and dividing his year of fifty months between them, so as to dispense with coal-fires and paletots continually. The poet will not therefore need to say to the cuckoo, Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee—we'd make with joyful wing, our annual visit round the globe, companions of the spring; for at the proper season he will find railways advertising cheap trains to accomplish the same purpose. The convenience of all this must be very great, and for those having money and leisure, existence in Astræa will, we take it, be rather pleasant. Even in the power of saying—Taking a trip round the world the other day, I met with a strange adventure about the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, &c. there will be a happy piquancy. What snobs they will be who have not been at least once round the world in Astræa!

Spin on, then, trig little ultra-zodiacal—last, but perhaps not quite least, addition to the solar family. We of the Earth, Astræa, are glad to make your acquaintance, and see you amongst us. We cannot, in sober truth, flatter you with the idea that we consider you altogether on an equality with us, for, overlooking your diminutive proportions, there are strong suspicions of your being only a bit of a planet, a shred of some respectable mass that blew to pieces one day. However, we are very glad to think that you and your sister fragments have all got round again, and found yourselves able to go on as before in the business of perihelian revolution. If we cannot preach in the kirk, you know, we may sing mass in the quier: better a wee buss, say we in Scotland, than nae bield. And you, Astræans, we would recommend you, if you be at all in comfortable circumstances, not to be jealous or invidious of the people of the larger planets; for, if we on earth be any fair specimen of them, we can assure you there is nothing in the solar system for you to be envious about. Things are but in a so-so state amongst earthly mankind—three-fourths of them mere barbarians; and even amongst the civilised nations, a vast proportion know life but as a scene of toil and misery! To let you into a little secret, man is a selfish being, who frustrates his happiness by his very eagerness for his own benefit. There has therefore never been such a thing as real happiness known upon Tellus, grand as it may appear to you, even without the aid of a telescope. We only hope that matters will, by and by, be more agreeable, and that our remote descendants will have less occasion for grumbling. Tom Thumb of worlds, who can tell but you know all this, and, contented with your own small field of existence, look down with pity on us wretched earthlings! Well for you to be in such a frame of mind. But in that case,

we wrap ourselves up in our pride, and, sternly hushing our misery in our bosoms, bid you go by, and think not of us. While we have strength to bear, who can have any right to visit us with compassion?

A RUN THROUGH EGYPT IN 1842.

EVERYTHING appertaining to a country so intimately associated with the history and progress of mankind as Egypt, must be ever fresh and attractive. The learned find no termination to their research; the ordinary reader no limit to his curiosity and wonder. It is for this reason that we turn to notes of a journey from Alexandria to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Red Sea, performed in the summer of 1842, by the Rev. G. Fisk, then on his way to Jerusalem and other principal localities of the Holy Land.*

The reverend gentleman's outward route lay through France and Italy; from Naples he steamed to Alexandria, in company with 'a motley group of English, French, Italians, and Greeks, a considerable allowance of priests, a Franciscan monk, and four sisters of charity.' After a somewhat trying passage, the steamer dropped anchor in the bay of Alexandria on the 25th of April; boats in great numbers were quickly around her; and our traveller and party taking possession of one, cleared off with all possible celerity. 'We had then a distance of nearly two miles ere we could get on shore; and when we fairly came to land, what a picture was presented! The oriental appearance of the city and of its population spoke for itself at once; and we felt that an African climate was about us. Throngs of half-naked Arabs, clamorous for employment as porters, stood around. The harsh guttural of the Arabic tongue sounded strangely in our ears. Asses, some saddled for riding, and others prepared to carry baggage, together with guides and servants proffering their services, all pressed upon us together, as we first set our feet on the shores of Egypt; while, somewhat in the background, a long string of camels, laden with timber, stones for building, and water-skins, passed along, with their slow, dreamy, yet majestic step; and here and there the "feathery palm-trees" waved gracefully in the slightly moving breeze which swept over them from the desert. It would have amused our friends in England could they but have seen us on our arrival, with our baggage laid upon asses, guided by attendant Arab men and boys—a troop of them, all jealous of each other on account of the few piastres which were to be the price of the accommodation; the selected ones exulting, the rejected ones growling and fuming—and all going in uproarious procession through the narrow and squalid-looking streets and avenues of the Arab quarter, amidst crowds of the most picturesque figures that can be conceived — some gravely and silently smoking their long pipes—some squatting on the dust in the shade of the low mud-walled dwellings, in earnest conversation —some playing at games, and others carrying on their heads and crying various articles of small merchandise. Women were seen bearing their half-naked babes astride on their shoulders, and others riding on donkeys, which are the "hackney coaches" of Alexandria. Winding our way slowly through the overhung and confined streets, with a sense of entire novelty and strangeness, we reached at length the European Hotel, rejoicing at finding ourselves once more in a condition to enjoy rest and repose.'

While in Alexandria, the party saw much to interest them—nothing more so than the bustle and heterogeneousness of the bazaars. These 'present every article of convenience suitable to oriental notions; and indeed at Alexandria, most European wants may be well enough supplied. Bazaars for the sale of tobacco of various kinds, and in various forms for consumption, are found in all directions; and the smell of tobacco-smoke is the most familiar odour of the place. Everybody smokes, and at every hour of the day. The whole front of the bazaars is open, and has a floor raised about two or three feet above the level of the street. It is furnished with carpets, and sometimes with cushions in the form of a dewan; and on these the purchaser is not unfrequently seated, while selecting the articles he wants, and agreeing—or rather disagreeing and haggling about the price; for every one who purchases at a Turkish or Arab bazaar must make up his mind to this, unless he would pay double the value of all he needs. The Arab traders are a stirring, active people—on the look out for customers, and prompt in attending to them. It is the reverse with the Turks. They will suffer you to stand and look about, and handle the various goods within reach, without rising from their usually recumbent posture, or putting their long pipes from their mouths. When you go so far as to express any particular want, they will slowly and almost unwillingly break in upon the half repose which they are enjoying, and place before you the required articles, apparently careless whether you purchase or not.'

According to Mr Fisk, a spirit of improvement manifests itself in the external aspect of Alexandria: from the bay to the citadel, and thence throughout the public works, there are proofs of growing importance, to be attributed solely to the enterprise of the present pasha. The great admixture of Europeans with the native population deprives the city of much of its oriental peculiarity; and in this respect it reminds the traveller of Malta or some other semi-Anglicised city. Though living under a purely despotic government, the people appear cheerful and happy; 'and certainly,' continues our author, 'I have never seen in Egypt such instances of squalid misery and mendicity as I met with in Italy wherever I went.'

Leaving Alexandria on the 29th of April, the party proceeded to Cairo by drag-boat along the Mahmoudi canal as far as Atfeh, and thence up the Nile. Their passage—in these days of railways and steam-tugs, and much talk about Red Sea and Mediterranean connexion —appears to have been a very rude and primitive affair. 'All our progress along the canal was effected by towing—for which purpose sometimes four, and at others six horses were employed, and changed about every twelve miles. The horses were ridden by wild half-naked Arabs, and sometimes Nubians, whose feats of horsemanship on the banks of the canal were perfectly novel and amusing. When dashing along at a rapid rate, they set up a wild shout, which breaks at length into a choral song, anything but harmonious to European ears. In some parts of the canal the water is exceedingly scanty, and, on other accounts also, impracticable for the ordinary plan of towing with horses on the banks. This inconvenience is constantly met by the riders springing from their horses, dashing at once into the water, tackling themselves with ropes, and swimming sometimes, and at other times rushing over the shoals of sand, and dragging the boat along with surprising force and agility. In this picturesque operation they are joined by the crew; while the unyoked horses are led on to resume their labour as soon as the state of the river will admit. This curious scene we repeatedly witnessed in our passage along the canal and up the Nile.'

When about half way to Atfeh, news was brought that Mehemet Ali was descending by the same route to his maritime capital; and so every one on board was on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of the great man—the regenerator of Egypt. This fortunate juncture was not, however, without some little mishaps to detract from its pleasure; for the pasha pressed the boat and men into his service, and left our travellers to shift as they best could—an incident highly characteristic of the man and of a despotic country. However, 'we had a full view of Mehemet Ali as he sat at dinner, and while he was enjoying his chibouk, attended by his

* A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wildernesses of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other Principal Localities of the Holy Land. London: Seeley and Co. 1845.

retinue; and afterwards, when he came from the farm-house on the river's bank where he was resting, and mounted his white mule, for the purpose of taking possession of our boat, we were enabled to form a tolerably accurate notion of his person. He is a most remarkable man, and realised all we had heard about him. He is now past seventy, with a hale, firm, and determined countenance, and venerable white beard. Seeing two Europeans near him, as he hastily passed by, he glanced a very peculiar but not unfriendly glance upon us; acknowledged slightly our bows, made some passing observations to his nearest attendants, with an evident reference to us, and in another minute was mounted on his mule. His highness's pipe-bearer and coffee-bearer, his silver washhand basin and towel-bearer, secretary, and interpreter, all were in immediate attendance upon him. The scene was very interesting and very oriental. Here was perhaps almost the wonder of the age—the soldier of fortune, who had risen from the humblest rank in the Turkish army—now the powerful despot of Egypt, with almost patriarchal simplicity taking his homely mid-day meal at a small farm-house, and departing, as ancient despots used, surrounded by slaves, camels, dromedaries, &c. &c.' Mr Fisk declares he will not easily lose the impression made on his mind by this glance at Egypt's pasha; every Englishman who has seen him declares the same. Cromwell, Napoleon, Bernadotte, and others who have stepped from obscurity to thrones, are scarcely his counterparts. There are specialities in his case that leave him alone; and though one cannot offer a justification of some of the means whereby he works out his policy, yet it must be allowed that much has been done well.

Having arrived at Cairo, the first thing that arrests attention is the apparent redundancy of the population. 'It is estimated at about two hundred and twenty thousand, including Copts, Jews, Turks, and Egyptian Moslems. The streets of the city are for the most part exceedingly narrow, particularly those which are occupied by bazaars; where the mingled odour of fruits, tobacco, and various other articles of merchandise is anything but grateful. It requires great tact and heedfulness to make way in the streets, especially if on foot. The very easiest thing imaginable is to get one's toes crushed by the foot of a barb, or to be scampered over by donkeys in full canter, urged on by their shouting drivers; or quietly walked down by a camel, with his dreamy step and his nose in the air. Everybody seems to be in everybody's way; and yet all escape wonderfully. In Cairo, as in all other oriental towns, multitudes of wolf-like dogs lie about the streets—not only in safe corners, but in the most frequented ways; and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arouse them from their half repose. At night their howling and barking is quite distressing, and effectually banishes sleep from all who have the least tendency to be wakeful.'

The appearance of the town, however, is on the whole one of comfort. 'It has the air of a primitive place, both in regard to its architecture and its inhabitants. The upper storeys of the houses project so much that the occupiers might almost step from one to the other. But then this helps to keep the streets cool by shutting out the intense heat of the vertical sun. Though crowded by an incessantly moving population, the streets seldom have the feel of suffocating heat. The windows of the houses have, for the most part, no glass, but consist of wooden lattice-work, often richly carved and ornamented, projecting somewhat like small oriel windows in Gothic architecture. This, too, gives a complete idea of coolness and comfort. The houses themselves are chiefly Saracenic, built of very solid masonry, in large massive blocks of stone; and often the doors, or main entrances, are much enriched with carved work. The principal houses are quadrangular; and a spacious court, open at the top, affords communication to every part of the habitation.'

Among the novelties of Cairo visited by our traveller, were the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, the son and successor of Mehemet Ali. These occupy a considerable part of Rhoda Island; and at the time of Mr Fisk's visit were all life and animation, in consequence of some festal season, during which they are regularly thrown open to the public. 'A vast assemblage of people of all classes were thronging about—some in parties seated in circles under the shade of spreading trees, laughing, jesting—smoking; while others were pacing along in slow and stately march, from avenue to avenue, in all the glitter and colour of orientalism. The greatest decorum prevailed; and it was pleasant to see that neither leaf nor flower suffered violence at the hands of the numerous visitors. The gardens are very extensive, and are laid out partly in European and partly in oriental taste; and irrigation is carefully provided for by the digging of small canals or trenches, which are kept well supplied with water. The trees, of various kinds—some native and others foreign—appeared to thrive remarkably well. The pomegranates were full of their richly-tinted blossoms. The roses, among which there was but little variety, were mostly fading away, having already enjoyed their blossoming time. The climate was delightful, and added much to the charm of a scene so novel and picturesque.' On another occasion the party visited the palace and gardens of Mehemet at Shubra. 'These are beautiful of their kind, and more trim and formal than those of Ibrahim Pasha at Rhoda. Straight lines prevail very much, and the paths are in many places paved with variegated pebbles. Lemon, apricot, and other trees abounded, bearing fruit abundantly; while roses, jessamine, and various beautiful flowers, lent their aid to complete the effect. We could not obtain admission to the whole of the palace, but had the honour of seating ourselves on the pasha's dewan, in one of his chambers of audience. The palace gives but little idea of oriental splendour; and so far as we saw of it, was fitted up in the poorest style of tawdry French decoration.'

After visiting the slave bazaar, that moral plague-spot in all Mahommedan cities; enjoying the luxury of an oriental bath, with all its delicious appliances; and surveying the vastitude and grandeur of the Pyramids, our travellers made preparation for their journey through the desert to Sinai, Edom, and Palestine. For this purpose an escort of trusty Bedouin Arabs was engaged, and the other preparations made with all possible alacrity. Mr Fisk devotes a special page to those preliminaries, on the ground that former travellers have been but scanty in their information on such matters, and in the belief that what he mentions will be useful to others who may be meditating such a tour. 'Our provisions,' says he, 'consisted of casks of biscuit, rice, maccaroni, vermicelli, pasta, dried fruits, coffee, and tobacco for the Arabs in abundance; a canteen with plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels; a coffee pot, charcoal for cooking, block-tin basins for washing, a large supply of well-seasoned skins for water (new ones being objectionable on account of the rancid taste they are apt to impart to the water), Arab umbrellas, rudely made of green and white cotton stuff, to protect the face against the sun; porous water-bottles made of baked earth, to be slung at the saddle, which, by evaporation, keep the water comparatively cool for immediate use; a firm well-constructed tent for ourselves, and another for our servants, with camp stools and a table made to fold up with the tent; segaddehs or prayer-carpets used by the Musselmans—to form part of our beds by night and saddles by day; mattresses and light coverlids, and nicely-constructed framework, made of split branches of the palm-tree, to protect our bedding from damp and vermin; Arab lamps, to be suspended in the tents at night, and a good store of wax candles and oil; pistols, sabres, ammunition, and Arab attire, which our friends in Alexandria and Cairo advised us to assume. The costume which I wore was that of a Khowaga, or merchant of Cairo, consisting of white linen trousers of very spacious dimensions, yellow mo

rocco slippers next my feet, and scarlet ones over them; a cassock of rich crimson and yellow Damascus stuff, bound round the waist with a long silk scarf of variegated colours, and over it a flowing robe of olive-coloured cloth; a white turban and tarbouch, or crimson-felt skull-cap, with a close linen cap within it—affording the most comfortable dress for the head (which was shaved according to the oriental custom), and protecting very effectually against the intense heat of the sun.'

In this style, and with such a cavalcade, our traveller left Cairo on the 10th of May, and on the evening of the fourth day after, reached the miserable little port of Suez. Of this meeting-point to many routes, Mr Fisk speaks in the following terms:—'On passing the gates, you enter an irregular kind of square; on the left you catch a view of the sea, with a small dockyard, in which small craft are built; on the right are a few poor and squalid-looking buildings and a khan. Beyond the square is a long principal street, leading to the governor's residence; and to the right are the bazaars, in which are assembled all varieties of the oriental family—meeting as in a point, from which diverge many of the Asiatic and African routes. From Suez guides and escorts are easily obtainable to facilitate journeys in all directions. With the exception of the residences of the governor and a few principal inhabitants, the houses are mean habitations, and chiefly built of bricks formed of mud, and baked or dried in the sun. While passing along among some of these, to mark the domestic habits of the people, I saw a small school with about a dozen or fourteen children, who were studying with all their might, and with no small sound, the Arabic alphabet, written on large boards, set up before them, or held in the hand; while the tutor, squatting on the floor, and enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, looked on in silent satisfaction.' Our author looks hopefully, however, towards the future. 'The overland route to India will, if perpetuated, effect great changes in the general character of Suez. The free and frequent admixture of Europeans with orientals cannot long continue without resulting in local modifications. The oriental character and habit will doubtless stand long against serious innovation of any kind; but a new spirit of enterprise will, in all probability, be traced by and by in the minds of those with whom Suez is a place of permanent residence. Already there are indications of progressive change; European habits and customs are becoming prevalent; and European establishments are springing up in the various forms of mercantile speculativeness.'

After one night in Suez the party passed over to the Asiatic side—their future journeyings being amid the scenes of biblical history and prophecy.

'MY ESCAPE FROM VIGO PRISON.'

BY THE ENGLISH CARLIST.

During the perilous services in Spain and Portugal of the individual whose vigilance deceived the French police,* he met with many adventures, which, if collected, would make perhaps one of the most singular records of modern times. Don Gulielmo, as he was familiarly called while in these dangerous services, is not a man, however, at all desirous of notoriety, and it is only when his friends get him in a talkative humour, that one of his many reminiscences comes to light. We generally are the depository of his secrets of this nature, though it can scarcely be said we keep them over-faithfully; the only restriction our adventurer lays us under being, that we mention no names. To this we agree, as far as necessary, and then we receive full permission to make what use we think proper of the facts. A few weeks ago, we breakfasted with the English Carlist, when, always anxious to collect information, we pressed him to tell us another of his adventures. Our good-natured friend assented, and, filling himself an ample cup of coffee, narrated nearly as follows this tale of his imprisonment at Vigo:—

'It is of little consequence how, but during the war it happened that I had charge of a schooner, with instructions to run her into the first private bay in the neighbourhood of Vigo with which I might fall in. I was by no means to enter any harbour, where it was probable other vessels might be found; and, moreover, was desired to take the night-time to effect my landing. These precautions would scarcely have been necessary had my cargo been broad cloth, or any other article of English manufacture connected with the exterior or interior wants of man. When, however, I state that my schooner contained sundry boxes of silver money, and a goodly supply of arms and ammunition, and that these were not the property of the recognised and constituted authorities, it will readily be understood why I sought darkness and privacy. The task was the most difficult I was ever appointed to, and, save the siege of Oporto, in which you know I figured, caused me much suffering. After running off and on for several days, I at length determined to make for a little nameless bay which I had been for some time looking out for, and there disburden myself of my dangerous charge. I had selected a foggy and murky day for this enterprise, as I feared the vigilance of the *garda-costas*; and, under cover of this veil, approached the land about three in the afternoon. We were sailing on a wind with our larboard tacks on board, a sharp look out being kept for the first glimpse of land, when a sailor in the square-sail yard cried, "Sail, ho!" "Where away?" cried I eagerly. "On the weather bow." I seized hold of the main rigging, and swung myself on the lee bulwarks, and there to windward, not four hundred yards distant, was a brig bearing down upon us under a crowd of sail. A gun at this moment was fired as a signal for us to heave to; an order I felt compelled to obey, though with a heavy heart. The necessary orders were given, and before long, the two vessels were lying side by side on the water, while a boat filled with armed men put off from the brig to us. They boarded us, and as a very slight examination satisfied them as to the schooner's character, we were all declared prisoners, and I being unfortunately the individual in command, was transferred to the brig, which, having accomplished the duty for which it was sent out, at once returned to Vigo.

'The brig came to an anchor in the night, which was pitchy dark; but, without any ceremony, I and my crew were at once taken ashore, and, under a heavy guard, hurried through the streets. The gloom was too great for me to distinguish anything, and we were, moreover, so closely surrounded by armed ragamuffins, that nothing but the tops of the houses could be made out. At length we halted in a large square, before a gloomy pile that rose darkly against the sky; a bell was rung, a few words were exchanged with a gruff voice within, and then a door opened. I started back as the light of a torch fell full upon my face, but instantly recovering, followed my conductors with a firm step. Leading the way through a long dark passage, the jailer thrust me and my comrade, Baron M——, a Frenchman associated in the undertaking, into a cell which was already tenanted, as we could see by the dim light of the torch. For some minutes after we were left alone; neither spoke; and then the Frenchman began to deplore his fate, and curse the day when he associated himself with a cause that bore such disagreeable results. I replied; and our conversation was carried on some time without interruption. "Well, cavaliers," at length exclaimed our companion in durance, "you have talked long enough in a jargon I don't understand. Do you speak mine?" I intimated that I did, and he then

* See Journal, new series, No. 96,—'Adventure of an English Carlist.'

asked if we had any objection to a light. Though wondering much at the question, neither of us hesitated to acquiesce, and we were very soon cheered by the presence of an oil lamp, which the stranger lit by means of a pocket flint and steel. As soon as the light fell full upon my face and on that of my new acquaintance, we mutually started. "Don Gulielmo," said he; "Juan Castro," exclaimed I. It was Juan Castro, the noted smuggler or *contrabandista*, but better known as the most efficient spy in our service. Surprised at this meeting, explanations followed, which soon proved that both had been equally unfortunate, and on the same occasion. He had been looking out for the schooner ashore, with his band, while I was engaged in endeavouring to run her into harbour. The treachery which must have betrayed me, had doubtless served him the same good turn. "I know my fate," said he gaily; "a priest and a file of soldiers in the market-place." "You seem to treat it lightly," observed I, who had little reason to expect much better myself. "Because," he added more gravely, "I do not mean them to have their will. I mean to escape, and you, sirs, may escape with me if you will, as in these times it may stand but ill with yourselves." I looked round my dungeon doubtingly ere I replied. It was a solid stone fabric, with a large iron grating opening on the corridor, promising but few facilities for an evasion. My looks expressed as much. "I see, signor, you doubt my ability to get out of the clutches of the enemy; but trust me, and all shall be well. I am not without friends in Vigo, and my daughter Maria has such winning ways with her, they never search her basket. She will be here at dawn and at sun-set; and if we don't escape to-morrow night, my name is not Juan, that's all." Exhilarated by this prospect, I explained all to the baron, who brightened up, and, with the peculiar light-heartedness of his countrymen, accepted the contrabandista's proffered wine and other refreshments, and did justice to them too. As for me, I am a cosmopolite, and in all countries adapt myself to the people. In Rome I do as Rome does, and in Peru I am a Peruvian. We feasted accordingly, and then lay down upon our straw to seek rest and refreshment.

'I woke only as a merry and rich voice was heard carolling a patriotic stave at the other end of the long passage. "My daughter," said Castro with a tone of pride. "It is not every contrabandista can boast such a one as Maria." I agreed with him in this particular, and rising, advanced with the hardy smuggler to welcome the girl. She was one of the usual dark-eyed beauties of her native country, in the picturesque costume of a peasant girl, while on her arm was a basket covered with a cloth, which the jailer, who followed her, eyed with somewhat of a suspicious air. "Well, father," said Maria gaily, "I wish you would teach your keepers manners. Here is a great fellow wants to pull your breakfast about, as if it were not hot and nice, and none the better for being exposed to the air." "Nonsense! Josè is only joking with you," replied the smuggler, with a self-possession which excited our admiration to no small degree; "but I am hungry, so hand hither the basket, and take this empty one. And harkee, girl; this evening bring *two more of the same*, for I have a couple of friends here, good Carlists as any, and I would fain regale them ere I take my long journey." Josè turned his back with a half-satisfied grunt, suffering his eye to rest admiringly on the girl's face for a moment. Maria's really beautiful countenance determined him, especially as she gave him an exquisite smile. Juan in a hurried whisper explained his meaning, and, to prevent suspicion, Maria departed immediately. "Thank Heaven!" muttered the smuggler, drawing a long and satisfied breath, "I am now safe." We asked an explanation, which was offered by his uncovering the basket, and exhibiting, under his food, a pair of pistols and ammunition. We now understood what "two more of the same" meant, and began to see a prospect of escape. *The pistols were hastily* concealed beneath the straw; and ere Josè returned with our scanty and coarse repast, the contrabandista was coolly enjoying his, in which the jailer joined him by invitation, drinking with much zest the excellent wine that Maria had provided for her father.

'When again left alone, we conversed in low tones, to pass the time; but in vain; the hours hung like lead upon our hands. None of us felt as yet certain of the result of our daring experiment until Maria should again visit us. Besides, we might be separated. I and the baron expected every moment to be dragged before a military tribunal, and to have a summary sentence pronounced on us, as had been the lot of Juan Castro. But we omitted at first to recollect that it was Sunday, and that our captors were doubtless too much engaged in enjoying themselves, and making much of their victory, even to think of us. Still, we felt an anxious beating of the heart, that no reflections could allay; while I prepared, at the worst, to assert my prerogative as an Englishman, and to claim fair trial by a civil tribunal. At length evening drew near, and with it the hour of Maria's return. She came. We listened with intense interest. She passed the outer gate, and again, accompanied by Josè, came up the passage. "That was famous good wine of yours this morning," said the jailer, "and I fancy I must try a little of it this evening." "Very good," responded the smuggler, taking the basket and handing it to me. "*Take out the bottles*, signor, and then we can treat our worthy jailer properly." While Juan detained the man by this manœuvre, I removed the pistols from the basket.

"What does that girl there, and what has she in that basket?" exclaimed a new voice, that of the head jailer. "It is the daughter of Juan Castro, and the basket contains wine and food which she bears to him. He is to die to-morrow, and I thought no harm in letting him have whatever he wanted." "Be off, girl, and let me see you here no more," cried the brutal jailer; "and you, Josè, just come inside and overhaul this basket, which contains, I warrant me, something besides wine." "Files perhaps," said Juan sneeringly; and then he added, in a whisper, "Be ready; our time has come, though sooner than I expected." The jailers entered, and started back: three brace of pistols, loaded and cocked, were at their heads. "Keep watch while I bind," said Juan; and tearing off some of his own and our clothing, he soon secured the astonished guardians, effectually stopping their mouths with straw and a gag. A sharp knife, glistening before their eyes, kept both quiet. "Now, my worthies," said Juan—who, having been more than once in a similar position, treated the danger very cavalierly—"I will thank you for that big key; and now, good-by. Josè, I leave you the eatables; the wine is too good to be spared. Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and in an instant we were hurrying along the prison passage. "Can we not free my men?" I muttered. "Certainly," said Juan, halting at another door, and applying one of the keys he had deprived the jailer of; "Vigo prison can spare them as well as us." He was mistaken, however: the cell was empty: and, as I afterwards found, they had all taken service with their captors, and at once obtained their freedom.

No more time was lost, and the hall was gained. It was deserted. Vigo prison was confided—so poor were the authorities—to the care of the two men we had succeeded in overpowering. It took but a few minutes to open the great gate, and we stood in the open air. We followed the smuggler, as the only man well acquainted with the localities. Hurrying down the left side of the square, Juan Castro entered the street of La Baca, at the end of which was a lane. Turning short before this, we halted at the door of a tavern. We entered without hesitation, and being evidently expected, a cheerful meal in the kitchen awaited us. Maria was there too, no longer the gay singing girl of the prison, but with intense anxiety painted in every lineament of her countenance. "And now, gentlemen," said the smuggler, seat-

ing himself, and motioning us to follow his example, "what are your intentions as soon as you have refreshed yourselves?" "To gain our camp in the hills," I replied; while the Frenchman seemed already disgusted with the cause. As, however, in Vigo his life was in extreme danger, there was little choice in the matter. I may as well, however, here remark, that it was the baron's first and last effort in the cause, and that at the first convenient opportunity he returned to France, and foreswore all foreign campaigns for the future. I believe you think that perhaps I had been more wise had I done the same. Perhaps so; but to my story.

'In half an hour we were mounted on mules; and having once succeeded in leaving Vigo, it will readily be believed we did not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet. About midnight we reached a road-side inn, where we halted, and where, to our surprise and vexation, we found half a dozen soldiers of the other party. Presenting, however, a determined air, we were not molested, even Maria being allowed to seat herself unnoticed. We made no stay, however, and after a short half hour of repose, were again on our way. The next morning brought us to a halting-place in safety, and then, and only then, did we enjoy repose and sleep. Next day I made a report to the king, and failed not, as times went, to reward the services of the contrabandista and his daughter. Such is the history of my acquaintance with the prison of Vigo, the only one I hope it may be my lot to make.'

I thanked my adventurous friend, who, changing the subject, told me of other passages in his life equally curious, and which may perhaps one day find their way into these pages.

SAMPSON ON HOMŒOPATHY.*

This is the most plausible treatise on Homœopathy which we have perused. The author, already known to the public by a work inculcating humane views of criminal jurisprudence, places the subject in a clear and interesting light, and writes with an earnestness worthy of a true and good cause. We take up the book, as affording us an opportunity of placing a companion portraiture of this new medical doctrine by the side of that which we lately gave of Hydropathy, or the Water Cure.† The readers will of course bear in mind that what they read is the pleading of an advocate, though, we thoroughly believe, an honest and disinterested one.

The first chapter is devoted to a view of the ordinary system of medicine, respecting which it quotes the language of practitioners of high character, admitting it to be a science which 'abounds in contradictory facts and loose speculations.' Condensed extracts are given from Dr Craigie's *Elements of the Practice of Physic*, which, if truly presented, would seem to show all to be uncertainty in ordinary practice in the diseases ague, fevers of various kinds, erysipelas, leprosy, ringworm, smallpox, ulcerous sore throat, croup, catarrh, gastric inflammation, dysentery, delirium tremens, hydrocephalus, paralysis, quinsy, asthma, epilepsy, and many others. Thus it appears, thinks our author, that the success of the present system is not such as to warrant us in refusing an examination of one resting on different principles. He further presents quotations of a similar kind, taking away almost all faith in blood-letting and mercury, which have usually been regarded as the most unchallengeable of all remedial agents. From the evidence adduced, he considers himself entitled to infer, 'that, from a resort to medical aid, one of the three following circumstances will in a majority of cases take place:—namely, a complete or partial cure, with the drawback of some after-suffering from the remedies employed; a failure of the remedies, so as to leave the disease untouched, with the addition, at the same time, of evil consequences from the natural action of those remedies; or, finally, such a disturbance of the system and weakening of the vital power as shall rapidly accelerate a fatal termination. Under the most favourable conditions, therefore, we have no promise of deriving a simple and unquestionable benefit. In the best case we can look but for an exchange of ills, however much in some instances that exchange may be in our favour; while under the two last suppositions, the prospect is one of little else than unmitigated injury.'

After insisting a little more upon the unsatisfactory results of the present system, shown so distressingly in the vast amount of premature mortality, Mr Sampson presses the demand for a new and more certain method upon the public at large. He speaks of 'that large class of superficial persons who, while they feel themselves both unwilling and incompetent to examine evidence on scientific points, are nevertheless apt, for the sake of popularity, to echo, as if from their own deliberate opinion, the prejudices of others, and thus to indispose persons over whom they possess influence—for the very weak find some still weaker to look up to them—from paying attention to the subject. The temptation of keeping on the safe side, by refusing to recognise, or even to examine, a new doctrine until the majority have come over to it, is irresistible to those who do not feel sufficient power to stand alone; and in yielding to the impulse, they incur no other charge than that of weakness. But when such persons cease to confine themselves to a mere reserve of judgment, and flippantly repeat as original, or quote with approbation, the contemptuous remarks of a third party, it would be well, on all occasions, that they should be visited with reproof. If they feel themselves competent to examine the evidence in relation to it, it is their duty to do so, and not to give an opinion until the task be completed; and if they do not feel thus competent, they certainly cannot be fit to judge of the competency of those whose sentiments they echo, since it is much easier to decide upon a plain statement of facts, than upon the existence of those intellectual and moral qualities which must be possessed by another, to justify us in adopting his judgment as our own.'

Homœopathy comes forward as a medical method founded on one law affecting our bodily constitution. It considers the symptoms of a disease, not as a part of the disease itself, but as the effects of an effort of nature to throw off or rid herself of the disease. It is held, accordingly, to be the first object of a physician to favour and aid nature in this effort. For this purpose, his applications ought to be of a kind which have been found to produce diseases analogous to that under which the patient labours. What first suggested the idea to Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, was an experiment he tried with Peruvian bark, which he found to produce all the symptoms of the disorder for which it had been celebrated as a remedy; namely, intermittent fever. 'From the results of patient experiments, undertaken by himself and some devoted friends, and carefully conducted through a long series of years, the peculiarity which had been discovered to attach to the operation of quinine, of producing symptoms analogous to those of the disease for which it is a remedy, was found to attach also (as far as these experiments went) to every other medicine; and thus a mass of evidence was collected, sufficient, in the absence of opposing facts, to lead to a conviction that the property thus observed is a universal characteristic of remedial agents.' The details of these experiments are open to examination in the books where they are published. They form, Mr Sampson says, a ground for the belief in a homœopathic law; but the system has also practical results in its favour. 'Statistical reports duly verified, showing the comparative results of the homœopathic and allopathic treatment, are now to be had from many of the chief cities of Europe and America, embracing a suffi-

* Homœopathy; its Principle, Theory, and Practice. By M. B. Sampson. London: Samuel Highley. 1846.

† See article, 'Six Months at Graefenberg,' in No. 105, published January 3, 1846.

cient number of cases to enable all those whose minds are open to evidence of any sort, to arrive at a definite judgment upon their respective claims. Of these statistics, the most important perhaps are those which refer to the treatment of cholera, the results thus obtained having produced the first strong popular impression in Europe of the efficiency of homœopathy. The high rate of mortality in the cases of epidemic cholera which occurred in Europe in 1831, is well known. "As respects this country," writes Dr Elliotson, "I cannot but think that if all the patients had been left alone, the mortality would have been much the same as it has been; for we are not in the least more informed as to the proper remedies, than we were when the first case of cholera occurred. Some say they have cured the disease by bleeding; others by calomel; others by opium; and others, again, say that opium does harm. No doubt many poor creatures died uncomfortably, who would have died tranquilly if nothing had been done to them." While Dr Joseph Brown, by whom the course of the disease was observed at Sunderland, from its commencement in October to its cessation in January, states the mortality to have been 202 out of 534 attacked, or 38 per cent., and he speaks of a mortality of only 22¾ per cent. in the epidemic which prevailed in the Presidency of Madras from 1818 to 1822, as "a proud monument to the skill of the medical men employed, and to medical science in general." Now, the results of the homœopathic treatment of this disease in Europe in 1831, show a total of 2753 cured out of 3017 persons attacked, being a mortality of only 8½ per cent., and must be held, therefore, if the eulogium of Dr Brown on the practitioners of Madras is in anyway deserved, as a "proud monument" of the skill of the homœopathic practitioners, and to the "science in general," by which their practice had been guided.'

So far, homœopathy presents nothing that the public, if not the profession, could have opposed otherwise than on practical grounds; but then—the small doses! Homœopathic doctors administer their medicines in quantity extremely minute, triturating the solid, and diluting the liquid, till, in some instances, the decillionth part of a grain or of a drop is attained. In defence of this practice Mr Sampson appeals to experience. Hahnemann found 'that there was a much greater susceptibility of the system to medicines administered in accordance with the symptoms, than in opposition to them, or in disregard of them, and that it would consequently be necessary to lower the dose to an amount which, while it would eventually be followed by a perceptible improvement in the condition of the patient, would produce, in its first action, no distressing or dangerous results.' The smallness of the doses is, the homœopathists say, a question apart from the fundamental law of homœopathy itself; but there is a separate *rationale* for it. 'A little reflection,' says Mr Sampson, 'will convince us that there must be some portions of our organisation, of the fineness of which the human mind would be inadequate to form the slightest conception. It will also appear that these structures are of far higher importance towards the maintenance of life than the coarser and more outward portions of the frame, and that disease becomes dangerous and severe in proportion to the extent to which they are affected. In the most deep-seated affections, therefore, it is to these tissues that the powers of medicine have to be directed; and when we know that medicinal substances, like all material bodies, are infinitely divisible; that we can never, by any process, reduce them to atoms so fine but that they might still be infinitely reduced, it seems at once obvious, that if we wish them to reach, and to act upon those parts to which I have alluded, and in relation to some of the delicate machinery of which the finest atom to be attained from our very highest attenuations would appear coarse and ponderable, we must endeavour to bring them not only into a finer state than that in which they are ordinarily used, but into a state of exiguity far beyond anything to which we have been accustomed in dealing with coarser structures. It is simply, in fact, proportioning the delicacy of our agents to the delicacy of the instruments upon which they are to operate.'

The homœopathists administer but one medicine at a time, on which Mr Sampson lays much stress. They attribute importance also to the trituration to which it has been subjected, and to its being received upon the tongue, instead of being swallowed into the stomach, the proper business of which is, they say, to receive alimentary substances, and which speaks loudly for their system by the loathing and rejection which are usually excited by doses of common medicine.

Finally, our author treats of the opposition which homœopathy has met with, and answers a number of the special objections made to it by medical writers. 'Dr Pereira says that the doses are so small, that "it is *difficult to believe* they can produce any effect on the system, and *therefore we may infer* that the supposed homœopathic cures are referrible to nature;" but it by no means follows that this inference will prove correct. There are many things which are difficult to believe, but which, nevertheless, we are compelled to admit; so that if it were really, as he alleges, difficult to believe that to operate successfully on an organisation of the delicacy of which it is impossible for the human mind to form the remotest estimate, we must employ agents so delicate as to be likewise beyond all our ordinary conceptions; the fact of this difficulty existing would have very little weight in the face of daily experience. It is "difficult" to believe that, by arranging the vibrations of sound in a particular manner, two loud sounds may be made to produce silence; and also that, owing to an analogous property of light, two strong lights may be made to produce darkness. It is "difficult" to believe that the most sensitive lady might plunge her uncovered hand into a caldron of boiling tar without receiving the slightest injury; while, if her hand were covered with a glove, it would be dreadfully burnt. It is "difficult" to believe that the white light from the sun is composed of all the primary colours; that the principal supporter of life and combustion is a gas which constitutes part of our atmosphere, and is not cognisable by our senses; that when iron filings are strewed on a board, and a magnet is held underneath, they are immediately attracted, and this to the same extent as if the interposing substance were not there; that owing to the attraction of a particular metal to oxygen, the extraordinary phenomenon may be presented of ice on fire—since potassium, when placed upon frozen water, will even abstract oxygen from it in that state; that if the temperature of water be increased beyond the boiling point, the insensible vapour will exert an expansive power sufficiently great to tear asunder the strongest vessels in which it may be confined; and finally, it is "difficult" to believe almost all things that are hourly presented to us, and, above all, the fact of our own existence. Still, we should hardly consider that "we might therefore infer" that we are wrong in connecting these events with the causes which experience has shown to be capable of producing them. If mankind had always adopted his view of suffering "difficulty" of belief to deter them from the task of accumulating facts, and from the duty of recognising those facts, it is quite certain that science would have slumbered from the creation of the world down to the present time.'

So far we have followed Mr Sampson without deeming it necessary to introduce any comment of our own. We would now remark that, while homœopathy presents much that demands the attention of liberal medical men, its professors ought also to make some allowance for the opposition of that class. The doctrine of the infinitesimal doses, argue upon it as you may, is so opposed to all our common ideas as to cause and effect, that scepticism is next to unavoidable; and it is not only natural, but highly justifiable, to surmise that the alleged results are attributable to an absence of medicine

altogether, rather than to the presence of agents so inconceivably minute. We are every day taking forty times the amount of their most active doses in our food, and that without perceiving any result beyond what is natural and normal. Admitting, on the other hand, the probability of the negative character of the homœopathic doses, what an important consideration does it become for the orthodox practitioners, that many cures arise, to all appearance, from both this system of treatment and from hydropathy, where medicine is abandoned even in name!

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. III.

Gilaroo.—You have been reading, I see. Anything new?

Stukely.—Not exactly new. I have been perusing an early volume of Tytler's History of Scotland, one of the most interesting works I have read for some time—all the elegance of a romance with the solidity of a history. What fearful revelations the writer makes of the state of past manners—what monstrous usurpations—what crimes—what tyrannies of the strong over the weak!

Gil.—All history is much the same thing; little else than a record of crimes and miseries; injustice on the one hand, and suffering on the other. Ambition, however, has been the principal source of national calamity. A monarch, already powerful, wishes to become more so. He sees a comparatively helpless little kingdom in his neighbourhood, and thinking what a fine thing it would be to add it to his own already large territory, he does not scruple to put every species of base engine at work to accomplish his ends: if underhand means fail, he proclaims open war, lets loose a body of armed men on the unhappy country, with orders to put all to the sword who resist his iniquitous aggression. This was what Edward I. did with Scotland, a country he had no right to meddle with, and which fortunately was able to beat off him and his successors. This was what Henry II. did with Ireland, which was less fortunate in making its defence. This was what different sovereigns of the overgrown Russian dominions have done with Poland. It was by no other means that Prussia grew to be a great kingdom out of the small duchy of Brandenburg. France was once half a dozen little kingdoms, which were all swallowed up, the less by the greater, till it now forms only one. Spain has undergone the same process, Austria has encroached upon and absorbed Lombardy, one of the finest portions of Italy. What country, indeed, that can be named, has not become what it is by a violent aggression on the rights of others?

Stuke.—What, indeed; but it is one comfort that we do not see any of the injustice you allude to in our times.

Gil.—Pardon; not quite come to that yet. As long as there is ignorance, there will be also vulgar ambition, and its natural consequences. At present, if we choose to look abroad, we have many spectacles of already powerful and sufficiently large states attempting to extend themselves over comparatively defenceless territories. Nicholas of Russia is carrying on a war against the inhabitants of the Caucasus, of precisely the same nature as that which Edward I. carried on against Scotland, and with equal injustice. On what plea of right the French are attempting to conquer the north of Africa, is more, I imagine, than they could satisfactorily explain. The people of the United States, too, imitating the ambition of the Edwards, Henrys, Fredericks, and Nicholases of the old world, seem to have latterly become quite unscrupulous as to their acquisitions. After this, nobody need blame *kings* as the only aggressors on national rights.

Stuke.—Ah, I see; you allude to that Oregon affair? I cannot say I rightly understand it.

Gil.—Yes, it is that I was thinking of. Is it not a monstrous pity that the intelligent and peace-loving of two nations should for ever be kept on the brink of a mortal quarrel about such utterly contemptible points of dispute? Who in Great Britain cares a farthing for Oregon, and what rational American cares for it either? Yet, by heedless persons using indiscreet words, and manifesting a thirst of acquisition, the most alarming consequences may be threatened.

Stuke.—I have heard it said that a smart war, though expensive at the time, is not a bad thing in the main; it scatters money about, and gives a great deal of employment.

Gil.—I'll tell you what war does. It causes large sums—ten millions or so, for a beginning—to be raised by immediate or postponed taxation; if postponed, then interest as well as principal has to be provided for. This exaction operates detrimentally in two ways. Everybody gives money out, for which he gets nothing back, which is a loss; and the money, instead of being spent in creating articles of exchangeable value, is laid out on things altogether worthless. In making these articles—guns, for example—men no doubt receive wages, but the articles never sell for anything afterwards: you might just as well give men wages for doing nothing.

Stuke.—Stop a moment. Do not those who pay out money to buy guns—that is, the tax-payers—get back a considerable part of it in consequence of the briskness of trade? That, I believe, is the question.

Gil.—A few individuals in particular circumstances may get back more than they pay out. For example, a farmer who supplies food to a depôt of prisoners of war, may realise a profit ten times the amount of his taxes. But the people at large get back nothing. The money in the course of circulation may be paid to shopkeepers for articles, but these articles were not got for nothing. In the most favourable view of the case, the proportion of money returned must be infinitesimal—a thing too illusory to be spoken about.

Stuke.—But you will allow that vast numbers of men are employed as soldiers and sailors?

Gil.—Of course, and so much the worse. Assuming that the war is never to bring anything good to the country, the employment of so many men is a double loss—the loss of the money expended in feeding, clothing, and paying, perhaps pensioning them; and the loss incurred by the abstraction of so many able-bodied men from the field of labour.

Stuke.—I don't clearly see that. Are not the men busy fighting, which is surely labour?

Gil.—But it is a labour which yields no return. We get nothing out of it but misery. If fifty thousand men are kept blowing away gunpowder into the atmosphere for a whole year, we cannot, as far as I can see, be the richer for it, but a great deal the poorer. It is a labour worse than lost. As every one of the fighters might be working at some useful employment, and adding to the national resources, if he were not a soldier, it is pretty clear that war is an engine of national impoverishment. Of the calamities which it otherwise produces, I need say nothing. Its interruption of commerce, its distracting of people's minds from all sorts of social improvement, its positively barbarising influence, is all bad. The loss of life and limb arising from it is deplorable.

Stuke.—At all events, the army is recruited from the least useful and respectable portion of the community—a kind of riddance of badly-behaved young men. Is it not Laing who compliments us on our constructing the army out of the least valuable materials in the country, instead of, as in Prussia, using up indiscriminately the best members of the community as soldiers?

Gil.—There may be some truth in that, although I must say the army, on the whole, is an exceedingly well-conducted body of men, and abounds in persons of great respectability and intelligence. However, granting that it does rid us of many bad spirits, might not there be some better plan of rendering these men harmless to society, than in making them soldiers? Have all fair

means of instruction and melioration been tried? One defect in our institutions seems obvious: we have no general and humane plan for preventing petty crimes, and rescuing the youthful poor from vices which ruin their character, and send them a long life of misery. Public justice, in treating these unfortunate beings, never considers temptations, nor has any idea of predispositions in the individual. All are swept into the gulf: driven into the hands of the recruiting sergeant, or condemned and sent to the penal colonies.

Stuke.—I don't know that society is to be blamed for this. Some years ago, an association of benevolent persons, at their own expense, rid the streets of London of houseless and destitute children, to whom they kindly gave board, clothing, education, and industrial training. After thus putting them in a way of earning a livelihood, they apprenticed them to farmers at the Cape of Good Hope; for they could not get employment for them at home. Well, this institution was brought to an end, by what I thought a very senseless howl of the metropolitan press. They said it was a system of white slavery; and as the supporters of the institution had no interest in carrying it on, and did not like to be called names, they gave it up. I now see, by a report of what took place a short time ago in the Lord Mayor's court, that the streets are again haunted by destitute children, who of course all become thieves. I wonder who, in the face of the former experiment, will be willing to look after them.

Gil.—Why, the parish authorities certainly; and if they don't, schools of industry ought to be got up, at the public expense, to rescue these poor children from destruction. Something of this kind is already done in Aberdeen, with the best effect, and will be by and by in some other towns. Why should London not follow the example? My opinion is, that the society you allude to was far too easily intimidated. The members, knowing that what they were doing was from no bad motive, but the reverse, should have persevered—outlived the clamour against them.

Stuke.—So they would, I daresay, if they had been backed. The world is often most thankless to its benefactors, and often joins in the laugh against individuals who have for years been doing much good.

Gil.—Men of integrity of principle should not mind either sarcasm or abuse. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said of his enemies and detractors: 'I let them hum and buzz themselves to sleep.' Whatever arrangement is founded on truth and justice, must stand; whatever has a basis in fraud, must come to nought. Emerson puts this in the clearest light. It is an acknowledged truth in ethics, and not less true in social economics. Honesty, you know, is always the best policy.

Stuke.—Yet what is more observable than that of clever dishonest men succeeding in their schemes, while good men are defeated in their most useful arrangements?

Gil.—The dishonest and the shabby may achieve some paltry end no doubt; but look around, and see that if, on the whole, the honest men have not the best of it. Who are those who command respect?—I do not mean obsequious adulation—the honest men to be sure. Who are those who gain no esteem, though perhaps some applause, for their talents?—the unprincipled to be sure. If there be a lesson taught more distinctly than another at the present moment, it is, that no brilliancy of qualification, no power of genius, no learning, no rank, no anything, can make a dishonest man be respected. The plain inference is, that, in defiance of sneers and obloquy, every one should do his best to act with a resolute integrity of principle. It may be inconvenient, or it may involve some sacrifices in the meantime, but it will unquestionably be alone gainful in the end.

Stuke.—All very fine in theory, but only so-so in practice. We see countries making a capital thing of stealing other countries near them; we see great bodies of individuals living in splendid style, by stealing men and making them work like brutes; we see hundreds of persons as comfortable and respected as may be, although living by very shabby kinds of tricks.

Gil.—You look only at the outside of things. Among universal affairs, it is often difficult to trace the retributive punishment of acts unquestionably vicious, and indefensible on moral grounds. The ways of Providence are not always clear to the intelligence of man. Retribution may sometimes demonstrate itself in secret cankering cares, or feelings of remorse; sometimes in exposure to the world, and disgrace; sometimes in distressing annoyances from the failure of schemes; sometimes in terrible fears for consequences; at the very least, loss of self-respect. Who knows whether Russia may not yet repent of having crushed Poland? Is not Austria at its wit's end keeping Lombardy in subjection? Have not the French caught a Tartar in Algeria? May not the United States, by their extensions, be going on infatuatedly to their ruin? Is not their very slave system enough to blow them up? Honesty, along with kindness, I repeat, should be the governing principle of the world.

Stuke.—What you say may be true in the main, but I doubt its application to ordinary matters. It would be all very well, acting in every affair of life with transparent uprightness, and candour, and generosity, if every other person would do the same; but the bulk of the world are a set of sharks, with whom it is necessary, at the very least, to be always on the defensive. For my part, I have been the victim of all sorts of encroachments; and what is strange, I have been ill-used chiefly by those to whom I have shown kindness. I have got only kicks for my halfpence. Sometimes I cannot help laughing at the way I have been treated; it reminds me so much of the old story of the beggar and the merchant.

Gil.—What story do you allude to? I don't remember anything of the kind.

Stuke.—The story was this: I have seen it in some old book. In a certain city in the East there was a poor man, a beggar, who sat daily at the corner of a street, where his miserable appearance might excite the charity of the numerous passengers. One occasionally would give him a trifle; many gave him nothing. It happened that a rich merchant came to reside in that quarter, and taking compassion on the poor man, he dropped an alms to him daily in passing. The regularity of this bounty cheered the beggar very much. A coin equal to a penny was the amount of the alms each day, and on this he began to reckon with as much certainty as that the sun would rise. It became to him a sort of annuity. Well, this went on for a series of years, the beggar all the time improving in circumstances, and looking on his benefactor with profound respect. At length things took a turn with the merchant. Whether he had met with heavy losses, or had discovered some other pauper more needful and deserving, I do not know, but it is certain that he all at once desisted from giving the beggar his usual alms. The first day that this took place the beggar was a little surprised, but as it might be an accidental omission, it did not give him very deep concern. The second day he was surprised in earnest; he was dreadfully chagrined. What have I done, thought he, that I should merit this extraordinary treatment. The third day he was furious; it was an indignity not to be borne; it was a positive robbery. Addressing the merchant on the fourth day, he requested to know what he had done to be treated thus: why was his daily allowance stopped? The merchant was now in his turn surprised, and replied that he could not be questioned as to his dispensation of alms; he could do with his own as he liked. This answer, which you would think was quite reasonable, would not do for the beggar. He said that he had no wish to injure any man, but it was his duty to defend his rights, and seeing the merchant would not pay him his daily salary, he must refer the case to a court of justice. Accordingly, he had the merchant up before the cady, to whom he

explained his wrongs. 'This merchant,' said he, 'has done me a serious injury. He gave me a penny a-day for so many years that I arranged all my plans in reference to it. I married on the faith of the penny, and nothing else. I have a family to support and a rent to pay, and without the continuance of the penny, how am I to do either the one or the other? The stoppage of this revenue is, in short, a very great calamity, and I, in the name of the prophet, cry to your highness for justice. Far be it from me, however, to insist on the defendant continuing his penny daily; if that be inconvenient, I am willing to accept a compensation in a distinct sum.' The cady now heard what the merchant had to say in reply, and he did not seem at all pleased with it. He remarked that it was a case of very serious oppression; a very bad case indeed, which could not be suffered to go unredressed. If the merchant did not intend continuing the penny for life, he had no business leading the beggar into the idea that he would, by giving him alms so regularly. The notion of now, out of mere caprice, withdrawing a bounty which was essential to the poor man's existence and happiness, and to which he was unquestionably entitled by prescriptive right, was on the face of it absurd. 'Go, sir,' said he in conclusion to the merchant, 'and pay the man his dues. I ordain that you give him a hundred piastres in liquidation of all demands.'——There, what do you think of that? There was gratitude for you.

Gil.—Pooh! only a fable.

Stuke.—A good quiz, you mean; not a bad satire, I take it, on what one often meets with for all his kindness.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Theodore Edward Hook was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, on the 22d of September 1788. His father was a musical composer of talent, in his day and sphere a man of considerable note. Mrs Hook is said to have been an amiable and excellent woman: she died, unfortunately for Theodore, in his fifteenth year, just when he most needed a judicious and affectionate monitor. There was but one other child, Dr James Hook, Theodore's senior by eighteen years, who, when they lost their mother, was already at Oxford, preparing for the church. His life, less brilliant, was happier than his gifted brother's. He rose to due eminence in his profession, and died dean of Worcester.

Theodore had been sent betimes to Harrow; but when his father became a widower, and therefore anxious for the boy's cheerful company, he easily consented to allow him to remain at home. The 'little back drawing-room' was accordingly given up to Master Theodore. Here he settled himself to read novels and farces, or fantasy on the piano, or play the fool with such of his young friends as chose to visit him: nothing could be more pleasant, or more unprofitable. One profitable gift, however, the elder Hook soon detected in his sportful son: Theodore could versify, and versify well, with less trouble than it costs ordinary mortals to pen very indifferent prose. This discovery sealed his fate. The veteran artist took the stripling into partnership. Was a song required—Theodore dashed off the words, while the other composed the music—the junior receiving an equitable share of the proceeds. For the son of a man hand-in-glove with the whole tribe of players and dramatists, the transition from the little back drawing-room, to the spaces both 'before and behind the stage' of Drury Lane, was a natural and an easy one. Theodore was a poet, and even already a wit; his person pleasing, his manners free from timidity; no wonder if he rose into high favour with the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room. Such an atmosphere, and such society, quickly stimulated him to attempt something loftier than song-writing. With the aid of a few French vaudevilles, 'The Soldier's Return, a comic opera, in two acts,' was quickly produced. It was performed at Drury Lane with 'vociferous applause;' and who now so happy as Theodore? This success nearly turned his head, or at least banished from it, and for ever, all thoughts of joining any of the regular professions.

This was in 1805, and during the next few years, operas, melodramas, farces—some of the last, it is said, capital in their kind—flowed in rapid succession from Theodore's pen. But at that time, as the best of his biographers observe, the real farce was his own life. His theatrical ongoings had made him acquainted with the actor Mathews, a merry, thoughtless fellow like himself: both were in the heyday of youth, instinct with fun, and brimful of the wildest animal spirits. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and this gave birth to a long series of practical jokes—some audacious, some merely comic—a history of which might fill whole volumes, though of a nature truly more to amuse than to edify. Has the reader ever heard of the 'Berners Street Hoax of 1809?' A neat, quiet-looking residence drew the attention of Theodore and a companion, as they were one day walking through Berners Street. Next moment the wag offered to bet that, before the week was out, this very mansion should be the most famous in London. The wager was accepted, and Hook set to work to win it. Before seven days elapsed, the post had carried a thousand letters, from the pen of Mr Theodore Hook, to a thousand persons of every rank and occupation. Some, on the most plausible grounds, were requested to appear in person; but the majority to deliver goods of one kind or another, on the same hour of the same day, at the innocent and devoted house. On the appointed forenoon, Theodore and his friends were planted at the window opposite, to contemplate and enjoy the proceedings. Precisely at the hour named in all the missives, up drove the Duke of York's carriage; the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the lord mayor, and a great host of dignitaries, less punctual than his military royal highness, were also under weigh. But arrival was impossible: the thoroughfares, from every point of the compass, were already blocked up with wagons, coaches, brewers' drays, costermongers' carts—vehicles of all descriptions. The hubbub this prank occasioned in London may be easily imagined: we have narrated it, nowise with approval, as a significant emblem of Hook's early life. It was played in the year of his majority.

Such frolics, however, were not calculated to introduce Theodore to those exalted regions of high-life above stairs which his merriment, duly softened, was in after-years so frequently to exhilarate, and whitherwards he was doubtless already casting many a longing glance. For this consummation he was indebted to the most wonderful of all his brilliant social gifts—his faculty of improvisation, a display of which could extort from such a man as the poet Coleridge the assertion, that 'Hook was as true a genius as Dante!' When Sheridan was returned for Westminster, after one of those numerous ever memorable struggles, now so utterly forgotten, the company at Drury Lane celebrated their proprietor's triumph by giving him a dinner, and Theodore was among the guests. In the course of the evening, says Mrs Mathews, 'being in turn solicited, he displayed his talents in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr Hook; but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Mr Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty,' &c. 'could not have believed,' &c. &c.; and, in short, took some pass of the young English improvisatore.

This introduction to the author of the School for Scandal, led to an acquaintance with his son (the 'Tom'

of so many of his jokes), and with other 'persons of quality,' friends of the younger Sheridan. By and by we meet Theodore, delighting and delighted, in the drawing-room of the Marchioness of Hertford. Nay, royalty, or quasi-royalty itself, 'at a supper in Manchester Square,' and 'one or two dinners elsewhere,' deigned to be amused with his witty sallies and lyrical ground-and-lofty tumbling. On the first of these occasions, when the aspirant, then 'a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls,' took his leave, the Prince Regent placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Mr Hook, I must see and hear you again.' The ball was at Theodore's foot; presently the same illustrious personage was heard to declare, 'Something *must* be done for Hook.'

By the end of 1812 something very effectual *had* been done for Hook: he was appointed accomptant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of L.2000 a-year. Here was an opportunity, easily, and without the fear of ridicule, to amend whatever was wrong in his way of life. Had the man now shaped his course a little more wisely, he might, indeed, never have edited John Bull, and yet been in all ways a gainer. But he was five-and-twenty, and his days had not been passed in the school where the lessons of self-denial are enforced with stripes. Arrived at his destination in the October of 1813, he continued, on a somewhat higher scale, the game he had already been playing in London. He found a gay, dissipated society stirring around him; balls, theatricals public and private, horse-races, mason-festivities, convivialities without end. He plunged headlong into it all, enjoyed and repaid in kind the boundless hospitality of the place; while the duties of his office were being neglected, or—worse than neglected—left to be performed by dishonest subordinates. Finally, on the evening of the 8th March 1818, some five years and nine months after he had landed, he was supping at a friend's house, when the officers of justice came to seize him. Poor Theodore was dragged by 'torch-light through crowded streets' to the common jail, then handed over to a military detachment homeward-bound, and sailed soon afterwards for England, charged with having embezzled L.20,000 of the public money.

The Quarterly Reviewer has gone, with impartiality and care, into the question of Hook's misconduct, and it seems clear that he was innocent of everything but the grossest carelessness; a sad fault indeed, yet far enough removed from crime. He arrived at Portsmouth in the January of 1819, and was at once, by order of the crown lawyers, released from confinement, to undergo, through a wearisome series of years, the searching examination by the Audit Board. During his absence his father had died. By the close of 1819—friendless, moneyless, disgraced—he had crept into humble lodgings at Somerstown. But the buoyancy of his spirit no misfortune could utterly depress. He sought out the humbler of his old associates, and if he had poverty to vex him, gaiety was there to keep her company. He wrote for theatres and periodicals: he even started a magazine—'The Arcadian.' The queen's business was then engrossing the minds of all, and Theodore had been ever the sturdiest of Tories. In the summer of 1820 he fired the first shot in his fierce campaign against that unhappy personage: it was 'a thin octavo,' in such rhyme as we can fancy. A few months more, and John Bull electrified the world. 'No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has, in our time at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre, to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision.'

Theodore's salary as editor was rising towards L.2000 a-year, when, in the autumn of 1823, the investigation of the Audit Board was closed: its report pronounced him a debtor to the crown in the sum of L.12,000. His property, forthwith seized and sold, did not fetch as many pence; and his person was handed over to a sheriff's officer named Hemp, to be dealt with as the law prescribes. It was always one of Hook's delusions, founded partly on his John Bull services, that some royal or noble interference would be exerted to have the debt wiped out. For nine months, accordingly, incurring unnecessary expense, he lingered on in his captor's residence at Shire Lane, a dismal and squalid abode. Yet this period was not the most unhappy or even the most unprofitable of his life. His days were devoted to the duties of his editorship, and to the composition of the 'Sayings and Doings.' Of an evening, his friends gathered round him. Dr Maginn, whose acquaintance with him dated from his imprisonment, was a nightly visitor. At last, in the April of 1824, he gave notice that he intended to remove to the King's Bench. Mr Hemp had, meanwhile, been fascinated by the constant glee and good-humour of his lively captive. To break the melancholy of parting, he went the length of inviting him to a festive banquet on the evening before he left Shire Lane. The company was of a mixed description—cultivators of the muses, from Theodore's circle of friends, alternating with select tipstaves, intimates of the worthy host. Ere the night was gone, Hook was called on for an improvisation, 'and his ballad' (says a good authority, for otherwise it were incredible) 'showed up Mr Hemp and his brethren as intrusted with the final office of the law in the case of the culprit before them.'

After a year's detention in the King's Bench, in the May of 1825 he was finally released, with a distinct intimation from the Audit Board, that the debt was to hang over him till paid. Hook was now in his thirty-seventh year, and, with proper prudence, happy days might have still been in store for him. For the first series of 'Sayings and Doings,' published early in 1824, he had received L.2000: the second appeared just before he left the King's Bench. Both placed him high among the highest of then living novelists. His emoluments from John Bull were, as already stated, uncommonly large. Thus, in a short time, with economy and diligence, independence was sure for him. Will it be believed, that although, during the next sixteen years, he wrote thirty-eight volumes, and added the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine to that of John Bull, not a farthing of the large sums this productive industry brought him was devoted to extinguish his debt to the crown?

On quitting jail, he took a good house at Putney, and began to mix in society, though chiefly of a theatrical and literary kind. Two years afterwards, however, he migrated to a large and handsome residence in Cleveland Row (of London Proper), gave dinners on an extensive scale, and became a member and frequenter of several aristocratic clubs, 'especially'—fatal words—'such as allowed of play.' His visiting-book soon included all that was loftiest and gayest, and in every sense most distinguished in London society. The editor of John Bull, *the* fashionable novelist, the wittiest and most vivid talker of the time, his presence was not only everywhere welcome, but everywhere coveted and clamoured for. But the whirl of extravagant dissipation emptied his pocket, fevered his brain, and shortened the precious leisure in which alone his subsistence could be gained. In the midst of it all, he saw impending over him the Damocles sword of debt. In 1831 he removed, indeed, to a humbler residence at Fulham, but his habits in other respects suffered no change. At home, too, he had entangled himself in domestic relations to which it is painful to refer. There were, it is true, constant internal struggles and protests against all this madness, yet, practically, Theodore surrendered himself with open eyes to his fate; he never (until, for human purposes, too late) made any one real and forcible attempt to break the baleful spell which chained him to a course of life inwardly and outwardly ruinous. The vigour of the following apt quotation must excuse its length.

'There is recorded,' in his Diary, 'in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth, evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England: the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune. Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of "John Bull," to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried across the country to some appointed "Blue Boar" or "Crooked Billet." Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighbourhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed. He enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood. In half an hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail-shower—"that dear Theodore" had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire: it is supposed that the evening is over, that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelors' gallery with half-a-dozen bachelors of different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the Diary calls "something comfortable" in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates; but is persuaded. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made. The fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case must, *on any terms*, remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene recurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that *must* be finished within a month or six weeks, and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs—who consider him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the "Morning Post" alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of "fashionable intelligence."'* *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!*

Hook's life was tending towards no peaceful and desirable goal; and though to the outward eye, almost to the last, the same polished and joyous worldling as ever, his inner man was racked by mournful fears and chagrins. Let us hear himself speak.

'January 19, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others; and because, though I have, through God's goodness, been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend; and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness.

'September 6, 1838.—To-day invited by Sir Edward Sugden to meet Lord Granville Somerset, Dr Ros, Croker, and others agreeable; but said no. * * How little people think of the griefs and sorrows of those whom they hear only in public, and then not always favourably!'

The following is the last entry in his diary. 'June 20, 1841.—To-day ill, but in to dinner to Lord Harrington's, to meet the Duke of Wellington. There Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord,' &c. &c.

The illness here spoken of had been gaining on him for some time; it sprang from a 'total disorganisation of the liver and other viscera.' He continued ailing throughout the summer. On the 13th of August, after a hard day's work of writing, he 'retired in great exhaustion to his bed.' He expired on the evening of the 24th.

This is a biographical, and not a critical sketch: an estimate of Hook's well-known, on the whole perhaps somewhat trivial, and at any rate easily appreciable writings, it is not our intention to offer. His life, indeed, in the full record of it to be one day doubtless presented to the world, will be probably more interesting, certainly far more instructive, than any works he has left behind him. Would that for us all it were as easy to follow out in practice, as to enforce and assent to be true, the pithy maxim, 'Wrong never comes right,' which, meeting us repeatedly in his books, has been seldom so vividly exemplified as in the life of Theodore Edward Hook.

* Quarterly Review, No. 143, Art. "Theodore Hook;" a masterly essay, from a pen not to be mistaken.

THE RETURNED SLAVE.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

A NOBLEMAN being at a state banquet, given at Marseilles, was anxious to refresh himself by taking a few turns in a boat on the river. He accordingly called for a boatman, when a pleasing looking youth, with a most gracious manner, offered himself. The nobleman was induced to look at him attentively, seeing him possessed of more refined manners than are usually met with in that rank of life. 'You do not row,' he said, 'as if you were a sailor; and I cannot understand that, if it is not your trade, you could undertake such a severe exercise for recreation.'

'I was not born, indeed,' replied the youth, 'in this rank of life, nor is this the trade I belong to; but the misfortunes of my father have obliged me to take to it, to earn a trifle on festival days.'

'And what misfortunes have happened your father?' said the nobleman.

'He is a slave,' replied the youth in a state of distress; 'and I have no means of ransoming him but by the most severe labour and fatigue.'

'A slave! And how long, and where?'

'He is now six months in chains at Tetuan. He formed a small capital by his earnings, freighted a ship, went in it himself, industriously wishing to make the most of it; but unfortunately it was seized by the Moors, and he and the crew were made slaves. Two thousand crowns they require for his ransom; but as he took all our property with him, we are very far from being able to procure so large an amount. My mother and sister work day and night to assist in collecting the

sum, and I do the same; therefore I wish to take advantage of every opportunity of adding to our earnings. At first I thought to be able to liberate him by taking his place; but my mother (who suspected my plan) assured me that my design was useless; and fearing, not without some reason, that I still might venture, forbade all the captains to take me on board.'

'Have you not heard anything of him since? Do you know whom he serves, and in what way he is treated?' asked the nobleman.

'He is the superintendent of the royal gardens, and is treated humanely. But, alas! this is small comfort for him; he is a slave, and far from all those most dear to him.'

'What is his name and age?

'Robert; and he is nearly fifty-five years of age.'

'You have my best wishes, and certainly are deserving of better fortune. From your good conduct, I think I may promise it to you.'

Night coming on, the nobleman desired him to land him, and, jumping out of the boat, would not allow the youth time to thank him for the purse of money which he left in it as a reward. The young man, surprised at such generosity, for many days sought the nobleman to express his gratitude; but in vain. Two months afterwards, while this poor but honest family were at their scanty dinner, to their utter amazement Robert arrived. A scream of joy and surprise escaped them: they even doubted the reality of their vision. He tenderly embraced each one: 'My wife and my children,' he exclaimed, 'how deeply indebted I am to you; but tell me, how have you been enabled to release me? The sum required for my ransom was enormous: these clothes, and my passage paid beforehand, all astonish me. Alas! to what a state of misery do I see you have reduced yourselves for me.'

The sudden joy quite overpowered his wife, who had not strength to answer, until relieved by a flood of tears. She again embraced her husband, and pointing to her son, said, 'You see in him your liberator; we never could have collected the immense sum required, were it not for his indefatigable exertions, aided by those of a charitable nobleman who was struck by his amiability. To that boy you certainly owe your freedom: he even secretly arranged to exchange with you.'

A shriek from her daughter interrupted her, and on turning round she perceived her son had fainted. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a vacant gaze at his father. Making a vain effort to speak, the poor father was struck dumb by the sudden transition from joy to grief, and turning to his son in an angry manner, he exclaimed, 'Alas! unfortunate youth, what have you done? I cannot feel myself indebted to you for this liberty without shuddering. If my ransom had not caused you to commit some crime, you would not have dared to conceal it from your mother. The son of a miserable slave, and in these wretched times, it is not likely that by honest means you could have procured such assistance. I tremble at the thought of your filial love leading you into crime. Relieve me from this uncertainty; if it is true, I would rather——'

'No, no; compose yourself, father; embrace your son: I am not yet unworthy of that name; for it is neither to me nor one of us that you are indebted. Our benefactor is quite another person. Indeed, mother, it is to that stranger who gave me the purse in such a generous manner that we owe our happiness. Oh, if I could meet him! If I could—— But I will leave no stone unturned to discover him.' He then related to his father how he had met the stranger, and thus eased his mind of all uncertainty.

After two years of useless inquiry, one morning the youth chanced accidentally to meet the object of his search.

'Ah! my lord, my benefactor!' He could say no more, but threw himself at his feet.

'What do you want? What is all this?' said the stranger.

'My lord, do you not know me? Have you forgotten the son of the unfortunate Robert whom you so generously saved?'

'You mistake, my friend; I am a stranger only just arrived.'

'That may be; but do you not recollect being here about two years and a half since? Let me remind you of the few turns you took on the river; the purse that you gave me; the compassion you felt for my father's misfortunes; the numerous questions you asked on whatever could throw light on the means for his liberation. You have thus formed the happiness of an entire family, who desire nothing now but your presence, to heap it with a thousand blessings. Alas! do not deny us our wishes.'

'Softly, my friend; you are too easily deceived; you perhaps——'

'No; I am not deceived; your features are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to forget them. Receive our thanks.' He then seized him by the arm, and tried to induce him to return with him to his home, and witness the happiness which he had been the means of restoring. The contrast between the two attracted a crowd round them. The unknown person was in the height of his glory; but instead of showing his astonishment, he had the courage to repress it, and still to remain in concealment.

This fact would have remained for ever a mystery, if, on the death of a Marseilles merchant, his relations had not found among his papers a note for 7500 francs, 'sent to Robert Meryn à Cadice,' and for which there was no receipt. A famous English banker said he had made use of this money, by the orders of Signor Charles, second Baron de Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, for the ransom of an inhabitant of Marseilles, called Robert, enslaved at Tetuan. This celebrated man was in the habit of occasionally visiting his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, who was married at Marseilles.

The generous action which he performed, and which we have now related, does not merit less commendation than his literary labours, by which he has rendered his name immortal.

DUNCES.

We find the following humorous and judicious remarks on this ill-understood class of school-boys, in a speech delivered by Mr Macintosh, at a late meeting of the Forfar, Fife, and Perthshire Educational Association:—

We all know what great bores dunces are in schools, and how readily the master's choler is awakened by their laggard motions. They, however, often serve a purpose. Without dunces, our classes would not present the striking contrast which they often exhibit; the dunces are the dark shades in the picture, which throw the talented youth more prominently into view. They, moreover, offer an opportune occasion for the wit, the sapient counsel, and thundering reproof of the master; and should he enforce his argument by 'suiting the action to the word'—

> 'Full well the boding tremblers learned to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face;
> Full well the busy circle, whispering round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.'

Though the days of indiscriminate castigation are gone by, and dunces enjoy an exemption formerly unknown under the reign of terror, they are not yet treated with the rational consideration, and consequently with that *justice*, which their circumstances demand. Let us analyse the character of a dunce as he is too often impersonated. There are several species of dunces. There is first the *incapable*, to whom nature has been niggard in the power of observation, discrimination, reflection, and memory. An unfortunate of this class is sent to school, and yoked with class-fellows of his own age. His natural imperfections speedily appear; he falls astern at a fearful rate; he soon becomes powerless in contending with his gifted compeers, who look on him with indifference and contempt. He then becomes a dead weight on his class,

and provokes, too often, the ire of his master to punish him for what he is incompetent to perform. What consequences follow? The natural incapables are often quiet and patient, and very passive under discouragements and disgrace; they *feel* their case to be hopeless, and despairingly resign themselves to their fate.

Another section of dunces stand nearly on a level with the natural incapables with respect to scholastic progress, because they have not been trained to habits of attention, observation, application, order, and obedience. They have been spoiled by too much indulgence; or, it may be, have been entirely uncared for, and left to the government of their appetites and passions, a prey to the depraved propensities of human nature. At school they are the *moral* incapables. Though seen at the fag-end of a class, careless, unprepared, and unashamed, they are never at the fag-end of play and mischief; in fact, idleness and mischief are their element. As far as my experience goes, the *natural* incapables are not a numerous class, which is one of the many evidences of the beneficence of the Creator. But the *moral* incapables include a much larger proportion, which proves the lamentable irregularities in domestic training.

There is a third class of an intermediate character—*reputed* dunces—but falsely so called, who possess a delicate physical organisation, and a most sensitive mental constitution, whose faculties are paralysed by anxiety and fear, who tremble at the slightest difficulty, and sink under the slightest discouragement. They resemble those beautiful plants that bloom in the genial atmosphere of a greenhouse, but are blasted on being exposed to the mercy of the elements. Above a dozen years ago a case of this kind fell under my observation. The boy to whom I allude had the most sensitive feelings I ever knew. I was made aware of his very susceptible mental temperament, and treated him with kindness and care. The youth had excellent parts, and made satisfactory progress. Without reflecting on the probable consequences, his father placed him under the care of a master to learn a foreign language; the nerves of the poor youth were unequal to the excitement of competition—he fevered and died. There was no blame attachable to his teacher. The poor youth was too sensitive for the region of competition, unfit to struggle with robust and hardy boys. As we are to take an interest in dunces generally, or those who are reputed dunces, would it not be well, if we who are professional men, would carefully set ourselves to consider whether it is not possible to devise a more rational mode of treating these different classes? It is true we may be goaded and annoyed by ignorant parents, who expect all children to make equal progress. But there are considerations superior to temporary gain, of which we ought never to lose sight. Why does a skilful physician so carefully study the diagnostics of any disease as it may be exhibited in the cases of his patients? He does so to meet the case fairly, to maintain his professional skill and credit; and he is actuated by the higher motives of humanity and kindness. These principles and feelings should induce us to rise superior to temporary advantage, to be above the influence of unreasonable and ignorant parents, to study our profession, and make our duty the pole star to which our exertions should be directed. We will thereby be benefactors of our species, we will rise in our respective spheres, and we will enhance our profession in the estimation of society. Do not these reflections suggest that the classification of children labouring under natural and moral disqualifications is unadvisable and absurd? Is it not treating them cruelly and unjustly, to place them among competitors with whom they have no chance of success? What opinion would we entertain of a proposal to match cripples in a race with youths of sound limbs and strong sinews? It is impossible to calculate the extent of injury, physical and mental, thus inflicted. In the treatment of unfortunates—misnamed dunces—parents unhappily reverse the maxims they scrupulously adopt with the health of enervated and sickly children. A poor youth who cannot move beyond the speed of a tortoise, being encouraged for doing all that he is able to do, will exert his small energies to the utmost, and take a pleasure in his labour, when he is not taxed beyond his ability. What is it that renders the labour of a teacher so irksome, but the false position in which he is placed by such unnatural arrangements? Who can tell how many intellects have been marred by unskilful treatment? The error of the modern and improved system of education, is the enormous speed with which the youthful travellers are hurried forwards. We cannot make plants and trees grow faster than Nature intends, consistently with their health and vigour.

It is well known that precocious talents in youth disappear in manhood; like those beautiful but evanescent flowers which spring puts forth, and which perish in spring. A remarkable case of this sort is recorded in the fifth volume of the Journal of Education of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—'We allude to Von Shonach's Memoir of Christian Henry Heinnecken, who was born at Lubeck on 6th February 1721, and died 27th June 1725. His life, therefore, did not reach beyond the brief span of four years and nearly five months; yet within so short a career as this, the child exhibited such marvellous proofs of intellect and memory, that we should be tempted to doubt their possibility altogether, were not every incident corroborated by the testimony of parties of the very highest respectability. At the age of ten months young Heinnecken began to speak; it was whilst he was looking at some prints, which he wished to have explained to him. Whilst the explanation was giving, it was casually observed that the child watched the motions of the speaker's lips with a singular degree of earnestness; and then, though not without great exertion, he succeeded in repeating what had been said syllable by syllable. From that day forward his progress was most extraordinary: at the age of one year he was conversant with all the leading events in the five books of Moses; at thirteen months he had mastered the history of the Old Testament; and at fourteen the history of the New. By the month of September 1723, he had acquired so perfect a knowledge of ancient and modern history, as well as geography, that he could answer any question put to him, on circumstances connected with either of them, without a blunder. He now stored his memory with a host of Latin words; and in a short time was able to express himself with tolerable fluency in the language. No great time elapsed before he mastered French; and ere he had reached his third year he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the genealogies of the principal families in Europe. A considerable portion of his fourth year was consumed in travelling through Denmark, where his rare precocity was a theme of admiration with the whole court, amongst whom were the king and his son; and with them he entered into conversation, without betraying the slightest shyness. On his return to Lubeck he learned to write, which with him was the operation of a few days: but his brief and meteor-like course was on the wane; he gradually declined, and became worse as month succeeded month; and was at length released from his sufferings. His fragile frame of body exhibited a remarkable contrast with the unprecedented strength of his mind; and strong, indeed, it must have been to have withstood the ravages of frequent and severe indisposition. Nor is it less remarkable, that the child was not weaned from his nurse until a few months before his death; for he had a violent antipathy against every species of nourishment but milk.'

Who can imagine that the life of this learned infant was not sacrificed to the vanity and mismanagement of his inconsiderate parents? If, by a more rational treatment, the *health* of this child had been the chief solicitude of his parents, and his life had been prolonged, his story would be less marvellous indeed; but he might have benefited society by the matured development of his rare endowments. The same false estimate of talents is not unfrequently seen in the angry and disappointed feelings of parents exhibited at public examinations. 'Why is my son not dux?' mutters a father, as he sees his son half-way down a class. He does not reflect that there can be only one dux at a time; and that a youth lower in station may carry away as much solid and useful learning as the highest scholar in the class. About sixty years ago, there were at the parish school of St Andrews two youths, who showed so little aptitude to learn, and who annoyed and irritated their master so much, that he dismissed them from school as incorrigible dunces. The boys were Thomas Chalmers and George Cook.* Will posterity award the unenviable honour of dunce to Dr Chalmers and Dr Cook, or to their teacher? When Sir Isaac Newton first went to school, he was a weakly child and a reputed dunce. Sir D. Brewster, in his Life of Newton, informs us that the dormant energies

* Dr George Cook died in 1845, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was author of two historical works, and for several years led one of the parties of the Scottish Church.

of the embryo philosopher were aroused into activity by one of his class-fellows giving him a violent blow in the stomach for sluggishness and inattention to his lessons. Newton determined to be revenged, and applied to his task with such diligence and success, that he speedily distanced his competitors. Instances of a similar kind might be plentifully gleaned from the biographies of eminent men, who in childhood were reputed dunces. Enough has been said to show that dunces are worthy of our special attention. Will my professional friends excuse me for suggesting that the offensive name Dunce should be discontinued? If we must mark this *status*, let us employ a more appropriate and scholastic epithet. I propose then to erase Dunce, and substitute *Under-graduate*.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1·2000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Rymer Jones.*

INFLUENCE OF PATERNAL FAME.

The son of a celebrated man enters upon his career crushed rather than supported by the name which he bears. His earliest efforts, which would be judged of with indulgence if they proceeded from a new man, are found unworthy of the brilliant renown of the name under which they are brought forward. Like a planet which is too near the sun, he cannot sufficiently divest himself of the rays of the paternal glory, to shine by his own light; he is discouraged, and too often contents himself with the borrowed splendour he derives from this source.—*Professor Macaire.*

'HATEFUL SPRING!'

[FROM THE 'CHANSONS' OF BERANGER.]

All the winter, from my window,
Have I watched a damsel fair;
Loving, though we both were strangers,
Sending kisses through the air.
Gazing through her leafless lattice,
Every day did pleasure bring:
Now green boughs the lattice shadow—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

In that thick and verdant cover
The sweet graceful form is lost
Which I daily saw there, throwing
Food to poor birds through the frost;
Those dear warblers were the signal
Of our love's awakening:
Snow of all things is most lovely—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

But for thee I still might see her
Rising fresh from sweet repose,
Rosy, as when young Aurora
Dawn's gray curtains does unclose;
And I still might say at even,
When her lamp is vanishing,
'Now my star has set—she slumbers'—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

How my fond heart prays for winter!
How I long to hear again
Sleet and hailstones lightly beating
Music on the window pane.
Flowers and zephyrs, summer evenings,
Unto me no joy can bring,
Since I see my love no longer—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

D. M. M.

ECONOMY IN KNOWLEDGE.

Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach; for there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come in play some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly.—*William Wirt.*

PECULIARITY OF TALENT.

Every system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar, who, though he may be a dunse in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor amongst the most eminent of mankind. Supposing Newton had neglected those pursuits for which he was so fitted, and had applied himself to poetry; instead of developing the law of gravitation, elucidating Optics, and composing the Principia, he might have been the writer of rhymes and verses unfit even for the public eye. He would have been acting in opposition to nature, and, not perceiving the source of his strength, might have exhausted his diligence ineffectually. Let your studies, then, be in relation to the mind, unless you would prefer irksome toil to pleasant labour, a scanty produce to a teeming harvest. Many are the instances of men of genius persisting in their favourite occupation, in spite of the opposition and censures of their friends: and they were right, for they well knew the seat of their power, and saw what no one could see besides them. The father of Pascal denied him Euclid, but he could not prevent him being a mathematician.—*W. F. Barlow.*

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LLOYD'S.

The greater number of persons must have heard of 'Lloyd's,' but comparatively few, we believe, are aware of the precise meaning of the term. 'Lloyd's' is an institution nestling in the heart of London, and finding accommodation in certain apartments in the north and east sides of the Royal Exchange. In these apartments the greater part of the business of the entire mercantile navy of Great Britain is transacted. Lloyd's is known everywhere; for there is not a newspaper published in any part of the globe but has some allusion to it. It is a focus in which is collected every noticeable event concerning every ship that sails from British, and occasionally from continental ports. The establishment consists of a fraternity of ship-assurers, technically, 'underwriters;' in other words, subscribers to bonds which they enter into, to insure the proprietors of ships and freights from losses at sea.

A visit to this nucleus of shipping business and shipping news is full of interest. It is a spot whence branch out chains of communication to the 'uttermost ends of the earth.' Wherever civilisation has once set her foot, there some direct or indirect agent is ready to take note of any ship that may appear in sight, and to give help to any which may need it; and by his reports such circumstances, be they ever so trifling, find their way in due time to Lloyd's. But besides the abstract interest the place excites, the eye is filled with the grandeur and architectural beauty of the apartments; and nowhere are the sweeping changes to which the city of London is subject—now more perhaps than at any former period—so apparent as at Lloyd's. Formerly, one of the wonderments created in the eyes of visiting provincials, was the disproportion existing between the vastness of the operations of the mercantile world, and the mean, petty, and inconvenient places in which these were carried on. In dark, dingy, and scarcely wholesome chambers, millions of money changed hands, and transactions were completed the effects of which were sometimes felt by whole nations. Now, however, metropolitan improvement has changed those confined offices for others more worthy of the importance of the business transacted in them. The history of Lloyd's exemplifies the progress of this kind of change very aptly.

The man who gave his name to this great system of sea-insurance and maritime intelligence was a humble individual, the keeper of a coffee-house in Lombard Street; and here the underwriters used to assemble, as a convenient spot near the Royal Exchange, the centre of British commerce. At what period Lloyd died is unknown, and little can be told regarding him. Allusion is made to his coffee-house as a place for auctions, in a poem entitled *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, published in 1700—

> 'Then to Lloyd's coffee-house he never fails,
> To read the letters, and attend the sales.'

In 1710, Sir Richard Steele dates from it (Tatler, No. 246) his Petition on Coffee-house Orators and Newsvenders: Addison also, in the Spectator for 23d April 1711, makes Lloyd's Coffee-house the scene where one of his papers of minutes was dropped, and the boy was ordered by the merry gentleman there to get up into the auction pulpit and read it to the whole room. The auction business then transacted at Lloyd's is now transferred to Garraway's Coffee-house. We know little more of the early history of the former, besides the fact, that the underwriters seem to have frequented it from a still earlier period. Their 'list' for June 7, 1745, a copy of which is still extant, is No. 996, and as it had hitherto been published once a-week, we may suppose the publication to have then been about eighteen years established. It would seem that the merchants meeting at Lloyd's had in time found their accommodation there inadequate, for on the 13th December 1771, there is an agreement, signed by seventy-nine underwriters, to pay L.100 each, in order to obtain a lease of two houses in Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and this arrangement not being effected, they actually took a lease of the British Herring Company's offices in the Royal Exchange, where, with subsequent additions, they remained till the whole building was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was only for a time that the members of Lloyd's were driven from this well-known resort. On the renovation of the Exchange buildings, they took possession of handsome and commodious new premises; and it is these which, with this scanty historical information, we are now prepared to enter.

Proceeding to the north end of the eastern outer portico of the Royal Exchange, progress is stayed by two large glazed doors, which, yielding to a slight pressure, open at the foot of a handsome flight of stairs. Each step is formed of a single stone, fourteen feet long, brought from the Craigleith quarries near Edinburgh. At the top of this noble staircase you enter a spacious hall, whence ingress to the different departments is obtained.

The first room into which we were shown is a comparatively small one. Around the walls are reading desks, breast high, one of which occupies the middle of the room. Half way between the ceiling and the floor is a gallery, like that of a library, used for consulting the rollers of maps with which the walls are lined. This may perhaps be regarded as the most important room in the house, and is certainly the most exciting one to the parties concerned. It contains a number of indices, by means of which the registers of haps and mishaps, as they are daily reported, may be readily

consulted. When we entered, several persons were turning them over, and tracing, with careful finger, the columns in search of the name of the ship in which they were interested. Having been referred to the proper spot on one of the pages of two enormous ledgers, called 'Lloyd's books,' they there obtain the information they seek. If their ship has been merely met on the high seas by another, or 'spoken with,' or has touched or arrived at a particular port, the news is entered against the name of the ship in ordinary characters; but if any accident has happened—a wreck, a fire, a severe collision—it is recorded in large characters, occupying two lines; hence the technical phrase applied to such casualties—'double lines.' The moment the doors of the establishment are opened (at ten o'clock in the morning), there is a crowd of persons ready to rush to these ominous books, especially when the weather has been stormy; and many an insurer leaves them with the knowledge that he is by many thousands poorer than he had reason to expect before consulting them.

This apartment may be regarded as a small section of the larger and more important underwriters' room—as noble a place of business as exists anywhere. It is one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide; the roof, which is beautifully ornamented, is supported by two rows of scagliola columns. It is fitted up with mahogany tables and seats for the accommodation of the subscribers. These are of two classes: first, 'underwriters,' who are the actual insurers of ships; and second, insurance brokers. In all commercial transactions of a large and complicated kind, the broker, or middle-man, is indispensable. A merchant who wishes to insure a particular sort of goods going by sea, could not effect the transaction at once with an underwriter, from his not knowing the exact man whose connexions lie in his particular branch of commerce, or who is willing to purchase the risk. While he is hunting for such a person, his goods may have been shipped, and perhaps sunk to the bottom of the sea. But the broker obviates this. He is ready to deal both with insurers and insured at all times, and makes his profit by contracting for the risk from the latter, at a trifle higher rate than he effects it with the former. By his agency, in short, an open market is always kept, and in this respect no broker is so useful as the insurance broker.

It is not possible to conceive a more exciting life than that of the underwriter. A sudden change of weather, or the non-arrival of a ship at the time she is expected or is 'due,' sinks him from the highest hopes of profit down to the deepest dread of loss. Some branches of the business approach the verge of gambling; at all events, the risks of marine insurance are much less easily reckoned, and are of a far less precise kind, than those of life or fire insurance. Yet wonderful efforts are made to give it certainty: the age and soundness of the ship, the kind of cargo with which she is laden, the part of the world to which she is going, the time of year, and even the skill and character of the captain who commands her, are elements in the calculation. Sometimes insurances are increased, or new ones effected, while the ship is at sea: when she has not been met with by other vessels reported to have crossed her track, or when she has delayed her arrival into home-port, the rate is augmented, according as the chance of some accident is great. The steam-ship 'President,' which went down a few years ago, and has never since been heard of, was 'done,' or, in other words, risks were taken on her in the Underwriters' Room, at a very high premium, up to the latest minute of hope. Underwriters are found who do not object to speculate on the safety of ships in equally desperate circumstances, or, to use their own slang, 'to take a few thousands on them at a very long price;' and vast sums of money are daily won and lost in this way. This *is* gambling.

To assist the underwriters in their calculations, not only the earliest and most ample news of actual events is provided, but every means which science can suggest is employed to guide them as to probabilities. At the end of their room is a machine called an Anemometer, which registers the state of the wind during every hour of the day and night. Thus, when a subscriber arrives in the morning, he can see which way the wind has blown during any hour he has been asleep, and how hard it has been blowing, over and past the Royal Exchange. From data thus obtained, he can make his calculations respecting any other part of Europe in which the craft he may be interested in is floating; for a more weather-wise body than underwriters and insurance brokers does not exist. This ingenious and accurate instrument merits some notice in passing.

On the top of the Royal Exchange may be seen a sort of mast, at the top of which is a fan, precisely like that attached to a modern windmill, the object of which is to keep a plate of metal with its face presented to the wind. Attached to this plate are springs, which, joined to a rod, descend into the Underwriters' Room upon a large sheet of paper placed against the wall. To this end of the rod a lead pencil is attached, which slowly traverses the paper horizontally, by means of clock-work. When the wind blows very hard against the plate outside, the spring, being pressed, pushes down the rod, and the consequence is, that the pencil makes a long line down the paper vertically, which denotes a high wind. At the bottom of the sheet another pencil moves, guided by a vane on the outside, which so directs its course horizontally, that the direction of the wind is shown. The sheet of paper is divided into squares, numbered with the hours of night and day, and the clock-work so moves the pencils, that they take exactly an hour to traverse each square; hence the strength and direction of the wind at any hour of the twenty-four is easily seen. Attached to this machine is also a rain-gauge. By consulting it, therefore, the underwriter collects some facts which guide him in his operations during each hour of his business-day.

The number of subscribers to the Underwriters' Room has been estimated at from one thousand to eleven hundred. They include three descriptions of persons:—1st, Those who insure at their own risk, and with their own capital; 2d, Those who represent, at a salary, the various marine assurance companies: each of these classes pays twenty-five pounds as an entrance-fee, besides an annual subscription of four guineas; 3d, Brokers, who pay the yearly four guineas only. The sums thus collected and accumulated make the establishment exceedingly rich. As some proof of its wealth and liberality, we may mention that, when Napoleon threatened an invasion, Lloyd's opened a subscription, upon an extensive plan, for the encouragement and reward of sufferers, and the relief of their widows and orphans. They commenced themselves the subscription nobly, transferring to it the sum of L.20,000, 3 per cent. consols, under the name of the 'Patriotic Fund,' which subsequently amounted to L.700,000. During its progress, Lloyd's added to their former subscription, in 1809, L.5000, and in 1813, L.10,000; thus making L.35,000 in all. They have also contributed munificently to other public funds: for instance, L.5000 to the London Hospital, for the admission of seamen employed in the commerce of London; L.1000 for the suffering inhabitants of Russia in the year 1813; L.1000 for the relief of the militia in our North American colonies, 1813; L.10,000 for the Waterloo subscription in 1815; and L.2000 for the establishment of lifeboats on the coast. They have also done, and are annually doing, much for the relief of private distress occasioned by disasters at sea; and, waiving all considerations of political power, which they do not aspire to, are almost as efficient as the Foreign Office itself in defending our seamen from the abuse of distant and less civilised powers. The committee also vote medals and rewards to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck.

The regularity and punctuality with which the subscribers to Lloyd's pay their losses is proverbial. So soon as the various documents required to substantiate

a loss are presented to the underwriter, the loss is, as they express it, 'written off;' that is, adjusted; and one month after, the amount is paid. Such is the regularity with which these payments are made at Lloyd's, that a merchant can calculate on receiving the amount of a loss 'one month' after its adjustment, with as much certainty as the payment of a bank bill.

The next department we were shown is called the Merchants' Room, which occupies part of the north front of this section of the Royal Exchange. It is eighty feet long, and of a proportionate width. Its name sufficiently indicates its purpose—that of affording accommodation to merchants who wish to do business with insurers, which they do through brokers, for they are not always allowed immediate access to the underwriters. Here strangers are admitted, and captains meet the owners of the ships they command—although they have a special room, which we shall presently advert to. The Merchants' Room is placed under the immediate superintendence of a 'master,' who can speak several languages, a qualification essential to a place where people from all maritime nations occasionally meet to transact business, and which could not well be got through without the aid of an interpreter. This apartment is supplied with every newspaper of any note that is published throughout the globe, files of which are kept and preserved. One of the greatest misfortunes attending the burning of the old Royal Exchange, was the destruction of these files, some of which extended back to the earliest era of newspaper publications. Duplicates of 'Lloyd's books' are also kept in this room, the entries in which are made by two clerks, who have also the duty of filing and assorting the numerous journals. The subscription to the Merchants' Room is two guineas per annum, and about five hundred of the most influential firms in the city of London are on the list of subscriptions.

In point of appearance, it equals the Underwriters' Room. Both ceilings are gorgeously though classically wrought, and suspended from each are four or five immense lamps reflecting the Bude light.

The Captains' Room presents a contrast to the other two in every respect. It occupies a rounded corner of the Exchange, and is small and ill-shaped—a kind of coffee-room, where refreshments are served, we believe, to all comers. In it the merchants and owners of vessels meet the captains engaged in their various branches of trade. It is not, however, very largely resorted to, because there are other coffee-rooms frequented for the same purpose. Merchants and captains engaged in commerce with the East Indies, resort to the Jerusalem Coffee-house in Cowper's Court, Cornhill. The Jamaica Coffee-house affords accommodation to the West India shipping trade. In the North and South American, in Throgmorton Street, persons interested in the commerce with the Americas congregate; whilst those engaged in trade with the north of Europe go to 'The Baltic.' Thus the Captains' Room at Lloyd's is extensively superseded. The subscription to it is one guinea a-year.

This completes what may be termed the public part of Lloyd's. To keep it in order, to supply the subscribers with abstracts of the information which arrives by every post, and to keep the accounts, no more than twenty-five persons are employed; a singularly small number, when we compare it with the magnificent notions we imbibe of the power, extent, and importance of Lloyd's, from seeing that name in every newspaper we take up. So well ordered, however, is every arrangement, that this apparently small number of officials is found quite adequate to the demands of the establishment. Sometimes, it is true, they are hard-worked; for the very necessary rule is rigidly enforced, of each day's work being finished on the day on which it arises. By eight o'clock the clerks are at their desks, to receive the letters from the post-office—for Lloyd's letters are delivered before any others. By ten, abstracts, duplicates (written on 'manifold' paper), and entries into the huge books and indices, are expected to be completed. Each post during the rest of the day brings its additional work; and when India mails arrive, the duties are very severe; for though the nominal hour of leaving off is five o'clock, the indefatigable secretary and his clerks and subordinates are obliged to continue their labours far into the night, so that no single stroke of the pen relating to that day shall be left over to the next.

Above the Underwriters' Room are various minor accommodations. The lavatory is on a scale approaching to luxury. The elegant soap-dishes, the spotless napkins, the china basins, the ivory-tipped cocks for the supply of hot and cold water, the lower walls lined with the whitest English porcelain, and the extensive mirrors, present a striking contrast to the washing apparatus of the old London counting-houses. This mostly consisted of a cracked basin and ewer, placed in a dark corner, a jack-towel hung up behind a cupboard-door, under a small looking-glass removable from the nail on which it hung, to be brought out for use to the 'light' as the half-dark spot near the window was called. A room near to the lavatory is a more complete evidence of modern improvement; which is a snug little apartment; on its door is labelled 'Soup Room.' It is elegantly furnished, and its walls are lined with several fine engravings, chiefly portraying shipwrecks—the very last things, one should think, underwriters would choose to be put in mind of.

Opening from the Soup Room is one used for the sitting of the committee of Lloyd's, which consists of a selection of the underwriters, who act as managers of its affairs. On the same floor is a depository for charts, one of the most complete sets of which existing is the property of Lloyd's. Neat and commodious mahogany cases are destined for their reception. To render their usefulness sufficiently extensive, they are open, to be consulted by any person who may apply for that purpose.

With this apartment our survey of Lloyd's was completed—a survey which few could make without being impressed with its vast utility and admirable management. Not a ship can sail but it is noted down at this 'given point.' Upon this small spot rests the commercial intellect, or rather the knowledge, wandering or scattered elsewhere over the globe: here reposes the shipping activity of the world. It is an oracle whereby merchants know when it is the time to send silks, grain, and other commodities to the antipodes: by its mysterious direction the shipowner despatches ship upon ship, and float upon float, with the commodities of his own country, to bring back the needed produce of every nation under heaven.

THE TILE-BURNER AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. CROWE.

In the early part of last century, there lived near the town of Pont de l'Ain, in the south of France, a brick and tile-burner, named Joseph Vallet. Joseph was an industrious man, skilful in his profession, and his bricks and tiles were in great request in the neighbourhood. No man does well in life without exciting the envy and the enmity of mean-spirited persons about him, and Joseph was not exempted from the common fate. He had a few evil wishers, and among these was M. Frillet, who had no other reason for hating Vallet than that he was a rival in trade. Vallet's bricks and tiles commanded a better market than those of Frillet, and that was enough. This hostility of Frillet might have been of little consequence in ordinary circumstances. He possessed, however, the power as well as the inclination to torment his rival; for he was the king's attorney-general for the district, a function which rendered him a dangerous enemy to a poor man.

Some time in 1707, a peasant named Dupler, a neighbour of Vallet's, died in what were alleged to be suspicious

circumstances. He had been seen one night somewhat intoxicated in the company of Vallet, who, it was said, had given him a blow, which led to his illness and death. How this rumour arose no one could tell; but having become public, the attorney-general made a rigorous investigation into the subject. He failed, however, to criminate Vallet in the affair; and it finally appeared that Dupler had died a natural death. Vallet fortunately suffered nothing in character from this attempt to injure him; nobody doubted his innocence. He married, and had a family, and his trade flourished as before.

Nineteen years had elapsed, and the story of Dupler had been long forgotten, when Joseph Sevos and Antoine Pin, two persons of loose character and intemperate habits, disappeared, after having been seen the previous evening—February 19, 1724—in a state of inebriety. They were nowhere to be found; and when a week elapsed without their making their appearance, the question arose, what had become of them?

After some inquiry, it was found that Pin had gone to Dombes and enlisted—a thing he had often threatened to do. But of Sevos there were no traces. This was the more strange, seeing he was in good circumstances, and was the possessor of a small property. Some thought Pin must have made away with his companion; but others combated this idea, under the impression that if Pin had committed murder, he would have fled no one knew whither, instead of enlisting as a soldier.

While public curiosity was on the stretch to discover what had become of Sevos, a rumour was propagated that all was not right with the family of Vallet the tile-burner. It was said they were very much discomposed, as if conscious of having committed a grievous crime. The report spread rapidly through the country, and the attorney-general, Frillet, lost no time in inquiring into the facts. The result of his investigations was, that on the 19th of August 1724 he filed an information to the effect that, 'On Sunday evening, the 19th of February, Joseph Sevos, after eating and drinking in Vallet's house, had suddenly disappeared, and has never since been heard of. That further, according to general belief, he had been murdered in the tiler's house, and buried under the stove; but that afterwards the body had been raised, and consumed in the kiln.'

Upon this information proceedings were commenced by the authorities at Pont de l'Ain, and witnesses summoned. The first person was a man called Vaudan. He averred that, on the night of the 19th of February, having been to Mastalion, he was returning by Vallet's house, about three hours before daylight, when he heard a great noise, and clearly distinguished the words, 'Help! help! I will confess everything! Forgive me this once, and spare my life!' Whereupon a voice, which he knew to be Joseph Vallet's, answered, 'We want no more confessing; you must die!' This sort of dialogue continuing some time, the witness became alarmed; but, anxious to hear the end of it, he hid himself behind a bush, whence he distinctly heard the blows that were given to the victim. Suddenly, however, all became still; and presently afterwards the door of the house opened, and Vallet, accompanied by his wife and two sons, came out, bearing a dead body, which they carried to the brick kiln, and there buried, heaping a quantity of wood over the spot to conceal it. He added, that three or four days afterwards he made a pretext to call on Vallet at the brick kiln, in order to see if he could recognise the place; but, from what he observed, he concluded that the body had been removed; and he had since learned that the murdered person was Joseph Sevos; and that on Good-Friday the Vallets had consumed the body in the furnace.

There were several other witnesses examined; but on close inquiry, it appeared that they had received their information from Vaudan. However, the presumption appeared so strong against the Vallets, that their arrest was decreed, and executed with all the aggravated circumstances that so unnatural a crime seemed to justify. A brigade of mounted police, followed by a mob of the lowest class, proceeded to the tile-burner's house, and, amidst hooting and howling, dragged away the whole family to Pont de l'Ain, and shut them up in prison.

It happened that at this time Vallet was ill. He was suffering from a violent fever, accompanied by ague fits. Nevertheless, he was placed in a miserable dungeon, and loaded with irons; and his wife and sons were exposed to equally harsh and unjustifiable treatment. With not less injustice, his house was given up to pillage; the authorities neither took an inventory of his goods nor set a seal upon them. For eleven days the doors stood open, and the neighbours, quite willing to second the law, helped themselves to what they liked. On the twelfth, it occurred to the attorney-general that the premises should be searched for the clothes of the murdered man; but by this time it was useless to search for anything. The chests were broken open; the clothes, linen, &c. carried away, and doubtless the clothes of Sevos with them. Francisca, Vallet's sister, owned to having removed two bundles of her brother's property, in order to save them from the plunderers; but she declared that nothing belonging to Sevos or any other stranger was in them. She was, however, forced to produce them; and though nothing was found in them but what she had said, she was cast in the costs of the proceedings against herself, and fined twelve livres.

Whilst these things were going on, there was a party who looked on the whole affair with dissatisfaction. They ventured to express doubts of the guilt of the Vallets, and protested against treating them with so much severity; whilst Antoine Pin, who was assuredly not free from suspicion, was allowed to range the world at pleasure. At last the matter got so public, that it reached Paris; it was talked of at court, and furnished a subject for the salons; and as the fine ladies and gentlemen became curious to learn the truth of the business, orders were forwarded to Dombes to arrest Antoine Pin, and send him forthwith to Pont de l'Ain.

No sooner did the fugitive find himself in prison, than he volunteered a full confession. He said that nobody knew better than he the particulars of poor Sevos's murder; and that he was resolved, be the consequences what they might, that he would disclose the whole truth.

'On the evening of the 19th of February,' said he, 'I and Sevos were drinking in Vallet's house, when Sevos took it into his head, being drunk, to reproach Vallet with being the cause of Dupler's death; whereupon, in a rage, Vallet took up a heavy tin can that stood upon the table, and struck Sevos such a blow on the head with it, that he fell backwards to the earth, crying "Mercy, mercy! Take all my money, but spare my life!" But Vallet saying, "Don't talk to me of mercy!" continued to strike him, whilst his wife, with a fire shovel, also lent her assistance. Even Philippe, the eldest boy, joined in the murderous work; and amongst them, they soon put an end to poor Joseph Sevos: young Pierre the while standing sentinel at the door to keep off intruders. Vallet, when he saw that he had killed Sevos, wanted me to strike him too,' continued Pin, 'lest I should be a witness against him; but I would not. When Sevos was dead, they carried him to the kiln, and there buried him, covering the place with a heap of wood; and on Good-Friday they dug up the body and burned it. I know this, because on that day I called at the kiln, and not only smelt the burning, but saw the burnt bones in the furnace. Vallet told me

that if ever I said a word about the matter, he would serve me as he had served Sevos; but, at the same time, I must own he behaved very handsomely to me in the business, paying my silence liberally both with wine and money.'

This testimony chimed in wonderfully with that of Vaudan; and although the dead body was not forthcoming, that circumstance had little weight, when its disappearance was so well accounted for, and when the story was confirmed by the utter impossibility of finding any traces of Joseph Sevos as a living person. The Vallets, however, persisted in denying the whole affair; they declared themselves innocent, and founded their defence on two circumstances. The first was, that, as they asserted, on the day after the disappearance of Sevos, blood was found in his bed, upon his pillow, on the bedclothes, and on the floor of his room, proving decisively that he had been murdered in his own house, and affording a strong presumption that Antoine Pin was the murderer. The second was, that on the night in question Pierre Vallet, who, according to the evidence admitted, had been so useful a coadjutor in the business, had in fact been absent from home, having slept at the house of his schoolmaster at Poncin, in the same bed with two other boys.

Strange to say, the authorities refused to investigate the truth of these allegations. On the contrary, they maintained that, being accused by two persons of the crime, the strongest suspicion attached to Joseph Vallet, and that his guilt was rather aggravated than otherwise by his attempt to shift the load from his own shoulders to those of Antoine Pin—an attempt in which he had entirely failed; and the attorney-general holding, therefore, the crime proved against him, demanded that sentence of death should be passed against the father, whilst confession should be wrung from the mother and sons by the rack. The jurisdiction of Pont de l'Ain, instead of complying with his request, condemned the whole family to the rack; whereupon Frillet, dissatisfied with a decision which gave the tile-burner a chance for his life, appealed to the parliament or high court of Dijon; who forthwith issued an order, transferring the prisoners to their own fortress; whither they were removed, followed by the hootings and execrations of the excited multitude.

It was soon perceived that the authorities of Dijon meant to treat the matter with more earnestness and impartiality than those of Pont de l'Ain had done. They began by admitting the guilt of Vallet and his family, which they considered established beyond a doubt; but they looked upon Antoine Pin as in all probability equally guilty, and therefore to be treated as a criminal, and not as a witness, as had been hitherto the case. They alleged, in support of this opinion, his bad character, his suspicious flight, his avowed presence at the murder, which he not only made no attempt to prevent, but had since concealed; and they also dwelt on certain conditions he had made when he entered the regiment at Dombes, all tending to his own security in case of being pursued. In hopes of eliciting the truth, he was put to the rack; but the torture he endured did not alter his testimony; it only recalled one additional circumstance; namely, that Vallet had given him a louis-d'or to entice Sevos to his house on the day in question.

The fate of the Vallet family seemed now decided; and their case was the more hopeless, that by this last avowal Pin had brought himself under the arm of the law; but now, when least expected, conscience, that irrepressible witness, awoke and spoke for them. No sooner had he returned to his cell, than the thoughts of destroying a whole family by his perjury overpowered him. He passed a night of sleepless anguish, and when the morning dawned, he requested that some person qualified to receive his confession might be sent to him. One of the barristers engaged in the cause was immediately despatched to the prison, and Antoine Pin made the following narration:—

He confessed that his life had been a series of crimes, and that at length, in 1722, he had fallen upon young Philippe Vallet on the high road, and, without being recognised by the boy, had robbed him of his money and clothes. Sevos, however, hidden behind a bush, had witnessed the crime, and had frequently reminded him that he had it in his power to bring him to the scaffold any day he pleased. He had shown no signs of an intention to do it, but nevertheless the threat disturbed Pin, and he never ceased wishing to get rid of so troublesome an acquaintance.

On the 19th February they had gone together to Vallet's house, where they drank and chatted for some time. Sevos, he said, liked idling and drinking as well as he did: they repaired to various wine-houses after leaving Vallet's, in the last of which they sat till past midnight. There it was that, in a state of maudlin intoxication, Sevos pulled a bag out of his pocket, containing about forty dollars in silver, and exhibited the money to Pin, who was immediately seized with a desire to get possession of the booty, and at the same time relieve himself of a dangerous witness, who might turn against him some day when he least expected it. With this view he accompanied Sevos home, and when they got to the door, he represented that although they had drunk a great deal, they had had nothing to eat, and proposed getting something for supper. Sevos said he was hungry too; whereupon Pin went to the house of Michel Morel, whom he knocked up, and from whom he procured a loaf, which he carried back to Sevos's, having on the way slipped into the house of his own father, and armed himself with a hatchet, which he hid under his coat.

Meanwhile Sevos, overcome by liquor, had lost sight of his hunger, and declared his intention of going immediately to sleep, requesting Pin to pass the night with him, to which the latter consented; and just as the unfortunate host was stepping into bed, Pin, who was standing behind him, brought down the hatchet with tremendous force upon his head. 'Oh God! I'm killed!' were the only words that passed the lips of the victim before he sunk to the earth, bathed in his blood. 'After rifling his pockets, I carried the body on my back to the stable,' continued he, 'where I covered it with manure; and then feeling that Bresse was no safe nest for me, I started for Dombes, and enlisted as a soldier.' He added that, before he quitted the house, he tried, without much effect, to efface the traces of his crime. 'This is the truth,' said he, 'and the whole truth. I had neither aiders nor abettors; no one living was in my confidence; and the Vallets, father, mother, and sons, are innocent of the whole affair.'

On being asked why, if this were the case, he had persisted in accusing the Vallets, he answered that his first intention when he was arrested was to confess the truth, but he had changed his mind; adding that Vaudan, the first witness against the Vallets, was a good-for-nothing scoundrel, on whose testimony no reliance whatever could be placed; and that if they secured him, they would learn what weighty reasons he had for giving false evidence.

As Pin persisted in this story, without waiting to investigate the matter further, he was at once condemned, on his own confession, to be broken on the wheel. He fully admitted the justice of his sentence; and the only request he made was, to be permitted to see the Vallets before he died, which being granted, he threw himself at their feet, reiterating his assertions of their innocence, and intreating their pardon. He seemed really penitent; and great as were his crimes, the earnest desire he evinced in the midst of his tortures to vindicate the guiltless and promote the ends of justice, won him the pardon and pity even of the injured Vallets.

Thus died Antoine Pin: and when he was dead, the authorities bethought themselves of searching the stable for the body, and of verifying his story by ascertaining what traces of the crime had been found about the

sum, and I do the same; therefore I wish to take advantage of every opportunity of adding to our earnings. At first I thought to be able to liberate him by taking his place; but my mother (who suspected my plan) assured me that my design was useless; and fearing, not without some reason, that I still might venture, forbade all the captains to take me on board.'

'Have you not heard anything of him since? Do you know whom he serves, and in what way he is treated?' asked the nobleman.

'He is the superintendent of the royal gardens, and is treated humanely. But, alas! this is small comfort for him; he is a slave, and far from all those most dear to him.'

'What is his name and age?

'Robert; and he is nearly fifty-five years of age.'

'You have my best wishes, and certainly are deserving of better fortune. From your good conduct, I think I may promise it to you.'

Night coming on, the nobleman desired him to land him, and, jumping out of the boat, would not allow the youth time to thank him for the purse of money which he left in it as a reward. The young man, surprised at such generosity, for many days sought the nobleman to express his gratitude; but in vain. Two months afterwards, while this poor but honest family were at their scanty dinner, to their utter amazement Robert arrived. A scream of joy and surprise escaped them: they even doubted the reality of their vision. He tenderly embraced each one: 'My wife and my children,' he exclaimed, 'how deeply indebted I am to you; but tell me, how have you been enabled to release me? The sum required for my ransom was enormous: these clothes, and my passage paid beforehand, all astonish me. Alas! to what a state of misery do I see you have reduced yourselves for me.'

The sudden joy quite overpowered his wife, who had not strength to answer, until relieved by a flood of tears. She again embraced her husband, and pointing to her son, said, 'You see in him your liberator; we never could have collected the immense sum required, were it not for his indefatigable exertions, aided by those of a charitable nobleman who was struck by his amiability. To that boy you certainly owe your freedom: he even secretly arranged to exchange with you.'

A shriek from her daughter interrupted her, and on turning round she perceived her son had fainted. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a vacant gaze at his father. Making a vain effort to speak, the poor father was struck dumb by the sudden transition from joy to grief, and turning to his son in an angry manner, he exclaimed, 'Alas! unfortunate youth, what have you done? I cannot feel myself indebted to you for this liberty without shuddering. If my ransom had not caused you to commit some crime, you would not have dared to conceal it from your mother. The son of a miserable slave, and in these wretched times, it is not likely that by honest means you could have procured such assistance. I tremble at the thought of your filial love leading you into crime. Relieve me from this uncertainty; if it is true, I would rather——'

'No, no; compose yourself, father; embrace your son: I am not yet unworthy of that name; for it is neither to me nor one of us that you are indebted. Our benefactor is quite another person. Indeed, mother, it is to that stranger who gave me the purse in such a generous manner that we owe our happiness. Oh, if I could meet him! If I could—— But I will leave no stone unturned to discover him.' He then related to his father how he had met the stranger, and thus eased his mind of all uncertainty.

After two years of useless inquiry, one morning the youth chanced accidentally to meet the object of his search.

'Ah! my lord, my benefactor!' He could say no more, but threw himself at his feet.

'What do you want? What is all this?' said the stranger.

'My lord, do you not know me? Have you forgotten the son of the unfortunate Robert whom you so generously saved?'

'You mistake, my friend; I am a stranger only just arrived.'

'That may be; but do you not recollect being here about two years and a half since? Let me remind you of the few turns you took on the river; the purse that you gave me; the compassion you felt for my father's misfortunes; the numerous questions you asked on whatever could throw light on the means for his liberation. You have thus formed the happiness of an entire family, who desire nothing now but your presence, to heap it with a thousand blessings. Alas! do not deny us our wishes.'

'Softly, my friend; you are too easily deceived; you perhaps——'

'No; I am not deceived; your features are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to forget them. Receive our thanks.' He then seized him by the arm, and tried to induce him to return with him to his home, and witness the happiness which he had been the means of restoring. The contrast between the two attracted a crowd round them. The unknown person was in the height of his glory; but instead of showing his astonishment, he had the courage to repress it, and still to remain in concealment.

This fact would have remained for ever a mystery, if, on the death of a Marseilles merchant, his relations had not found among his papers a note for 7500 francs, 'sent to Robert Meryn à Cadice,' and for which there was no receipt. A famous English banker said he had made use of this money, by the orders of Signor Charles, second Baron de Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, for the ransom of an inhabitant of Marseilles, called Robert, enslaved at Tetuan. This celebrated man was in the habit of occasionally visiting his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, who was married at Marseilles.

The generous action which he performed, and which we have now related, does not merit less commendation than his literary labours, by which he has rendered his name immortal.

DUNCES.

We find the following humorous and judicious remarks on this ill-understood class of school-boys, in a speech delivered by Mr Macintosh, at a late meeting of the Forfar, Fife, and Perthshire Educational Association:—

We all know what great bores dunces are in schools, and how readily the master's choler is awakened by their laggard motions. They, however, often serve a purpose. Without dunces, our classes would not present the striking contrast which they often exhibit; the dunces are the dark shades in the picture, which throw the talented youth more prominently into view. They, moreover, offer an opportune occasion for the wit, the sapient counsel, and thundering reproof of the master; and should he enforce his argument by 'suiting the action to the word'—

> 'Full well the boding tremblers learned to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face;
> Full well the busy circle, whispering round,
> Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.'

Though the days of indiscriminate castigation are gone by, and dunces enjoy an exemption formerly unknown under the reign of terror, they are not yet treated with the rational consideration, and consequently with that *justice*, which their circumstances demand. Let us analyse the character of a dunce as he is too often impersonated. There are several species of dunces. There is first the *incapable*, to whom nature has been niggard in the power of observation, discrimination, reflection, and memory. An unfortunate of this class is sent to school, and yoked with class-fellows of his own age. His natural imperfections speedily appear; he falls astern at a fearful rate; he soon becomes powerless in contending with his gifted compeers, who look on him with indifference and contempt. He then becomes a dead weight on his class,

and provokes, too often, the ire of his master to punish him for what he is incompetent to perform. What consequences follow? The natural incapables are often quiet and patient, and very passive under discouragements and disgrace; they *feel* their case to be hopeless, and despairingly resign themselves to their fate.

Another section of dunces stand nearly on a level with the natural incapables with respect to scholastic progress, because they have not been trained to habits of attention, observation, application, order, and obedience. They have been spoiled by too much indulgence; or, it may be, have been entirely uncared for, and left to the government of their appetites and passions, a prey to the depraved propensities of human nature. At school they are the *moral* incapables. Though seen at the fag-end of a class, careless, unprepared, and unashamed, they are never at the fag-end of play and mischief; in fact, idleness and mischief are their element. As far as my experience goes, the *natural* incapables are not a numerous class, which is one of the many evidences of the beneficence of the Creator. But the *moral* incapables include a much larger proportion, which proves the lamentable irregularities in domestic training.

There is a third class of an intermediate character—*reputed* dunces—but falsely so called, who possess a delicate physical organisation, and a most sensitive mental constitution, whose faculties are paralysed by anxiety and fear, who tremble at the slightest difficulty, and sink under the slightest discouragement. They resemble those beautiful plants that bloom in the genial atmosphere of a greenhouse, but are blasted on being exposed to the mercy of the elements. Above a dozen years ago a case of this kind fell under my observation. The boy to whom I allude had the most sensitive feelings I ever knew. I was made aware of his very susceptible mental temperament, and treated him with kindness and care. The youth had excellent parts, and made satisfactory progress. Without reflecting on the probable consequences, his father placed him under the care of a master to learn a foreign language; the nerves of the poor youth were unequal to the excitement of competition—he fevered and died. There was no blame attachable to his teacher. The poor youth was too sensitive for the region of competition, unfit to struggle with robust and hardy boys. As we are to take an interest in dunces generally, or those who are reputed dunces, would it not be well, if we who are professional men, would carefully set ourselves to consider whether it is not possible to devise a more rational mode of treating these different classes? It is true we may be goaded and annoyed by ignorant parents, who expect all children to make equal progress. But there are considerations superior to temporary gain, of which we ought never to lose sight. Why does a skilful physician so carefully study the diagnostics of any disease as it may be exhibited in the cases of his patients? He does so to meet the case fairly, to maintain his professional skill and credit; and he is actuated by the higher motives of humanity and kindness. These principles and feelings should induce us to rise superior to temporary advantage, to be above the influence of unreasonable and ignorant parents, to study our profession, and make our duty the pole star to which our exertions should be directed. We will thereby be benefactors of our species, we will rise in our respective spheres, and we will enhance our profession in the estimation of society. Do not these reflections suggest that the classification of children labouring under natural and moral disqualifications is unadvisable and absurd? Is it not treating them cruelly and unjustly, to place them among competitors with whom they have no chance of success? What opinion would we entertain of a proposal to match cripples in a race with youths of sound limbs and strong sinews? It is impossible to calculate the extent of injury, physical and mental, thus inflicted. In the treatment of unfortunates—misnamed dunces—parents unhappily reverse the maxims they scrupulously adopt with the health of enervated and sickly children. A poor youth who cannot move beyond the speed of a tortoise, being encouraged for doing all that he is able to do, will exert his small energies to the utmost, and take a pleasure in his labour, when he is not taxed beyond his ability. What is it that renders the labour of a teacher so irksome, but the false position in which he is placed by such unnatural arrangements? Who can tell how many intellects have been marred by unskilful treatment? The error of the modern and improved system of education, is the enormous speed with which the youthful travellers are hurried forwards. We cannot make plants and trees grow faster than Nature intends, consistently with their health and vigour.

It is well known that precocious talents in youth disappear in manhood; like those beautiful but evanescent flowers which spring puts forth, and which perish in spring. A remarkable case of this sort is recorded in the fifth volume of the Journal of Education of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—'We allude to Von Shonach's Memoir of Christian Henry Heinnecken, who was born at Lubeck on 6th February 1721, and died 27th June 1725. His life, therefore, did not reach beyond the brief span of four years and nearly five months; yet within so short a career as this, the child exhibited such marvellous proofs of intellect and memory, that we should be tempted to doubt their possibility altogether, were not every incident corroborated by the testimony of parties of the very highest respectability. At the age of ten months young Heinnecken began to speak; it was whilst he was looking at some prints, which he wished to have explained to him. Whilst the explanation was giving, it was casually observed that the child watched the motions of the speaker's lips with a singular degree of earnestness; and then, though not without great exertion, he succeeded in repeating what had been said syllable by syllable. From that day forward his progress was most extraordinary: at the age of one year he was conversant with all the leading events in the five books of Moses; at thirteen months he had mastered the history of the Old Testament; and at fourteen the history of the New. By the month of September 1723, he had acquired so perfect a knowledge of ancient and modern history, as well as geography, that he could answer any question put to him, on circumstances connected with either of them, without a blunder. He now stored his memory with a host of Latin words; and in a short time was able to express himself with tolerable fluency in the language. No great time elapsed before he mastered French: and ere he had reached his third year he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the genealogies of the principal families in Europe. A considerable portion of his fourth year was consumed in travelling through Denmark, where his rare precocity was a theme of admiration with the whole court, amongst whom were the king and his son; and with them he entered into conversation, without betraying the slightest shyness. On his return to Lubeck he learned to write, which with him was the operation of a few days: but his brief and meteor-like course was on the wane; he gradually declined, and became worse as month succeeded month; and was at length released from his sufferings. His fragile frame of body exhibited a remarkable contrast with the unprecedented strength of his mind; and strong, indeed, it must have been to have withstood the ravages of frequent and severe indisposition. Nor is it less remarkable, that the child was not weaned from his nurse until a few months before his death; for he had a violent antipathy against every species of nourishment but milk.'

Who can imagine that the life of this learned infant was not sacrificed to the vanity and mismanagement of his inconsiderate parents? If, by a more rational treatment, the *health* of this child had been the chief solicitude of his parents, and his life had been prolonged, his story would be less marvellous indeed; but he might have benefited society by the matured development of his rare endowments. The same false estimate of talents is not unfrequently seen in the angry and disappointed feelings of parents exhibited at public examinations. 'Why is my son not dux?' mutters a father, as he sees his son half-way down a class. He does not reflect that there can be only one dux at a time; and that a youth lower in station may carry away as much solid and useful learning as the highest scholar in the class. About sixty years ago, there were at the parish school of St Andrews two youths, who showed so little aptitude to learn, and who annoyed and irritated their master so much, that he dismissed them from school as incorrigible dunces. The boys were Thomas Chalmers and George Cook.* Will posterity award the unenviable honour of dunce to Dr Chalmers and Dr Cook, or to their teacher? When Sir Isaac Newton first went to school, he was a weakly child and a reputed dunce. Sir D. Brewster, in his Life of Newton, informs us that the dormant energies

* Dr George Cook died in 1845, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was author of two historical works, and for several years led one of the parties of the Scottish Church.

of the embryo philosopher were aroused into activity by one of his class-fellows giving him a violent blow in the stomach for sluggishness and inattention to his lessons. Newton determined to be revenged, and applied to his task with such diligence and success, that he speedily distanced his competitors. Instances of a similar kind might be plentifully gleaned from the biographies of eminent men, who in childhood were reputed dunces. Enough has been said to show that dunces are worthy of our special attention. Will my professional friends excuse me for suggesting that the offensive name Dunce should be discontinued? If we must mark this *status*, let us employ a more appropriate and scholastic epithet. I propose then to erase Dunce, and substitute *Under-graduate*.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1·2000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many patrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Rymer Jones*.

INFLUENCE OF PATERNAL FAME.

The son of a celebrated man enters upon his career crushed rather than supported by the name which he bears. His earliest efforts, which would be judged of with indulgence if they proceeded from a new man, are found unworthy of the brilliant renown of the name under which they are brought forward. Like a planet which is too near the sun, he cannot sufficiently divest himself of the rays of the paternal glory, to shine by his own light; he is discouraged, and too often contents himself with the borrowed splendour he derives from this source.—*Professor Macaire*.

'HATEFUL SPRING!'

[FROM THE 'CHANSONS' OF BERANGER.]

All the winter, from my window,
Have I watched a damsel fair;
Loving, though we both were strangers,
Sending kisses through the air.
Gazing through her leafless lattice,
Every day did pleasure bring:
Now green boughs the lattice shadow—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

In that thick and verdant cover
The sweet graceful form is lost
Which I daily saw there, throwing
Food to poor birds through the frost;
Those dear warblers were the signal
Of our love's awakening:
Snow of all things is most lovely—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

But for thee I still might see her
Rising fresh from sweet repose,
Rosy, as when young Aurora
Dawn's gray curtains does unclose;
And I still might say at even,
When her lamp is vanishing,
'Now my star has set—she slumbers'—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

How my fond heart prays for winter!
How I long to hear again
Sleet and hailstones lightly beating
Music on the window pane.
Flowers and zephyrs, summer evenings,
Unto me no joy can bring,
Since I see my love no longer—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

D. M. M.

ECONOMY IN KNOWLEDGE.

Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach; for there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come in play some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly.—*William Wirt*.

PECULIARITY OF TALENT.

Every system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar, who, though he may be a dunse in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor amongst the most eminent of mankind. Supposing Newton had neglected those pursuits for which he was so fitted, and had applied himself to poetry; instead of developing the law of gravitation, elucidating Optics, and composing the Principia, he might have been the writer of rhymes and verses unfit even for the public eye. He would have been acting in opposition to nature, and, not perceiving the source of his strength, might have exhausted his diligence ineffectually. Let your studies, then, be in relation to the mind, unless you would prefer irksome toil to pleasant labour, a scanty produce to a teeming harvest. Many are the instances of men of genius persisting in their favourite occupation, in spite of the opposition and censures of their friends: and they were right, for they well knew the seat of their power, and saw what no one could see besides them. The father of Pascal denied him Euclid, but he could not prevent him being a mathematician.—*W. F. Barlow*.

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LLOYD'S.

The greater number of persons must have heard of 'Lloyd's,' but comparatively few, we believe, are aware of the precise meaning of the term. 'Lloyd's' is an institution nestling in the heart of London, and finding accommodation in certain apartments in the north and east sides of the Royal Exchange. In these apartments the greater part of the business of the entire mercantile navy of Great Britain is transacted. Lloyd's is known everywhere; for there is not a newspaper published in any part of the globe but has some allusion to it. It is a focus in which is collected every noticeable event concerning every ship that sails from British, and occasionally from continental ports. The establishment consists of a fraternity of ship-assurers, technically, 'underwriters;' in other words, subscribers to bonds which they enter into, to insure the proprietors of ships and freights from losses at sea.

A visit to this nucleus of shipping business and shipping news is full of interest. It is a spot whence branch out chains of communication to the 'uttermost ends of the earth.' Wherever civilisation has once set her foot, there some direct or indirect agent is ready to take note of any ship that may appear in sight, and to give help to any which may need it; and by his reports such circumstances, be they ever so trifling, find their way in due time to Lloyd's. But besides the abstract interest the place excites, the eye is filled with the grandeur and architectural beauty of the apartments; and nowhere are the sweeping changes to which the city of London is subject—now more perhaps than at any former period—so apparent as at Lloyd's. Formerly, one of the wonderments created in the eyes of visiting provincials, was the disproportion existing between the vastness of the operations of the mercantile world, and the mean, petty, and inconvenient places in which these were carried on. In dark, dingy, and scarcely wholesome chambers, millions of money changed hands, and transactions were completed the effects of which were sometimes felt by whole nations. Now, however, metropolitan improvement has changed those confined offices for others more worthy of the importance of the business transacted in them. The history of Lloyd's exemplifies the progress of this kind of change very aptly.

The man who gave his name to this great system of sea-insurance and maritime intelligence was a humble individual, the keeper of a coffee-house in Lombard Street; and here the underwriters used to assemble, as a convenient spot near the Royal Exchange, the centre of British commerce. At what period Lloyd died is unknown, and little can be told regarding him. Allusion is made to his coffee-house as a place for auctions, in a poem entitled *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, published in 1700—

> 'Then to Lloyd's coffee-house he never fails,
> To read the letters, and attend the sales.'

In 1710, Sir Richard Steele dates from it (Tatler, No. 246) his Petition on Coffee-house Orators and Newsvenders: Addison also, in the Spectator for 23d April 1711, makes Lloyd's Coffee-house the scene where one of his papers of minutes was dropped, and the boy was ordered by the merry gentleman there to get up into the auction pulpit and read it to the whole room. The auction business then transacted at Lloyd's is now transferred to Garraway's Coffee-house. We know little more of the early history of the former, besides the fact, that the underwriters seem to have frequented it from a still earlier period. Their 'list' for June 7, 1745, a copy of which is still extant, is No. 996, and as it had hitherto been published once a-week, we may suppose the publication to have then been about eighteen years established. It would seem that the merchants meeting at Lloyd's had in time found their accommodation there inadequate, for on the 13th December 1771, there is an agreement, signed by seventy-nine underwriters, to pay L.100 each, in order to obtain a lease of two houses in Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and this arrangement not being effected, they actually took a lease of the British Herring Company's offices in the Royal Exchange, where, with subsequent additions, they remained till the whole building was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was only for a time that the members of Lloyd's were driven from this well-known resort. On the renovation of the Exchange buildings, they took possession of handsome and commodious new premises; and it is these which, with this scanty historical information, we are now prepared to enter.

Proceeding to the north end of the eastern outer portico of the Royal Exchange, progress is stayed by two large glazed doors, which, yielding to a slight pressure, open at the foot of a handsome flight of stairs. Each step is formed of a single stone, fourteen feet long, brought from the Craigleith quarries near Edinburgh. At the top of this noble staircase you enter a spacious hall, whence ingress to the different departments is obtained.

The first room into which we were shown is a comparatively small one. Around the walls are reading desks, breast high, one of which occupies the middle of the room. Half way between the ceiling and the floor is a gallery, like that of a library, used for consulting the rollers of maps with which the walls are lined. This may perhaps be regarded as the most important room in the house, and is certainly the most exciting one to the parties concerned. It contains a number of indices, by means of which the registers of haps and mishaps, as they are daily reported, may be readily

consulted. When we entered, several persons were turning them over, and tracing, with careful finger, the columns in search of the name of the ship in which they were interested. Having been referred to the proper spot on one of the pages of two enormous ledgers, called 'Lloyd's books,' they there obtain the information they seek. If their ship has been merely met on the high seas by another, or 'spoken with,' or has touched or arrived at a particular port, the news is entered against the name of the ship in ordinary characters; but if any accident has happened—a wreck, a fire, a severe collision—it is recorded in large characters, occupying two lines; hence the technical phrase applied to such casualties—'double lines.' The moment the doors of the establishment are opened (at ten o'clock in the morning), there is a crowd of persons ready to rush to these ominous books, especially when the weather has been stormy; and many an insurer leaves them with the knowledge that he is by many thousands poorer than he had reason to expect before consulting them.

This apartment may be regarded as a small section of the larger and more important underwriters' room—as noble a place of business as exists anywhere. It is one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide; the roof, which is beautifully ornamented, is supported by two rows of scagliola columns. It is fitted up with mahogany tables and seats for the accommodation of the subscribers. These are of two classes: first, 'underwriters,' who are the actual insurers of ships; and second, insurance brokers. In all commercial transactions of a large and complicated kind, the broker, or middle-man, is indispensable. A merchant who wishes to insure a particular sort of goods going by sea, could not effect the transaction at once with an underwriter, from his not knowing the exact man whose connexions lie in his particular branch of commerce, or who is willing to purchase the risk. While he is hunting for such a person, his goods may have been shipped, and perhaps sunk to the bottom of the sea. But the broker obviates this. He is ready to deal both with insurers and insured at all times, and makes his profit by contracting for the risk from the latter, at a trifle higher rate than he effects it with the former. By his agency, in short, an open market is always kept, and in this respect no broker is so useful as the insurance broker.

It is not possible to conceive a more exciting life than that of the underwriter. A sudden change of weather, or the non-arrival of a ship at the time she is expected or is 'due,' sinks him from the highest hopes of profit down to the deepest dread of loss. Some branches of the business approach the verge of gambling; at all events, the risks of marine insurance are much less easily reckoned, and are of a far less precise kind, than those of life or fire insurance. Yet wonderful efforts are made to give it certainty: the age and soundness of the ship, the kind of cargo with which she is laden, the part of the world to which she is going, the time of year, and even the skill and character of the captain who commands her, are elements in the calculation. Sometimes insurances are increased, or new ones effected, while the ship is at sea: when she has not been met with by other vessels reported to have crossed her track, or when she has delayed her arrival into home-port, the rate is augmented, according as the chance of some accident is great. The steam-ship 'President,' which went down a few years ago, and has never since been heard of, was 'done,' or, in other words, risks were taken on her in the Underwriters' Room, at a very high premium, up to the latest minute of hope. Underwriters are found who do not object to speculate on the safety of ships in equally desperate circumstances, or, to use their own slang, 'to take a few thousands on them at a very long price;' and vast sums of money are daily won and lost in this way. This *is* gambling.

To assist the underwriters in their calculations, not only the earliest and most ample news of actual events is provided, but every means which science can suggest is employed to guide them as to probabilities. At the end of their room is a machine called an Anemometer, which registers the state of the wind during every hour of the day and night. Thus, when a subscriber arrives in the morning, he can see which way the wind has blown during any hour he has been asleep, and how hard it has been blowing, over and past the Royal Exchange. From data thus obtained, he can make his calculations respecting any other part of Europe in which the craft he may be interested in is floating; for a more weather-wise body than underwriters and insurance brokers does not exist. This ingenious and accurate instrument merits some notice in passing.

On the top of the Royal Exchange may be seen a sort of mast, at the top of which is a fan, precisely like that attached to a modern windmill, the object of which is to keep a plate of metal with its face presented to the wind. Attached to this plate are springs, which, joined to a rod, descend into the Underwriters' Room upon a large sheet of paper placed against the wall. To this end of the rod a lead pencil is attached, which slowly traverses the paper horizontally, by means of clock-work. When the wind blows very hard against the plate outside, the spring, being pressed, pushes down the rod, and the consequence is, that the pencil makes a long line down the paper vertically, which denotes a high wind. At the bottom of the sheet another pencil moves, guided by a vane on the outside, which so directs its course horizontally, that the direction of the wind is shown. The sheet of paper is divided into squares, numbered with the hours of night and day, and the clock-work so moves the pencils, that they take exactly an hour to traverse each square; hence the strength and direction of the wind at any hour of the twenty-four is easily seen. Attached to this machine is also a rain-gauge. By consulting it, therefore, the underwriter collects some facts which guide him in his operations during each hour of his business-day.

The number of subscribers to the Underwriters' Room has been estimated at from one thousand to eleven hundred. They include three descriptions of persons:—1st, Those who insure at their own risk, and with their own capital; 2d, Those who represent, at a salary, the various marine assurance companies: each of these classes pays twenty-five pounds as an entrance-fee, besides an annual subscription of four guineas; 3d, Brokers, who pay the yearly four guineas only. The sums thus collected and accumulated make the establishment exceedingly rich. As some proof of its wealth and liberality, we may mention that, when Napoleon threatened an invasion, Lloyd's opened a subscription, upon an extensive plan, for the encouragement and reward of sufferers, and the relief of their widows and orphans. They commenced themselves the subscription nobly, transferring to it the sum of L.20,000, 3 per cent. consols, under the name of the 'Patriotic Fund,' which subsequently amounted to L.700,000. During its progress, Lloyd's added to their former subscription, in 1809, L.5000, and in 1813, L.10,000; thus making L.35,000 in all. They have also contributed munificently to other public funds: for instance, L.5000 to the London Hospital, for the admission of seamen employed in the commerce of London; L.1000 for the suffering inhabitants of Russia in the year 1813; L.1000 for the relief of the militia in our North American colonies, 1813; L.10,000 for the Waterloo subscription in 1815; and L.2000 for the establishment of lifeboats on the coast. They have also done, and are annually doing, much for the relief of private distress occasioned by disasters at sea; and, waiving all considerations of political power, which they do not aspire to, are almost as efficient as the Foreign Office itself in defending our seamen from the abuse of distant and less civilised powers. The committee also vote medals and rewards to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck.

The regularity and punctuality with which the subscribers to Lloyd's pay their losses is proverbial. So soon as the various documents required to substantiate

a loss are presented to the underwriter, the loss is, as they express it, 'written off;' that is, adjusted; and one month after, the amount is paid. Such is the regularity with which these payments are made at Lloyd's, that a merchant can calculate on receiving the amount of a loss 'one month' after its adjustment, with as much certainty as the payment of a bank bill.

The next department we were shown is called the Merchants' Room, which occupies part of the north front of this section of the Royal Exchange. It is eighty feet long, and of a proportionate width. Its name sufficiently indicates its purpose—that of affording accommodation to merchants who wish to do business with insurers, which they do through brokers, for they are not always allowed immediate access to the underwriters. Here strangers are admitted, and captains meet the owners of the ships they command—although they have a special room, which we shall presently advert to. The Merchants' Room is placed under the immediate superintendence of a 'master,' who can speak several languages, a qualification essential to a place where people from all maritime nations occasionally meet to transact business, and which could not well be got through without the aid of an interpreter. This apartment is supplied with every newspaper of any note that is published throughout the globe, files of which are kept and preserved. One of the greatest misfortunes attending the burning of the old Royal Exchange, was the destruction of these files, some of which extended back to the earliest era of newspaper publications. Duplicates of 'Lloyd's books' are also kept in this room, the entries in which are made by two clerks, who have also the duty of filing and assorting the numerous journals. The subscription to the Merchants' Room is two guineas per annum, and about five hundred of the most influential firms in the city of London are on the list of subscriptions.

In point of appearance, it equals the Underwriters' Room. Both ceilings are gorgeously though classically wrought, and suspended from each are four or five immense lamps reflecting the Bude light.

The Captains' Room presents a contrast to the other two in every respect. It occupies a rounded corner of the Exchange, and is small and ill-shaped—a kind of coffee-room, where refreshments are served, we believe, to all comers. In it the merchants and owners of vessels meet the captains engaged in their various branches of trade. It is not, however, very largely resorted to, because there are other coffee-rooms frequented for the same purpose. Merchants and captains engaged in commerce with the East Indies, resort to the Jerusalem Coffee-house in Cowper's Court, Cornhill. The Jamaica Coffee-house affords accommodation to the West India shipping trade. In the North and South American, in Throgmorton Street, persons interested in the commerce with the Americas congregate; whilst those engaged in trade with the north of Europe go to 'The Baltic.' Thus the Captains' Room at Lloyd's is extensively superseded. The subscription to it is one guinea a-year.

This completes what may be termed the public part of Lloyd's. To keep it in order, to supply the subscribers with abstracts of the information which arrives by every post, and to keep the accounts, no more than twenty-five persons are employed; a singularly small number, when we compare it with the magnificent notions we imbibe of the power, extent, and importance of Lloyd's, from seeing that name in every newspaper we take up. So well ordered, however, is every arrangement, that this apparently small number of officials is found quite adequate to the demands of the establishment. Sometimes, it is true, they are hard-worked; for the very necessary rule is rigidly enforced, of each day's work being finished on the day on which it arises. By eight o'clock the clerks are at their desks, to receive the letters from the post-office—for Lloyd's letters are delivered before any others. By ten, abstracts, duplicates (written on 'manifold' paper), and entries into the huge books and indices, are expected to be completed. Each post during the rest of the day brings its additional work; and when India mails arrive, the duties are very severe; for though the nominal hour of leaving off is five o'clock, the indefatigable secretary and his clerks and subordinates are obliged to continue their labours far into the night, so that no single stroke of the pen relating to that day shall be left over to the next.

Above the Underwriters' Room are various minor accommodations. The lavatory is on a scale approaching to luxury. The elegant soap-dishes, the spotless napkins, the china basins, the ivory-tipped cocks for the supply of hot and cold water, the lower walls lined with the whitest English porcelain, and the extensive mirrors, present a striking contrast to the washing apparatus of the old London counting-houses. This mostly consisted of a cracked basin and ewer, placed in a dark corner, a jack-towel hung up behind a cupboard-door, under a small looking-glass removable from the nail on which it hung, to be brought out for use to the 'light' as the half-dark spot near the window was called. A room near to the lavatory is a more complete evidence of modern improvement; which is a snug little apartment; on its door is labelled 'Soup Room.' It is elegantly furnished, and its walls are lined with several fine engravings, chiefly portraying shipwrecks—the very last things, one should think, underwriters would choose to be put in mind of.

Opening from the Soup Room is one used for the sitting of the committee of Lloyd's, which consists of a selection of the underwriters, who act as managers of its affairs. On the same floor is a depository for charts, one of the most complete sets of which existing is the property of Lloyd's. Neat and commodious mahogany cases are destined for their reception. To render their usefulness sufficiently extensive, they are open, to be consulted by any person who may apply for that purpose.

With this apartment our survey of Lloyd's was completed—a survey which few could make without being impressed with its vast utility and admirable management. Not a ship can sail but it is noted down at this 'given point.' Upon this small spot rests the commercial intellect, or rather the knowledge, wandering or scattered elsewhere over the globe: here reposes the shipping activity of the world. It is an oracle whereby merchants know when it is the time to send silks, grain, and other commodities to the antipodes: by its mysterious direction the shipowner despatches ship upon ship, and float upon float, with the commodities of his own country, to bring back the needed produce of every nation under heaven.

THE TILE-BURNER AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MRS. CROWE.

In the early part of last century, there lived near the town of Pont de l'Ain, in the south of France, a brick and tile-burner, named Joseph Vallet. Joseph was an industrious man, skilful in his profession, and his bricks and tiles were in great request in the neighbourhood. No man does well in life without exciting the envy and the enmity of mean-spirited persons about him, and Joseph was not exempted from the common fate. He had a few evil wishers, and among these was M. Frillet, who had no other reason for hating Vallet than that he was a rival in trade. Vallet's bricks and tiles commanded a better market than those of Frillet, and that was enough. This hostility of Frillet might have been of little consequence in ordinary circumstances. He possessed, however, the power as well as the inclination to torment his rival; for he was the king's attorney-general for the district, a function which rendered him a dangerous enemy to a poor man.

Some time in 1707, a peasant named Dupler, a neighbour of Vallet's, died in what were alleged to be suspicious

circumstances. He had been seen one night somewhat intoxicated in the company of Vallet, who, it was said, had given him a blow, which led to his illness and death. How this rumour arose no one could tell; but having become public, the attorney-general made a rigorous investigation into the subject. He failed, however, to criminate Vallet in the affair; and it finally appeared that Dupler had died a natural death. Vallet fortunately suffered nothing in character from this attempt to injure him; nobody doubted his innocence. He married, and had a family, and his trade flourished as before.

Nineteen years had elapsed, and the story of Dupler had been long forgotten, when Joseph Sevos and Antoine Pin, two persons of loose character and intemperate habits, disappeared, after having been seen the previous evening—February 19, 1724—in a state of inebriety. They were nowhere to be found; and when a week elapsed without their making their appearance, the question arose, what had become of them?

After some inquiry, it was found that Pin had gone to Dombes and enlisted—a thing he had often threatened to do. But of Sevos there were no traces. This was the more strange, seeing he was in good circumstances, and was the possessor of a small property. Some thought Pin must have made away with his companion; but others combated this idea, under the impression that if Pin had committed murder, he would have fled no one knew whither, instead of enlisting as a soldier.

While public curiosity was on the stretch to discover what had become of Sevos, a rumour was propagated that all was not right with the family of Vallet the tile-burner. It was said they were very much discomposed, as if conscious of having committed a grievous crime. The report spread rapidly through the country, and the attorney-general, Frillet, lost no time in inquiring into the facts. The result of his investigations was, that on the 19th of August 1724 he filed an information to the effect that, 'On Sunday evening, the 19th of February, Joseph Sevos, after eating and drinking in Vallet's house, had suddenly disappeared, and has never since been heard of. That further, according to general belief, he had been murdered in the tiler's house, and buried under the stove; but that afterwards the body had been raised, and consumed in the kiln.'

Upon this information proceedings were commenced by the authorities at Pont de l'Ain, and witnesses summoned. The first person was a man called Vaudan. He averred that, on the night of the 19th of February, having been to Mastalion, he was returning by Vallet's house, about three hours before daylight, when he heard a great noise, and clearly distinguished the words, 'Help! help! I will confess everything! Forgive me this once, and spare my life!' Whereupon a voice, which he knew to be Joseph Vallet's, answered, 'We want no more confessing; you must die!' This sort of dialogue continuing some time, the witness became alarmed; but, anxious to hear the end of it, he hid himself behind a bush, whence he distinctly heard the blows that were given to the victim. Suddenly, however, all became still; and presently afterwards the door of the house opened, and Vallet, accompanied by his wife and two sons, came out, bearing a dead body, which they carried to the brick kiln, and there buried, heaping a quantity of wood over the spot to conceal it. He added, that three or four days afterwards he made a pretext to call on Vallet at the brick kiln, in order to see if he could recognise the place; but, from what he observed, he concluded that the body had been removed; and he had since learned that the murdered person was Joseph Sevos; and that on Good-Friday the Vallets had consumed the body in the furnace.

There were several other witnesses examined; but on close inquiry, it appeared that they had received their information from Vaudan. However, the presumption appeared so strong against the Vallets, that their arrest was decreed, and executed with all the aggravated circumstances that so unnatural a crime seemed to justify. A brigade of mounted police, followed by a mob of the lowest class, proceeded to the tile-burner's house, and, amidst hooting and howling, dragged away the whole family to Pont de l'Ain, and shut them up in prison.

It happened that at this time Vallet was ill. He was suffering from a violent fever, accompanied by ague fits. Nevertheless, he was placed in a miserable dungeon, and loaded with irons; and his wife and sons were exposed to equally harsh and unjustifiable treatment. With not less injustice, his house was given up to pillage; the authorities neither took an inventory of his goods nor set a seal upon them. For eleven days the doors stood open, and the neighbours, quite willing to second the law, helped themselves to what they liked. On the twelfth, it occurred to the attorney-general that the premises should be searched for the clothes of the murdered man; but by this time it was useless to search for anything. The chests were broken open; the clothes, linen, &c. carried away, and doubtless the clothes of Sevos with them. Francisca, Vallet's sister, owned to having removed two bundles of her brother's property, in order to save them from the plunderers; but she declared that nothing belonging to Sevos or any other stranger was in them. She was, however, forced to produce them; and though nothing was found in them but what she had said, she was cast in the costs of the proceedings against herself, and fined twelve livres.

Whilst these things were going on, there was a party who looked on the whole affair with dissatisfaction. They ventured to express doubts of the guilt of the Vallets, and protested against treating them with so much severity; whilst Antoine Pin, who was assuredly not free from suspicion, was allowed to range the world at pleasure. At last the matter got so public, that it reached Paris; it was talked of at court, and furnished a subject for the salons; and as the fine ladies and gentlemen became curious to learn the truth of the business, orders were forwarded to Dombes to arrest Antoine Pin, and send him forthwith to Pont de l'Ain.

No sooner did the fugitive find himself in prison, than he volunteered a full confession. He said that nobody knew better than he the particulars of poor Sevos's murder; and that he was resolved, be the consequences what they might, that he would disclose the whole truth.

'On the evening of the 19th of February,' said he, 'I and Sevos were drinking in Vallet's house, when Sevos took it into his head, being drunk, to reproach Vallet with being the cause of Dupler's death; whereupon, in a rage, Vallet took up a heavy tin can that stood upon the table, and struck Sevos such a blow on the head with it, that he fell backwards to the earth, crying "Mercy, mercy! Take all my money, but spare my life!" But Vallet saying, "Don't talk to me of mercy!" continued to strike him, whilst his wife, with a fire shovel, also lent her assistance. Even Philippe, the eldest boy, joined in the murderous work; and amongst them, they soon put an end to poor Joseph Sevos: young Pierre the while standing sentinel at the door to keep off intruders. Vallet, when he saw that he had killed Sevos, wanted me to strike him too,' continued Pin, 'lest I should be a witness against him; but I would not. When Sevos was dead, they carried him to the kiln, and there buried him, covering the place with a heap of wood; and on Good-Friday they dug up the body and burned it. I know this, because on that day I called at the kiln, and not only smelt the burning, but saw the burnt bones in the furnace. Vallet told me

that if ever I said a word about the matter, he would serve me as he had served Sevos: but, at the same time, I must own he behaved very handsomely to me in the business, paying my silence liberally both with wine and money.'

This testimony chimed in wonderfully with that of Vaudan; and although the dead body was not forthcoming, that circumstance had little weight, when its disappearance was so well accounted for, and when the story was confirmed by the utter impossibility of finding any traces of Joseph Sevos as a living person. The Vallets, however, persisted in denying the whole affair; they declared themselves innocent, and founded their defence on two circumstances. The first was, that, as they asserted, on the day after the disappearance of Sevos, blood was found in his bed, upon his pillow, on the bedclothes, and on the floor of his room, proving decisively that he had been murdered in his own house, and affording a strong presumption that Antoine Pin was the murderer. The second was, that on the night in question Pierre Vallet, who, according to the evidence admitted, had been so useful a coadjutor in the business, had in fact been absent from home, having slept at the house of his schoolmaster at Poncin, in the same bed with two other boys.

Strange to say, the authorities refused to investigate the truth of these allegations. On the contrary, they maintained that, being accused by two persons of the crime, the strongest suspicion attached to Joseph Vallet, and that his guilt was rather aggravated than otherwise by his attempt to shift the load from his own shoulders to those of Antoine Pin—an attempt in which he had entirely failed; and the attorney-general holding, therefore, the crime proved against him, demanded that sentence of death should be passed against the father, whilst confession should be wrung from the mother and sons by the rack. The jurisdiction of Pont de l'Ain, instead of complying with his request, condemned the whole family to the rack; whereupon Frillet, dissatisfied with a decision which gave the tile-burner a chance for his life, appealed to the parliament or high court of Dijon; who forthwith issued an order, transferring the prisoners to their own fortress; whither they were removed, followed by the hootings and execrations of the excited multitude.

It was soon perceived that the authorities of Dijon meant to treat the matter with more earnestness and impartiality than those of Pont de l'Ain had done. They began by admitting the guilt of Vallet and his family, which they considered established beyond a doubt; but they looked upon Antoine Pin as in all probability equally guilty, and therefore to be treated as a criminal, and not as a witness, as had been hitherto the case. They alleged, in support of this opinion, his bad character, his suspicious flight, his avowed presence at the murder, which he not only made no attempt to prevent, but had since concealed; and they also dwelt on certain conditions he had made when he entered the regiment at Dombes, all tending to his own security in case of being pursued. In hopes of eliciting the truth, he was put to the rack; but the torture he endured did not alter his testimony; it only recalled one additional circumstance; namely, that Vallet had given him a louis-d'or to entice Sevos to his house on the day in question.

The fate of the Vallet family seemed now decided; and their case was the more hopeless, that by this last avowal Pin had brought himself under the arm of the law; but now, when least expected, conscience, that irrepressible witness, awoke and spoke for them. No sooner had he returned to his cell, than the thoughts of destroying a whole family by his perjury overpowered him. He passed a night of sleepless anguish, and when the morning dawned, he requested that some person qualified to receive his confession might be sent to him. One of the barristers engaged in the cause was immediately despatched to the prison, and Antoine Pin made the following narration:—

He confessed that his life had been a series of crimes, and that at length, in 1782, he had fallen upon young Philippe Vallet on the high road, and, without being recognised by the boy, had robbed him of his money and clothes. Sevos, however, hidden behind a bush, had witnessed the crime, and had frequently reminded him that he had it in his power to bring him to the scaffold any day he pleased. He had shown no signs of an intention to do it, but nevertheless the threat disturbed Pin, and he never ceased wishing to get rid of so troublesome an acquaintance.

On the 19th February they had gone together to Vallet's house, where they drank and chatted for some time. Sevos, he said, liked idling and drinking as well as he did: they repaired to various wine-houses after leaving Vallet's, in the last of which they sat till past midnight. There it was that, in a state of maudlin intoxication, Sevos pulled a bag out of his pocket, containing about forty dollars in silver, and exhibited the money to Pin, who was immediately seized with a desire to get possession of the booty, and at the same time relieve himself of a dangerous witness, who might turn against him some day when he least expected it. With this view he accompanied Sevos home, and when they got to the door, he represented that although they had drunk a great deal, they had had nothing to eat, and proposed getting something for supper. Sevos said he was hungry too; whereupon Pin went to the house of Michel Morel, whom he knocked up, and from whom he procured a loaf, which he carried back to Sevos's, having on the way slipped into the house of his own father, and armed himself with a hatchet, which he hid under his coat.

Meanwhile Sevos, overcome by liquor, had lost sight of his hunger, and declared his intention of going immediately to sleep, requesting Pin to pass the night with him, to which the latter consented; and just as the unfortunate host was stepping into bed, Pin, who was standing behind him, brought down the hatchet with tremendous force upon his head. 'Oh God! I'm killed!' were the only words that passed the lips of the victim before he sunk to the earth, bathed in his blood. 'After rifling his pockets, I carried the body on my back to the stable,' continued he, 'where I covered it with manure; and then feeling that Bresse was no safe nest for me, I started for Dombes, and enlisted as a soldier.' He added that, before he quitted the house, he tried, without much effect, to efface the traces of his crime. 'This is the truth,' said he, 'and the whole truth. I had neither aiders nor abettors; no one living was in my confidence; and the Vallets, father, mother, and sons, are innocent of the whole affair.'

On being asked why, if this were the case, he had persisted in accusing the Vallets, he answered that his first intention when he was arrested was to confess the truth, but he had changed his mind; adding that Vaudan, the first witness against the Vallets, was a good-for-nothing scoundrel, on whose testimony no reliance whatever could be placed; and that if they secured him, they would learn what weighty reasons he had for giving false evidence.

As Pin persisted in this story, without waiting to investigate the matter further, he was at once condemned, on his own confession, to be broken on the wheel. He fully admitted the justice of his sentence; and the only request he made was, to be permitted to see the Vallets before he died, which being granted, he threw himself at their feet, reiterating his assertions of their innocence, and intreating their pardon. He seemed really penitent; and great as were his crimes, the earnest desire he evinced in the midst of his tortures to vindicate the guiltless and promote the ends of justice, won him the pardon and pity even of the injured Vallets.

Thus died Antoine Pin: and when he was dead, the authorities bethought themselves of searching the stable for the body, and of verifying his story by ascertaining what traces of the crime had been found about the

house by those who first entered it after the disappearance of Joseph Sevos. But with respect to the house, the bed was gone, the place had been scoured, and nobody seemed able or willing to give any accurate account of what had been observed. Then with regard to the body, which Pin said he had hidden in the stable under a heap of manure, there was not only no body, but not a single bone to be found, nor any appearance to justify the suspicion that a body had ever been there.

Here was a puzzle! But Antoine Pin was silenced for ever, and who was to unravel the mystery? Perhaps Vaudan, whom he had arraigned: but as Pin was gone, if he did not choose to tell the truth, there was nobody to confront him. However, not knowing what else to do, they arrested Vaudan. He persisted in what he had said; 'what he had heard he had heard;' and his evidence was true to a tittle. He felt it his duty to confess to the judge that his character was not unstained; he had *once* in his life committed a dishonest act—stolen three oxen and a filly from his master. The ingenuousness of this needless avowal told much in his favour. Well-nigh at its wits' end, the court was at length induced to call for the records of the whole case as it had been tried at Pont de l'Ain. On looking over the papers, they found such strange informalities, so many unaccountable erasures, and so many equally unaccountable interpolations, that the affair took quite a new turn; and that which nobody had yet dared to suggest, began to be shrewdly suspected; namely, that the attorney-general, Frillet, had been playing a part in the drama, which as little comported with his reputation as with his office. A scrutiny ensued; and the result was, the complete justification of the Vallet family. Not only had every witness against them been either deceivers, or themselves deceived, but the evidences in their favour had been kept back or suppressed. It even came out, and was satisfactorily proved, that distinct traces of the murder had been found in Sevos's room; and that several persons had sworn to the facts before Frillet himself. Nay, not only so, but even traces of blood were still distinctly visible on the floor; and the very instrument with which Antoine Pin said he had committed the murder was discovered in the house.

Considering how very inexpert these officials appear to have been in extricating truth from falsehood, it is fortunate that there seems to have been something in the air of their dungeons that disposed people to confession. No sooner did Vaudan find himself alone in prison, than he declared his intention of clearing up the whole affair. He avowed that his testimony was false from beginning to end; adding that the officer who had summoned him as a witness, had desired him to wait upon the attorney-general as soon as the examination was over, and relate to him all that had passed.

The parliament of Dijon, who, when they had got a criminal, seem to have proceeded with uncompromising diligence, lost no time in passing sentence on Vaudan, who was forthwith conducted to the scaffold, and died asserting the innocence of the Vallets. The real motive of this injudicious haste, which in this case and many others rendered the discovery of truth so difficult, was the fulness of the prisons. No sooner were they satisfied of a man's guilt, than they put him out of the way, to make room for the next comer; frequently thereby not only committing great injustice, but depriving themselves of the most important testimony.

Vaudan was executed on the 5th of October, and on the 12th an order was issued for placing another prisoner on the rack. This was a man called Maurice, who had made himself exceedingly busy in the whole affair, in the case of Sevos as well as of Dupler, and on whom suspicion had at length rested. The moment Maurice felt the thumb-screws, he avowed himself a false witness, in the pay of the attorney-general, who was the originator of the whole cabal against the Vallets. He had desired him to revive the story of Dupler. Maurice declared that he had at first resisted, but that the threats *and promises of Frillet* had at length prevailed. He added that the attorney had two other assistants in the affair; namely, Torrillon, and a forester called Mallet, who had given themselves extraordinary trouble to bring in such witnesses as suited the great man's purpose.

On the 13th, the day after he had made this confession, Maurice was executed; and he also died maintaining the innocence of the Vallets.

They had now put three persons out of the world on account of this affair: one for the murder, and two for perjury. But where was the greatest criminal of all? Where was the attorney-general Frillet? He, the suborner, the worse than murderer, the persecutor of the innocent, the betrayer of his office and his oath, the ten times guilty—he was at large, 'going to and fro upon the earth, and walking up and down on it,' like his great prototype! And where were the Vallets? They were still in prison! Three persons had died declaring their innocence; every witness against them had been convicted of perjury or delusion; not a single circumstance remained uncontradicted that could in anyway connect them with the deaths of either Dupler or Sevos; their justification was indisputable, clear, and triumphant; the whole accusation was proved to be the fruits of a cabal, the offspring of envy and malice: at least if it were not, what had Vaudan and Maurice died for? And yet, on the 13th of October, Frillet was at large, and the Vallets were in prison!

However, they were at length restored to liberty, with a recompense of 500 francs (about L.20), which Maurice had been made to pay as an expiation: at the same time measures were taken for arresting Frillet and his two abettors, Torrillon and the forester; but the attorney-general was too well informed of what was going on to allow himself to be taken. He fled into Savoy, and found refuge in a cloister, where the arm of the law could not reach him.

In the meantime the prosperity of the Vallets was destroyed. Their healths had been injured, their money had gone to the lawyers, their house had been plundered, and everything belonging to them, except the bare walls, had either disappeared or been knocked to pieces. The old man had to begin the world again. It was up-hill work; but he did his best, and in time partially recovered his former position.

Several years had thus elapsed, and the Vallets had fought through the worst of their difficulties, when one day Pierre, the youngest son, being on business at a town called Bourg, met, as he was walking through the market-place, JOSEPH SEVOS! At first he thought it was a phantom of the imagination; but it proved to be no other than the living Sevos, whose disappearance had caused so much trouble. Perceiving himself to be recognised, Sevos attempted to escape in the crowd; Pierre promptly followed, and had the satisfaction of seizing him, and bringing him before a magistrate, of whom he demanded that both himself and the resuscitated man should be held in custody till the mystery could be investigated. The reserve and equivocations with which Sevos sought to baffle inquiry, suggesting a suspicion that he was not altogether innocent; he was accordingly removed to Dijon; but even there, it was not till he was threatened with the rack that the truth was elicited from him.

'On the 19th of February 1724,' said he, 'Antoine Pin and I went out for a day's drinking; and when the wine-houses were all closed, we went together to my house, where I invited him to sleep. I undressed, and was about to step into bed, when I received a violent blow upon the head. I fell to the ground, exclaiming that I was killed; and as I did not stir again, no doubt Pin thought I was. However, I was only stunned. He then rifled my pockets, in which I had about forty dollars, and afterwards dragged me to the stable, and covered me with manure. There I lay and listened till I heard Pin go away; then I went back to the house, and fastening the door, I stanched the blood that flowed from my head as well as I could with old rags. In the morning I bound it up, and bethought me what I

should do; but the fear of Antoine so entirely overcame me, that I durst not leave the house, nor even open the door; and for two whole days and nights I sat there, listening for his return, which I momentarily expected. However, he came no more; and on the third I ventured, before the day had well broken, to slip out; and I managed, without being seen by anybody, to reach the attorney-general's, and to him I related what had happened. He listened to my story with attention, and, after some consideration, he advised me to quit the place. "Pin," said he, "is a villain, who will stick at nothing; and if he finds out you are alive, he will never stop till he has completed his work. Take my advice, and leave this as fast as your legs can carry you, and the farther you go the better."'

Sevos was a timid and weak man: to be once murdered he thought was enough. The advice of so influential a person as Frillet, a man who must necessarily understand the case so well, was not to be neglected. He fled, and never stopped till he thought himself far out of the reach of his enemy. Accident had at length brought him to the market of Bourg, where Pierre Vallet met him.

The agreement between this story and that of Antoine Pin was sufficient to insure its acceptance as far as it went; but it was generally believed that Joseph Sevos, timid as he was, had been influenced by something more than fear to abandon his native place and his little property. The attorney-general's empty-handed recommendation was not likely to have induced a man to condemn himself to exile for such a length of time. However, whether from the apprehension of suffering the legal penalty, as a party in the plot, or from the dread of the great man's vengeance, Sevos could not be brought to any further confession. On this occasion the rack was spared, the desire for a further revelation not being sufficiently strong on the part of the authorities to induce them to have recourse to it.

As soon as the news of Sevos's reappearance reached Frillet, he quitted his sanctuary, and loudly arraigned the parliament of Dijon, not only for their proceedings against himself, but also for having broken Antoine Pin upon the wheel for the murder of a man who was proved never to have been murdered at all. In spite of this, however, they arrested him, and instituted investigations, which led to the conviction of several other persons as parties in the conspiracy of which he had been the contriver: and now that the tide was apparently turning against him, there is no telling how far the tongue of Joseph Sevos might have been loosed, had he not, just at this juncture, most unexpectedly died in prison. Nevertheless, so strong was the evidence against Frillet, that he was condemned to death, and his property mulcted to the amount of 8000 livres, for the benefit of the Vallet family.

Great was the joy of the people. Nine hours had the parliament of Dijon sat before they could agree upon the sentence. The whole town had been in commotion for days; and all seemed anxious for the execution of a man who had proved himself such an oppressor. This vengeful feeling was doomed to be disappointed. The sentence of death against Frillet was commuted by the king into banishment for ten years. He received the intimation with an affectation of pious gratitude; for he seems to have been as great a hypocrite as a sinner. But it was the will of God, whose justice and mercy he had outraged, that he should not profit by the corruption that had spared his life. On the day appointed for his quitting the prison, that life was required of him by a Judge incorruptible—he expired suddenly as they were throwing open the gates to set him free. His coadjutors in crime suffered various degrees of punishment, and the injured Vallets received the 8000 livres.

Perhaps a more extraordinary case of criminal jurisprudence than this is not on record, nor one that exhibits a more frightful picture of the effrontery with which the strong dared to oppress the weak, or of the carelessness, precipitance, and contempt for the most ordinary principles of justice with which, at one period, the judicial proceedings of France were conducted.

LEIGH HUNT'S STORIES FROM THE ITALIAN POETS.

Mr Hunt's remarkable powers as a transfuser of the spirit and grace of the classic and Italian poets into our own tongue, disposed us to hope much from this work; and we have not been disappointed. Although wholly, or all but wholly in prose, it is calculated to convey perhaps as correct a view of the great poets of Italy—Dante, Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso—and of their celebrated epics, as is attainable through the medium of a foreign language. It will therefore suit a vast class of readers who, with no reason to hope that they will ever become acquainted with these authors in the original, may yet desire to obtain some knowledge of their works, both on account of the works themselves, and that they may not be entirely at a loss when the Italian poets are a subject of allusion in conversation.

No literary name is, we believe, more worshipped in Italy than that of Dante, who is the first in time also, a predecessor by about sixty years of our Chaucer. His *Divina Comedia* (called comedy with a regard merely to its literary style) is certainly a wonderful work; yet, as far as we can judge, Mr Hunt draws a just discrimination between the literary excellences for which one would wish it to be preserved, and the abominable spirit in which much of it is written. This poet seems to have been partly a victim of the political dissensions of his country (Florence, from which he was banished), and partly of his own fierce and self-concentrated nature. A stern, swarthy, hook-nosed, bilious little man he was, with thousands of enmities always on his hands, and a terrific theological creed in his brain. The two first parts of his great poem—descriptions of hell and purgatory—are accordingly little more than vents of personal wrath and malignity. Whoever had at any time offended Dante, that man must take his place in some situation of torment horrible to think of. The worthiest and best are represented as undergoing awful punishments, if they had chanced to come to a sudden death, leaving no opportunity of certain religious rites being performed by them on their deathbeds. One cannot sufficiently marvel at a great poet, for such he really was, going about Italy almost in a mendicant state for about sixteen years, secretly employed all the time in gratifying his destructiveness by thus pillorying friend and foe to all time. As might be expected, the work did not appear till after his death.

Mr Hunt's remarks on the character of Dante appear to us just and true; he speaks with becoming horror of the evil passions which vein the Divina Comedia as with streaks of fire, and also of the justifications which they have met with at the hands of partial critics. From this part of the work we select a few scattered passages, which are worth treasuring in the memory:—

'Genius and worldly power, unless for worldly purposes, find it difficult to accord, especially in tempers like his [Dante's]. There must be great wisdom and amiableness on both sides, to save them from jealousy of one another's pretensions.'

'The tragical as well as fantastic tricks which

> Man, proud man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority,

plays with his energy and bad passions, under the guise of duty, is amongst the most perplexing of those spectacles which, according to a greater understanding than Dante's, "make the angels weep."'

'All gentle and considerate hearts must dislike the rage and bigotry in Dante, even were it true that Italy will never be regenerated till one half of it is baptised in the blood of the other. Such men [as Ugo Foscolo,

who thought so], with all their acuteness, are incapable of seeing what can be effected by nobler and serener times, and the progress of civilisation. One calm discovery of science may do away with all the boasted necessities of the angry and self-idolatrous.'

'Luckily, assent is not belief; and mankind's feelings are for the most part superior to their opinions; otherwise the world would have been in a bad way indeed, and nature not been vindicated of her children.'

But of the poem itself, let us, if possible, present some specimen—something which our readers may find neither beyond their comprehension nor their sympathies. Of all parts of it, none seem to have made a greater impression on all classes of persons than the two stories of Paulo and Francesca, and the Count Ugolino. The former has often been pronounced faultless, and is, says Mr Hunt, 'unquestionably one of the most beautiful pieces of writing in the world.' Strange to say, considering what sort of person was its author, its chief beauty is that of tenderness. It comes in as the breath of Araby would amidst a circumpolar winter. The whole thing is rather an exquisite hint than a story. We give a portion of it from Mr Hunt's poetical version, in the triplet stanzas of the original:—

'Scarce had I learnt the names of all that press
Of knights and dames, than I beheld a sight
Nigh reft my wits for very tenderness.

"O guide!" I said, "fain would I, if I might,
Have speech with yonder pair, that hand in hand
Seem borne before the dreadful wind so light."

"Wait," said my guide, "until thou seest their band
Sweep round. Then beg them, by that love, to stay;
And they will come, and hover where we stand."

Anon the whirlwind flung them round that way;
And then I cried, "Oh, if I ask nought ill,
Poor weary souls, have speech with me I pray."

As doves, that leave some bevy circling still,
Set firm their open wings, and through the air
Sweep homewards, wafted by their pure good will;

So broke from Dido's flock that gentle pair,
Cleaving, to where we stood, the air malign;
Such strength to bring them had a loving prayer.

The female spoke. "O living soul benign!"
She said, "thus, in this lost air, visiting
Us who with blood stained the sweet earth divine;

Had we a friend in heaven's eternal King,
We would beseech him keep thy conscience clear,
Since to our anguish thou dost pity bring.

Of what it pleaseth thee to speak and hear,
To that we also, till this lull be o'er
That falleth now, will speak and will give ear.

The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.

Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart,
Seized him thou look'st on for the form and face,
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart.

Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place.

Love brought us to one grave. The hand that slew
Is doomed to mourn us in the pit of Cain."
Such were the words that told me of those two.

Downcast I stood, looking so full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide asked what held me in that vein.

His voice aroused me; and I said, "Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass."

Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
"Francesca, see, these human cheeks are wet—
Truer and sadder tears were never shed."'

In answer to the poet's request, the lady relates some particulars of her story, and then he adds:—

'While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourned
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died.' * *

The story of Ugolino is well known, from its having been so often painted. Our own Sir Joshua tried it. The real fact here was, that the count betrayed the castle of Pisa to the Florentines, and, as a punishment, was starved with some of his relations in a tower. Dante represents him in the infernal regions as revenging himself on the Archbishop Ruggieri, who, however, is believed to have been innocent in the case.

'The pilgrims went on, and beheld two other spirits so closely locked up together in one hole of the ice, that the head of one was right over the other's, like a cowl; and Dante, to his horror, saw that the upper head was devouring the lower with all the eagerness of a man who is famished. The poet asked what could possibly make him show a hate so brutal; adding, that if there were any ground for it, he would tell the story to the world.

'The sinner raised his head from the dire repast, and after wiping his jaws with the hair of it, said, "You ask a thing which it shakes me to the heart to think of. It is a story to renew all my misery. But since it will produce this wretch his due infamy, hear it, and you shall see me speak and weep at the same time. How thou camest hither I know not; but I perceive by thy speech that thou art Florentine.

"Learn, then, that I was the Count Ugolino, and this man was Ruggieri the archbishop. How I trusted him, and was betrayed into prison, there is no need to relate; but of his treatment of me there, and how cruel a death I underwent, hear; and then judge if he has offended me.

"I had been imprisoned with my children a long time in the tower, which has since been called from me the Tower of Famine; and many a new moon had I seen through the hole that served us for a window, when I dreamt a dream that foreshadowed to me what was coming. Methought that this man headed a great chase against the wolf, in the mountains between Pisa and Lucca. Among the foremost in his party were Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, and the hounds were thin and eager, and high-bred; and in a little while I saw the hounds fasten on the flanks of the wolf and the wolf's children, and tear them. At that moment I awoke with the voices of my own children in my ears asking for bread. Truly cruel must thou be, if thy heart does not ache to think of what I thought then. If thou feel not for a pang like that, what is it for which thou art accustomed to feel? We were now all awake; and the time was at hand when they brought us bread, and we had all dreamt dreams which made us anxious. At that moment I heard the key of the horrible tower turn in the lock of the door below, and fasten it. I looked at my children, and said not a word. I did not weep. I made a strong effort upon the soul within me. But my little Anselm said, 'Father, why do you look so? Is anything the matter?' Nevertheless, I did not weep, nor say a word all the day, nor the night that followed. In the morning a ray of light fell upon us through the window of our sad prison, and I beheld in those four little faces the likeness of my own face, and then I began to gnaw my hands for misery. My children, thinking I did it for hunger, raised themselves on the floor, and said, 'Father, we should be less miserable if you would eat our own flesh. It was you that gave it us. Take it again.' Then I sat still, in order not to make them unhappier: and that day and the next we all remained without speaking. On the fourth day, Gaddo stretched himself at my feet, and said, 'Father, why wont you help me?' and there he died. And as surely as thou lookest on me, so surely I beheld the whole three die in the same manner. So I began in my misery to grope about in the dark for them, for I had become blind; and three days I kept calling on them by name, though they were dead; till famine did for me what grief had been unable to do."

'With these words the miserable man, his eyes starting from his head, seized that other wretch again with his teeth, and ground them against the skull as a dog does with a bone.

'O Pisa! scandal of the nations! since thy neighbours are so slow to punish thee, may the very islands tear themselves up from their roots in the sea, and come and block up the mouth of thy river, and drown every soul within thee! What if this Count Ugolino did, as report says he did, betray thy castles to the enemy? his children had not betrayed them; nor ought they to have been put to an agony like this. Their age was their innocence; and their deaths have given thee the infamy of a second Thebes.'

Our space forbids us to enter upon the consideration of any of the other stories from the Italian poets; but we may point out a few more remarkable passages in the biographical and critical matter of these volumes. Treating of Astolpho's Journey to the Moon, a poem of Ariosto, Mr Hunt observes that the moon of that poet, as well as of Milton, is a finer thing than that of the modern astronomer—with its no-atmosphere, and its no-water, and its tremendous precipices. 'It is to be hoped (and believed),' he adds, 'that knowledge will be best for us all in the end; for it is not always so by the way. It displaces beautiful ignorances.' We thoroughly believe that, for whatever of beautiful or romantic it removes, it tends to supply matter for a far higher gratification to the same or other faculties. For one instance as all-sufficient, how much grander—how much more suited for all the noblest purposes of poetry—is the universe of the modern astronomer than that of the ignorant man!

With regard to the supposition of some authors, that Pulci, being a comic poet, received the speculations on matters of opinion in his *Morgante* from other writers, his friends, Mr Hunt pertinently says—'as if a man of genius, however lively, did not go through the gravest reflections in the course of his life, or could not enter into any theological or metaphysical question to which he chose to direct his attention. Animal spirits themselves are too often but a counterbalance to the most thoughtful melancholy.' One cause, too, for this kind of error is, that the public have always a difficulty in regarding a man in any but one point of view.

Of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* Mr Hunt says—'Like all originals, it was obliged to wait for the death of the envious and the self-loving, before it acquired a popularity which surpassed all precedent. Foscolo says, that Macchiavelli and Ariosto, "the two writers of that age who really possessed most excellence, were the least praised during their lives. Bembo [now neglected] was approached in a posture of adoration and fear; the infamous Aretino extorted a fulsome letter of praises from the great and learned." He might have added, that the writer most in request "in the circles" was a gentleman of the name of Bernardo Accolti, then called the *Unique*, now never heard of. Ariosto himself eulogised him among a shoal of writers, half of whose names have perished, and who most likely included in that half the men who thought he did not praise them enough. For such was the fact! I allude to the charming invention in his last canto, in which he supposes himself welcomed home after a long voyage. Some of the persons thus honoured by Ariosto were vexed, it is said, at not being praised highly enough; others at seeing so many praised in their company; some at being left out of the list; and some others at not being mentioned at all! * * Happily for them, the names of most of these mighty personages are not known. One or two, however, took care to make posterity laugh. Trissino, a very great man in his day, and the would-be restorer of the ancient epic, had the face, in return for the poet's too-honourable mention of him, to speak in his own verses of "Ariosto, with that Furioso of his, which pleases the vulgar." "*His* poem," adds Panizzi, "has had the merit of not having pleased anybody." A sullen critic, Sperone, was so disappointed at being left out, that he became the poet's bitter enemy. He talked of Ariosto taking himself for a swan, and "dying like a goose" (the allusion was to the fragment he left, called the *Five Cantos*). What has become of the swan Sperone?'

How difficult, however, amongst any set of contemporary authors, to say which are to be the forgotten and which the remembered! The great bulk of those at first neglected, undoubtedly continue to be so; and on the other hand, it often happens that the man most appreciated by posterity, was the man most appreciated also in his own time.

THE TOLLMAN.

STRETCH my philanthropy as I may, it will in nowise embrace him. There is something so annoying and vexatious about the whole status and functions of this official, that 'twere more than is to be expected of mortal patience to look upon him complacently. See the cold-hearted wretch planted in his vile little cot, like a spider in his den, ready to pounce out upon every passenger from whom he is entitled to exact his odious dues. No compunction or sympathy has he for any fellow-mortal. It may be a wedding party rolling gaily and merrily along to church; it may be a funeral train; the parson; the country surgeon; a set of ladies and gentlemen caracoling forth for pleasure; a chain of dull patient carriers' wagons heaving slowly forward on their laborious mission—the Alexandrine of the road. No matter who it be, what it be, or how or whence it be, this atrocious tollman is sure to present his harsh passively-compelling visage, uncharged with any feeling whatever, save the stern resolve to withstand passage until a certain sum has been paid. No thanks, no relentings of a humane courtesy from the tollman. He approaches and he takes his leave as a declared enemy. The victim, once forced to render his dues, becomes the husk of an idea, and may go where he pleases. Surely this is an amazing image of individual atrocity to be kept up in an age remarkable, upon the whole, for its exemption from downright barbarisms. The only personage with whom he can be at all compared is the tower-pent baron of the fourteenth century, who obliged all travellers passing his residence to stop and yield him at once reverence and tribute; but the romance is here wanting, and we feel how different was the armed barbarian who, in robbing, took his chance of thwacks and cuts, from the base mechanical varlet who plunders you in regulated sums (giving back with disgusting accuracy coppers in change), secure under the banner of some mean-featured act of parliament which he has got inscribed upon a board beside his door in letters of statutory magnitude. Oh profane not the middle ages with any such reference! Surely the veriest, vilest wretch that now breathes, or ever did breathe, is—the Tollman!

I don't know either. Human life is a blotted page. Men are often the victims of infelicitous circumstances. Possibly even tollmen, if you could get to the bottom of them, might in some instances be found to possess respectable and amiable qualities, only overlaid and disgraced by the sad necessities of their lot. Perhaps Cromwells and Miltons might be discovered amongst them—hands that the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre. Even in that ill-favoured corduroyed form there may be faculties that, in better circumstances, could have melted at the tale of wo, or struggled to help forward the cause of suffering humanity. Coarse, insolent, dogged, 'not to be done,' as he now looks, he doubtless once lay a babe upon his mother's gentle bosom—innocent, smiling, and loveable; undreaming of ever having to assert his title to twopences over contumacious carters. Lovely was he at his christening in the old parish kirk; pleasant to look upon in his first breeks. Wandered he oft with his flaxen-headed companions to muse and sport through innocent hours amongst the gowans and rushes by green

burn-sides, while as yet he knew not what grown men have to do for bread. Since then, the strong necessity of a subsistence has driven him, as it drives us all; and, behold, it has been his lot to keep a toll! Perhaps this has been less the poor man's fault than his misfortune—and what a misfortune to have been forced to take to the road even in this modified form of the destiny! There he is, the universal enemy! cut off and dissociated from all of his own kind, as one with whom none have any sympathies—the man whom they may not be quarrelling with to-day, but with whom they may have to quarrel to-morrow, and whom it is therefore necessary to keep ever at arm's length. Backing and countenance he never gets from a single human being, except as a cold official matter from road trustees, and even that by compulsion. It is not wonderful, in such circumstances, that tollmen are all unhappy. How can it be otherwise with men who have no friends? Thus regarded, and not as the insolent tyrants that look in at coach windows to extort our money, tollmen become objects of pity. We ought perhaps only to condemn the system which tempts poor men into such unhallowed situations. To this, doubtless, must be attributed much of the harshness which we complain of in tollmen. Their suspicious looks are induced by liability to be bilked, and they stand upon their twopences rather in a transport of misanthropy, resulting from their unsocial position, than from any immediate love of the lucre.

But what a base and absurd system is this of tolling, taken altogether! Not only for its betraying simple rustics into miserable lives would I anathematise it, but as a wholly rude and clumsy expedient for its purpose, and one entailing equally endless and needless vexation upon us poor members of that generally ill-used compound personality—the public. Let any one recall for a moment the annoyances to which he has been subjected throughout life by tolls. Say you have been travelling by night in your own vehicle, and desiderate a little sleep. After much coaxing, Morpheus gently lights upon your prostrate senses; but lo! ere ten minutes have elapsed, the horses are pulled up abruptly, and the coachman commences bawling for the turnpike-man to arouse himself. You start up in alarm, and for hours can sleep no more. Say you are setting out on a party of pleasure, full of joyful anticipations—nice friends, capital cold turkey, with some sherry, in a basket under the seat—pleasant sunny morning: a joke already established, which is to be the key-note for all the gay nonsense of the day: behold, in the midst of your enjoyments, a halt is called, and a hard hirsute hand is presented—THE TOLL! You have to stop short in perhaps one of your drollest whimsies, to twitch out one or two shillings to the horrid intruder. The coachman drives on; you try to resume the suspended joke; but no—your mind has been disturbed by an alien idea; and the rest of the matter is as flat as fifty flounders. Or it may be that you have obtained from her 'mamma' the privilege of driving your fair one out. Conversation has reached a most interesting point. The next gentle accents of the adorable are likely to be those which are to make you blest. When lo! a turnpike. At sight of the tollman love claps his soft wings, and in a moment flies. Once thus broken, it is impossible to bring the discourse exactly to the same point again, and so you are for that time, perhaps for ever, disappointed. On a thousand such interesting occasions may the dire Gorgon of a tollman come in to mar your happiness, taxing your purse much, but your patience a hundred times more. Is taxation so agreeable a thing that we should have it thus intruded upon us at the most critical times, and distributed, as it were, over the hours of our existence? What worse, I would ask, was the introduction of the skeleton at the Egyptian banquets? Though Englishmen wished to have something disagreeable presented to their thoughts at regular intervals, could they hit upon a better plan for the purpose than to have their roads beset with tolls?

Surely, when nice and convenient regulations are making in all departments of our social economy, it is time that this enginery, worthy only of the fourteenth century, or of a country in the condition of Spain at this day, were replaced by something more smooth in its working, and involving less expense for its support. Were our letters still carried each by private couriers, or were the poor left to beg each for his own support by wandering throughout the country, it would be in perfect analogy with this plan for keeping up roads. Not wonderful is it to find, as Mr Pagan assures us,* that of the money raised for the roads of the county of Fife, seventy or eighty per cent. goes to the expense of collection, not to speak of continual litigation occasioned by collisions between those unhappy beings, the tollmen and their victims. Surely it is most desirable that this expense were reduced, that tollmen were set free from a life so wretched, and that less exercise for the Hampden spirit were called for in our carmen and postilions.

Oh, my countrymen, for a Rowland Hill of tolls!

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

'TELL me, father, what is meant by geometry?' Such were the words of a child of nine years old one summer evening in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent-looking man in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, &c. and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common countenance he looked on: childish as were the features, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

'Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another.'

'Father,' said the child, 'I will learn geometry!'

'Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books. Go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening.'

'I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books. Do, father, let me stay here with you; and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of geometry?'

The father sighed as he looked at the slight delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand in his, and putting aside his books, 'Well, Blaise,' he answered, 'I will take a walk with you myself, and we will breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more questions about geometry.'

Such was one of the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect: the early dawning of that mathematical genius destined in a few years to astonish Europe, and which would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivalling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion and the good of his fellow-men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known and much esteemed by the literati of his day. He felt a parent's pride in watching the opening powers of his son's mind, but he also felt a parent's fears for the fragile form which enshrined it, and he wisely sought to draw the little Blaise from his darling sedentary studies, and induce him to share in the out-door amusements which boys of his age in general love. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of

* See Journal for April 19, 1845.

mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them until his mind should be matured and his body in greater vigour; and as Blaise did not again mention the word geometry, and ceased to linger so long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his brain. At the end of a long corridor in M. Pascal's house there was an apartment which was used only as a lumber-room, and consequently seldom opened. He one day entered it in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and, with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallelograms. The child was so much absorbed in his employment that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not till his father spoke that he raised his head. 'What are you doing, child?'

'Oh father, don't be angry; indeed I could not put geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it, and so I came here to work away at these lines.'

M. Pascal looked, and with delighted astonishment perceived that his child, without instruction, without knowing the name of a single geometrical figure, had demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles—a truth established by the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. The father now saw that it was in vain to repress his son's thirst for knowledge: he gave him every assistance in the study of mathematics, while at the same time he watched over his health. Arrived at the age of eleven years, this wonderful boy composed a treatise on the nature of sound; in which he sought to explain why a glass, when struck by a knife, gives a sound that ceases as soon as the hand is applied to it. Five years afterwards appeared his celebrated 'Treatise on Conic Sections,' admired by the great mathematicians of the time. The famous Descartes could not be persuaded that a work displaying so profound an acquaintance with science, was the production of a youth of sixteen. Yet it is quite certain that Blaise Pascal was its sole and unaided author.

He had often observed that the science of numbers is, like the thoughts of men, subject to error: he had seen that, in the every-day use of calculation, it is very difficult to preserve exactness for any considerable time; because memory becomes weary still sooner than patience; and when the first of these faculties fails, it follows, as a matter of course, that mistakes escape notice. In order, then, to remedy this defect, he constructed the well-known and singular arithmetical machine by which, without a pen, without counters, and without understanding arithmetic, all kinds of computation may be readily performed. 'By other methods,' said he, in writing to Christina, queen of Sweden, 'all the operations are troublesome, complicated, long, and uncertain; by mine they become easy, simple, quick, and certain.'

Le Père Mersenne, a Parisian monk, about this time proposed to the world of science a famous and difficult problem. It was required to determine the curve line described in the air by a nail attached to the circumference of a carriage-wheel revolving and progressing at an ordinary speed. It would not be interesting, nor perhaps intelligible, to general readers, were we to attempt explaining the difficulties which, in the then state of mathematical science, attended the solution of this problem. It will suffice to state that, after having baffled the efforts of all the great men of the day, it was solved by Pascal, when not twenty years old, and while lying on a bed of sickness. More than this: he defied all the mathematicians of Europe to resolve in detail the difficulties of the problem, offering four hundred francs (equal to two thousand in the present day) to him who should succeed. All having failed, Pascal gave his own solution to the world, and from that moment took his place in the first rank of science.

Torricelli, an eminent Italian mathematician, taught by Galileo that air is a ponderable fluid, tried several experiments by producing a vacuum. These induced Pascal to try some others, which he caused to be made by his brother-in-law, M. Perier, on the mountain of Puy de Dome, in the province of Auvergne, and which were crowned with brilliant success. Galileo had discovered the weight of the air; Torricelli, measuring the pressure of the atmosphere, had found it equal to a column of water of the same base, and thirty-two feet in height, or to one of quicksilver of twenty-eight inches. The experiments of Pascal confirmed the others, because they established the fact, that the column of mercury becomes low in the same proportion that the one of air diminishes in height. He was the first who proved clearly, in a 'Treatise on the Weight and Density of the Air,' that the effects—until then attributed to nature's abhorring a vacuum—are derived from the weight of the atmospheric air: and reversing this point in the physics of the ancients, he established, as a principle thenceforth incontestable, that the mass of this fluid has a limited and determinable weight; that it weighs more at one time than at another, as in thick fogs; in certain places than in others, as in valleys and on low ground; that, pressing on all the bodies which it surrounds, it acts more powerfully in proportion to its increase of weight. From these facts he deduced several consequences, such as ascertaining whether two places are on the same level; that is to say, equally distant from the centre of the earth; or which of the two is most elevated, however distant from each other they may be. It remained for him to show that a small quantity of water may keep a great weight balanced; that two weights of different materials, adjusted, while the air is dry, to the most perfect equilibrium, lose their equality when the air becomes damp; that bodies floating in water weigh precisely as much as the liquid they displace; because the water touching them from beneath, and not from above, serves only to raise them. Having established these preliminary facts, he published a 'Treatise on the Equilibrium of Fluids.'

In the present day, when immense progress has been made both in physics and geometry, the writings of Pascal on these subjects are not of much practical utility; but when we reflect that from them we derive our first knowledge, we shall always regard them with the respect due to monuments of a genius, which has left its immortal impress on even the most trifling details.

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris, where, amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and partly executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his 'Thoughts.' They contain the germ of many a noble sentiment and profound view of human nature, which, had they been wrought out, and the rough outline filled up by a master's hand, would have formed a work fit for immortality. About this period of his life he published the 'Provincial Letters,' which have been characterised by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We find in them the pointed wit and dramatic powers of Molière, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he immediately replied, 'the Provincial Letters.'

Pascal in his thirtieth year already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He was an old man at that period when it is generally considered that both the physical and mental powers are most fully developed. But his health had sustained a severe shock from his intense application to study, no less than from the ever-stirring activity of his genius. He had been for many

years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physicians advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame and divert him from his mental fatigue. In pursuance of this advice, Pascal used to go out in a carriage every day to the bridge of Neuilli. His only surviving and fondly-loved sister, Madame Perier, who with her husband and family resided in the country, frequently visited him, and left nothing undone that affection could suggest to support and cheer him. One morning in the month of October 1654, she accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The day was lovely, and Pascal's enfeebled frame seemed to receive strength from the balmy air, while he conversed with ease and pleasure. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war. 'Fancy,' he said, 'a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, "Why do you want to kill me?" "What!" the other answers, "don't you live at the other side of the water? My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but as you live at the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life." Persons of great and little minds,' he afterwards remarked, 'are subject to the same accidents and annoyances; but the latter are on the circumference of the wheel, and the former near the centre, and thus are they less agitated by the same movements. Yet even in his loftiest state, what is man, fettered as he is by a frail body! The mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent as to remain undisturbed by the noise around him. It does not require the sound of a cannon to impede his train of thought; the winding of a pulley, or the shutting of a door, is sufficient. Don't be astonished that the philosopher reasons badly now; a fly is buzzing about his ears; that's enough to render him incapable of deep reflection. If you want him to discover truth, drive away the insect which keeps his reason in check, and troubles the powerful intelligence that governs cities and kingdoms. Yet is the study of the human mind, in all its greatness and littleness, the noblest of pursuits.'

'I have often regretted, dear brother,' said Madame Perier, 'your relinquishing the grand career of science you had entered on, and changing so completely your course of thought.'

'Dear sister,' said Pascal, 'I had passed much time in the study of abstract sciences; but it disheartened me to find how few persons there were with whom I could hold communion about them. When I commenced the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not fitted for him, and that I wandered farther from my path in diving into them, than did others in avoiding them; and I forgave them their ignorance. I believed that I should find companions, at least in the study of man, because it is the knowledge which best befits him. I was deceived: there are yet fewer who study man than geometry.'

While thus speaking they came to the bridge; and the horses taking fright, and refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. By this means the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his health received, nevertheless, a severe shock. One may easily imagine what effect this sudden fright and violent motion must have produced in the weakened state of his constitution. He fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered. A severe illness followed, the effects of which he never got quite over. Yet the gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alms to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which, he affirmed, would speedily bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, 'I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him.'

He denied himself the comforts, and even the necessaries of life, in order to minister more abundantly to the wants of the poor. He always preserved the utmost purity of mind and manners; and he would never suffer the pleasures of the table to be extolled in his presence, remarking, that food was simply intended to satisfy the appetite and nourish the body, not to pamper the senses. The unfortunate ever found in him a brother. One day, as he was returning from the church of St Sulpice, he was accosted by a young and beautiful peasant girl. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'for the love of God give me a few sous!'

Pascal stopped, touched at the danger to which her youth and beauty would expose her, if suffered to wander unprotected through the streets of Paris. He inquired into her history. 'My father,' she said, 'was a mason, and lived some leagues from the city. A short time since he fell from some scaffolding, and was killed on the spot, leaving my mother and me alone and friend less in the world. We managed for a time to support ourselves, till my mother's health failed; and after struggling in vain against her illness, she this morning entered the hospital, where, though I can visit her, I am not permitted to live, so that, to avoid starvation, I am forced to beg.'

'My poor child,' said Pascal, 'yours is a hard lot; I will try what can be done for you.'

He immediately conducted her to the house of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom, without making himself known, he gave a sum of money sufficient for her food and clothing, promising to send next day a charitable lady to take charge of her. This was Madame Perier, who entered warmly into her brother's benevolent feelings, and took care of the grateful young girl until a respectable situation was provided for her. Who can describe the feelings of the poor sick mother when she heard of the kindness that had been shown her daughter! She longed to bless her benefactor, her guardian angel, who had saved her child from misery, perhaps from ruin. Yet Pascal would not suffer his name to be disclosed, and it was not till after his death that he was known to have performed this good action. Truly might it be said that he

> 'Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'

Notwithstanding his habitual gravity, he had a fund of natural wit, and keen penetration into character; and could have been sarcastic, but the overflowing kindliness of his temperament forbade it. He one day remarked, 'The authors who are incessantly announcing *my* book, *my* history, *my* commentary, would they not do better to say, *our* book, *our* commentary, *our* history? for, generally speaking, there is more in their works that belongs to others than to themselves.'

One of his maxims was, 'If you wish others to speak well of you, do not speak well of yourself.' Another just remark was this—'In proportion as we have our minds enlarged, we discover in the world a greater number of original characters—commonplace people do not perceive any distinguishing difference between men.'

It may not be out of place to cite a remark of Pascal's, alluding to the strange political revolutions of Europe, and the casting down of crowned heads, which took place in his day. He says, 'Who would ever have supposed that an individual possessing the friendship of the king of England, the king of Poland, and the queen of Sweden, might be left destitute in the world, without an asylum or retreat?'

This refers to three revolutions which had occurred in Europe nearly at the same time.

We will now set down, somewhat at random, a few of his remarks breathing a spirit of true philosophy.

'There is nothing more common than good things; all we require is to discern them; and it is certain they

are all natural, and within our reach. Yet it is universally the case that we do not know how to distinguish them. It is not among strange and extraordinary things that we are to look for excellence. In rising to attain it, we but leave it behind us. We must stoop. The best books are those which each reader thinks he could have written himself. Nature, which is alone good, is common and familiar to all.'

'Curiosity is often but vanity. Most frequently we wish for knowledge, only in order to speak of it. We would not undertake a long sea voyage, if we were never to talk about it; and for the simple pleasure of seeing, without the hope of conversing with any one about our travels.'

'A horse does not seek to be admired by his companion. We see indeed a sort of emulation between them in the race, but it is not followed up; for when in the stable, the most clumsy and worst-made horse will not yield his oats to another. It is not so with men: they rest not satisfied with their perfections, unless they are made the means of asserting their superiority over others.'

'The virtue of a man ought not to be measured by one or two unusual efforts, but by his habitual course of life.'

'Nature has perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and defects, to show that she is only his image.'

Many of his most valuable remarks have been lost, from his neglecting to write them down; intrusting them to his memory, which was indeed so great, that he was never known to forget anything which he had once imprinted on his mind.

The enemies of Pascal thought to diminish his glory by suppressing his eulogium in the 'Lives of Illustrious Men,' by Perrault; but this only served to enhance it the more, for every one applied to them the words of Tacitus—'Cassius and Brutus shone more brightly because their images were not seen.'

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body—'Its shell the spirit wore.' A deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched-looking man holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his wife and little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but, from exposure to cold and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced, with his remaining child, to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him to his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be re-established, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse: he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were now indispensable to his comfort: every day she passed in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God, and submission to His holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried, by every means in his power, to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

He had an old female servant, who had lived in his house and served him faithfully for many years. One morning she entered his room before the hour when Madame Perier generally came, and withdrawing the curtains, she gazed sorrowfully on the wasted form and hectic cheek of her beloved master.

'How do you feel to-day, sir?'

'Not well, Cecile; I passed a sleepless night; but I had sweet thoughts, which comforted me.'

The old woman proceeded to arrange the room, and her master said—'Where is little George, Cecile? I have not heard his merry voice this morning.'

'Oh, sir, I wanted to tell you about him, and still, seeing you so poorly, I did not know how to do it; for I'm afraid it will flurry you so.'

'Speak, speak, Cecile! What has happened the child?'

'Oh nothing, sir; but all yesterday he was very dull and heavy, and would not eat: his father watched him all night, and early this morning brought the doctor to see him, and he says the child has got the small-pox; and when I asked him if he could not be removed to another house, he said it would risk the boy's life to do so. However, I'm sure I don't know what we're to do; for we could not endanger Madame Perier and her darling children for the sake of a beggar's brat.'

Pascal thought for a moment. 'No, Cecile,' he said, 'their health must not be risked, nor shall poor little George be removed. I will go to my sister's: I know her rooms are all occupied, but I am sure she will spare a small one, good enough for me during the short time I shall want it.'

Madame Perier soon came, and the arrangement was made according to his wishes. After providing amply for the comfort of the sick boy and his father, he left his quiet house and airy apartment, never to return thither again. With much pain, and suffering greatly from exhaustion, he was borne to his sister's house. There, on the 19th of August 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, the gentle and holy spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to Him who gave it, leaving to the world a name which will live as the representative of splendid talents, united to self-denying benevolence and ardent piety.

AN ECCENTRIC LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The Literary Gazette gives a memoir of a very extraordinary person, whom we do not remember to have before seen noticed in print—Mrs Jane Luson, who died at her house, No. 9 Cold Bath Square, Clerkenwell, in 1816, aged 116 years. The husband of this ancient dame was a relation of Oliver Cromwell: he died in 1766, leaving her in possession of a large fortune, upon which she afterwards lived in a liberal, but highly eccentric manner. It appears that she was of kind dispositions, yet extremely self-willed and imperious. Except one or two old friends, who were admitted at stated times, she saw no company, but spent her time partly in walking (confining herself to her garden) and reading, and partly in attending to the wants of a number of cats and other pet animals. Her single servant, who grew old in her service, sat in the same room with her, but always at a separate table, and under strong injunctions to treat her with strict etiquette, and address her as your ladyship. Her house was furnished in an antique style, and was full of old china. Although nominally a member of the church of England, and thought to be not deficient in religious feelings, it was part of her eccentricity never to go to church.

On evenings, this quaint specimen of a former age 'was always dressed in her most elegant attire, and would say that company were coming: though it was with the greatest reluctance that she admitted even her most intimate friend to the brilliant apartment. The fact is, that all this was done in order to assist imagination and memory in recalling those times which she loved chiefly to contemplate, when she was in reality in the midst of splendid assemblies, with all the votaries of rank and fashion around her. Action was not wanting to suit the scenery in the drama thus represented. For a while she would sit down musing in her chair, and then begin a conversation, answering herself in a feigned voice. Her questions were often addressed, or her salutations given, to persons once of the first emi-

nence in the political and fashionable world, but who had been long dead, and their names recorded in history for the good or evil they had done while living; and as they belonged to another generation, the present never imagined that one still existed who had been among them personally. All the famous toasts and beauties of the past age were likewise summoned round her, many, nay most, of whom and whose celebrity were forgotten by all but her. She and her sister had been famous in their day amongst these, and were frequently acknowledged leaders in the realms of taste and fashion. These imaginary conversations would sometimes last a long time.'

Mrs Luson was fond of dress, and possessed a large collection of old apparel. One of her favourite dresses had belonged to Cromwell's wife; another to his daughter, Lady Falconberg, being the dress in which that lady had walked at the coronation of James II. Mrs Luson 'had also those which Cromwell's daughters wore on a day of particular rejoicing, when the articles of peace were signed between the states of England and Holland in 1655-6. One of these dresses was valued at nearly 500 guineas. Added to all these, were the costly and splendid specimens that comprised her own particular wardrobe; these she often reviewed with particular pleasure, and has been known to boast that they once exceeded in number the days of the year. Many of the most expensive she had not worn for years; but they were regularly once a month, or oftener, taken out of the large mahogany coffers in which she kept them, aired, and carefully enclosed again in flannel wrappers. In the middle of the night she would sometimes call up her servant to give directions about the alteration in a gown, or the padding of a pair of stays: her favourite pair had been altered, quilted, and padded so often, that they were nearly three inches thick, and actually weighed more than a dozen pounds! Over these, in the afternoon, she would put on a single gown; but in the morning she sometimes wore three or four gowns at once. When indisposed (which indeed was not often), she would give orders respecting alterations in some particular dress; and, sitting up in her bed, she would put it on, dress her hair, and ordering the glass to be brought, admire herself for hours in that situation. Her head-gear was in the same style of antiquity as her other habiliments; it was a *tete* (such as had once been fashionable, and which she never laid aside) formed of dark hair, and nearly sixteen inches high; she wore it regularly powdered, and her friends have affirmed that it became her admirably. She had the greatest antipathy to soap and water, never washing herself, but using a cosmetic, the composition of her mother, from whom she learned to prepare it, and which was composed of the finest mutton suet clarified, with the addition of some emollients and perfumes, the particulars of which were her own secret. As the colour of her cheek decayed, she sought to supply its faded bloom with a more injurious composition, using an immoderate quantity of paint, which, destroying her complexion entirely, left her at length a singular spectacle, erasing from the placid dignity of age every line of its venerable beauty.'

For the last seven or eight years of her life, this venerable gentlewoman commonly rose at two o'clock in the morning. 'If she happened to lie later, she would observe to her servant, "I have been a very idle girl this morning." Large fires were generally kept burning day and night throughout the year; and some of the ancient stoves were so large, that they contained a bushel and a half of coal each. Soon after she rose, she had her breakfast of tea; and between it and dinner-time she would have four or five other breakfasts served, partaking moderately of each, and drinking nothing but tea; for during the whole course of her long life she only partook of coffee once, and frequently afterwards declared that had she only drank it for one week together, it would have occasioned her death. As regarded more substantial fare, she had a most extraordinary choice of dishes, one of which was sausages and boiled and stewed turnips. On the 30th of January she always adhered to Mr Luson's political custom of having a calf's head, in ridicule of the royal decapitation: in her case, however, it was nothing more than a cherished memorial of the habits of her deceased husband. She was undoubtedly the last who practised this long popular custom. She had also other particular dishes on certain days; and in the course of her diurnal repasts, she used each apartment of her house alternately. The entrance-doors of her residence were plated with iron, and further secured by nearly twenty bolts and bars, so fearful was she of being attacked by thieves—an occurrence which her numerous precautions rendered almost impossible.'

She was one of those rare and marvellous persons who never have a day's bad health, and whether as a cause or effect thereof, it is equally remarkable that she never took medicine nor required a doctor. She at last died gently, and without pain, from mere decay of nature.

[While referring to the *Literary Gazette* for the complete paper on Mrs Luson, we have much pleasure in adverting to the promising change which this publication has undergone at the beginning of the present year—being now one-half larger at one-half the price. This is a right concession to the spirit of the time; and we earnestly trust it will be successful to the end contemplated by the proprietors.]

SILICIFIED FOREST IN THE DESERT.

Dr Buist, of Bombay, lately laid before the Literary and Philosophical Association of St Andrews an account of that extraordinary and little known wonder, the petrified forest near Cairo. Proceeding from that city in a south-east direction, the traveller passes for five miles 'along an arid valley, through which a river torrent appeared to have flowed, skirted on both sides by low, brown, rocky ridges. He then turns suddenly off to the right, and beyond the first range of sand-hills, finds, spreading far as the eye can reach, a vast expanse of rolling hillocks, covered with prostrate trees. At first sight, these wear exactly the aspect of rotten wood dug out from a Scottish or Irish peat-bog. The colour and the amount of decay seem the same. They are lying in all positions and directions on the surface of the burning sand—some forty or fifty feet in length, and one or two feet in thickness; not continuous or entire, but in a line broken across, left in their places like sawn trunks. On touching them, instead of proving mouldering and decayed, they turn out to be hard, and sharp as flints. They ring like cast-iron, strike fire with steel, and scratch glass. The sap-vessels and medullary rays, the very bark and marks of worms and insects, and even the spiral vessels, remain entire; the minutest fibres of the vegetable structure are discernible by the microscope. By what chemical process has this transformation been brought around? Here you have the carbon—the most indestructible matter known to us—entirely withdrawn, and substituted in its place a mass of silica, a matter insoluble by any ordinary agent, and at any common heat. Yet so tranquilly has the exchange been accomplished, that not one atom has been disturbed; the finest tissues remain entire—the most delicate arrangements uninterfered with. The limits of the petrified forest are unknown; it probably extends over an area of many hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles. It has never been described with any care; and, extraordinary as it is, has excited very little attention. The trees are scattered loosely and at intervals over the desert all the way from Cairo to Suez, a distance of eighty-six miles. No theory of their silicification or appearance where they are found has ever been attempted. The trees seemed to have been petrified as they lay; they looked "like a forest felled by mighty winds." A further mystery was this: they lay on the surface of bare drift sand and gravel, and reposing on limestone rocks of the most recent tertiary formation—the texture and colour of the imbedded oyster-shells were as fresh and pure as if brought not six weeks from the sea.' Along with his paper, Dr Buist presented specimens of the silicified wood—roots, knots, and branches, from three inches to three feet in length. Some were exhibited sliced and transparent, showing the sap-vessels and medullary rays; some cut into bracelets and brooches. It appears there are similar prostrated and petrified forests in Scinde, resting on the same (tertiary) formation, on the coast of Coromandel, in all parts of Australia, in Antigua, in Ireland, and in numberless places up and down the world.

Dr Buist, on the same occasion, adverted to the nummulite limestone formation, which extends through a large portion of Northern Africa and Southern Asia, including Arabia. 'In the desert,' he said, 'it has the appearance of having been perforated everywhere by the pholades, or some other variety of marine borers. That this was no fanciful theory, was proved by a specimen struck off the rock at the citadel of Grand Cairo, where the borings were protected by an infiltration of siliceous matter, presenting, when this was cleared away, exactly the appearance of the recent perforations of the pholades on our shores. The

whole desert is manifestly one of the most recent of our upheavals. The cliffs, eminences, and mountains along the Arabian shore present the appearance of very recent elevation—the flat or sloping sea-beach, sands, &c. having risen along with the prominences, at the base of which it was deposited at the depths of the sea. These sweeping expanses of flat sea-sand, where there is little or no discernible tide, and no loose material to furnish drift, strike the spectator at once as ascribable only to submarine elevation. Near Suez, the gravel is full of shells identical with those now existing in the Red Sea.'

PLEASANTRIES.

A QUIZ UPON YOUNG IRELAND.

'Returned from Salisbury?' cried Moore to Mac Morris, as the latter stalked into Mr Bompas's chambers on the third day after the dinner party in Bryanstone Square, every detail of his dress exhibiting a true Jacobinical contempt for order. 'This moment returned,' answered Mac Morris, shaking the Saxon dust from his Celtic curls. 'Seen Stonehenge?' asked Moore at random. 'I went down for that purpose.' 'Oh!—a sudden paroxysm of antiquarian curiosity?—*Curius* incomptis capillis. The pun is irresistible, seeing the disorganised state of your tresses. But Stonehenge, I believe, is interesting?' 'Intensely!' 'I am happy that at length you have found something English to admire.' 'Stonehenge is not English,' said Mac Morris drily, arranging his hair as he spoke in a triangular fragment of looking-glass, which had the advantage over a common mirror of possessing the property of refracting light in as high a degree as the power of reflecting it. 'Stonehenge not English!' repeated Moore. 'What do you mean?' 'It is ours!' said Mac Morris, in his coolest way of advancing the most daring propositions. 'Ours! I don't understand you—the work of Irish Druids, I suppose?' 'Not at all. Ours, I mean, as the Round Towers are ours—as St Patrick's purgatory is ours—as much as the Hill of Howth or the Rock of Cashel is ours.' Dominick looked at his Celtic friend with a twinkling eye and a gentle biting of his under lip; as men look at their companions mounting their hobbies or hippogrifs. Tigernach continued—'You know, Moore, I am fearless of ridicule: it is the test of truth.' 'From which you infer, I presume,' answered Moore, 'that the more a proposition is ridiculous, the more it should command my respectful attention? But tell me your tale of Stonehenge—I shall listen with becoming gravity.' 'There is nothing new in the tale of Stonehenge; you will find it in Campion's Historie, and more in detail in Dr Hanmer's Chronicle. Aurelius Ambrosius, king of Britain, at the head of a gang of English adventurers, stole the monument from the Curragh of Kildare, and pitched it in Salisbury Plain.' 'They were lusty robbers. What was the king of Leinster about? Why did not the Lagenians defend their monuments?' 'The English were aided by enchantment; the expedition was advised by Merlin, the famous wizard.' 'No wonder they stole our parliament, Mac Morris, when we could not even keep our Stonehenge. The stones are enormous, are they not?' 'They are.' 'Really, Mac Morris, I should think that the less we say about the loss of Stonehenge the better for our reputation: people will not believe in magic in these days; so the story, if true, will only prove what thews and sinews King Ambrosius had, and what poltroons our countrymen were at the period of the great larceny in question—far greater than that of the church bells of Notre Dame by Gargantua the Great. You must have felt mortified and ashamed as you surveyed the huge memorials of our national pusillanimity?' 'True! I felt as I feel when I contemplate the Union.' 'Yes, but you say the Union can be repealed?' 'Ay!—and I say, too, that Stonehenge can be and shall be retaken.' 'Stonehenge retaken! What if the Saxons defend their spoil better than the Irish defended their property? Do you depend upon magic?' 'On the magic of youth and determination.' 'But you will first make your demand?' 'It shall be my first step in the Hall of Clamour.' 'And a *pas de geant* it will be: you will be considered as great a wizard as Merlin himself. How fortunate that O'Connell never thought of the Stonehenge question! He fancies that he has left no stone unturned, and he has left the biggest of all for you—the stones of Salisbury Plain.' 'If the thought had occurred to O'Connell, he would have taken it by instalments, at the rate of a stone in a century. Young Ireland repudiates the base principle.'—*The Falcon Family.*

A FINE OLD ENGLISH YEOMAN.

Old Richard Gubbins lived in the west country, and very much relies the opinion of a learned sergeant, that the further you go west, the more you are persuaded that wise men come from the east. Some years ago he married his only daughter to a rich tradesman, living in Milsom Street, Bath, to which city he frequently went; and happening once to meet each other on the coach, we went together, and were much pleased with the journey. Richard was particularly pleased with black horses, with their tuckled-up tails; and frequently expressed his conviction that the old four-wheel was the best possible conveyance that could or ever would be had. I remember how he admired the pulling-up at Dunkerton Hill, myself sitting on the box, and he just behind me, with his knees on each side of me, forming a not very comfortable sort of arm-chair. Last fall I called on Richard; and, after talking to him of the hardness of the times, and the distress of the farmers and other classes, I complained to him that we had never met on the road lately. Richard drew rather a heavy respiration, and said, 'The road, sir? It was a very pleasant thing, but there's no coaching to Bath now; and I cannot stand a private conveyance, nor anything of that sort, not being a very rich man.' I said it was true there were no coaches, and ventured to suggest the railway. I told him that not only might he get to Bath, but that, by leaving in the morning, he would be up there in time to have dinner with his daughter, instead of being seven hours on the road. That moment I saw I had suggested an unfortunate topic. 'Sir,' said he, 'do you suppose that, after having lived like an honest man for seventy-five years, and after having been upon the coach so often, I would submit to be drawn behind a smoke-box?' He asked also what sort of company I had kept, to talk of such a subject in his house; and concluded by saying—'Remember, there is no politics here; it is the rule of the house. Suggestions for travelling on railways may do very well for manufacturers and radicals, but not for Richard Gubbins, nor any of his kin.'—*Speech of Mr Bickham Escott, at Taunton.*

MELTING MOMENTS.

One winter evening a country storekeeper, in the Mountain state, was about closing his doors for the night; and while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within take a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat. 'Stay, Seth,' said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes. Seth had his hand upon the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible. 'I say, Seth, sit down: I reckon now, on such a night, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow. Come, sit down.' Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of 'something warm' sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the rightful owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him upon a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes, that while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this place sure enough the storekeeper sat down. 'Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz,' said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. 'Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this.' Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and jumped up, declaring he must go. 'Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I've got a story to tell you; sit down now;' and Seth was again put into his seat by his cunning tormentor. 'Oh, it's confounded hot here,' said the thief, again attempting to rise. 'Sit down; don't be in such a plaguy hurry,' retorted the grocer, pushing him back into the chair. 'But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be agoing,' continued the persecuted chap. 'But you mustn't tear yourself away in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool. you appear to be fidgetty,' said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer. The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum-toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect on his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter. 'Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself,' said the grocer; yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. 'Seth, here's a Christmas goose (it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use common cooking butter to baste with? Fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in nature to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter; I mean, Seth, take your toddy.' Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the overflow. 'Dreadful cold night this!' said the grocer. 'Why, Seth, you seem warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away.' 'No,' exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat—'No, I must go; let me out. I ain't well; let me go.' A cataract was now pouring down the fellow's face, soaking his clothes, and sliding down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil. 'Well, good night, Seth, if you will go,' said the humorous Vermonter; adding, as Seth got into the road, 'Neighbour, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter.—*New Orleans Picayenna.*

PLEASURES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Let us fancy a man timid, and unused to locomotion, who has perhaps been diverting his morning with newspaper accounts of railway accidents, arriving in the evening at the great terminus at Euston Square, bound on a nocturnal trip to Birmingham or Liverpool. Passing under an entrance as colossal and imposing as an Egyptian temple, he is hurried through the darkness to a spot which almost realises the description of the hall of Eblis. Long colonnades of iron pillars support an iron roof, the intricate tracery

of which fades away in gloom, while below rows of brilliant gas-lamps bewilder his suddenly-expanded vision. Passengers more accustomed to the voyage than himself knock him about in their anxiety to secure their own places. Anon, porters pushing huge trucks come rattling down, and it requires all his activity to attend to the polite 'Make way, if you please, sir,' which attacks him on every side. When sufficiently acquainted with the place to find out an undisturbed spot for observation, he timidly glances out into the gloomy abyss which stretches away from the platform, and then his terrors will surely reach their climax. Great huge things, like fiery dragons, prowl about—growling, blowing, panting, vomiting smoke and flame, and looking as if they had the will and the power to swallow up the train in which he is about to trust himself, passengers and all. Suddenly the bell rings, and our timid friend rushes to his carriage, thinking all the while of Mr Huskisson's fate, and tumbles affrighted into a most commodious receptacle, where he finds, to his surprise, gentle young ladies composedly reading novels, and knowing ones of the rougher sex elaborately arranging their nightcaps. He has selected the middle carriage for safety, and now, if possible, he secures the middle seat in *that*. If he has a fat fellow-passenger on each side, and another in front, he feels somewhat reassured, and commences some ingenious mental calculations as to what extent his fat lateral friends may act as cushions should the train go off the rails, or in how far the elasticity of his portly *vis-à-vis* stomach might constitute it an effectual 'buffer' for his head in the awful event of a collision. Another bell rings, and away they go at a pace which would leave the wild huntsman 'nowhere;' and our timid traveller clings to his seat as comfortable as if perched on a cask of gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth. But a man can sleep even on the night before he is hanged. Our friend slumbers off, lulled by the placid, contented snoring of one of his *compagnons de voyage*, when suddenly a wild unearthly scream breaks upon his ear; he starts up, convulsively exclaiming, 'What's that?' and narrowly escapes a cut nose in his hurry to poke his head out of the window. The scream is repeated louder and shriller, and his fears throw off all restraint. He shakes the arm of one of the sleepers, wonders how he *can* sleep under such circumstances, and repeats his 'What's that?' in eager and fear-impressed accents. The sleeper—some old commercial traveller, who can sleep anywhere—slowly rubs his eyes, gazes mechanically at the questioner, takes his guide-book out of his pocket, and having referred to it, mutters the cabalistic word 'Tring,' or 'Watford,' or 'Wolverton,' and composes himself again to sleep. If it be the last-named place, our timid traveller has a gleam of comfort. He is allowed five minutes on *terra firma*, and quickly descending from his prison, he rushes into the refreshment-room, where, to save time, the coffee is kept boiling hot for the accommodation of mail and express train visitors. He has had hardly time to scald his lips with the first mouthful, when another bell rings, and he runs away to look for his carriage. Of course he has not taken notice of the number, and therefore runs about in wild dismay, at every door he looks in seeing strange faces and unrecognisable greatcoats, and at last finds his own seat, just as the leviathan begins slowly to move away from the station. Then comes the dark tunnel with all its horrors. The merry rumble of the train in the open air is changed for a sullen subterranean roar; the timid traveller looks out, and sees close to his face a slimy brick wall, while his memory reverts to the catacombs of Paris, and the skeleton which was found sitting bolt upright in the main sewer of Fleet Street. He wonders how he should feel if the whole superincumbent mass of earth were suddenly to settle down upon him and his fellow-passengers; and when he again emerges into upper air, he feels as if he had just escaped a most dreadful peril. His fellow-travellers, who have by this time slept enough, brighten up, and beginning to find out their man, are most obliging in providing pabulum for his terrors. One describes a 'smash' in which he was himself nearly killed; while another innocently says that they are just then approaching a most dangerous curve or steep embankment. Thus the timid traveller is kept continually on the tenter-hooks as he drives through tunnels, or flies over embankments or viaducts, until at last he arrives, sound in body, but much distracted in mind, at the place of his ultimate destination.—*Railway Record.*

STEADINESS OF MEAN TEMPERATURE.

The climate of the same place, notwithstanding perpetual and apparently irregular changes, possesses remarkable steadiness; as, for instance, the mean annual temperature of London is about 50·4 degrees. In the year 1788, the cold was so unusually severe, that the Thames was passable on the ice, and yet the mean temperature of that year was 50·6 degrees; within a small fraction of a degree of the standard. In 1796, when, it is said, the greatest cold ever observed in London occurred, the mean annual temperature was 50·1 degrees. In the severe winter of 1813–1814, when the Thames and other large rivers of England were completely frozen over, the mean temperature of the two years was 49 degrees, being little more than one degree below the standard. And in the year 1808, when the summer was so hot that the temperature in London was as high as 93·5 degrees, the mean temperature of the year was 50·5 degrees.—*Daniell's Meteorology.*

IMITATIONS OF THE OLD POETS.

NO. I.

THE CROPPED FLOWER.

Go, lovely flower!
Tell her who fills my every thought,
That from the hour
When first across my path was brought
That gentle form,
My soul no other idol sought
From night till morn.

Go quickly, go,
And let thy modest blushes speak;
Though now you blow,
Too soon thou'rt doomed by winter bleak
To fade and perish;
Thus vanisheth all hope would make
Me love and cherish.

And tell her too,
As morning's beam doth kiss away
The tears of dew
Which thou hast wept since yesterday,
When thy god set—
So doth her smile send forth a ray
To cheer me yet.

But go, fair flower!
No longer by the winding lee,
In mossy bower,
At early dawn thy god thou'lt see;
He's set for ever,
As is my deity to me,
To rise, oh never!

Then droop and fade;
Thy god still shines as warm and bright
O'er lawn and mead;
And other flowers shall woo his light
In sunny hour,
But none so true from morn till night
As thou, poor flower!

J. O. B.

MATERNAL TUITION.

No man can sympathise with a child's feelings so truly, so intimately, as woman; he is deficient in the kindness which in her overflows: from her heart she pours out nourishment to the infant mind, which man's intellect in vain attempts to supply. No education, from which the mother virtually or actually is excluded, can suffice and satisfy; no education can be normal in which woman has no part; for without her, though the understanding may be brought out, the will which yields not to hard and harsh motives, but to soft and inviting spontaneities—which does not and cannot respond to mere intellectual teaching, but answers only to sympathetic persuasions—must remain comparatively dormant. Christian morals taught by female lips cease to be syllogistic disputations, and become at once living principles, receiving illustration not only in the pictures of fancy, and the moving shapes of strong imagination, but in the affectionate reality, true loving-kindness, good-will and wellbeing, which live in woman.—*Herauld's Essay on Education.*

VALUE OF CONVERSATION.

Conversation is the most delightful method of gaining knowledge. What is more invaluable than an accomplished companion, a living volume reading its own pages? What an intellectual treat it is to talk with one 'with whom conversing we forget all time!' It is worth much to read the lessons of a philosopher, but to hear him impart them is worth much more. It is agreeable to read the narration of a traveller, but far more so to hear him describe what he has seen. Besides, there is the opportunity of asking questions, and skill in interrogation is one of the chief excellences of an apt converser. Lord Bacon has truly said, 'He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the person whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge.'—*Lecture on Self-Culture.*

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AN ESSAY ON ADVERSITY, WITH INTERJECTIONS BY A READER.

Adversity!—daughter of Jove—relentless Power—tamer of the human breast—companion and nurse of Virtue—such are the terms in which a philosophical poet has spoken of it. In similar language have almost all the poets and philosophers of all ages eulogised adversity; without which, some of them say, it is impossible for any one to know what sterling qualities he may possess, or what great things he may accomplish. [A very good thing for all people besides ourselves, I suppose.] To see a brave man, says Seneca, struggling against evil fortune—

'Still buoyant 'midst the waves of adverse fate'—

is the finest sight the world can show. The gods might be expected to look down with satisfaction on such a spectacle. [All very true perhaps; but this is apparently a drama which would expire for want of actors, if men had their own choice.]

The corrupting tendency of prosperity has always been fully acknowledged. Men are then apt to be extremely puffed up and forgetful of themselves. They begin to look on their fellow-creatures as beings of an inferior nature, whom they are at liberty to use for their own purposes. Old friends are forgotten; nay, even those who may have conferred benefits upon them in their less fortunate days. Often, in the wantonness of prosperity, men will trample the most sacred principles under foot. In short, it has ever been regarded as a most dangerous thing for a frail mortal to be exposed to the demoralising influences which attend a large measure of the good things of this life. [All nonsense. I know many good fellows who have feathered their nests by railway speculations. They never used to give dinners, because they said they could not afford it. Now, they ask you every fortnight. Forget old friends! They never could remember them till now. And as for trampling sacred principles under foot—why, you will see their names opposite good sums in all the charity books that go about—fellows that never gave a halfpenny to a beggar before. I would like to be exposed to similar danger—that I know.]

The enervating effect of prosperity is perhaps its most remarkable result. Under this sickly influence, all the hardy virtues languish and die. Adversity, on the contrary, developes the native vigour of human character. [Well, I know that Jasper Thoroughpace was a clever active fellow while things were going well with him; but now that he is in the background, one would think he had lost all spirit, and had resolved to allow the world to take its own course with him—like a Turk. I called upon him the other morning, and showed him how he might make thirty pounds in a couple of days if he would only look sharp. But he told me it was of no use—he had not heart to try anything.] Yield not to evils, said the Sybil, but go the more daringly against them. You vanquish fortune by bearing her spite with fortitude. How nobly did the ancients practise these admirable maxims of theirs, and what a noble example have they thus left to us! [A set of ninnies, that fell on their swords whenever anything went wrong. No, no, my friend; depend on it, it's all talk about the invigorating effect of adversity. As well tell me that crocuses thrive because of the snow they grow amongst, when we know it is only by reason of such sunshine as there is at that season that they can get up their heads at all.]

Perhaps, however, the most blessed result of adversity is in its softening effects upon our nature. From my own, I learn to melt at others' wo, saith the poet not more beautifully than truly. Amidst the luxuries and blandishments which prosperity brings us, we unavoidably become selfish and egotistical. The spirit grows upon us, till we become thoroughly hardened. But let us experience the frowns of adversity, and we feel at once that we are men. Our vexations and griefs teach us what human life really is to the great bulk of our fellow-creatures, and we then begin to open our ears to the cry of the poor and the anguish-laden. Thus it has happened to many a man to be converted into humanity by adversity, who would otherwise have gone on to the close of life in impenetrable selfishness—selfishness all the greater, that he was totally unconscious of there being any such thing about him. [Now, such nonsense is here! Why, the very contrary is the case. There is Mrs Craik, the nicest creature in the world as long as her husband was in easy circumstances—felt for everybody, and helped all she could—never seemed to have a selfish thought. But now that Craik has fallen back so much, why, she is no longer endurable. Last time I went to see her, she talked of nothing but the slights she meets with from old acquaintances, and what she suffers from her husband's bad temper. She is now bitter at everything. Call you this egotism or not? And she really is a good creature too. It is only that she has so much to annoy her own mind, that she can think of nothing else, much less feel for any other body's troubles. And is this an uncommon case? Have you never heard of people being soured by misfortune, getting spited at the world when it goes against them, and so forth? Men are hardened, my dear friend, not by prosperity, but by adversity.]

While thus serviceable in disciplining the feelings, adversity has a scarcely less important power as an instructor of the judgment. In prosperity, we see everything through a false medium. The world smiles upon us, because fortune does. We never learn the real

thoughts of those around us. Men have an interest in deceiving us, and we can hardly miss being deceived accordingly. But, while abiding the storms of adversity, we have all things presented to us in the unflattering reality. We see the selfishness, if not heartlessness of men, and how little even genuine merit affects them, if they do not think they can make something by it. We learn to avoid taking things at their first fair seeming; to pause, look narrowly, and approve late. We learn to cope with the most astute in all worldly matters. From these considerations it is that the diplomas of those reared in the school of adversity have ever borne so much higher a value than those of persons brought up in pleasanter academies. Indeed, as an English poet has well expressed it, 'So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with Wo, and been taught in her school, as are enough to consecrate distress, and make ambition wish for the frown rather than the smile of fortune.' [Stuff, stuff—nothing but stuff! Adversity only twists people's judgments. In that school they do not see things in their true character, but in a very false one. Everything appears harsh and disagreeable to the man suffering adversity. If a merchant, in struggling circumstances, and refused a little credit, he thinks there is no faith in human probity, and goes home as sulky as a bear. If a commander, who has failed in an enterprise, he conceives every allusion in his presence to military failures a symptom of the ungenerous spirit of detraction in his fellow-creatures, and is like to fall into a duelling business every day of his life. Who has the justest opinion of critics—the author whose works get a fair share of the praise which they deserve, or he who, writing bad books, is continually cut up in the reviews? Oh, my friend, look a little amongst those who are called the suffering classes, and say if actual observation makes good these dreams of yours about the stern schoolmistress. Tell us if you there find juster views of life and its complicated interests, than among the quiet well-off people of the middle ranks, or even those who have suffered a little too much of prosperity. Tell us whether demagogues find their best subjects amongst those who have empty, or those who have full bellies. But I have lost all patience with this twaddle about the beauties of adversity, and can listen to no more of it.] *Exit reader in a huff, after throwing the book from him with contempt.*

Gentle readers of my own, this is a representation of the spirit of ancient writers in contrast with that of modern readers. Adversity is one of the respectabilities of past literature. It was the fashion for twenty centuries to expatiate upon the useful effects it had upon human character, and no one ever thought of challenging this philosophy, although then, perhaps, adversity's own patients were as uneasy under her surgery as now. But it is no longer possible to pass off plausible commonplaces in this way. Men make no allowance for the solemnities of authorcraft. They look at things in a practical light only, and if they find literature attempting to impose anything upon them contrary to what they may see in the next street they pass through, or the next house they enter, they abide it not.

Addressing myself to the immediate question, I would say (were I asked my opinion) that there is a measure of truth on both sides, though mostly on one. The effects of both prosperity and adversity depend much on the particular character of the person exposed to their influence. Some are naturally liable to be corrupted by prosperity, and to be corrected by reverses; and this gives countenance to that laudation of adversity which poets and philosophers have good-naturedly proclaimed as a kind of consolation for suffering mortals in all ages. But it would be belying nearly the whole system of human desires and motives, if we could not say that, in the large majority of cases, prosperity has a softening and a generally improving effect, and adversity the reverse. The latter can only be honestly regarded *as mainly and* in most instances a positive evil. Bear it resignedly and virtuously; admire all examples of heroism under it; be unlimited in efforts to relieve its victims. But see it, at the same time, in its true character, and try by all honourable means to be prosperous—notwithstanding the poets.

RECENT REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE Manchester Guardian, with characteristic industry, gives ample reports of six lectures on the Microscope and its Revelations, delivered in the course of last December by Dr Carpenter, in the Royal Manchester Institution. They present a ready summary of the chief services which the microscope has of late years rendered to science. It appears that this instrument remained for two centuries in nearly its original state, but that, within the last twenty years, there have been great additions both to its powers and to its accuracy. The consequence has been, the accumulation of a vast quantity of curious facts regarding the minuter departments of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate structure of organic substances, including particularly that of shells, which has been Dr Carpenter's own department in the investigation. The instrument has also been brought to bear in a happy manner upon certain geological inquiries and speculations, into which it has been the unexpected means of introducing certainty where otherwise all was, and would have continued to be, doubtful. We would fain give our readers some idea of the importance to which the microscope is thus rising as a philosophical instrument, and we pitch for this purpose upon the geological investigations, as those likely to be the more novel to a large class of readers.

We may first explain that the geological investigations of the microscope proceed upon certain facts; first, that organic structures—that is, vegetable and animal matters—in their composition differ essentially from such as are inorganic, in as far as there is always some regularity of form discernible in them, when minutely observed; and second, that particular organic substances usually have certain peculiarities in this intimate structure, by which they may be distinguished one from another. Here, it must be observed, minute inspection is the all-important matter. Masses are often of no particular character to ordinary observation; they may be inorganic or organic for anything we can tell, judging merely by the naked eye. But when the least bit, properly prepared, is subjected to the microscope, we see features in it which at once determine the question. So also a mass may be known to be organic (a fossil); but we may not be able, from its external aspect, to say whether it is vegetable or animal, or to what order of plants or animals it has belonged: the microscopist, however—knowing that petrifaction, while changing the component material of the object, produces no change on its ultimate structure, or, as we might say, its architecture—proceeds with confidence to examine the mass in question, and, discerning the forms characteristic of certain classes of plants or animals, assigns it at once its proper place in organic nature. Such decisions are often of great consequence; for it not unfrequently happens that a scale, or a tooth, or a fragment of bone, is all that we possess of some fossil, the determination of whose character may be the only means of solving an important geological question.

Dr Carpenter states that, some months ago, he was applied to by Mr Darwin, the eminent naturalist, to ascertain, with regard to two extensive strata in North America, whether they were identical in materials. From the comminuted shells contained in both, Mr Darwin thought it likely they were identical; but he could not be sure. Dr Carpenter examined them microscopically, and 'was enabled to state, with almost perfect certainty

that the one formation was produced by the still further subdivision of the other; and that the two, so far as regarded their material, were identical.' He had also been referred to by Dr Falconer, the distinguished palæontologist of the Himalaya mountains, to pronounce on certain bodies he had found in a rock, when in search of organic remains, whether they were organic or inorganic. By microscopic examination, Dr Carpenter was enabled to determine that they were of the latter character, because he found their structure to be crystalline. Here a difficult point was settled at once, and satisfactorily.

On another occasion, Dr Falconer was at a loss to ascertain the nature of certain small bones which he had found in the Sivalik hills, near the remains of the twenty-feet-long tortoise which he was the means of discovering.* He was inclined to believe that they were the toe bones of some animal of the same species; but their form was not sufficiently characteristic to enable him to determine this with certainty. He placed them in the hands of Mr Quekitt, subcurator of the College of Surgeons, who has paid considerable attention to the microscopic structure of bones. Dr Falconer did not tell him what they were, or give him the least clue to his own opinion, but merely asked him to throw as much light upon the nature of the bones as he could. Mr Quekitt in due time gave notice that they were the bones of a reptile, and most probably of the turtle order; thus completely confirming the supposition which Dr Falconer had formed from other evidence.

The principal substance of the teeth in almost all animals is one called *dentin*, characterised by minute tubular passages permeating it in a direction from the centre to the circumference. 'Considerable variation in the arrangement of these tubuli was found in different groups of animals, which enabled us to determine with great precision, by the inspection of even small fragments of ivory, the animal to which the tooth belonged. Dr Carpenter then showed a section of the tooth of the great megatherium, one of the gigantic fossil sloths, which were to the sloths at present existing in South America like what an elephant is to a sheep. That tooth, like the front teeth of rats and other rodentia, was always growing from a pulp at the base, thus making up for the gradual wearing of the surface from the want of enamel. The dentin or ivory in these teeth was peculiar in this, that it was entirely destitute of the small canals. There was one great central cavity, from which various canals passed out over the internal portion of the ivory; and there was no doubt, from their general appearance, that in these canals there had been blood-vessels in the living animal. External to this layer was a layer of ordinary, or non-vascular ivory; and external to this was the *crusta petrosa*, which corresponded very closely with the substance of bone. This was precisely the substance of the teeth of the sloth at the present time, except that they had not the vascularity of the internal portion of the dentin; and they were made up of dentin and an external layer of cementum, without any enamel. Teeth formed upon this plan would not be enabled to grind down any very hard vegetable substance; and the sloth lived now upon the soft shoots of trees, &c. It was formerly supposed that the megatherium, the milodon, and other sloth-like animals, burrowed in the ground, and perhaps fed upon the roots of trees, which they met with in digging the soil. This view seemed borne out, too, by the fact, that it would be impossible for any tree to support the enormous weight of these animals. They could not climb a tree, as did the sloth at the present time, and find subsistence upon its branches. But the structure of their teeth was investigated by Professor Owen, and his discovery went in complete opposition to such an idea. It was shown that these teeth could not, by any possibility, grind down the hard roots of trees; that they were not formed at all upon the same plan as the teeth of beavers, and other animals which fed upon hard vegetable substances, and which had not only enamel present, but enamel arranged in plates upon the substance of the teeth in such a manner as, by the equal wear of the dentin, cementum, and enamel, produced a constantly rough surface upon the crown of the grinding teeth. Nothing of this kind existed in the fossil sloth, and it was perfectly clear that that gigantic creature could not have existed upon the roots of trees; that it must have fed, in fact, upon the same kind of substances as the sloth of the present time. How did it get them? Could it climb trees? Certainly not. Reasoning upon these facts, then, and upon the habits of the animal, Professor Owen was led to work out a most curious train of investigation, which led to the most complete history of the habits of any fossil animal, differing so widely from the animals of the present time, that had been ever given to the world, from the material supplied by the anatomist. He had fully proved, as far as circumstantial evidence could prove, that the habits of the animal were these:—By its enormous digging fore-feet (for there was no question that they were organised for digging), it burrowed down and excavated beneath the roots of trees, and then, rearing itself up upon its hind-legs and tail, as upon a tripod, it pushed against the tree, swaying backwards and forwards until the tree fell; then it browsed upon the leaves and young shoots, until it had completely stripped them, when it went on to another: and the present sloth completely stripped one tree before it left it. Professor Owen had mentioned this circumstance to him (Dr Carpenter), as showing the confirmation which accident would sometimes give to elaborately worked-out views of this kind. He was explaining to Dr Buckland (the principal advocate for the theory that it ate roots) his views upon the subject, who said, that if this was the case, the animals would be very likely to be killed by the fall of the tree. Professor Owen replied, that their gigantic strength might possibly push the tree down in a direction from them, and that they would have sufficient instinct to get out of the way. But the very next specimen that was brought home from South America (at present in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and which was worthy the inspection of every one the least interested in the subject), the skeleton of the great milodon, the most complete skeleton of this group, showed a very large fracture in the skull of the animal; not made at the time of fossilisation, or since, but a fracture which had been united and healed again. The fracture was one the animal must have received from such an accident as a tree falling upon its head; but being provided with a very thick skull, of which the brains did not form a very great portion, it thus escaped vital injury, and eventually led a long and active life subsequent to this blow. This corresponded most remarkably with the views Professor Owen had already suggested, in consequence of the determination of the microscopic observations of the teeth.'

The lecturer then adverted to another animal of the ancient world, one belonging to a still remoter era, and denominated, from certain extraordinary peculiarities in its teeth, the labyrinthidon. 'All must have heard, and many witnessed the fact, that the quarries at Stourton in Cheshire, and other quarries in the midland counties—Worcestershire and Warwickshire—had presented regular footmarks of an animal. He did not allude to the recent undetermined footsteps, but to discoveries some years ago of an animal which could only be referred to the group of batrachian reptiles or frogs, as no other animal was found which seemed to make such footprints. But the enormous size of the footmarks seemed to militate against the idea that it was possible for such an animal to have made the impress, for it would have required a frog three or four feet long to make such an impression, it being fully the size of the foot of an ostrich. Professor Owen received from some of the

* An account of this extraordinary animal is given in the second volume of the Journal, new series, p. 324.

Worcestershire and Warwickshire quarries several of the bones and teeth of this animal, and also some smaller teeth from Germany, which he was requested to examine. Upon making a section of the teeth, he found they were utterly dissimilar from anything he had elsewhere seen; and yet, when unravelling this complex structure, and searching for something corresponding with it in other groups, he was gradually led to perceive that the bones and teeth must belong to reptiles intermediate between the ordinary reptiles and fishes: one bone nearly approaching the ichthyosaurus, another the teeth of the lepidosteus [a sauroid fish, resembling the present bony pike], and one of the bones of the sword-fish. Other indications led him to perceive that teeth, and fragments of the jaws in which the teeth were imbedded, might have belonged to a batrachian reptile of the frog kind.' Thus the case was made out, and it was determined that the world, at the time of the deposition of the rock of the Warwickshire quarries, contained a frog-like animal of probably the size of a little bullock.

Dr Carpenter then alluded to his own investigations in determining the structure of the solid parts of animals allied to the star-fish and sea-urchin. The shell of the echinus, or sea-urchin, was found to be composed of a network of calcareous matter, sometimes forming a series of plates parallel to each other, and connected by little pillars proceeding from one surface to another. In the spines with which the animal is covered, this network had a most beautiful appearance. Upon showing the sections of these objects under the microscope to a friend engaged in the lace manufacture—Mr Heathcote, the member for Tiverton—that gentleman observed that he thought it would be a good pattern for lace. (It would not be the first time that objects in natural history had suggested patterns; for within a few weeks after the publication of a section of the teeth of the labyrinthidon, it was to be seen in the centre of a large handkerchief printed in Manchester.) The crinoids, or stone-lilies, were a fossil tribe of this order of animals, and their remains form a large part of many ancient strata. It was supposed by mineralogists that the fragments of these animals, where calcareous matter had been infiltrated to the complete displacement of the original matter, were crystalline in structure; but the lecturer had shown that they contained a characteristic and beautifully-preserved structure.

He had done the same with the shells of molluscs (common shell-fish), both ancient and modern. The hard parts of these animals are not mere masses of calcareous matter, as a piece of limestone is, but are distinguished each by some peculiarity of structure, which the microscope exhibits to us. Primarily, the shell of a molluscous animal is composed of cells of animal matter, in which are contained calcareous matter. In many cases these cells are of a prismatic form, and the internal matter takes its shape from the cells. By seeing, then, the smallest fragment of shell, or even a little of the calcareous dust left when the membrane was discharged from it, he could tell to what tribe of molluscs it had belonged. There is a family of bivalves, very prevalent in early ages, and still existing—the terebratulæ—which have a most peculiar structure, enabling the microscopist to determine them with ease. In this large group, two great divisions 'have been assigned by microscopic observation. One division is marked by a series of little dots on the surface, sometimes visible, although difficult to be seen by the naked eye, and sometimes requiring a strong magnifier to distinguish them. These dots are the orifices of canals which pass through the shell from one surface to the other. This was not known before the test of the microscope was applied. He showed a rough diagram of the thickness of one of these shells, and the canals passing nearly straight through, from surface to surface; sometimes they were found winding a little, but in many fossil species of the oolite they passed through direct. This distinction served to divide the very extensive genus, containing several hundred species, into two divisions; and previously, naturalists had been very much at a loss to obtain good characteristics for the division of the group. One division is characterised by the presence of these extraordinary perforations; the other by the absence of them. By the examination of the recent shell with the animal in it, he had made out, within the last few months, this very curious fact, which was quite unique in the history of the formation of shell, that in these tubes, passing to the external surface of the shell, there were glandular prolongations of the substance of the animal; that every one of the tubes contains a little gland connected with the mantle or skin lining the shell. It was evident, therefore, whatever might be the office of the glands (which was not determined), the presence or absence of these orifices in the shell must be regarded as of considerable importance. Suppose he took a shell not perforated, and scaling off the minutest fragment (which it was more easy to do than in the other division of terebratulæ), placed it under the microscope, the following curious structure would be observed:—It is made up of an excessive quantity of layers, each layer folded and folded upon itself; and this characteristic structure of these terebratulæ distinguished them from every other shell. The internal surface of the shell being ground away, tide-like markings were seen, laid one over another, which were, in fact, the extremities of these long folds, which crop out obliquely upon the internal surface of the shell; and these long folds, broken up into fragments, have at the termination of every one of them this long, tile-like, rounded form. This structure he had made out to be characteristic of that group, and to be confined exclusively to it; and therefore we are enabled to determine with precision, from the most minute fragment of the shell, the division of the group to which it belonged.'

In a future paper we may return to this subject, and take advantage of the Guardian's reports to give our readers some idea of the discoveries by the microscope in physiology.

FRAY CRISTOBAL.

A NARRATIVE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR IN TEXAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Before the war which for many years filled with desolation and rapine the whole of Texas, colonisation was extending its beneficial influence into the very heart of the country. The untiring energy and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race were carrying the arts of peace and civilisation into the wilds; and in every district where wood, water, and fertile land tempted the adventurer, arose farms and cultivated fields. The savages, even the wild and warlike Comanches, were easily conciliated, and the whole land was dotted—at vast distances one from the other, it is true—with smiling homesteads. That happy and noble results would have ensued, none can doubt, had not the trump of war shaken the fabric of society, and replaced the back settlements in the condition of a wild and unproductive waste.

Andrew Pollock, a Kentuckian landowner of no inconsiderable wealth, had been one of the earliest colonists who determined, at the instance of Moses Austin, the original settler, to make Texas his home. Of peculiar tastes, however, which led him to love the solitude and sublimity of the woods and the mighty prairies, where none but the painted Indian is found to dwell, Pollock, with his family, passed the outermost borders of civilisation, and erected his tent some thirty miles beyond San Antonio de Bexar, within the district where the Arabs of the American desert, the Comanches,* hunted and fought. His habitation presented,

* Of this remarkable tribe of Indians—their manners, customs, and peculiarities—an account will be found in 'The Enchanted Rock,' a little volume by the author of the above narrative. London: Hayward and Adam.

after two years of care had been devoted to it, a most pleasing sight. Andrew Pollock had selected as his abiding place the mouth of a valley, where a stream burst from its pent-up position between craggy heights. To the north and east spread a vast plain, dotted with its lands of timber, while a thick grove in the vicinity of the dwelling showed that the wary Kentuckian was as much alive to the importance of his proximity to wood as to water. The dwelling and its appurtenances had been erected with care and taste; its size betokening that room had been provided for a large family, while a stockade proved that danger was yet to be feared in that secluded spot. Numerous fields of corn, maize, and other vegetable productions, were carefully fenced in, while large herds of cattle roamed at will over the plain, recalled at even by the sound of the guardian's voice and bell.

Early on the first Sabbath morn in May 1835, the whole family and the labourers were congregated on a kind of lawn in front of the dwelling at breakfast. The family was composed of the father, mother, two sons, and a daughter, Helen Pollock, a charming girl, who added to the unsophisticatedness of the wilds the advantages of an excellent education. A dozen farm-labourers and their wives, with half as many black slaves, completed the party, if we add a solitary Indian, who stood leaning against an upright post a little way from the table. Fray Cristobal was an anomaly in his tribe. About two-and-twenty, gay, tall, and handsome, with features utterly distinct from his companions, though paint and exposure had done their worst, this young man commanded a band of daring warriors, who carried their arms into the very heart of Mexico. His followers, about sixty in number, it was notorious, were better accoutred and better provided in every way than their fellows, while, different from the usual Indian practice, they yielded implicit obedience to their chief. Between Pollock and Fray Cristobal, as he called himself, a friendship had subsisted ever since the farmer's settlement, which was invaluable to the white man, who, in the constant presence of his Comanche friend at his farm, found his best protection against injury.

'I tell you, Fray Cristobal,' said Andrew Pollock, 'on the present occasion you must be mistaken. A Mexican army in full march on Texas, and a regiment of dragoons about to pass this way—impossible!'

'Fray Cristobal has seen them. War has begun, the Mexicans have thousands in the field, and my friend will feel the first blow if he is not wise,' replied the other calmly but firmly, in pure English, or rather American, as our tongue is called in these regions.

'You appear very positive,' said the colonist, 'and I must fain credit your words. But what would you have me do? If the Mexicans are in such force as this, surely to defend this house would be of little use, unless indeed your warriors could be brought down?'

'My warriors are far on the war-path, and Fray Cristobal is alone. His arm would be as a reed to defend; but he will hide the gray-head and his flock,' exclaimed he, his eye glancing with a look of mingled bitterness and admiration at Helen.

'Fly, and leave my home to the destroyer?'

'Or stay and be destroyed with your home,' said the Comanche chief.

'Father,' interposed Helen, rising and moving nearer to him, 'better let home and the wealth of this world perish alone, than us die with it. If there is danger, follow Cristobal's advice, and fly.'

'It is too late,' said the Indian in a tone of deep dejection; 'look up the valley; the sombreros of the Mexicans are rising on the edge of the cliff.'

It was too true: the peace of that quiet spot was to be invaded, and by the ruthless and pitiless Mexicans, with orders to treat all Americans as rebels, and put them to death on the spot. Before the strength of Texas was discovered, such was the terrible policy of the late President Santa Anna. A loud shout from the Mexican cavalry proclaimed their delight at their arrival at a habitation; and in a few moments the house was surrounded, and all its inhabitants made prisoners, with the exception of Fray Cristobal, who had instantly sought the cover of the wood. The wild appearance of the centralist troops was little calculated to reassure the captives. With huge low-crowned hats, gaudy jackets adorned with buttons, pantaloons covered with tinsel, and the *serape saltillero*, or fancy blanket, they at the first glance looked picturesque enough; but black and unwashed faces, eyes in which gleamed no fire of mind or intellect, the knowledge of their gross ignorance, with their huge mustaches, blunderbusses, and every variety of firearms, filled the thoughts with visions of banditti, to whom, in guise and conduct, the Mexican soldiers unfortunately approximate too much.

Andrew Pollock, with his whole family and dependents, were now led before the commanding officer, a young man in a faded uniform, with the addition of a yellow cloak and a high steeple-crowned hat. This was Colonel Don Jose de Sarmiento, who, eyeing his prisoners with little favour—except indeed the fair-haired and now pallid Helen—inquired who they were, and what they did within the confines of the Mexican territory? Andrew Pollock, who understood Spanish, replied somewhat haughtily that he was a free-born American citizen, and, by adoption, a member of the new republic of Texas. Colonel Don Jose scarcely permitted him to finish his reply, ere he cried, 'A rebel! a rebel! *Muertos a todos los Tejanos!** I shall rest here a day or so: to-morrow morning, at daybreak, let these rebels'—comprehending by a sweep of his arm all the white men—'die. You, Pietro, back to General Woll, and bring his warrant for their execution.' Andrew Pollock and his sons, with all the white men, were now hurried into one of their outhouses, round which a strong guard was placed, while Helen and the rest of the women were placed in safe custody within one of the huts of the labourers, also guarded.

Colonel Jose, after giving the inexplicable order, as it appeared to his men, to spare all property as much as possible, and to touch nothing but what was absolutely necessary for their refreshment, sat down on the lawn with his officers to eat the untasted breakfast, which had been provided for its rightful owners. For some time the colonel was silent, apparently musing deeply within himself. At length he spoke in a low tone to the next in command. It appeared that, struck by the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of that retired hamlet, the soldier, called much against his will from the pleasures of Mexico city, had conceived a desire, very natural in a conqueror, of appropriating Pollock's property to his own use; and as of course, in his view of things, Mexico must triumph, of settling there and making it his home. 'It will make a lovely ranchero,' said he, gazing with admiration at all the evidences of Anglo-Saxon taste and industry displayed around; 'and with that little fair beauty for its mistress, it would be a perfect paradise.' Colonel Jose was notoriously a man of impulse; but as the present whim promised to transform a lieutenant-colonel into a colonel, the inferior officer made no comment, but with a meaning smile said, 'You can learn your fate at once: make her hand the price of her father's life, and I doubt not Padre Vevortlia will wed you on the spot. The old fellow will doubtless be too happy to give his daughter's hand and his possessions to save his rebel life.' Colonel Jose, approving of his subordinate's idea, Helen and her father were sent for. The interview took place in the best room of the house, where the invader unceremoniously installed himself in the arm-chair that up to that day only the patriarch of the spot ever sat in. The colonel's air was self-satisfied and confident. He knew the lax

* Death to all Texans!—a cry which hurried hundreds of Texans to a bloody end. Four hundred were slaughtered in cold blood at one time in the war.

principles in vogue in Mexico, and that few would there hesitate between life and honour. He therefore boldly broached his proposition of giving Pollock and all his dependents liberty in exchange for his possessions and his daughter. Pollock was petrified; while Helen, who understood Spanish, looked at her captor in disgust. 'No, infamous spoliator!' said the stern Kentuckian; 'my life is in your hands—take it; but neither lands nor child shall be yours. My daughter wed a Mexican robber! No. My life you will take; but yet a few days, and my brave countrymen will scourge you and your race back beyond the Great River.' The colonel was astounded, and at once ordered his prisoners back to confinement. Sentiments of this character were so new to him, that it required some leisure ere he fully comprehended their force. He then reiterated his commands for the execution, stroked his mustache with a self-satisfied air, and lay down to an early siesta.

Helen, meanwhile, who sat at her prison window gazing out upon the scene before her with vacant eye, dwelt with agony upon the position of her family. Her thoughts were of a mixed character. Horror at the proposition of the Mexican partisan was mingled with the reflection that her sacrifice might save many whom she loved. This again was doubtful, as the free gift of the property appeared the great object aimed at by Don Jose. Then came upon her other thoughts of one who had laid his life and love at her feet, and whom she had rejected with disdain because of his colour—Fray Cristobal. He had offered to quit his tribe, his roving life, all for her, and settle down a colonist under the banner of Texas. Her manner, her shrinking repugnance at binding herself to one with Indian blood in his veins, had been sufficient answer for the warrior. He had spoken no more, but his altered mien indicated deeply-wounded feelings. Helen knew him well, and knew that, under other circumstances, Fray Cristobal had perilled life, all, for her and her family. She felt with bitter regret that on his devotion she now had no claim.

The day passed; the Mexican soldiers ate, drank, slept, and amused themselves, a few keeping watch. Night came, and then sentinels were posted at every weak point: in fact a chain of soldiers surrounded the house. Ingress and egress appeared equally impossible. Hours passed; the last meal was brought to the prisoners, with an intimation that at daybreak the terrible tragedy would be enacted. For greater safety, lights were denied them, though the guards omitted to deprive the captives of their pipes and tobacco pouches, in which flint and steel were always kept. For about two hours after sunset, no sound was heard save the measured tramp of the mounted sentinels without the stockade, and of the foot within. Helen sat alone at the window of her hut, which overlooked the lawn. To the right was the outhouse containing the male prisoners, to the left the stream. On this now fell the rays of the dim moon, just rising from a bank of clouds; and on this Helen gazed, under the influence of the only feeling which preserved her from utter despair. It wanted an hour of midnight, and yet there was no sign given. Ten minutes more passed, when a dark mass rising slowly from the water gave hope, and made poor Helen's heart beat wildly. A figure was clearly visible. It stood upon the brink of the stream, near a wood-pile, when a musket-shot was fired by an observing sentinel. A heavy plunge was heard in the water, and when the alarmed sentinels reached the spot, a dark mass was seen floating down the river, already at a distance. Satisfied that the Indian intruder had been slain, or mortally wounded, the soldiers, after reporting as much, returned to their posts.

Helen, who had seen the Indian, after throwing a log into the river, glide behind the wood-pile, now saw him, with intense anxiety, crawl along the line of buildings. He reached the spot where she stood, and was about to pass, when a low-whispered 'Cristobal' arrested him. 'Miss Pollock,' said he in the same tone, 'in one sentence tell me all you know.' Helen in a few hurried words explained all. 'Your father, all, shall be saved.' 'Oh, Cristobal, do that: save my father, my mother, my brothers all, and my deep and eternal gratitude shall be yours.' 'Gratitude is but a cold word to me,' said Cristobal, who with her dropped all semblance of Indian manner. 'Be generous, dear Cristobal,' whispered Helen, blushing unseen in the darkness. 'I have been cruel, unkind, but your devotion to my friends will make me forget all.' 'Even my Indian blood?' said Cristobal, with a sad melancholy in his tone which went to the girl's heart. 'All but your noble risk of life and all life's joys to save my friends.' 'And you, Miss Pollock?' 'Cristobal,' said the agitated girl hurriedly; 'dear Cristobal, such dreadful scenes as these make us live years in an hour. Call me, then, Helen; save my father and mother, and hope everything.' Fray seized the girl's hand through the barred window, and said in a husky tone, 'If I save all, would you forget my Indian taint, and become my wife?' 'I would—I will,' said Helen, who in this hour of peril became a woman, forgetting all maiden coyness in the excitement of the moment. 'From gratitude only?' said Cristobal gloomily. 'I will never marry a man I do not love and respect.' 'And you will be mine?' 'I will.' 'You love me then?' 'Dear Cristobal, waste not the precious moments; think what is most dear to you, and doubt not but time will prove you not far wrong.' There was a tenderness in Helen's tone which carried irresistible conviction, and pressing her hand to his lips, the young man glided away towards the shed in which the men were confined.

A brief and hurried conversation now ensued, which having lasted about ten minutes, the Comanche chief returned, and bidding Helen be of good cheer, again sought the river, and plunging therein, disappeared. The agitated girl now noticed that a great bustle was taking place in the shed containing the male prisoners, as if the whole party were busily engaged in moving all it contained. Sounds of breaking up barrels were plainly heard, and then the low and cautious striking of a light. Helen's heart beat violently; she felt confident that some plan arranged between Cristobal and her father was about to be carried out. Next instant a flame rose in the shed on the side which communicated to the outbuildings and granaries, while handfuls of burning sticks were cast from narrow loopholes, which were intended to supply light and air to the erection. The alarm was given; the sentinels rushed to stay the flames and punish the audacious captives, when the door flew open, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the astonished Mexicans. The prisoners had been placed in the arsenal of the whole hamlet. And now, amid the roar of musketry and the crackling of the flames, came the fearful Comanche war-whoop from the plains upon the bewildered and affrighted Mexicans. To defend the house was impossible, as the fire would soon wrap it in one mass of flames; but for this a successful resistance might have been made. As it was, without attempting to recapture the armed Anglo-Saxons, who poured a galling fire upon them, the Mexican cavalry mounted, and collecting in one dense body, retreated towards the valley, followed by the Comanche horse, of whom they entertained a most wholesome and salutary fear.

Efforts were now made to extinguish the flames, which had been the main instrument in dislodging the Mexicans, who, but for this, would have held good the house against the Comanches. It was, however, in vain, and all that could be done was to remove the wagons and every kind of valuable from their proximity to the conflagration. This the party soon effected, the furniture in the house being all saved and placed upon the green sward. At dawn of day nothing remained of the late comfortable and happy home of the stern Kentuckian but smouldering rubbish and blackened stumps. Still, more than he hoped for had been saved in the

shape of household goods and cattle, while not one precious life had been lost.

No time was, however, to be lost, as the whole Mexican force could easily overtake them. The wagons were loaded with rapidity, the oxen harnessed, and the cattle all driven into herds. In an hour every preparation was made, the word was given, and, escorted by the Comanches, Andrew Pollock turned his back upon his late home, to seek one less subject to the inroads of an invading army. Like most of his neighbours, the patriarch of the wilderness had resolved to send his wife and daughter, with the other women, to the sea-coast, and, joining General Samuel Houston, do battle for his country. For several days the Comanches accompanied the cavalcade, and then, according to Indian custom, disappeared without the ceremony of an adieu. The leader, however, remained, who then, in the presence of her whole family, declared the engagement between himself and Helen. Andrew Pollock started in anger, and turning to his daughter, said, with little delicacy towards his Comanche preserver, 'Helen marry an Indian!' 'Who saved my father from death and me from worse?' replied Helen firmly. 'Not an Indian,' exclaimed Cristobal, at this instant extending a parchment to Andrew; 'but Henry Norton of Kentucky, captain in the service of the republic of Texas.' The young man then explained that his father, impelled by romantic feelings, had wedded a beautiful Indian girl; that on coming into the enjoyment of that parent's property, galled by the concealed sneers of some of his acquaintance, and the feeling that Indian blood was in his veins, he had adopted his mother's baptismal name, and fled to her relatives, where, by dint of gallantry, and by spending his income among them, he had raised the troop we have above alluded to. Until he saw Helen, he had determined for ever to dwell with the Comanches: her beauty had, however, won him back to civilisation. We need enter into no further particulars. The lovers were united; Henry, Andrew, and the sons, all distinguished themselves in the war of independence: it ended; and now peace being finally established, the family once more occupy their original abiding-place, where the writer in 1842 enjoyed their unaffected hospitality.

A WORD ON THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH CRIMINAL LAW.

During the last few years, a commission has been investigating the state of the criminal law of England, with a view to its amendment; and already eight reports—blue-books of portly size—have made their appearance. That the English criminal law stands in need of great reform, is universally acknowledged, and every one must be glad to learn that at length something is likely, from the recommendation of these reports, to be done. From what we have seen, however, of the reports, it is to be feared that this 'something' will be altogether homœopathic in its practical application. A number of the worst features of the system will in all probability remain.

One thing strikes us as remarkable in perusing these reports—the apparent ignorance among the commission of there being such a country as Scotland, or such a thing as Scottish criminal law. We scarcely think this species of ignorance commendable. In looking about for better institutes and usages, it is surely worth while inquiring if anything of the kind can be had from a country so very near home; more especially since the criminal code of that country does not seem to stand in need of either commissions or blue-books, but goes on in a way quite satisfactory to its people. We propose, in our humble way, to remedy this oversight.

The Scottish criminal law is only to a small extent founded on special statute. The origin of much of it is unknown, or is at least very remote; and, in general tone and tendency, it may be described as temperate and humane. Embodied in a few law-books, which are considered as authorities, it is simple and intelligible to every comprehension. The forms of its administration, however, are more remarkable than its doctrines; and it is to these we crave the attention of our English readers.

In the first place, all crimes whatsoever, from simple larceny to the most heinous offences, fall within the cognisance of a public prosecutor. To every court of justice in the kingdom a public prosecutor is attached. All civic jurisdictions, police-courts, county or sheriff-courts, as well as the higher criminal tribunals, have their respective prosecutors. The prosecutors thus attached to the inferior courts are styled *procurators-fiscal;* those connected with the higher jurisdictions are the lord-advocate and his deputes. These functionaries respectively receive complaints from parties injured, sift out the facts of the case, and sue the criminals before the court to which they belong, *altogether at the public expense.* The injured party in no case has anything to do with the duty of prosecuting; he is summoned only as a witness, and gives himself no uneasiness as to the result. When he has given his evidence, he has no more to say or do. Neither the prosecutor nor other officers of court call on him for a single farthing of expense. All this is quite different in England, where the private or injured party is bound to prosecute, and has generally to pay a large sum in expenses. We have heard it stated, though we speak only from hearsay, that the sueing of a criminal before one of the higher courts in England seldom costs the unhappy prosecutor less than twenty pounds. At all events, the expense, whatever it is, acts as a preventive to complaint. It would appear that the wisest thing any man can do who is robbed, is never to say a word about it. The expectation, under such a system, of anything like a correct return of the crimes annually committed is out of the question.*

We have mentioned one point in which the Scottish procedure may be considered superior to the English; the next is, the means of determining whether there be sufficient grounds for bringing the accused to trial. This determination in Scotland rests with the lord-advocate, or with the procurators-fiscal in the case of inferior offences. The lord-advocate is a responsible crown officer; and it is matter of observation that he prosecutes neither wantonly nor negligently: the cases laid before him and his deputes undergo a deliberate scrutiny. By this arrangement, which we never heard impugned, the public generally are put to no kind of trouble. To prevent oppression, and afford an opportunity of preparing a defence, the indictment must be served on the accused fifteen days at least before trial, along with a list of the witnesses to be brought against him, also the names of all the jurors who are to appear on the assize. Poor prisoners are assigned agents and counsel to conduct their case through the court. Compare this simple and humane, yet efficient machinery, with the clumsy English apparatus of a grand jury—sending men to trial by the score with scarcely a minute's warning. At the central criminal court in London, the grand jury sometimes passes three or four hundred cases through its

* Since the above was in type, Sir Robert Peel has proposed in parliament to pay the expenses of prosecution from the public funds; but this, we believe, only applies to that portion of the expenses usually borne by the county rates—not to the part payable by the private prosecutor.

hands within a week, the investigation of a case in many instances not occupying a quarter of an hour.

Following the accused into court, we again see how much more reasonable is the routine of procedure against him in the Scottish criminal law. There is a deliberate distinctness in every step in the process. The witnesses are sworn by one of the judges in a solemn and impressive manner, by the holding up of the right hand, and calling on the Almighty to attest the truth of what is about to be uttered. The attitude of the judge, rising from his chair with outstretched arm to perform this duty, is considered so striking, as to have been adopted by the sculptor: one of the finest statues in Scotland is that of President Forbes in the act of administering an oath. In England, as is well known, oaths are administered by an inferior officer of court causing the witness to kiss the outside of a book, and this he does in a manner so hurried and profane, as to be little better than a burlesque. With respect to the examination which follows, we would add, that in no Scottish court of justice would barristers be suffered for one moment to bully and ridicule witnesses, as they seem to do with impunity in England. In the execution of their onerous duties, the Scottish judges uniformly act the part of protectors alike to witnesses and the unfortunate prisoners at their bar; the decorum which uniformly prevails, the pains taken to arrive at the truth, and the appearance of even-handed justice, in trials before the Supreme Criminal Court at Edinburgh, or any of the circuits, seldom fail to excite the admiration of strangers. Within the last few years in England, prisoners have been permitted to plead by counsel. In Scotland, this has been the humane practice for centuries.

In the enclosing of a jury, the superior advantages of our northern practice is remarkably conspicuous. Out of a certain number of persons summoned, *fifteen* are selected by lot, and their decision, by a *majority*, if they cannot all agree, at once settles the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. Compare this latter arrangement with the English plan, of compelling twelve men to be unanimous one way or another! The spectacle of starved juries is never seen in Scotland; and one can only wonder how such a barbarism should till this day be tolerated in the sister kingdoms. A few days ago, as we observe by the newspapers, a jury on a criminal trial was nearly starved to death at Mullingar, in Ireland. The report is worth extracting.

'This morning, at ten o'clock, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and the Chief Baron took their seats on the bench, when the jury were called into court.

Chief Baron.—Well, gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?

Foreman.—No, my lord, we have not.

Chief Baron.—Is there any likelihood of your agreeing?

Foreman.—Not the least, my lord.

Chief Baron.—Under these circumstances, gentlemen, you must again retire to your room, as there is no alternative. We have no discretion in the matter.

Foreman.—My lord, there is not the least use in our retiring again, as there is no possibility of our ever agreeing. There are ten of us one way, and two the other; so, my lord, you may as well be good enough to discharge us, for agree we never will on this case. We are now twenty-four hours locked up in our room, with only some water for refreshment, and a very indifferent fire, and some of us in very poor health indeed. Our room is more like a dungeon than anything else; and if we are confined any longer, it may seriously endanger our lives.

After a short discussion, the jury were sent back to their dungeon, protesting that they should be starved. They accordingly remained in confinement all night and next day, and were only relieved at the end of forty hours, at which time they remained of the same way of thinking as at first. A new trial was ordered.'

The editor of the newspaper (*Daily News*, January 24) whence we copy these particulars, concludes with the following just remarks:—'Suppose these maltreated gentlemen had been at length, as a question of self-preservation, starved into a verbal agreement, and pronounced a decision. What is it worth? Can justice receive it?—can common-sense receive it?—can public opinion receive it? No; but law can. Truly a pretty condition of the law in the nineteenth century! * * * If by these proceedings of a barbarous age—by which I mean the present age, as in this instance palpably united with the ages of torture and other barbarities in the insulted name of justice—if by these proceedings any one of these gentlemen forming the jury at Mullingar should lose his life, either in a few days, or weeks, or months, as the previous circumstance of his years, constitution, and health or sickness at the time may determine, then the law is directly chargeable with wilful and deliberate murder.'

What a state of affairs is this! In trying one man, murdering a dozen. The remedy—and the only one we can see—is to introduce the Scotch practice of a jury of fifteen, whose decision, by a majority, shall be deemed sufficient.

The last point on which we have a wish to speak, is the indecent haste with which the ordinary class of cases are tried in England. The whole affair at the Old Bailey seems to be conducted with the speed of a whirlwind. Before a poor wretch can look about him, he finds himself condemned to transportation or the gallows. More time is usually occupied in a Scottish small-debt court to determine a claim of five shillings, than is in many instances employed in deciding on the fate of a fellow-creature at this English tribunal. This excessive precipitancy, arising, no doubt, from the undue accumulation of cases, and the incapacity of the court to overtake them, does not, as far as we can perceive, call forth the reprobation of the commissioners, who only refer to the frequent *necessity for a new trial*; and this they consider a desideratum in a variety of cases. We altogether object to this clumsy mode of remedying an acknowledged abuse. Instead of granting power to institute new trials, on the ground of correcting previous errors, would it not be much more reasonable to take time to investigate the case at first?—devote a day, or even half a day to the trial, instead of slapping it off in fifteen or twenty minutes?

In the blue-books before us, there is some remarkable evidence bearing on this cruel perversion of justice. It seems to be not an unusual thing in the metropolis to condemn men for crimes of which they are altogether innocent. Sometimes these unfortunates are hanged; and in other instances, by a little fortunate inquiry, they are saved. Will it be credited, that in the year 1828, no fewer than six persons were saved from death in the course of only nine months, in London alone, by the humane exertions of two individuals, who made it appear, beyond dispute, that in five cases of the six the prisoners were totally innocent, while in the remaining case the prisoner, although seemingly guilty, had been convicted in a grossly illegal manner? The first of these cases mentioned in evidence was that of two men, Anderson and Morris, who were condemned to death for a robbery, and ordered for execution. By a little inquiry, while these poor men were under sentence, Mr Wilde, an attorney in extensive practice in London, discovered that they were really innocent. With the greatest difficulty he procured a reprieve, but not till half-past eleven o'clock on the night before the execution was to take place. Perhaps even then it might not have been procured, but for the assistance of the governor of the prison and his deputy, who were led to take the same view of the case as Mr Wilde.

Mr Wilde detailed a second case. A man named Smith was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to death. He had pled guilty on the assurance that if he did so his life would be spared; but there was no appearance of this promise being fulfilled, although the connexions of the party condemned used every exer-

tion to save him. About four or five days before that fixed for the execution, Mr Wilde, who had heard the condemned sermon preached, was applied to by the prisoner's brother-in-law, a respectable tradesman in Cornhill, who had been going about for several days trying to obtain a hearing in behalf of his unfortunate relative. From him Mr Wilde learned the particulars of the case. The prosecution, it appeared, was instituted by the Committee of Bankers; and as many prisoners had been acquitted in like cases from the difficulty of proving the utterance, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers thought fit to authorise Mr Cope, the city marshal, to go to the prisoner and promise that, if he pled guilty, his life would be spared; in other words, his sentence would be commuted into transportation for life. Mr Wilde communicated these facts to Sir Robert Peel, who again communicated them to the Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst. Lord Lyndhurst then summoned to his private room the prosecutor, the solicitor for the Committee of Bankers, and the city marshal; and the facts appearing exactly as the prisoner's brother-in-law had stated them, Smith was respited during his majesty's pleasure. In this case, although the prisoner may not have been innocent of the crime, yet it is evident that, having been led to plead guilty by a false representation, he had had a most unfair trial.

The third case alluded to by Mr Wilde was one in which two poor destitute Irishmen, named Mallet and Farthing, had been convicted, on circumstantial evidence, of a capital offence, and sentenced to death. The result of Mr Wilde's investigations having been to satisfy himself that the men were totally innocent, and that the charge was a conspiracy on the part of the prosecutors, he was able to procure their respite. In addition to these three cases, in which he was concerned in the way of personal interference, Mr Wilde mentioned a fourth, in which a man named Brown, who had been indicted and found guilty for robbing a woman, got respited through the exertions of his master, Mr Lingham, who was convinced of his innocence.

Thus, in the course of nine months, were six persons saved from death after conviction; five of whom were innocent of the crime for which they were to die, and one of whom was unfairly treated on his trial. Mr Wilde also stated his opinion, that 'if the documents at the Home Office were examined, many cases would be found in which, by the exertions of former sheriffs, the lives of persons ordered for execution had been saved.' The horrible inference is, that there may, in all probability, have been cases in which, either from the want of such active and humane interference as that of Mr Wilde, or from the strength of appearances against the condemned parties, innocent persons may have been sent out of the world by an ignominious death.

Tradition may have preserved one or two cases of individuals in Scotland being executed wrongfully; but in modern times nothing of the kind, we believe, has been heard of. For this we are not more indebted to the cautious inquiry of the lord-advocate and his assistants, than to the system of preliminary examinations by the procurators-fiscal and sheriff-substitutes. These sheriff-substitutes are a class of stipendiary magistrates, one of whom is resident in each county; but some counties have two or three: they are all men educated to the law, and form a valuable body of officers, having cognisance of civil as well as criminal matters. In England, there is no order of functionaries exactly parallel to these resident county magistrates, which we cannot help considering a misfortune. It is universally allowed, that to no institution has Scotland been so much indebted for its permanent order and tranquillity, as to that of its sheriff-substitutes. The introduction of such impartial functionaries into Ireland might be considered invaluable.

Such are a few points which we have thought worthy of making known to our English neighbours. We are far from saying that the system of Scottish criminal procedure is perfect in all its details. At a subsequent opportunity we may show defects which it is desirable to remedy. Meanwhile, with all its imperfections, it works smoothly, and to the satisfaction of the country. Taken as a whole, it seems immeasurably in advance of that of England; and we respectfully submit it to the consideration of 'her majesty's right trusty and well-beloved commissioners, touching crimes, and the trial and punishment thereof.'

VISIT TO THE CRICHTON INSTITUTION.

On one of those lovely mornings with which a brilliant but reddened sun occasionally favours us at the beginning of December, I wandered from the town of Dumfries into the midst of the beautiful valley in which it is situated, and through which the 'winding Nith' pours its waters. Pursuing my way about a mile along the banks of this stream—through scenery rendered classic by the genius of Burns—I found the landscape adorned with a stately edifice, occupying a gentle eminence which slopes gradually towards the river, and presenting a grand and imposing appearance. From a massive but low tower or lantern in the centre, radiate four wings, of commanding proportions, which are surmounted by a balustrade ornamented with numerous vases. The building is pierced by many windows; the whole presenting those architectural features which are always associated with the Elizabethan style. This magnificent structure is the Crichton Institution, an asylum for lunatics; and as its origin is peculiar, I propose to give some account of it.

It appears that the late Mr Crichton made an immense fortune in India. Without arbitrarily bequeathing a sum of money to found an hospital, he expressed in his will a wish that his executors would apply a portion of his wealth to some great benevolent purpose. His widow and chief executrix—the highly-respected Mrs Crichton of Friars' Carse—decided at first, in compliance with her husband's implied desire, to found a college. For this purpose she applied to the then lord chancellor, whose sanction, in the first instance, it was necessary to obtain. That functionary, however, expressed an opinion that the educational wants of Scotland were already sufficiently well provided for—a high and well-merited compliment to the country; but one to which the benevolent lady was so little inclined to accede, that she still pressed her petition to be allowed to build a college. The lord chancellor was obliged at last positively to refuse the lady the requisite powers for carrying her cherished design into execution. Soon after this disappointment, she happened to be visiting Bath, and was induced to inspect, for curiosity's sake, the admirably-conducted lunatic asylum which is situated near that city. She immediately remembered that there was little accommodation for lunatics, particularly for those of the higher classes, in Scotland; and eventually decided on realising her husband's wishes, by erecting an institution for the insane. The project was accomplished with skill and magnificence—or rather partly accomplished—for only half of the architect's design has as yet been completed. When finished—which I was told it will soon be—this edifice will be one of the most splendid in Scotland.

As I applied for admission at the porter's lodge, by showing my letter of invitation from the principal, a handsomely-appointed carriage, shaped like an omnibus, was passing out. One of the occupants, a lady, greeted me with a smile of welcome, so frank and engaging, that I mistook her for a lady in authority. She, as well as her companions, however, were patients about to take

their morning drive. The grounds are so extensive, that, when entered, some distance had to be passed over before the institution itself could be reached. Fifty-six acres are laid out in gardens, walks, pleasure-grounds, orchards, and shrubberies, for the use of the patients; many of whom I met, engaged either in gardening, as at Morningside,* or promenading. Passing under a lofty archway, I found myself in a quadrangle, and was admitted into the interior of the building—which proved, on close inspection, to be constructed, not of brick, as might at first sight be supposed, but of the new red sandstone with which this district abounds.

Once entered, the excellent plan of the building is easily understood. The massive tower seen outside, standing in the midst, gives off four wings, which contain galleries one above another three storeys high. The corners formed by the departure or stretching out of the wings from the tower, are filled up with either dining or private sitting-rooms, whilst the sleeping apartments are ranged along and entered from the sides of each gallery. A view of what may be going on in each of these galleries is obtained from the central tower, which consists inside of a staircase, with landings so placed as to allow a spectator to see through the glazed walls into each of the four galleries of the storey he may wish to command. The ground-floor is appropriated to paupers, the officers of the institution, &c.; the floor above accommodates most of the higher-class patients who can afford separate attendants and apartments. The highest storey is set apart for patients of the middle classes. The rates of payment for board and every accommodation vary from L.15 per annum (for paupers) to L.350 for such as are provided with all the conveniences, and some of the luxuries, of high life. Ascending the stairs of the tower to their very top, level with the roofs of the wings, we reach a circular gallery, arranged as a library, which, as most of the inmates belong to the educated classes, is very much used. In the last report of Dr Browne, the medical director, it is stated that it already consists of 650 volumes. Over and above these, private collections, belonging to patients, are distributed throughout the institution. Books constitute, it would seem, a valuable and never-failing engine in moral treatment; and different kinds of books are prescribed for the mind as systematically as different sorts of medicine are ordered for the body. By them passion is often subdued, and a healthy tone of feeling revived more effectually than by direct repression or inculcation. To those who have been highly educated, who have belonged to one or other of the learned professions, who have made literature a pursuit, or who have depended for much of their happiness upon reading, a library has become not a luxury, but a necessary of their moral existence. One bibliomaniac in the asylum has already exhausted the store, and sighs for additions. In proof of the benefit of books, it is stated that a gallery of patients, in which the number of readers is large, is comparatively a quiet, happy, and healthy department of the establishment. Neither are the habitual readers mere triflers over newspapers and periodicals. At one period the following books were in the possession of patients:—Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest, D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Gil Blas, Shakspeare, and many of Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c.—a catalogue which shows the varied and elevated tastes which must be supplied, and the identity of the pursuits of many of the insane with those of men of strong intellect and fervid genius. To one of these students a daily task was allotted, and he subjected himself to examination by the medical attendant, in the same way that a course of history should be conducted. Another busied himself in compiling a commonplace book; a third translated a treatise upon Dipsomania, ostensibly to facilitate the labours of the superintendent; a fourth scanned the newspapers, and extracted all facts bearing upon a topic of interest; while a fifth actually furnished to a periodical the creations of his fancy. One amiable, accomplished, and excellent being, who imagined that it was incumbent upon him to abstain from food, to increase the comforts of the poor, and to prevent a general famine, and that his brain was transmuted into fat, and consequently impeded the exercise of his faculties, was induced to engage in the study and translation of Molière's amusing comedy, the *Malade Imaginaire*. He spent many delightful hours at this task, bending his powers diligently to overcome the difficulties, and to discover the beauties of the author; coming out of himself, as it seemed; forgetting his own sorrows and ailments; and, it may be, tempted to doubt their reality, while laughing at the hypochondriacal fancies and medicine mania of the principal character, Argan.

Those patients who have not ability or inclination to read, are occasionally read to. On one occasion it was determined to produce a powerful, painful, and retrospective train of feeling in a person who seemed to be lapsing from a state of high over-wrought sensibility into one of apathy and senility. He had distinguished himself as a poet, and during one of his darkest and dullest moods, some of his own beautiful and pathetic verses were read to him. He at first smiled, then appeared to be awakened to a recollection of the circumstances and emotions under which they had been composed, then became deeply affected, and wept. He was agitated for some hours, but the effects gradually disappeared. Directly or indirectly, therefore, the library is employed as a means of alleviation and cure. Still, some caution is requisite in its use, and a check is imposed upon the course of reading; as when an inmate afflicted with a suicidal mania inquires for Bolingbroke's works, or Anne Radcliffe's novels. Delusions have indeed been created or confirmed from certain passages in books. One patient having found in a periodical a description of the character of George III., drew a parallel between himself and that monarch, and then proclaimed himself George V. But such accidents are counterbalanced by the amount of real knowledge, the habits of steady attention and consecutive reflection, the exercise of memory, the introduction of happy and wholesome views of mankind, the springs of innocent mirth, which even enfeebled or erratic faculties receive from reading, be it ever so desultory.

Descending into one of the galleries of the upper floor, I passed several ladies amusing themselves in various ways, and entered the chapel. This is modestly rather than handsomely fitted up, and quite in accordance with the solemn uses to which it is put. As regards the behaviour of the unhappy congregation, their physician speaks in a candid, but, on the whole, favourable strain. 'Although,' he remarks, 'it would be too sanguine a view of the experiment and of its effects to affirm that the same degree of decorum and quiet exist as in a sane congregation, yet the composure and sobriety of the most restless and rebellious patients is a proof that this influence is considerable: the self-control exerted is greater than under any other circumstances; and the expressions of gratification derived from the service prove that it is appreciated. The calm which prevails is of course partly the result of the selection of the audience, but proceeds in great measure from a recognition of the purpose of the meeting, from the early associations which still influence the habits, although not the reason, of the insane, from the principle of imitation, and the restraint imposed by the presence of others, and by good manners or respect for authority. Of those who generally attend chapel, however, many are actuated by higher motives and more rational views; many have contracted an attachment to the excellent chaplain, whose kind disposition, gentle

* See vol. iv. p. 409, new series.

manners, and simple Scriptural teaching, they have learned to value and to love.' An inscription is placed opposite the pulpit—plain and expressive—dedicating the whole building to the late Mr Crichton, by his widow—a noble and praiseworthy monument, whether considered externally or morally.

Leaving the chapel, I was introduced to a gallery containing about a dozen gentlemen. On being shown into the sitting-room common to them all, various implements of amusement and pastime were observable. Drawing and painting appear to be resources occasionally resorted to. One gentleman acquired so great a dexterity in the use of crayons, as to produce portraits of exquisite finish; one of which I saw. His was an exalted mania, and he seldom condescended to portray the countenance of any one who was not a hero or a person of rank. Except one unfortunate man, who stuck himself rigidly and immoveably against the wall, and kept his eyes intently fixed on vacancy, none of the inmates of the upper galleries showed signs of discomfort or eccentricity. They were perhaps a little less noisy, less communicative to each other, than a similar number of sane persons, placed in the same situation, would have been.

In the dining-room common to the inmates of another gallery, I was shown the peculiar knives and forks with which they eat. Both are of German silver; the former too blunt for mischief, and the latter, instead of being separated into prongs, are merely grooved, in imitation thereof, up to within about half an inch of the points, where they are separated so as to be useful. Should, therefore, a suicidal or destructive patient attempt anything dangerous with such a fork, the damage would be but trifling. Some extraordinary delusions of this nature have manifested themselves in the Crichton Institution. Instances have happened in which a dread of self-destruction has been the leading characteristic of the maniac; but a dread so great, that it has driven the victim of it to attempt the act as an escape from his terrible fear of it; as if—to borrow an idea from a forcible writer on insanity—he would rush into the arms of Death to avoid looking into his face. Others show a desire to terminate existence from a fear of being murdered. Some of the expedients resorted to by these unhappy beings are extremely ingenious. One female inmate, who, while obstinately resisting medicine, from the suspicion that it contained mercury and poison—having some knowledge of the constitutional effects of that drug, and the extreme danger of taking cold whilst its effects were operating on the system—took every opportunity of filling her boots with water, in order that she might be attacked by inflammation and die. This systematic sapping of the foundations of health and strength was resorted to, after many attempts at strangulation had been detected and defeated. The ingenuity employed by persons afflicted with this mania is occasionally astonishing. A young woman possessed herself, whilst taking her daily walks, of stones and pieces of coal, and, rubbing them against the walls, so as to give them sharp edges and angles, swallowed them, in the hope of so far disorganising her system as to get past recovery. Another female, a lady of education, presents an extraordinary instance of this propensity ingeniously indulged. It was so strong, that she was placed in a room from which every article of furniture was removed, which in fact contained nothing more than a French bed without canopy, and a carpet. Notwithstanding these precautions, it was ascertained that she had pulled the carpet from the floor, collected the nails by which it was secured, and swallowed twenty-four of them. She was then removed to another apartment, where there was no carpet, and an attendant was appointed to remain constantly with her. The bed in which she lay was covered with cotton chintz, which was attached to the wood by nails. Stealthily, silently, and without changing her position or disturbing her companion, she succeeded in extracting a number of these, which were likewise swallowed. Since this period she has stolen and introduced into the stomach a thimble and a small padlock. But what is even more startling and instructive, is her confession that, when comparatively sane and serene, when most trusted, and most worthy of confidence, she was in the habit of swallowing stones, pins, needles, and other small objects innumerable, with the settled resolution to sap the foundation of her strength and life.

Incessant precaution is not necessary merely against such grave hallucinations, but to counteract the destructive propensities of some inmates. The most remarkable of these is what Dr Browne denominates *Pyromania*—a mania for destruction by the agency of fire. This subject deserves, in reference to judicial proceedings in the case of incendiaries, very serious consideration. In some instances the desire to set inflammable substances on fire is, according to Dr Browne, less a crime than a disease, and as such, epidemic from the force of imitation; and there are facts which bear out this theory. At precisely the same time in 1830, when great devastation was committed in England by rick-burners, bands of young women perpetrated similar deeds in France, without apparent object or design. The experiences of the Crichton Institution show that this mania sometimes exists with a perfect disregard of life, even where no suicidal inclinations are manifested. 'One of this class has been observed to handle ignited coals as if they were harmless, and, after setting fire to a sofa, sat quietly down upon the burning cloth, as if to court immolation. Another inmate, who originally manifested her derangement by attempting to destroy farm produce, still, upon all favourable occasions, consigns her dress to the fire, without regard to the value of the article, or to her own comfort, and obviously derives intense gratification from the brilliant flame which she has produced. This woman, although passionate, and so irrational as to recognise in her fellow-patients former friends and acquaintances disguised as females, is acute, cunning, and perfectly conscious of the culpable and dangerous nature of her irresistible propensities.'*

In the galleries set apart for the higher-class patients, I observed that the drawing-rooms were furnished with all the elegances of private life. A set of window-curtains was pointed out as the work of a lady inmate, whose mind was considerably relieved by the occupation they afforded. As far as is consistent with the sanatory expediences of the establishment, social life is surrounded with all the amenities and pleasures of the 'outer world.' Billiards, card parties, chess, summer ice, have occupied many a tedious hour within doors. In the evening, exhibitions of legerdemain, ventriloquism, musical and dancing parties, visits to the Dumfries theatre, concerts, and other public places, have been resorted to as rewards, encouragement, and distraction. And as the influence of discipline and supervision has been carried into effect in these assemblies, as the patients are never allowed to forget that they are observed, and under probation, and upon honour; and as due care has been bestowed in selecting those of decorous deportment and suitable dispositions, no ill, but, on the contrary, much good, has resulted.

The most extraordinary amusement, however—in which some of the better-class patients are allowed to indulge—is private theatricals. This bold step was first made in Britain, and Dr Browne deserves infinite credit for its introduction and success. In his report for 1844, he thus speaks of the experiment:—'Theatrical representation, as a mean of cure and pleasure to the insane, is not now confined to the Crichton Institution. Melodramas have been acted before the inmates of asylums in this country; and Tartufe has been produced by the patients in Saltpetrière at Paris, with the same sort of poetical justice which suggested the selection of Redgauntlet by the company in this asylum. Three pieces were brought out during last season; of these the Mock Doctor was

* Dr Browne's Fifth Annual Report.

the favourite. It contains some ludicrous allusions to asylums and their governors; and the shouts of laughter and triumph with which the exposure of the savage practices formerly pursued in these places was received, indicated how keenly some portion of the audience understood the point and truth of the satire, and how cordially they rejoiced at the revolution which had established the gentler rule under which they then were. Eleven patients participated in some degree or other in the representation. Four of these have since left the institution; and a fifth, who is undoubtedly indebted to the exercise of memory in acquiring his part for a resuscitation of intellect, will soon obtain liberty. But the company will survive such losses—even the desertion of the active stage-manager. In one case only, either among the actors or auditors, could excitement be attributed to the effects of the amusements. A plain prosaic, but perhaps vain artisan, was raised to the rank of lord of the bedchamber; and although all that was required in the part was to stand still and look steadily at a particular point during a mimic pageant, the assumption of dignity, the novelty of the position, or the constraint necessary, destroyed the equanimity which had been previously established, and retarded convalescence. But this event was the consequence of injudicious selection, of a sanguine estimate of the stability of reason, not of the ordeal to which the mind was subjected, and might have followed an incautious appeal to vanity, or the liberation of the patient. After an experience of two successive years, and when about to commence a third season, and after a dispassionate examination of the effect which the stage, when well directed, is capable of exerting, by the exposure and correction of follies, by the discipline, consecutive intellectual training, and the concentration imposed upon the performers, and by the gaiety and good-humour excited in the spectators, this conclusion appears to be inevitable—that no human means as yet employed has, at so little risk, and with so little trouble and expense, communicated so much rational happiness to so many of the insane at the same time, or so completely placed them in circumstances so closely allied to those of sane beings, or so calculated either to remove the burden of mental disease, or to render it more bearable. The attempt is no longer an experiment; it is a great fact in moral science, and must be accepted and acted upon.'

Of the literary amusements provided for the patients, and their proficiency in composition, mention has already been made in a notice of the publication issued by them, called the 'New Moon.'* Since then, it may be safely said, the New Moon has gained brilliancy with its age, and that the last number is as amusing and rational as the first.

On the ground-floor, devoted to the humbler class of inmates, every attention is paid to their comfort; the only difference between them and those above-stairs being in the article of furniture, which is more homely, and less abundant. Here is a 'padded room' for outrageous patients: the floor is wadded, and round the walls are placed a series of panels with canvas stretched tightly over them, which, being like drum-heads, are elastic, and prevent the patient from injuring himself. When in use, the room is made perfectly dark. Darkness is found to act as a sedative; indeed the effect is sometimes instantaneous, as if the withdrawal of light acted directly on the brain. One thing is certain, that in such a condition the sufferer has no objects whatever to excite him, as in some states the sight of the merest trifle, even of a pin, will increase the paroxysm.

This was the last apartment I was shown, and, after a most agreeable and instructive interview with the medical director, I took my leave.

From what could be observed in a passing visit to this admirable asylum, its management and internal arrangements cannot be too highly commended. Though it presents human nature in its saddest phase, yet it is a sight no philanthropist should deny himself, provided always he can obtain the necessary permission; which is not, I apprehend, very difficult to be obtained from the skilful and courteous medical director.

The number of inmates amounted, in November 1845, to 133.

* See volume iii. p. 43, new series.

GLEANINGS FROM THE CLUB-BOOKS.

Our readers are probably aware that for some years past a considerable number of clubs or societies have been established, whose function it is to print books which are distributed among the members, the expense being borne by the general amount of their annual contributions. The principle on which these institutions have proceeded is, that supposing there are a certain number of persons curious in books of a particular class in literature, amounting in number to one, two, three, or four hundred, they may supply themselves each with one copy of any number of the books which suit their taste, through such a system, without encountering the risk of publication. It is something like a revival of the old plan of subscription—a set of men are associated, of whom each receives a copy of every work which their united funds are sufficient to print. It is probable that the system could not be made applicable to new original works, as each member would be anxious to print something written by himself, and it is not likely that the question, whether it deserved to be printed by the club, would be considered so impartially as when the author of the book has been some centuries in his grave. Accordingly, the book-clubs have in general confined themselves to reprints of old books of which the original editions have become rare, or to the printing of old manuscripts. In the system which they pursue, they practically avow that their books are not of a class capable of attracting so much public interest as to procure for them a general sale. And there is no doubt that, like all commodities prepared to suit the tastes of particular individuals, the club-books are in the mass caviare to the multitude. But among contemporary annals and diaries, old romances, specimens of ancient poetry, records of local events, and the like, which are the staple commodity of the clubs, it would be strange indeed if several hundred volumes did not afford some passages possessed of interest to general readers. In truth, there are among these rarely-opened volumes many specimens of curious narrative and adventure—delineations of customs, manners, and superstitions—incidents connected with the lives of eminent persons, and illustrations of historical events—which it were to be regretted that general readers should not have an opportunity of perusing. We therefore propose to devote a few columns to some gleanings which we have made from this neglected field.

THE ROMANCE OF SIR AMADACE.

The old metrical romances of England and Scotland, though imbued with the false morality of chivalry and the barbarism of the dark ages, yet contain many illustrations of high and pure feeling. To hold some one object as the great end of life, and to allow no cares, or sacrifices, or inferior aims to interfere with its fulfilment, is the characteristic motive of chivalry; and where the object pursued by the faithful knight is a good one, his generous devotion and contempt of all selfish impulses present us with a fine and elevating picture of the better features of human nature. In the unpublished romance which, under the title of Sir Amadace, has been printed for the Camden Society, the points of character mainly illustrated are a wife's devoted attachment, and a man's adherence to his pledged word. The bankrupt merchant denied Christian burial, and the widow watching the corrupting body to scare away the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, as long as she has life, may not be a pleasing picture; but the minstrel who imagined such a tale of tried constancy, and the people who delighted to listen to it, had

in them something good. This romance probably furnished part of the stock in trade of those minstrels who were partly the reciters merely, partly the authors, of the verses they repeated. The manuscript, whatever may be its precise age, must have existed early in the fifteenth century, as it contains certain commemorations made by its owner during the reigns of Henry V. and VI. The structure of the poem is dramatic. The form of stanza, and in general the words used, have been preserved in the extracts which follow, and only such changes have been made as were absolutely necessary to enable an ordinary reader to follow the narrative. The initial stanzas have perhaps been lost. The reader is very abruptly introduced to a consultation between Sir Amadace and his steward, in which the latter demonstrates that his master owes more money than his lands will produce in seven years. In the present day, this would afford no great ground of alarm; the spendthrift might double such a debt before he need anticipate any immediate pecuniary difficulty. In those days, however, 'the money market was heavy,' to use a term well understood in the present age; and the steward is obliged to suggest that his lord should lay aside his state, dismiss his retinue, and have but one servant where he had ten. The knight agrees to the justice of the course, but not having courage to practise it where he is so well known, departs with a few attendants in search of adventures, all the money he has with him being forty pounds. He is then described as coming towards a chapel from which shines a light, and sending his servant on to inquire what it might mean. The servant returns—

And said, 'Sir, at yonder chapel I have been,
A selcouth sight there have I seen,
My heart is heavy as lead.
There stands a bier and candles two,
A woman sitting and no moe;
Lord! careful* is her rede.

Sore she sighs and hands wrings,
And ever she cries on heaven's kings
How long she shall be there.
She says, dear God what may that be,
The great sorrow that she upon him see,
Stinkand upon his bier.
She says she will not let him alone,
Till she fall dead down to the stone,
For his life was to her full dear.'

Sir Amadace then questions the lady himself, and—

She said, 'Sir, needlongs must I sit him by,
I'faith there will him none but I;
He was my wedded fere.'†
Then Sir Amadace said, 'Me likes full ill,
Ye are both in a plight to spill,
He lies so long on bier.
What a man in his life was he?'
'Sir, a merchant of this cité,
Had rich rents to rear;
And every year three hundred pound
Of ready money and of round,
And for debt yet lies he here.'

Then Sir Amadace said, 'For the rood,
On what manner spended he his good,
That this gate‡ is away?'
'Sir, on gentlemen and officers,
To great lords that were his peers,
He would give gifts gay;
Rich feasts would he make,
And poor men, for God's-sake,
He fed them every day;
While he had any good to take,
He was not the man for God's-sake,
That would once say nay.

Yet he did as a fool:
He clad more men against Yule
Than did a noble knight;
For his meat he would not spare,
Boards in the hall were never bare,
With clothes richly dight.
If I said he did not well;
He said, God sent it every deal,
And set my words at light.
Then he took so much upon his name,
I dare not tell you, Lord, for shame,
The goods now that he owed.

And then came Death, wo him be!
And parted my lord and me,
Left me in all the care:
When my neighbours heard tell that he sick lay,
They came to me as they best may,
Their goods asked they there;
All that ever was his and mine,
Horse and nowt, sheep and swine,
Away they drove and bare.
My dowry to my life I sold,
And all the pennies to them told,
Lord, yet owed he well more.'

She then proceeds to say that every debt was discharged save one of thirty pounds to a merchant of the city, who for this debt had arrested his body and forbidden it burial, saying that hounds should drag it to the field and gnaw the bones there. For sixteen weeks, in the lonely chapel, the widow had watched the corpse on the bier, and so she declared she would continue till death took her also. Sir Amadace ascertains the name of the merchant, comforts the lady, and departs; but sends his servant to the merchant to bring him to sup with him, when he endeavours to persuade him to forego the debt, and permit the body to be buried. The merchant is inexorable, and Sir Amadace pays him thirty pounds from his own money; the remaining ten is expended in burying the dead body. The knight then dismisses his squires, and journeys forward, penniless and alone, moralising on the miseries of poverty. Thus occupied, he is accosted by a knight all in white, riding on a milk-white steed, who questions him wherefore he goes mourning so, as if he doubted the divine Providence and its power to raise up as well as to cast down; assuring him that for good deeds done there shall be rich reward.

The white knight then questions Sir Amadace as to how he would regard the man who should bring him from this desponding and low estate to the full enjoyment of wealth and honours, and if he would be content to divide with such a one all he might gain by his means. Sir Amadace agrees to the compact, and is told of a royal king who has a fair daughter, which daughter is to be given to the knight who is first in the field and best in the tournay. He is told to go thither; that gold for his spending, and trappings, as beseems a knight, will be fully provided; that he will win all wealth and honour, and at last wed the fair lady.

Then bespoke Sir Amadace:
'An thou hast might through God's grace
So to comfort me,
Thou shalt find me true and leal,
And even, Lord, for to deal
Betwixt thee and me.'
'Farewell,' he said, 'Sir Amadace,
And thou shalt work through God's grace,
And it shall be with thee.'
Sir Amadace said, 'Have good day,
And thou shalt find me, and I may
As true as any man be!'

Sir Amadace is then represented as walking on a lonely coast, where he finds the contents of a wrecked vessel which had been cast on shore. There he finds knights in armour, and steeds white and gray; and we are induced to presume that the former were dead, as Sir Amadace strips them of their armour and rich apparel; while the latter, by an equal good fortune, must have survived the storm, as one of them becomes the knight's faithful steed. There were also coffers filled with all manner of precious things—gold and rich array. Then Sir Amadace, having robed himself full regally, was in good condition for trying his lot at the jousting, to be held in honour of the king's fair daughter. It appears that the riches thus put at the disposal of Sir Amadace had been cast on the coasts of this same king's territory. The king sends his knights to greet him; while, in order to have the best benefit of existing circumstances—

Sir Amadace said, 'I was a prince of mickle pride,
And here I had thought to ride
Forsooth at this tournay.
I was victualled with wine and flour;
Horses, harness, and armour;
Knights of good array;

* Full of care. † Companion. ‡ This way.

Strongest storms me over drave,
My noble ship it all rave.
Though sooth yourselves may say,
To spend I have enough plenté;
But all the men that came with me,
Forsooth they are away.'

This was a somewhat uncandid proceeding on the part of so peerless a knight, to say the least of it. The king, however, tells him—

'I never saw man that sat in seat,
So much of my love might get,
As thou thyself has;'

and offers to provide him with a suitable retinue and attendants, all of whom the knight rewards with great munificence; and both in the tournay and the battle-field he bears off all the honour—winning

Field and frith, town and tower,
Castle and rich cité.

Winning also the love of the king's fair daughter, who is awarded to him, with the half of the kingdom while the king lives, and the whole of it at his death.

Thus is Sir Amadace cured of his wo;
(May God lend grace that we were so!)
A royal feast caused he make;
There wedded he that ladye bright.
The eating lasted a fortnight,
With spears for to shake.
Another half-year they lived full glad;
And a fair boy-child they had;
Great mirth on that they make.
Listen now, lordings, of doings great,
While on a day before the meat,
This compeer come to the gate.

He came in as gay a gear,
Right as he an angel were,
Clad he was in white.
Unto the porter spake he so,
Said, 'To thy lord mine errand go
Hastily and right;
And if he ask ought after me,
From whence I come, or what countrie,
Say that my suit is white;
And say we have together been—
I hope full well he has me seen,
He will it never denyte.'

The servant bears the message to his master, and—

'Is he come,' he said, 'my own true frere?
To me is he both loved and dear,
As ought he well to be.
But all my men, I you command
To serve him well, both foot and hand,
Right as ye would do me.'
Then Sir Amadace unto him went,
And also did that ladye gente,
That was of hue so bright;
And did well that she ought to do,
Whom her lord loved she worshipped too,
As such a woman might.

Who should his steed to stable have,
Knight, yeoman, squire, or knave—
Neither with him he brought.
Then Sir Amadace would have taken his steed,
And to the hall himself led;
But so would he not.
He said, 'Certain the sooth to tell,
I will neither eat, drink, nor dwell,
By God that me dear bought!
But take and deal it even in two—
Give me my part, and let me go,
If I be worthy ought.'

Sir Amadace then endeavours to persuade him to remain, telling him a fortnight would not suffice to go over the rich lands and divide them. But the white knight tells him he will have neither lands nor towns, gold nor silver—

'But, by my faith, withouten strife,
Half thy child, and half thy wife,
And they shall with me gone.'

This is a very startling proposition. The grief and horror of Sir Amadace are then depicted, and how he besought,

For his love that died on tree,

that all besides might be taken, and his wife and child spared: but the white knight is inexorable, and bids him think on the covenant that he had made with in his misery.

Then out bespake that ladye bright,
Said, 'Ye shall hold that ye have hight,
By God and St Dristane.
For his love that died on tree,
Look your covenant holden be;
Your promise was full fain.
Sith Christ will that it be so,
Take and part me even in two;
Thou won me—I am thine!
God forbid that blamed you be,
Or a liar made for me,
Your honour in land to tyne.'

Still she stood withouten let,
Neither changed hue, nor gret.*
That lady mild and dear;
Bade 'Fetch me my young son me before,
For he was of my body bore,
And lay my heart full near.'
Then quoth the white knight now,
'Which of them most lovest thou?'
He said, 'My wife so dear!'
'Sith thou lovest her the more,
Thou shalt part her even before
Her white sides sear.'

Sir Amadace is frantic, his men are swooning ar him, and the lady is represented as kissing her and lying down meekly with a cloth over her The sword is uplifted, when the white knight forward, takes up the lady and the child, and gi them back to Sir Amadace—

Said, 'I could not blame thee wert thou wae,
Such a lady for to slay,
Thy honour thus would save;
Yet I was as largely glad
When thou gave all thou ever had,
My bones for to grave.
In chapel where I lay hounds' meat,
Thou paid first thirty pounds great,
Sith all that thou might'st have;
Then sought I God for thee to care,
Who for me was made so bare,
My honour in land to save.

Farewell now,' he said, 'mine own true frere,
For my lodging is no longer here,
With tongue thus I thee tell;
But love this lady as thy life,
Who thus meekly, without strife,
Thy covenant would fulfil.'
Then he went out of that town,
Gliding away as dew is stown,
And they abode there still.
They kneeled down upon their knee,
And thanked God and Mary free,
And so they had good skill.

MANNERS OF THE CHINESE COMMISSION KEYING.

THIS high official of the Chinese emperor paid a vi Hong Kong in the month of November last, and sp few days very agreeably with the British governor. *China Mail* of the 27th of that month, published at Kong, gives a lively account of the visit, and particu of two entertainments which took place on the occas one given by the governor to the commissioner, an other by the commissioner to the governor; from which it appears that an excellent understanding no isits between the Chinese and British authorities.

At the first dinner, the governor, Major-General D lar, gave as a toast the health of Keying, whom he desc as 'the enlightened statesman, the friend alike of and of England,' and one to be equally valued for po talents and social qualities. Keying made a modest and at the conclusion held out his hand to the gov as a token of friendship. We leave the China Mail the rest.

'Nothing could exceed the affability and good-hu of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without ex and after having volunteered a Mantchow Tartar which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourn the drawing-room, where a party, consisting of the

* Cried.

of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers, and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguishing one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person.

'There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture.

'Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the general, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity.

'There was another instance of high-breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief, he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety;" an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood.

'In the course of the following day, the last conference took place between the English and Chinese plenipotentiaries, and in the evening Keying gave a sumptuous entertainment in the Chinese fashion. The hour of dinner specified in the invitations, which are curiosities in their way, was six o'clock; and before that time all the guests had assembled in one of the lower rooms, except the governor, upon whose arrival being announced, Keying hurried to welcome his excellency at the landing-place, and to conduct him to a seat in the centre of the room—the rest of the company sitting in arm-chairs formally placed on either side, with a small table between each two. The half hour before dinner, proverbially dull and trying to the patience in Europe, is in China relieved by the sedulous attentions of the entertainers, and by refreshments of the finest tea, which are offered to each guest in little cups—what with us is the saucer, being made to perform the more useful office of a cover to preserve the aroma.

'Dinner being announced, the company proceeded up stairs to the sound of music, which had not the least resemblance to the "Roast Beef of Old England." A large table was set out in the spacious saloon, at the centre of which sat Keying, with Sir John Davis on his left hand, and Major-General D'Aguilar on his right; and proceeding round the table in the Chinese order, from left to right, the following, so far as we can remember, were the other guests:—Admiral Cochrane, the prefect of Canton; Chief-Justice Hulme; Lieutenant Patey, R.N.; Mr Waller, the admiral's secretary; Mr Sargent, A.D.C.* to the governor; three mandarins; Hon. Major Caine, chief magistrate; the Hon. Frederick Bruce, colonial secretary; Captain Talbot, R.N.; the Chevalier Liljevalch, Swedish commissioner; a mandarin; Mr Attorney-General Stirling; Major Aldrich; Captain D'Aguilar, military secretary to the major-general; Dr Gutslaff, Chinese secretary; a mandarin; Lord Cochrane, A.D.C. to the major-general; Captain Bruce, assistant adjutant-general; Mr Shortrede; an imperial mandarin; Lieutenant Miller, R.N., A.D.C. to the admiral; Monsieur Delessert; 'Lord John Hay, R.N.; Lieutenant Miller, R.N.; Captain Gifford, R.N.; a Tartar mandarin; Captain Lyster of the Agincourt; Mr Mercer, acting colonial treasurer; Mr Elmslie, secretary to the superintendent of trade; and his excellency Pwan-tsye-shing.

'To our readers at home, it may be interesting to have a pretty minute account of the whole *menu* of the dinner, especially as it differed in several respects from the descriptions of Du Halde, Father Bouvet, and other more modern writers. From the number of dishes successively served up, we infer that it was a feast of the "more solemn sort," spoken of by the former of these authorities; but instead of a small table for each guest, there was, as we have said, only a single large one, in the English fashion, for the whole company; and except such a general invitation to be seated as might have passed unnoticed in Europe, there were none of the ceremonious bows to individuals which Father Bouvet speaks of.

'Before each guest was placed a plate and *kwai-tz'*, or chop-sticks, on one side, and a knife, fork, and spoon on the other. The chop-sticks, however, were pretty generally used—a little awkwardly, it must be admitted, by the English; while the mandarins, probably out of politeness to their guests, occasionally made use of the fork and spoon. Beyond the plates were ranged innumerable little pyramids of preserves, pickles, and dried seeds, which, from the experiments we made, we presume were not intended to be eaten, but placed merely for show; but at the left hand there was a small saucer of sweetmeats and salted relishes, which were partaken of and washed down with a glass of wine. And then commenced the more important part of the feast, by the army of servants setting before each guest a small bowl, about the size of a moderate breakfast cup, of birds'-nest soup, which might pass for very good vermicelli at home, and scarcely merits the celebrity it has obtained, or seems worth the enormous price it is said to cost. This was the prelude to a succession of other soups, stews, and hashes, most of which were so excellent, that the genius Archæus, who, according to the fanciful Van Helmont, keeps post in the upper orifice, as a sort of custom-house officer to the stomach, to watch all contraband food, must certainly have found his occupation gone, and declared for free trade on the occasion. We can speak for ourselves, that, after having partaken of all the dishes set before us, we never rose from a table with more inward peace and satisfaction. Having made a jotting on our return home, we are enabled to give a pretty full, but by no means complete list of the messes, but without being certain under which class—soup, stew, or hash—they ought respectively to be ranged. After the birds'-nest soup there were venison soup, duck soup, never-to-be-sufficiently-praised sharks'-fin soup, chestnut soup, pork stew, a sort of vegetable pâtés, with gravy in a separate saucer; stag sinew soup, shark-skin soup, second only to his elder brother of the fin; earth-nut ragout, a gelatine soup, made, we were told, of the pith of stags' horns; macerated mushroom and chestnut soup, stewed ham, sweetened with sugar or syrup; a stew of bamboo shoots, another of fish-maws, esculents with hot sauce, slices of hot cakes and cold jam-puffs; with numerous other nondescript soups and stews, in large bowls, placed in the centre of the table, of which vegetables, pigeons' eggs, and more especially pork, seemed to be the component parts, showing Chinese cooks, like Beaumont and Fletcher's, to be "thoroughly grounded in the mysteries and hidden knowledge of all soups, sauces, and salads whatsoever." In such a labyrinth of novel dishes, even the most practised gourmand might have been excused for feeling a little at a loss: and our entertainers seemed to appreciate the circumstance, for when any particularly good mess came upon the table, they would put some upon the plates of those near them; and Keying, with the most refined Chinese politeness, more than once took a tit-bit from his own dish, and conveyed it with his chop-sticks to the honoured guests beside him. Lest there might have been any one who could not contrive to make a sumptuous dinner from such materials, there were in the centre of the table roast peacock, pheasant, and ham; and tea was several times served to relieve this active "alimentary progression"—never dreamt of by Ude or Brillat-Savarin. It is worth noting, as a remarkable circumstance, that during the whole dinner there was not a grain of rice on the table, not even mixed with other food, though almost all writers tell us it is never wanting at a Chinese dinner of any sort. If, according to Sir John Davis, the appearance of bowls of rice at such feasts is the signal of the repast approaching its termination, the party on the present occasion must have broken up long before the host was tired of his guests; for the rice signal was never given.

'There was no lack of good wines, liqueurs, and mandarin samshoo at dinner; nor were the Chinese unmindful to do due honour to them, by frequently pledging their guests; and this soon came to be no light matter, for they were never satisfied with a mere sip, but insisted on bumpers every time, and that the glass should be turned upon the table in proof of its having been honestly emptied. The effect upon themselves was scarcely perceptible, though we remarked a formidable-looking Tartar opposite where we sat, who, besides his share of champagne and other wines, discussed the greater part of a bottle of maraschino, and made serious inroads upon another of noyeau, stroking his chin, and exclaiming "Hoh!" at each glass.

'The succession of soups must have occupied nearly three hours, and when it at length came to a close, Keying rose

* Aid-du-camp.

to dedicate a cup to the queen of heaven; and forthwith a series of low benches, covered with crimson cloth, were ranged from one end of the room to the other, and were speedily loaded with roast-pig, hams, fowls, and other substantial dishes; and before each a cook, or butcher, we could not tell which, sat down *à-la-Chinois*, and taking a knife, like a cutlass, commenced slicing it down, in defiance of the maxims of the Carver's Guide, grasping the joint with the left hand, the long nails of which served for both fork and spoon. The ceremony is intended as an acknowledgment of the bounty of the queen of heaven, and is gone through before the guests, to show them that, even after the exuberance of dishes with which they have been served, there is still enough and to spare. The sliced meat was set upon the table, as were also cold mutton and pork, none of which were eaten; and then succeeded a dessert of fruits and preserves, with abundance of wine, cordials, and samshoo.

'The "most prolonged breakfast," says Sir Walter Scott, "cannot well last above an hour;" but he does not set any limits to dinners, as in his own practice he observed none. The one we are speaking of had already extended almost to four hours; and, to the best of our recollection, the more substantial food was not entirely removed when the dessert came upon the table, while the toasts, we think, had commenced beforehand. The first was "The queen of England and the emperor of China," which was drunk with tremendous applause, the Chinese being especially vociferous, huzzaing, clapping their hands, and beating the table in the most approved English public-dinner fashion, the band in the adjoining room striking up what we presume was an appropriate air, but which sounded to our ears not unlike a Highland pibroch. A few other toasts followed—amongst the rest the king of the French and the king of Sweden, each of whom had a subject among the guests; and Keying then called upon the governor for a song, as a condition to giving one himself, which he afterwards did, and very well too, and joined lustily in the applause with which it was received. Pwang-tsye-shing gave us two songs; the emperor's son-in-law excused himself on account of a hoarseness, brought on doubtless by the unwonted exercise of his lungs during the visit; and an attendant Tartar, a descendant of Genghis-khan, we were told, chanted a wild lilt, having many of the characteristics of an old Scottish or Irish air. On the part of the English guests, besides the governor, songs were sung by the major-general, the chief-justice, the Honourable Frederick Bruce, and Mr Shortrede.

'The Chinese are fond of enlivening their entertainments with shows and dramatic exhibitions, and most authors speak of these as invariable accompaniments. The present dinner was an exception, probably because visits to foreign powers never having been before dreamt of in China, players form no part of an ambassador's retinue. However, a substitute was found in a game which we do not remember ever having seen described. Two flowers (dahlias) were given to Keying, who, first twirling them round his head, and then holding them to his nose, gave one to the governor and another to the general, who were desired to hand them round the table. In the meantime a drum was kept beating in the outer room, the performer at random making a sudden stop; and the person in whose hand the flower then chanced to be found, was required to quaff off a bumper of wine. This sport, from the sort *esprit de patrie* with which it was kept up, created a good deal of amusement, the Chinese being especially mindful to watch their victims, and laughing good-humouredly when caught themselves.

'In sporting phrase, the pace of the evening had been uncommonly fast, and all "caroused potations bottle deep;" but whether it was the excellence of the drink, or the counteracting effects of the ragouts, every one, European and Chinese, seemed quite able to carry his liquor discreetly. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, Keying and the rest of the Chinese accompanying their guests down stairs, and taking leave of them at the door, both appearing to be mutually satisfied with the meeting.

'A man so famous in the western world as Keying, was of course the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well-bred man of the world; and but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest class. As we saw him on such public occasions, his bland countenance was beaming with good-humoured benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which, as occasion demands, would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.'

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MANNERS.

The art of society is, without doubt, perfectly comprehended and completely practised in the bright metropolis of France. An Englishman cannot enter a saloon, without instantly feeling he is among a race more social than his compatriots. What, for example, is more consummate than the manner in which a French lady receives her guests? She unites graceful repose and unaffected dignity with the most amiable regard for others. She sees every one, she speaks to every one; she sees them at the right moment, she says the right thing. It is utterly impossible to detect any difference in the position of her guests by the spirit in which she welcomes them. There is, indeed, throughout every circle of Parisian society, from the 'château' to the cabaret, a sincere homage to intellect; and this without any maudlin sentiment. None sooner than the Parisians can draw the line between factitious notoriety and honest fame; or sooner distinguish between the counterfeit celebrity and the standard reputation. In England we too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, 'How much a-year?' In France, 'What has he done?'—*Coningsby.*

MENTAL ADAPTATION.

Wonderfully does the mind suit itself to occasions, and become accommodated to every circumstance. It will rise superior to the strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity, and serene in death. The consciousness of rectitude will not only enable it to endure evil, but divest misfortune of its every terror. Tenderness will yield to an unbending firmness, and the eye in which the tear of emotion has so often started, will disdain to weep. He who remarks the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quickly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall, can alone appreciate that property of the mind by which it becomes elevated in triumph, and extracts from adversity its hidden jewel. Not rightly allowing for the action of this property, we err often in imputing misery to the cheerful and felicity to the sad. Belisarius, blind, and the sport of his enemies, might have yet been happier than the emperor of the East. The principle of adaptation to everything which can be the lot of man, is a good genius which follows him throughout his being: and its workings are alike evident, whether you regard his mental or physical relations to the phenomena which encompass him; it is this which gives a zest to his pleasures, a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the sunbeams of the morning, and when night approaches, it 'smooths' for him 'the raven down of darkness till it smiles.'—*W. F. Barlow.*

INTELLECTUAL PRECOCITY.

A child exhibits considerable talent, as it is supposed, and perhaps a great propensity to reading. It is decided to be a little genius. Undue efforts are made to cultivate its mental powers, and this cultivation is not confined to the faculties proper to youth, but as it occasionally exhibits reasoning powers, every effort is made to cultivate these; or, in short, more or less of the class of intellectual powers. The mind is now strained, the general health is impaired, and he who was so bright at nine or ten, is stupid or an idiot when he comes to maturity.—*Memoir of the late Dr Hope.*

GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

King George II. having ordered his gardens at Kew and Richmond to be opened for the admission of the public during part of the summer, his gardener finding it troublesome to him, complained to the king that the people gathered the flowers. 'What,' said the monarch, 'are my people fond of flowers? Then plant some more.'

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BABYOLATRY.

There must be a strange deficiency, either of heart or head, in the man who can look on a child with indifference or contempt. There is a poetry, a purity, a beauty about childhood, which is in this world perfectly unique; and he who cannot appreciate it, proves that his mental and moral tastes are by no means pure or elevated. Truly has the poet said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy;' and no one can have observed the exuberance of life in a healthy and cheerful child, its eloquent earnestness, the intense emotion beaming from its sparkling eye, its care-unwrinkled brow, its happy to-days and hopeful to-morrows, without feeling the truth of the assertion. Much is there in children calculated to render them the best companions of adults; and far more instruction and improvement may be derived from their lively prattle and pastimes than is generally imagined.

Perhaps it is this exceeding loveliness of children which makes the mind more acutely sensitive to the injudicious treatment of them, by many who are certainly old enough to know better. The thought of what they are in many families gives the greater pain, because it is so readily associated with that of what they might be. Petted, praised, worshipped, thrust upon the notice of every one, as if they could never be sufficiently regarded, these lovely little creatures are made to appear in a most unlovely aspect; and many a family circle is avoided by the intelligent, and those who do not care to be pestered by 'those children,' as they are significantly designated. Pity is it that those who have the care of them should be so injudicious and unwise: pity that little creatures capable of affording so much pleasure should be often rendered so wearisome and annoying.

That parents should love their children, even to excess, is perfectly natural and right; but when they call upon the circle of their acquaintance to worship the little gods and goddesses of their idolatry, they can scarcely wonder if the unreasonable expectation is disappointed. In some families this system of child-worship, or babyolatry, as we have termed it, commences as soon as the child is born. The nurse, who is always officiously ready to act the part of high-priest, thrusts it into your arms, and insists that the child wants to come to you. She asks you in a triumphant tone, that admits of but one answer, if you ever saw a more beautiful babe? and you are denounced as a graceless churl if you do not seize upon the opportunity of praising its every feature. And then how the baby smiles at you! It wants to kiss you, interprets the nurse, and you must kiss the child whether you will or not; nay, if you do not absolutely smother the little innocent with kisses, you are set down as a kind of ogre, a monster without human sympathies, pronounced a hopeless old bachelor, and asked if you positively dislike children. Then you must pass your opinion as to whether its eyes are most like those of papa or mamma, and you must vow that that pretty mouth is the exact counterpart of its mother's. Wo to you if you grow tired of dandling the little pet before nurse is ready to take it from you; wo to you if you manifest the slightest symptom of weariness of the precious charge committed to your keeping; and you are a fortunate man if you are not pressed into the office of godfather, and your purse lightened to make the customary presents entailed upon the office.

This species of babyolatry, however, is harmless and pardonable, compared with the grosser and more pernicious forms of it with respect to children of more advanced age. In one family, you can scarcely sit down before you must see Tom's copy-book, and hear Jane play 'Weber's Last Waltz;' and another fond foolish mother will insist on your staying to see Jem's Christmas letter, after being taught for only one 'half.' 'I see him, sir!' was the irritated answer of the great lexicographer to a foolish father who was fearful the doctor had not observed his lubberly son: and similar is the feeling of many who are continually teased into listening to Norval-spouting boys and Rossini-strumming girls, and compelled to praise what they feel to be an intolerable infliction and nuisance.

For ourselves, so much do we shrink from the annoyances inseparable from the system of babyolatry, that we generally decline an invitation when we have any reason to suppose that the party is got together in honour of some little sucking god or goddess. We were, however, to our great chagrin, entrapped a few weeks since into one of these child-worshipping assemblies, the incidents at which we shall briefly describe.

We had been invited to meet a few friends on the evening alluded to; and not being aware of the interesting fact, that a juvenile birthday was to be celebrated, in unsuspecting ignorance we were punctual to the appointment. It was soon evident, however, for what purpose the circle of a score had been formed; namely, to celebrate the birthday of the eldest Miss Dobbs, who had that day attained the interesting age of five. The company were all assembled, and many and earnest were the inquiries after the little goddess at whose shrine the worshippers were gathered, and who had not yet made her appearance; but mamma informed the company that Miss Wilhelmina would be dressed in a short time, and not without a self-complacent glance at one or two female friends, as if to intimate that their patience would be well repaid.

While Miss Wilhelmina was preparing, however, for her *entrée*, her mamma was retailing to the company her smart sayings: how shrewdly she answered her

brother Tom; how she already knew the Latin for 'mother,' and the French for 'poker;' what a wonderful idea she had of drawing; how she drew papa's likeness while he was asleep, and no bad one either; and what sage observations she made, far beyond her years; winding up her eulogy with a sigh, and pathetically expressing her fear that she should never rear her, for such clever children seldom lived to be old.

After no little whispering, and a thousand anxious inquiries, and mamma had been summoned out of the room at least a score of times in the most mysterious manner, and had as often returned to her seat with looks of no little satisfaction, the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open, and little Miss Wilhelmina Dobbs stood before the dazzled eyes of the company. She was in truth a pretty, engaging little creature, but she had been so bedizened for the occasion, that we scarcely recognised her. Her hair, which was very soft and flaxen, was plaited to hang down her back in the Chinese fashion, her pink satin dress stuck out around her like a puckered mushroom, and a blue sash of ample size trailed along the ground. Mamma gazed around upon the company with a self-gratulatory air as her darling appeared, and seemed to triumph in the admiration she fondly anticipated they must feel. Our own honest feelings, however, were too indignant to allow us to praise what we felt deserved nothing but censure; and we could not refrain from contrasting, in our own mind, the little vain creature thus burdened with tinsel and finery, and the laughing child whom we had often seen happily and innocently occupied with her playthings, seeking for no one's applause, and unconscious of any admirers. There she stood, refusing the twenty invitations to sit on the knee of some relative: she could neither move nor sit, 'because,' as she said, 'it will spoil my frock,' upon which her eyes were continually fixed, and which was evidently the all-engrossing object of her thoughts. Several friends who were present, and whom at other times she professed to love dearly, were unnoticed; many even of her little playfellows could scarcely obtain a look of recognition; and even mamma, with all her blind fondness, was compelled to chide the little pet for her inattention.

The ceremonies of the tea-table being over—at which Miss Wilhelmina was allowed to assist herself with cake and muffins so perseveringly, that at last she began to cry and complain of a severe headache—the company formed themselves into twos and threes for conversation, and as there was a pianoforte in the room, and more than one respectable performer present, music was proposed, and we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of some entertainment more rational and pleasing than what we had hitherto had. Mamma, however, seemed to think this a usurpation of the shrine of the little goddess, and, jealous for the honour of her darling, insisted that the company should hear Miss Wilhelmina sing that beautiful song her governess had taught her. This was the occasion of quite a scene between the mother and her little daughter—the mother protesting that she sung it delightfully, and the child that she had never learned the whole of it. Then followed a series of coaxings and threatenings on the one side, and sobbings and protestations on the other; and at last, after the united beseechings of the company, Miss Wilhelmina was prevailed upon to sit down to the piano. It was quite evident, however, that the poor child, who had received very little instruction in music, was totally unable to go through with her task. She had not proceeded a dozen bars before she stopped short, and protested she did not know any more; and mamma, sullen and vexed at being thus thwarted, threw herself back in her chair, muttering something about 'obstinacy,' 'could if she chose,' and seemingly determined to be throughout the evening pleased with nothing and no one. It was in vain that we tried to converse or to get up a song: now Miss Wilhelmina must dance her hornpipe; now she must hand her copy-book round to the company; now she must talk French to her uncle; in short, everything was secondary and subordinate to Miss Wilhelmina.

It was growing late, and we seized upon a pause in the performances, if we may so speak, of the little actor of the evening to rise and prepare to depart. It was evidently considered very bad to 'break up the company,' as it was termed, at this early hour; and we were assured by mamma, as an inducement to prolong our stay, that her little daughter had not displayed half her acquirements; and we were only allowed to depart after we had again sat down to hear a recitation, which was almost as miserable a failure as the song. We congratulated ourselves, when we had reached the street, on our escape, determined to be on our guard how we exposed ourselves to such annoyances for the future, and more deeply than ever impressed with the conviction, that the most amiable children may be rendered sad nuisances by parental folly and injudicious treatment, and that it is the duty of parents, while they love as fathers and mothers, not to forget to act as reasonable men and women, nor suffer their fondness for their children to degenerate into a blind and stupid babyolatry.

CROMWELL IN SCOTLAND.

Our notices of Mr Carlyle's book, *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, were, for lack of space, broken off at his expedition for the reduction of Ireland, which took place in 1649. Some weeks having elapsed since the appearance of those papers, a recurrence to the subject may not be tiresome to our readers, for the purpose of tracing Cromwell's career in Scotland.

It was verily a strange war that which our poor northern country chose to raise against the English Commonwealth in 1650. Sincere all along in seeking its one prime object, the establishment of the Presbyterian system, in Scotland at least, but, if possible, in England also, the Scotch were at the same time royalists after a manner; that is, they desired a king who would covenant with them for a Presbyterian church, and, in hope of obtaining this, maintained loyalty as an abstract principle in the meantime. They now, therefore, disagreed with the ruling party in England, both as being monarchists instead of republicans, and Presbyterians instead of Independents or sectaries. At the same time, they had a struggle to maintain with a party in their own country, who were loyalists or cavaliers without regard to religious matters, or with a leaning to Episcopacy or to Romanism; and, what was worst of all, the sample of royalty round which they had to rally was a person utterly disaffected to their views, or who only would pretend to conform to these for the purpose of gaining an ulterior end: it was, in short, Charles II., now a youth under twenty, entirely in the hands of debauchee malignants—that is, royalists. It is this strange mesh of opposite and incoherent principles which gives Cromwell's war in Scotland such a curious interest. A gallant thing it certainly was for a weak little country to stand up against a great one in such a contest, braving even the horrors which they had seen Cromwell enact in Ireland the preceding year, daring everything for the sake of their two principles, for the present incompatible—royalty and presbytery. Pity to see so much gallantry thrown away merely on account of that most insurmountable of all obstructions—a thoroughly false position.

With vast difficulty, and after much negotiation, the Scotch induced the young reckless Stuart to sign their covenant, and then he was brought to Scotland and set up as a puppet king, the real power remaining with the insurrectionary juntas, called the Committee of Estates and the Commission of the Kirk. What a mutual deception and self-deception! They satisfied merely to have a signature from the pretended king, though all his acts spoke of unmitigated cavalierism—he glad to get foot set in his dominions, on conditions which made him the meanest slave within their boundaries. It was necessary that Cromwell should immediately come in to settle

this irreducible case, as Mr Carlyle calls it. At the close of June (1650), he set out for the north with an army of about twenty thousand men—a common number for armies to consist of in those days—and on the 22d July he entered Scotland. Just before doing so, we find the iron general obliged to write sorrowfully to his son's father-in-law, Mayor, respecting that son's idle and extravagant life. 'I beseech you call upon him,' says the vexed father; 'I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. *I need pity.* I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after: I should have no comfort in mine, but that my hope is in the Lord's presence.' It is touching to hear these moans from the spirit of a man who to the world appeared as riding high in a position of great glory. Yet immediately thereafter something droll occurs. While lying at Mordington House, near Berwick, some of the officers, including the general, hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of the windows. 'They spied,' says Whitlocke, 'a soldier with a Scotch kirn (churn) on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth; but another canting it up, it falls over his head, and the man is lost in it—all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to the officers: as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

Cromwell, advancing into the country, found it in a great measure desolated, and that a good army lay posted very strongly between Edinburgh and Leith to oppose his further progress. Their policy was to weary and starve him out; and it had nearly proved effectual. Meanwhile, declarations and counter-declarations, exhibiting their contending principles, issued from both parties. Cromwell accuses the kirk commissioners of concealing his papers from their people, and adds, 'Send as many of your papers as you please amongst ours: they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!' Then he says, 'I am persuaded that divers of you who lead the people, have laboured to build yourselves in these things [king and covenant]; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the word of God all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. . . . There may be a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness; there may be a covenant made with death and hell!' There is signal power in the language of Cromwell at this crisis: hear again what he sent from his camp near the Pentland Hills, in answer to a declaration from the kirk, indorsed by the states:—'But that, under the pretence of the covenant, mistaken and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a king should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this "be" called "the cause of God and the kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's people in both nations," as is alleged—together with a disowning of malignants; although he who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who at this very instant hath a Popish army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now at the head of our ships, stolen from us upon a malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the malignants in England, to raise armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose. How the "godly" interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the malignant interests in their ends and consequences "all" centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an "espousing of a malignant party's quarrel or interest," but be a mere "fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the cause of God and the kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past," as you say; how this should be "for the security and satisfaction of God's people in both nations," or "how" the opposing of this should render us enemies to the godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your kirk and state with your king.' The advantage which Cromwell had in the clearness of his position over the Scotch, with their 'irreducible case,' is here remarkably shown.

After several weeks had been spent in vain skirmishes (in most of which, however, the English were victors), Cromwell was obliged, by want of provisions and by sickness, to draw back to Dunbar, whither the Scotch followed him. Here, with a reduced and sickened army, he was sadly hemmed in by the goodly host of the enemy, lying upon the slopes of the celebrated Doon Hill, all the passes into England closed against him. It was a terrible strait; but his genius broke through it. On the evening of the 2d September, walking in the garden of Broxburn House, near Dunbar (his quarters for the time), the English general observed the Scotch descending towards him, presenting their right wing to his position, while the bulk of their army took ground behind, between the hill and the deep-cut channel of the rivulet Brock. Mr Carlyle doubts the famous story of the clergymen having urged General Lesley to this course against his will: he rather attributes it to the discomfort of a bivouac in bad weather on that hill overlooking the sea. However it was, Cromwell instantly perceived the advantage of bringing his whole force on the right wing of the Scotch, trusting to throw it back upon their foot, and thus produce their destruction. Next morning, before sunrise, it was done. Mr Carlyle's description of the battle is uncommonly animated:—

'We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad; all else asleep but we—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

'Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a major-general say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my pudding-headed Yorkshire friend [a private chronicler named Hodgson, whom Mr Carlyle chooses to describe by this phrase] that his regiment must mount and march straightway: his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all are beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a cornet praying in the night;" a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void heaven, before battle joined. Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this cornet prayed with such effusion, as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance! The moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

'And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here. He is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver, occasionally in Hodgson's

hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots, too, on this wing are awake, thinking to surprise us. There is their trumpet sounding—we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord-General is impatient: behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor Night's silence: the cannons awaken along all the line: "The Lord of Hosts!—the Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones; on!

'The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snap-hances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main battle across the Brock: poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the rivulet—back a little: but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn: and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above three thousand killed upon the place. "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded: Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St Abb's Head and the German Ocean just then bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us; and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

'Even so. The Scotch army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes, in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar: the chase goes as far as Haddington, led by Hacker. "The Lord-General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the hundred-and-seventeenth psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth psalm at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify.

For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore:
The Lord O do ye bless.

And now to the chase again.

'The prisoners are ten thousand—all the foot in a mass. Many dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see printed lists—full of blunders.'

The day after all this we have Cromwell writing to his son's father-in-law—'I pray tell Doll [his son's wife] I do not forget her nor her little brat.' He is curious to know if she is likely to bring him a second grandchild, while perhaps busied with the disposal of the ten thousand prisoners, many of whom have to face slavery in the Bermudas.

The affair at Dunbar broke the prime strength of the Scotch: it gave the capital to Cromwell; but they could still make a stout front for the young king, by taking in the less pure Presbyterians and the king's more immediate friends. The English general addressed himself to the siege of Edinburgh castle; but first, finding the city clergy secluded there, he invited them to come out and minister to their flocks. This gave rise to a curious correspondence through the medium of the governor, Dundas. Their answer was, 'that though they are ready to be spent in their Master's service, and to refuse no suffering, so they may fulfil their ministry with joy, yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your party upon the ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Scotland since your unjust invasion thereof, and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither, they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.' Cromwell told them in reply, that 'if their Master's service were chiefly in their eye,' they would less fear suffering. 'The ministers in England,' he said, 'are supported, and have liberty to preach the gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof, to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please.' As to the unjust invasion they spoke of, time was when a Scotch army invaded England: on the reasons of it, 'the Lord hath heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.' Finally, the Lord's hiding his face from the so-called sons of Jacob is no wonder, 'when he hath lifted up his hand so eminently against a family so often as he hath done against this [the Stuarts], and men will not see his hand.' The Scotch clergy, says Mr Carlyle, never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination!

They returned, however, to the charge. It could be no imaginary fear of suffering when so many ministers were deprived of their benefices, sequestrated, and forced to flee. It savoured not of liberty to preach the gospel, when the preachers were forbidden to speak against the sins and enormities of civil powers. And as to the 'solemn appeal,' 'they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events.' So it was in brief.

Cromwell, because he was 'at some reasonable leisure,' again replied, and at considerable length, defending himself first as to his concern with their covenant. 'If these gentlemen,' he says, 'do assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the covenant, as they do too much to their auditories "to be the infallible expositors" of the Scriptures "also," counting a different sense and judgment from theirs breach of covenant and heresy—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences whether any "person" trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the infallible chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto [the Pope] do more than this?'

The other defences can find no room here. At last he comes to the solemn appeal:—'Did you not,' he says, 'solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of his; instead of slightly calling it an "event?" Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way he would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.' More there is to the like purpose; all insufficient, however, to convince men in their position. With one sulky rejoinder, the correspondence closed. Cromwell soon after reduced the castle by force.

The war was kept up, but with little action, for nearly a twelvemonth. The English commander acted with humanity in his general dealings with Scotland, mourning all the time the obduracy which had beset men whose religious feelings he knew how to honour. He even succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of several of the more sincere people: some became sensible of the absurdity of fighting for an idea of loyalty with such a special object as the young king before them. While the final event was pending, about the 1st of May 1651, Cromwell chanced, on his way to the west, to pass the old house of Allantoun, and there inquired for a guide. This place is now a pattern of sylvan beauty, through the tasteful exertions of the late proprietor, Sir Henry

Steuart. It was then, Mr Carlyle thinks, a lean, turreted, angry, old stone house, standing in some green place in the alluvial hollows of the Aughter Burn or its tributaries. [He is quite wrong in his description; but this is no matter.] The then Sir Walter Steuart, being a loyal Covenanter, had fled, and none were in the house but his lady and one invalid son, who was afterwards, for a reason to be detailed, called the Captain of Allantoun. To pursue the narrative of a gentleman of an ensuing generation (*Coltness Collections*)—'He [Cromwell] found the road through Auchtermuir not practicable for carriages; and upon his return, he called in at Sir Walter's house. There was none to entertain him but the lady and Sir Walter's sickly son. The good woman was as much for the king and royal family as her husband; but she offered the general the civilities of her house, and a glass of canary was presented. The general observed the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round; he drank his good wishes for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say his mother was a Stewart's daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little captain;" and this was all the commission our captain of Allantoun ever had.

'The general called for some of his own wines for himself and other officers, and would have the lady try his wine; and was so humane, when he saw the young gentleman so *maigre* and indisposed, he said changing the climate might do good, and the south of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this, hasted on his return to join the army. The lady had been a strenuous royalist, and her son a captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the general she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'

At length the war was brought to a close in an unexpected manner. The Scottish army, having its supplies from the north cut off by Cromwell taking possession of Perth, decamped from Stirling, and entered England, where it was expected many royalists would join them. Cromwell pursued in hot haste: they got no accessions—took possession of Worcester, and there were crushed to pieces on the anniversary of the fight at Dunbar. The consequence was, the reduction of the kingdom of Scotland to the English Commonwealth.

'SKETCHES FROM FLEMISH LIFE.'

A NEAT volume, illustrated with a large number of spirited wood-engravings, has lately appeared under this title, purporting to be translations from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience.* Amongst the few authors who write in their native Flemish tongue, Conscience, we are informed, holds a prominent position. 'A fiery patriot,' observes his translator, 'who delights in the great performances of his forefathers; an ardent admirer of his own native idiom, to elevate which he devotes the energy of his powerful mind, and the effusions of his rich poetical vein: he bears a glowing hatred to the French refinement and language, which have kept his beloved country in disgraceful subserviency and mental bondage.'

In his wish to disengage his countrymen from the ascendancy of the Celts, as he does not hesitate to call the French, Mynheer Conscience spares no kind of ridicule; and in describing the sorrows which afflict families overcome by the Gallophobia, he touches pathetically on a simple state of manners which, he says, is fast disappearing in Flanders. On this account the book may be viewed as a curious, if not melancholy revelation of patriotic feeling. Belgium, though politically independent, is socially only a fragment of France. As every one who has visited it must be aware, it is overrun with French manners, language, literature, and theatricals. Nor do we see how such a catastrophe could have been averted: we fear not by the occasional publication of a few stories such as the present, much as these tend to unmask vice and folly, and inculcate the more kindly and domestic affections. Deeply appreciating, however, the principles which have guided Conscience in his exertions, we trust that he will not be altogether unsuccessful; and that if his countrymen do permanently adopt a language and literature which he seems to detest, they will at least repudiate the manners and morals which too frequently accompany them. Conscience thus commences his tale of *Siska van Roosemael*:—

'Not many years ago you might have seen, in one of the streets behind the green churchyard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which, through many generations, had descended from father to son, and always been conspicuous for good wares.' The last occupants of the establishment were James Van Roosemael and his wife Siska. Trained from early youth to a life of industry, this wedded pair 'had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilisation; or, in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut; they merely distinguished working-dress, Sunday-dress, and Easter-dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard but on the great holidays, or when the Van Roosemaels took the holy communion, or were invited by friends as god-parents or marriage guests. It was easily to be seen that these simple people of the old Flemish world, in their quaint though goodly attire, looked rather strangely if compared with many a beau who, for a few francs, had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, "Every man has his own point to gain—you the shadow, we the substance." They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon, and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they might also be charged: for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment: they were religious, industrious, humble, and, above all, peaceable.

'The old Van Roosemaels had a young daughter called Siska, after her mother, of the age of fifteen, tall and slender for her years, with handsome figure and features, fair hair and blue eyes—a genuine, charming Brabantish child. She had been educated at a common town school, knew her native language, besides arithmetic, and all that sort of work which a good burgher's wife ought to understand, if it be only to know something more about domestic management than her servant. Like her parents, she was simple, pious, obedient, affectionate; not boisterous, idle, or self-willed, but in every way calculated to maintain, with the man she should marry, the honour and renown of the house of her ancestors, and to carry on the famous grocery shop.'

This happy old-fashioned concern was at length blown up by a distressing family disaster. In the neighbourhood of Roosemael's shop lived a master shoemaker, named Spinael, who became afflicted with a taste for French manners, knocked his two street windows into one large showy front, and stuck up a variety of lying announcements of his wares in French—'*Magasin de Bottes et Souliers de Paris*' (Depôt of Paris Boots and Shoes), '*Veritable Cirage Anglais*' (Genuine English Blacking), and so forth. A change so contrary to old prejudices shocked Roosemael, who was sorry to find that Siska had become an admiring acquaintance of Spinael's daughter, Therese, just returned from a French pension or boarding-school. Anxious to emu-

* London: Longman and Company. 1846.

late Therese in her accomplishments, Siska was desirous of proceeding to the same pension; a thing her mother sillily encouraged, but which Van Roosemael loudly protested against. A discussion ensues, in which Dr Pelkmans, the physician and friend of the family, is consulted.

'"I know very well," said Mrs Van Roosemael, "that you bear a great hatred to everything French; but we are of the old world, friend. It wont do now-a-days."

"Mrs Van Roosemael," said the doctor, "you wont understand me. It is not my intention to hinder anybody from acquiring foreign languages: this you may see in the case of my own son Lewis, who is now at the university. Does he not understand French? I should say so; and a good deal better than the young ignoramuses who turn Therese Spinael's head, and dazzle your eyes so very much. Do not look at me, madam, with such an air of defiance. Yes, they are ignoramuses; for what does their knowledge consist in? Some French sentences picked up in the street, which they often bungle lamentably enough. They do not know their native language; and they are ignorant of the very names of the most useful sciences. All their learning consists in French wind; in words and phrases which they now and then pick up in newspapers and novels. These they concoct into empty idle talk, and palm it on the uninformed for French cultivation. But you really make me quite angry; we are wandering from the point. Let us come to an understanding. I will tell you, and mark my words! There are no doubt good educational establishments, but there are far more bad than good ones. The good ones are those conducted by ladies, who, conscious of the holiness of their calling, have a better end in view than to give to their charges a shining worldly varnish, at the expense of their piety and morals; where the teachers assiduously co-operate and watch incessantly to guard against the poison of temptation, and to combat vanity and frivolity; where there is a due appreciation of the good qualities that have their root in a patriotic sentiment, and a perception of the danger of giving up this pure ground to foreign influence; in a word, where they do not wish to form fashionable ladies, but good and useful housewives. If you should now propose to send your Siska to such an establishment, I should be the last to object; on the contrary, I should be very glad of it."'

Prompted by this reasonable advice, the father gives permission that his daughter shall go to one of the establishments recommended by Dr Pelkmans; but in the end, the mother and daughter bring matters to a different point. Siska is sent to the fashionable French pension which had turned out the accomplished Mademoiselle Spinael. One of the first things which she effected in the way of personal improvement in this school of manners, was the changing of her name to Eudoxie, as being more elegant than Siska; but this, which was communicated to her mother by letter, could not yet be mentioned to the father, for fear of the consequences. In her schoolfellows she had a hundred teachers, who, by precept and example, 'instructed her in the precious arts of indolence and luxury. The first month, she had a silk gown in the newest fashion; the second, a silk bonnet with flowers; the third, a parasol; the fourth, a gown that exposed her neck; in the fifth she began to use pomatum and the milk of almonds, and kept a small box, wherein she now and then dipped her fingers, to tinge her blooming cheeks with shameless rouge, merely to try how it would look. Was not this a respectable education befitting a burgher's daughter? No doubt it was!'

While Siska was in the course of demoralisation at the distant pension, Van Roosemael is shocked to learn that his neighbour Spinael, for whom he had once entertained some regard, was utterly ruined by the young would-be-French gentlemen who frequented his shop; they had, with all their friendship for Spinael and his family, very rarely paid their debts; and at the close of each theatrical season, the comedians 'bolted,' well provided with unpaid-for boots and shoes. To make matters worse, the Flemish customers had forgotten the way to his gaudy shop: in a word, he was a ruined man, while the behaviour of his daughter had almost broken his heart.

Alarmed with the fate of his unfortunate neighbour, father Van Roosemael now insists on recalling his daughter; and Siska is accordingly ordered home. The mother, anxious to see her child, hastens to the railway terminus to receive her. She scrutinises different females who pass by; all the omnibuses have departed for the town, and all is silence around.

'Mother Van Roosemael sees the gates close; deep sorrow is swelling her heart; a painful sigh escapes from her bosom; she has not seen her dear Siska: still she remains, as if a secret power fixed her to the gate; and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen at a little distance a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody. Could she be her Siska? Impossible! She is a young lady of quality; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving; her hand holds a pretty little parasol; a score of boxes, of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska!

'Such are the observations which Mother Van Roosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience in the direction of the matron, and, in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Yes, it is Siska: and look! the old stiff mother jumps towards her like a young girl; tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, "Oh, Siska, my child!"

'But it seems that the young lady is ashamed of the name Siska: she blushes. But the blush soon passes over, and she takes two steps up to her mother, who tries to throw both arms round the neck of her child. But see! the Frenchified daughter will not make a scene for the spectators; she seizes the hands of her mother, holds them, and by this means prevents the embrace. Then she says, "Good-day, mamma; how do you do? and how is papa? Take care, you will tread upon my boxes. I have been waiting here for you the last half hour."

'Under different circumstances, such frigid, heartless words might have passed unnoticed; but in the present moment they pierced, like so many daggers, the loving heart of the mother. And was this, in truth, the language she was entitled to expect from her Siska after a separation of a whole year? Not a single kiss, not one pressure of the hand for her who, to comply with Siska's will, had for three long years lived in discord with her good husband?—for her who had founded all her hopes on the love of her only child? How must this formal behaviour have pained her! The poor old lady with both hands covered her eyes, and burst into bitter tears!'

'In going into the town, a young gentleman [the dressed-up idle son of an old barber] addressed Siska with smiling face, and with such an air of intimacy, that one might have thought they were brother and sister. Mrs Van Roosemael opened her eyes as wide as possible, to see if she could recognise the young man; in vain—she never had seen him before. But he was not at all disconcerted by the piercing glance of the mother, but stepped close up to Siska, and said, with pinched lips, in French, "Ah! bon jour, Mademoiselle Eudoxie! So you have left the pension? Antwerp will now have the felicity of possessing so bewitching a creature within its walls! Verily, a precious gain for us poor young men, who are bemoaning the scarcity of such a union of attractions!" On this, Siska, casting a loving glance upon him from beneath her eyelashes, and at the same time assuming an appearance of confusion, replied, "You are in jest, Mr George! But how is your sister Clotilda?" "Oh, very well indeed," said the young gentleman with a great deal of indifference; then, with an ironical expression in his features, and pointing to the old lady, he said, "Is this your servant?"

'This question made Siska colour all over. She was ashamed of her good mother, the Frenchified doll! Her confusion lasted some time; and at last, with great embarrassment and unwillingness, she replied, "No; she is my mother!"

"Ah! indeed!" the young man exclaimed; and, turning to the mother, he bowed stiffly, and said, "Will you permit me to make you my compliments, Madame Van Rosmal? You have got a charming daughter!"

'The old lady did not understand him, but she saw clearly enough what was going on, and that she was the subject of his impudent mockery. She nevertheless returned his bow by a movement of her head. The young man took his leave, with these words to Siska, "Poor woman! she is quite right in sheltering you under her wide cloak. There are so many of us who have a great mind to steal you. *Au revoir, Mademoiselle Eudoxie!*"'

The anxious mother was bewildered with sad forebodings as she took her way homewards with her daughter. Van Roosemael was busy grinding coffee when Siska entered the shop, and, as no stranger's eyes were present, she did not disdain to show some mark of affection.

'An hour afterwards, the young lady had locked herself up in her own room, and was busily employed in unpacking her many bonnets and dresses, arranging her pomatum pots and scent bottles, and papering her curls—her voice all the time resounding through the house with a French song. The father stood confused behind his counter; his right hand rested on the handle of the coffee-mill, and with the left he scratched his head, like a helpless man; his eyes stared vacantly into the shop; painful reflections engrossed his mind. He, too, thought of Therese Spinael, and murmured from time to time, "What an ass I have been! I had better have broken the head of my obstinate wife! Dr Pelkmans spoke the truth when he said that I would one day scratch my head. But complaints are of no avail now; they are bad plasters for death!" The state of the poor mother was a wretched one: tortured by fears, anxieties, and pangs of conscience, she sat in a half-dark corner of her kitchen, and shed bitter tears, proportionate to her gloomy thoughts.'

The author's description of the domestic and commercial changes effected in the establishment of the Van Roosemaels by the refined daughter, is at once serio-comic and highly natural.

'From the first day of her return to the paternal roof, Siska criticised and found fault with everything under it. All that her good parents did, she found vulgar and improper; and as she was well versed in all the tricks and arts of dissimulation, she moulded and bent the will of her parents like softened wax.

'How could she dine at three o'clock? Had she the stomach of a peasant? At this declaration the father grew angry, the mother grieved, because all their lifetime they had dined at this their wonted hour, and were afraid of a change which would entirely upset their arrangements for the day. Siska became sulky, and looked sour; but there was no help for it. Her father showed himself inexorable on this matter. Siska wept until her eyes were red; this, too, was of no avail, although the fond mother, from mere pity, now supported her. Then Siska began to swoon; she fell into violent hysterics, and behaved as though about to leave the world. A Frenchified physician, expert in the capricious maladies of highly-educated ladies, knew how to narrate so many horrors, caused by exciting the weak nerves of the female sex, that the frightened parents at last resolved to change their hour of dining. Often did they now endure craving hunger, as, regularly rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, they had to pass so many hours, whilst the lazy, comfort-loving Siska, never made her appearance before nine o'clock.

'And then the kitchen—what miserable cookery! Nothing but potatoes, and cabbage, and beef boiled or roast: always the same. Siska, of late, feels so very weak, so very poorly! She must have a pigeon or a roast fowl; such things will be a relish, and agree better with her. Her pockets are always full of peppermint and lemon lozenges; and not without reason, for the poor child has got so many different aches—stomach-ache, heart-ache, head-ache, nervous-ache, ache everywhere. Alas, poor Siska!

'And see! she has forced her mother to exchange her laced cap for a silk bonnet, and to wear lace-boots, otherwise she must decline showing herself anywhere with her in public. But how unhappy Mother Van Roosemael looks in her new head-dress! It frets her ears perpetually, for she is not accustomed to the rustling of the stiff bonnet lining; and more than this, she can scarce advance three steps without making movements with her lace-boots like one entangled in a noose, so averse are the laces to make acquaintance with her feet. Poor woman! her neighbours laugh while she is perspiring from vexation, and for very shame could sink into the earth. But forget not the beautiful source of her patience; it is the mother's love enduring all things for her child.'

Siska had more difficulty in revolutionising the old-fashioned shop.

'Behind the counter Van Roosemael had grown up; yonder the chair stood upon which his mother had nursed him; that gaily-painted jar, and that japanned box, he had smiled at before he could speak. There was no crack, no mark, which did not awaken some fond juvenile recollections. With regard to that broken china pot, his father had given it to him a day before his death, with so striking an admonition on economy, that it was even now indelibly impressed on his memory. The black spots on that green cask yonder came from his own little hands, because that was the cask from which his mother had frequently given him a piece of sugar; and the child, therefore, had been in the habit of patting and caressing it. Yonder, on that table, the initials "J. S." are cut; they mean John and Siska, and are in commemoration of his first and only love. In short, this shop was the place of his birth—his world; everything in it was a part of himself, of his very life.'

Twelve months of remonstrances, tears, and sulkiness, bring old Van Roosemael to reason. Like a beaten soldier, he retreats, and leaves Siska the field. What a moment for the old Fleming when he uttered the words, 'Well, then, have your will!'

'But these words—like his own sentence of death—pierced him to the heart, and broke up both mind and body. He began to pine away, became pale and weak, and was apparently tottering into his grave from some unknown disease. Siska often shook like a willow when the flashing eye of her old father caught her own. But he did not speak—the broken-hearted man; he stared motionless at the workmen who were busy knocking the old shop down. All his dearest recollections he saw destroyed; and in proportion as they were vanishing under the brush of the painter, his breath and his life grew shorter. The simple shop was very soon transformed into a magnificent warehouse; everything glittered with gilding and varnish; the counter was ornamented with little angels that ground coffee, smoked cigars, or weighed tobacco; the window-panes were as large as mirrors, and covered with French inscriptions, lighted with bright gas-lamps. A shopman and an assistant stood behind the counter with folded arms; and Siska, or rather Mademoiselle Eudoxie Van Rosmal, sat on a little elevation near the window, and read French novels.'

Alas for the conclusion of this melancholy struggle! Van Roosemael, broken-hearted, takes to bed, and is at the point of death; and good Dr Pelkmans, roused to indignation by the illness of his friend, horrifies the degenerate daughter by the exclamation that her father is dying, and that she alone has murdered him. The closing scene of the dying grocer brings out the author's powers in the pathetic, in which he seems to excel as well as in the ludicrous. But this we must necessarily pass over, and likewise the account of the deep contrition of both mother and daughter. The shop of a hundred years' standing, long the nestling-place of the Van Roosemaels, was shut up.

'I venture to hope, indulgent reader,' adds Hendrik Conscience in conclusion, 'that this true narrative may have engaged your attention; and you are perhaps anxious to see Siska? Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans; open the door on the right, and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and, in the twilight of the chapel, will appear to you like a statue. If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the beseeching image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Roosemael.'

Considering this work to be an agreeable accession to English literature, we shall be glad to see other productions by the same author, and from the pen of the same able translator. Few volumes are more worthy of being laid on the parlour-table than the Flemish Sketches of Hendrik Conscience.

A GLANCE AT ASSOCIATIONS.

We are not aware how constantly we are influenced by association of ideas. When we reflect on the subject, it is surprising to find how it pervades the most trifling conversation. Absent objects are continually associated with present ones, and animate with inanimate, so that a phraseology has actually been established which is in the mouth of every one. Thus we say of an unfeeling person, that his heart is as hard as a stone; of a tall awkward girl, that she is quite a Maypole of a girl; of a stupid man, that he is wooden-headed; and of a violent one, that he is a firebrand: but the examples are innumerable which are every moment used in common parlance.

Every one has felt how intimately connected with the warmest emotions of the mind those objects are which gave delight in early youth. How often has a tuft of primroses, or a hawthorn hedge, awakened recollections that had long slumbered in the hidden recesses of the heart, and called forth a sigh for the raptures of childhood and all its innocent pleasures! How vividly are the feelings excited by some object closely associated in the mind with the memory of the absent or the dead! How fondly the affections and the sympathies—turning from a world all too cold—gush forth, as it were, to meet a responsive feeling in some oft-frequented haunt, or to catch the tenderness of some loving heart in a well-known melody! Home—the love of which may be said to be inherent in our very nature—is so intimately associated in our imaginations with all the dear domestic ties and charities of life, that however rugged and rude it may be, it has charms for us which the most favoured spot could never boast, and that not only when all who made it dear are still its inmates, but even when they are removed by distance or by death.

The effect of music is so great, so powerfully associated with every feeling, whether gay or sad, desponding or triumphant, that it would be almost superfluous to dwell upon the many instances recorded of its influence. We have but to call to mind the extraordinary effect of the Jacobite airs, so associated with the cause in which they had been such powerful agents, that even still they make the blood to tingle and the heart to throb; and that enthusiasm which flew like the electric spark through every rank whenever the Marseilloise hymn was heard—a whole audience rising simultaneously, and, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and gestures of devotion, joining heart and voice in the national anthem—or, whenever it was struck up by the military bands, regiments of soldiers dropping on their knees, as it were solemnly devoting themselves to the cause in which they were engaged. Who has not heard of the effect of the Ranz des Vaches, so dear to every Swiss? It is so great, that the commanders of those regiments who served abroad were often obliged to forbid its being played, under the severest penalties: the poor soldiers, when they heard it, would melt into tears; many deserted, while others fell sick, and some would pine away, and die of the *maladie du pais*. This simple wild air was so associated with their native valleys, and their mountains, and their rocks, and all the sweet echoes of home, and the affections that had hallowed it, that an irresistible impulse to return would seize them, and tempt them, in defiance of danger, to desert their ranks, or would sap the very springs of life, and send them broken-hearted to the grave.

In all the variety of associations, there is nothing more remarkable than the deep hold which objects, in themselves utterly insignificant, take of the affections. I know a widow lady, whose only child fell sick of a fever; her case was pronounced by the physicians to be hopeless, and her death was every moment expected. The disconsolate mother watched by her bedside in an agony of grief, and she felt her heart die within her as she saw the child picking at the bedclothes, which is considered a most fatal symptom; but what was her surprise when she saw the little creature, who had seemed in a state of stupefaction for hours, raise her hand, and display between her finger and thumb a small feather, which had worked through the pillow, and heard her say, 'Mamma, look at the pretty feather!' The poor mother's heart bounded with hope and thankfulness: from that moment the complaint took a favourable turn, and the little invalid recovered. Among all the relics of former days, nothing was more fondly treasured than that little feather. Years and years have rolled away since it was first consigned to her pocket-book; but who could number the times when it has been taken out, and gazed on with delight! To this day the tears of gratitude and affection are often shed over it.

Doctor H—— was devoted to scientific and literary pursuits, but in his hours of relaxation he used to amuse himself with his little grandchild, on whom he doted. He would often carry her in his arms to look out of his study window; the favourite would run her tiny fingers along the panes of glass, which bore the traces long after the little creature fell sick and died. The grandfather was often observed to saunter to the window, and stand there in a deep reverie. One morning, on entering the room, he found the servant had gained admittance before him, and discovered him busily engaged in cleaning the window. The marks of the little fingers were gone. A violent burst of agonized feeling showed plainly how fondly they had been associated with the memory of the dear child in the heart of the poor old man.

Perhaps the most extraordinary effect of association may be that in which blemishes are made to hold the place of charms; and what is positively unpleasant, becomes, by its magical influence, agreeable. I have known people like a lisp or a stoop, because some whom they had admired had happened to stoop or lisp. Descartes mentions that he had all his life a partiality for persons who squinted, from having, when a boy, been fond of a girl who had this defect. I remember a little boy who preferred the odour of rancid oil to any perfume, from the simple reason of its having happened to be made use of in the exhibition of a magic lantern, in which he took extreme delight.

The associations which attach to particular places, or to articles of furniture, which seem to be apart from any fond recollection, are mysteries in our nature for which it would be difficult to account. Locke tells us of a young man who danced extremely well in the room with a certain trunk, but could not dance at all in one where it was not. I have heard of a gentleman, remarkable for his convivial talents, who lost all power of entertaining if placed in a different seat at table from his usual one. Guests were invited on one occasion, that they might be gratified by his sallies of pleasantry; but unfortunately his chair was occupied by another, and he remained silent and reserved, to the disappointment of the company.

Certain tricks are strangely associated with the powers of memory and mental exertion. In the Tatler, it is told that a lawyer was in the habit of twisting a piece of pack-thread round his finger while pleading, which was aptly called by some one the thread of his discourse. A client of his stole it from him, to see how he would get on without it: he was punished for his rash experiment—the lawyer hesitated—could not go on—and the cause was lost. Haydn wore a ring which had been presented to him by Frederick II., but if he accidentally forgot to put it on, it is said that the gifted musician lost all his inspiration, and that, if seated at the instrument, he could not summon a single original idea. I am acquainted with a barrister remarkable for

oratorical powers of the highest order, who finds it absolutely indispensable that he should wield an open penknife in his hand all the time he speaks, which he holds behind his back, and twirls with a rapidity and dexterity which could not be imitated without the risk of severe injury. There is scarcely any one who cannot call to mind in some friend or acquaintance an instance of this strange vagary of the mind. Among many which press upon my recollection, I will satisfy myself with mentioning the curious case of Blind Alick of Stirling, with which, indeed, many are probably familiar. His memory was truly astonishing: in his childhood he had attended a school where the only class-book read was the Bible: from the sad privation of sight, it might naturally have been concluded that poor Alick was incapable of reaping the same benefit from instruction which his schoolfellows did: as the scholars read in rotation, it was customary for them not only to repeat the number of the chapter, but also that of each verse. After poor Alick grew up, he was obliged to support himself by begging through the streets, as he had lost his parents, and his misfortune deprived him of the power of working for his bread. The extent of his memory was such, that he was looked on as a wonder: he had the whole of the Old and New Testament off by heart: if a verse were repeated to him, he could tell its number, and in what chapter it was to be found; if the number of a particular verse in a certain chapter were named, he could repeat it without a moment's hesitation; if he heard a sermon or a speech, he could go over it with an accuracy that surprised every one. It was at length observed that Alick, on leaving home every morning, locked the door and carried the key in his hand, which he kept constantly rubbing up and down as he replied to the questions put to him. One day it was stolen from him: the effect of the experiment was, that he hesitated, became confused, and his memory failed him altogether.

VISIT TO SOUTH-WESTERN AFRICA.

In the spring of 1841, Mr Dos Santos, the Portuguese consul-general in Altona, fitted out a commercial expedition, consisting of six vessels, laden with European goods of all kinds, which he proposed to conduct in person to the coast of Angola, for the purpose of carrying on a trade by barter. He was led to this enterprise by the successful result of a minor speculation which he had some years before committed to the charge of a supercargo—very naturally concluding that a larger affair under his own immediate superintendence would be attended with proportionate returns. The expedition, though simply that of a merchant, was equipped with princely munificence; everything that could conduce to the comfort of so long a voyage being provided on board of all the vessels. A well-selected library, a band of musicians, two naturalists, and a physician, completed the equipment of the flotilla, which cleared the bar of the Elbe on the 30th of June 1841. Unfortunately, many of those who that morning left their native river, looking hopefully to the future, were destined never to return—Mr Dos Santos, the two naturalists, and many of the crews, having at an early stage of the enterprise fallen victims to the inhospitable climate of Africa. This untoward event so embarrassed the future procedure of the expedition, and damped the ardour of the survivors, that, leaving their task unfinished, they hastily left the coast, and returned to Europe. The physician, Dr Tams, has since published a narrative of the transactions;* and to this, as affording glimpses of a region very little known, we would now direct attention.

After a voyage of ordinary weather, the flotilla, on the 10th of October, descried for the first time the painfully interesting coast of Africa; the vast district of Benguela, not the least interesting portion of that coast, lay before them. 'We were a little to the south of the town of Benguela, and had every reason to hope that we should reach it the same day. The sea along that coast is everywhere so deep, that the largest vessels may approach within a mile or two; and we were soon able clearly to distinguish the shore, with all its diversities of hill and dale, covered with trees and shrubs. The mountain-slopes, which run down close to the sea, were covered to the very summit with the most lovely verdure, and the intervening valleys were clad in smiling green. Here the graceful palm rears its lofty head above the umbrageous thickets; there those giants of the vegetable world, the mighty adansonia, and the grotesque cacti, tower proudly above the numerous dwarf plants at their feet. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on a luxuriance and beauty which formed a surprising contrast with my preconceived notions of Central Africa, which I had involuntarily associated with images of vast deserts and arid plains, and a vegetation parched and shrivelled by the scorching rays of the tropical sun. It is melancholy, indeed, that this beautiful coast is so scantily inhabited; but alas! its very advantages offer such facilities to the slave-hunters, that the persecuted children of the soil only traverse these lovely solitudes when commercial interests bring them from the interior to the coast. Instead of the smiling cot, the cultured plain, and a free and happy people, the lion, the panther, the elephant, and the hyena, troops of antelopes, zebras, and buffaloes, house in these vast districts.'

The region here referred to is that in which is situated the Portuguese presidios of Benguela, Novo Redondo, Loanda, and the free town of Ambriz—a region which has been, for more than two centuries, in the possession of Portugal, and which at this moment is more degraded, morally and physically, than before the missionaries of her church set foot upon the soil. The slave-trade, as we shall shortly see from Dr Tams's relation, is the curse that hangs over the land; a traffic to which agriculture, commerce, and every other consideration, indeed, is subordinate. It requires labour, and skill, and patience, to make wealth by ordinary commerce; hence this is abandoned for the speedier method of trading in human lives. Nor is the slave-trade of the present day the same as that which existed half a century ago. Then, the custom of every European nation rendered it somewhat *respectable* — noblemen, princes, and even ecclesiastics, did business in the slave mart; now, none but the scum of society would pollute their hands with such iniquity. The consequence is, that the Portuguese settlements in Lower Guinea are rapidly retrograding: harbours and forts are falling into decay; churches are priestless, and in ruins; and public works, commenced by the Jesuits of other times, are now densely matted with the vegetation of a tropical soil. To return, however, to Dr Tams's descriptions.

The harbour of Benguela, into which the vessels had now steered, is described as one of the best on the west coast of Africa; and the town, especially when viewed from the sea, presents a very pleasing appearance. 'It is situated in a charming valley, partially enclosed by the lower range of the lofty mountain-chain which rises from the coast. Numerous isolated roofs sparkle in the sun amid the rich vegetation, and produce the effect of neat country-houses, environed by flourishing gardens. The river Catumbella imparts to this mountain-valley such a high degree of fertility, that the manifold

* Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. Tams, M.D. Translated from the German, with an Introduction and Annotations, by H. Evans Lloyd, Esq. London: Newby. 1846.

variety of its luxuriant vegetation far exceeds all that the fancy of a European stranger can conceive. Tall cocoa-palms conceal the greater part of the town, and the eye perceives at first only the decayed walls of the fortifications, the government buildings, and a very few private houses. We cast anchor at a due distance from the coast; and a European custom-house officer, in a shabby uniform, immediately put off from the shore. He was rowed by four negroes, who were almost naked; and after coming on board, and paying us a short visit of inspection, he gave us permission to land as soon as we pleased.'

Having been carried from their boats on the backs of sturdy negroes, the party hastened to pay their respects to the governor, and were conducted to his *palace* by an escort consisting of a single native. And now for a peep at this representative of royalty, and his residence. 'The government palace is so excessively mean, both within and without, that it seems better adapted to shelter horses or cattle, than serve as the residence of the representative of a crowned head. My sensations on entering it were not unlike those which are experienced on going into the dungeon of an ancient knight's castle. An involuntary shudder came over me, and I looked around in perfect astonishment. The walls were very thick, and bore traces of having been once plastered, but were now dingy and defaced; the floor consisted of the bare earth; and the doors were so wretchedly hung, that they would only half close, or not at all; everything was disgustingly dirty; while the furniture, which was partly old-fashioned and partly modern, looked as if it had been collected at auctions from every quarter of the globe. We were duly announced by the orderly, and immediately admitted to an audience. The governor, who had formerly served in the Portuguese army, had been sent to this country for some misdemeanour, and was still separated from his wife and children, who lived in Loanda. His residence in Benguela, especially in the official situation which he held, afforded him more favourable opportunities for speedily acquiring great wealth than any other place on the coast of Angola; and he was not slow in availing himself of every advantage.'

The town which can boast of such a governor and such a palace, cannot be expected to present many attractions; and yet here it is, from the pencil of Dr Tams—not quite so forbidding as one would anticipate. 'The streets are straight, regular, and broad, but contain more ruined than inhabited houses. About five or six years since, a savage tribe, probably the Giagas, made an irruption into the town, which they plundered and destroyed, and having cruelly massacred all that came in their way, retreated with considerable booty. The town has a very pleasing and romantic appearance; some of the houses are very pretty, and though built only of clay and palm-branches, have nevertheless something of a European air. At the extremity of the town are many conical bee-hive shaped negro-huts, likewise composed of palm-leaves and rushes. Many a swart negro half-raised himself from the sand, and modest matrons and smiling damsels came to the cabin door, while curly-headed little urchins peeped slyly from among the bushes, to see the white stranger as he passed along.

'The dwellings of the Europeans always have two or three courtyards attached to them; these are surrounded by walls about ten feet high; and here the domestic slaves are kept. Several streets are formed by these unsightly walls running up on either side; and as the fronts of the houses face the other way, these back streets have of course a very dull appearance. Those, on the contrary, which are exclusively inhabited by negroes, are rendered both interesting and entertaining, partly by their social mode of living out of doors, and partly by the variety of goods and stores which they offer for sale.

'In the centre of the town are two large regular squares, but which have a very gloomy and desolate appearance, being surrounded by the walls of the courtyards, and a few European houses. Here there was a total want of animation, broken only by the clanking chains of the government slaves, the word of command, and the monotonous reverberation of their implements of labour. They were, for the most part, fastened five or six together, and were standing here and there with hoes in their hands to destroy the rank and noxious weeds, while a soldier, armed with a sabre, superintended them at their work.'

The population of Benguela is about 3000, one-third of whom consists of mulattoes and whites; the latter rarely exceeding 300. To these three or four hundred Europeans, the place, in its present condition, can present no attraction; it is the idea of making a fortune in a few years by the slave-trade that animates their existence. The climate is so excessively hot, that they can only move abroad for a short time during early morning; they cannot hunt or fish, for the surrounding country is a jungle, peopled with lions, hyenas, serpents, and crocodiles; they can enjoy nothing like civilised society, for their companions are heartless villains, like themselves, whose hearts are seared with the atrocities of the slave-trade. Their only pleasures—if the idea is permitted to be so degraded—are a bloated licentiousness, and the business of the slave-yard. 'These yards are generally about sixty feet square, and frequently contain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes. In the midst of this mass of human beings, it is very common to find swine and goats. For their protection, little sheds have been erected; while man is wantonly exposed by his fellow-man to the powerful influence of the dew, the rain, and the sun—

> "No cloud in heaven to slake its ray,
> On earth no sheltering bower."

With heartless indifference, the Portuguese slave-merchant conducts the stranger into these courtyards—the warehouse where he keeps his human merchandise; but while the sight of this heart-sickening scene harrows up every generous feeling, it inspires him with no sensation but that of fiendish joy at the possession of so much wealth, just as the sordid miser gloats with delight over his accumulated hoards.'

Happily for the good fame of Europe, all the slave-dealers in Benguela are Portuguese, with the exception of two or three Italians; unhappily for Africa, their iniquitous trade is so flourishing, that in 1838 nearly 20,000 slaves were exported from Benguela alone; and within the last few years the number is rather on the increase, in spite of the vigilance of the British cruisers. Leaving, therefore, Benguela, which presents not a single civilised attraction—for Dr Tams could not find either a tailor, carpenter, smith, or mechanic within its environs—and passing by the smaller settlements of Novo Redondo and Mossamedes, let us look at Loanda, the chief of the Portuguese presidios.

When viewed from the sea, Loanda presents a very striking appearance. 'It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, rising from the base to the very summit of the mountainous terrace of the coast, which here comes down nearly to the water's edge. The general character of this prospect is said to bear some resemblance to that of Bahia, in the Brazils. The numerous houses built in the European style, many of which are very large, and roofed with red or blue tiles, the neatly-painted white or yellow walls, the pretty towers of the churches and of the hospital, the palace of the governor, situated at the highest part of the town, and the neighbouring fort, with its impenetrable walls, constructed of bricks and granite, greatly excite the surprise of the stranger, who fancies that he has before him a strongly-fortified town.

'Loanda is defended on the sea-side by three strong forts; but on the land-side it is quite exposed, being wholly unfortified. The harbour is deep and commodious, and being three and a half miles in length, will conveniently contain several hundred ships. It is

formed by an island which runs parallel with the coast, and in some measure protects it against the west winds; but as it rises only a few feet above the level of the sea, a high westerly gale often proves dangerous to the ships at anchor, and some of them are not unfrequently driven from their moorings. There are seldom many vessels in the harbour at a time. During the whole of our stay, I never saw more than twelve, five of which belonged to our own expedition. They seldom lie long at anchor, because here, as in Benguela, the exportation of slaves constitutes by far the greater part of the trade; and the vessels employed in this nefarious service are, of course, despatched by their owners resident in the town as speedily as possible.'

Loanda, though exhibiting little of the structural magnificence which characterised it about a century ago, is still a place of some note, and seems to have made a very favourable impression on our author. 'When I was in Benguela, I often heard mention of the splendid buildings of Loanda; but as all the houses in that town are very mean, I formed no great expectations of this city. I soon perceived, however that I had been incorrect in my surmises; for instead of the wretched hovels which I had of late been accustomed to, I found almost all the houses in Loanda built of brick, and roofed with red or blue tiles. They are generally two storeys high, have no chimneys, and the exterior is painted white or yellow, which gives them a very fresh appearance. The courtyard, instead of being walled in, is surrounded by a high fence, and contains several small negro tents, and the kitchen belonging to the dwelling-house. Only the palace, and a few other government buildings, are furnished with glass windows; for the equable temperature of the climate renders them superfluous, and the shutters afford adequate protection against the sun and draughts of air.'

There are no lodging-houses in Loanda; and, being anxious to reside on shore during the stay of the flotilla, Dr Tams was indebted for such a privilege to the hospitality of the chief and only physician of the place. A glance at the interior of his host's house may interest our fair readers, but will not make them envious, we trust, of so much queenly ease and dignity. 'On entering the house of the physician, several young negresses were at hand to open the doors for us, and we ascended a fine stone staircase, which led from the spacious hall to the upper storey. We passed the study, which resembled a saloon in size, and then going through folding-doors, entered the large drawing-room, where the lady was reclining at the window in a Brazilian rocking-chair, and three or four young female slaves were seated on the ground near her, employed in needlework. The elegance of the apartment, the walls and floor of which were handsomely painted, the costly furniture, and the tasteful attire of the lady, gave an agreeable air of comfort and wealth to the whole. Two little slaves were sitting in a corner with a couple of pretty monkeys, which they held by a ribbon, waiting for a signal from their mistress to bring forward her little pets, with which she frequently played.

'The lady courteously rose to receive us, and extended her pretty hand for us to kiss. She was a native of Spain, and although she had resided here six years, the heat of the climate had been unable to extinguish the fire of her fine dark eyes. Her raven hair hung in two thick tresses over her shoulders, and when she smiled, she displayed a magnificent set of pearly teeth. The contour of her limbs had not, as is usually the case, suffered from the effects of the torrid zone, and her clear olive complexion, slightly tinged by the beams of the sun, was extremely interesting and expressive. Her little sempstresses were immediately dismissed to fetch water and Hollands, which proved highly acceptable after our morning's ramble.'

Under such a roof, and with such a hostess to do the duties of hospitality, one might consider Dr Tams a very fortunate man; and this he was, if spacious apartments, abundance of black servants, a well-ordered table, and other creature-comforts, could make him so; but the Donna Catarina was a bit of a tyrant, and the chastisement of her slaves was ever grating on the feelings of her guest. 'I had scarcely been in possession of my new lodgings for an hour, and was occupied in arranging my effects, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of stripes, repeated at regular intervals. I soon perceived that some person was undergoing corporal chastisement in the courtyard, and at once hastened to the lady of the house. I found her sitting as usual at the open window, enjoying the cool sea-breeze and the fine prospect of the harbour, while a young negress was busily engaged in needlework at her side. To my anxious inquiry respecting the loud beating which still continued, she replied smiling, that one of her needlewomen was receiving, by her orders, six dozen palmetadas (blows on the palm of the hand), because her stitches were badly made. My indignation and disgust being excited in the highest degree, Donna Catarina was induced to send the other girl to the courtyard, with orders that the punishment should be discontinued.

'She was so civil as to send immediately for the instrument with which the chastisement had been administered, assuring me at the same time that this punishment scarcely gave any pain, and was imposed by her only upon the youngest slaves, and for the most trivial fault! The instrument consisted of a piece of Guaja wood, nearly two feet in length; at one end of the round handle was a flat circle, about the size of a hand, perforated with holes, to deaden the sound while used in inflicting punishment. In spite of her assertions to the contrary, I had subsequently frequent opportunities of seeing the hands of the poor slaves much swollen and lacerated, nay, bleeding from the effects of this punishment, which is practised along the whole coast of Angola. To add to her cruelty, my hostess compelled the sufferers at once to return to their work. During my residence of seven weeks in her house, not a single day passed in which this stern Spanish woman did not cause this punishment to be inflicted several times; and the abhorrence which I repeatedly expressed, produced no other effect than that it was generally carried into execution during my absence.'

The daily routine of our author's life while resident in Loanda presented, on the whole, but little variety. There were no public places of amusement; and no excursions were made into the interior, for dread of catching fever, or being caught by wild animals. There was a dance, to be sure, given every Sunday evening by the governor, to which all the principal inhabitants were invited; and this, with an occasional crocodile hunt during the wet season, constituted the sum-total of their sports and amusement. There was no riding or caracoling, such as the British have in India; for there were only three or four horses in the town. Each family seemed wrapped up in itself, intent only on slaves, and barter, and money: to make their fortune, and be out of the country with all convenient speed, was the universal maxim.

'We rose,' says Dr Tams, 'about five o'clock in the morning, when the physician immediately went out and visited his patients; his wife inspected and directed her household; and I watched from the window the numerous caravans which generally arrived early in the morning, and which consisted of different tribes, distinguished by their various costumes and weapons. At eight o'clock we all assembled at breakfast, which generally consisted of baked calves' feet, the unripe pods of Cayenne pepper seethed in bouillon, or of boiled snails—some species of *purpura*. Strong wines, which are rendered necessary by the extreme heat, are indulged in without restraint: red Lisbon is first taken, and the glasses are constantly replenished by a little slave. Donna Catarina partook almost as freely as we did, and I could not help feeling surprised at the large quantity which the hot climate enabled even delicate women to take without any visible effects being produced. Imme-

diately after the substantial part of the meal, tea was handed round; but here, as elsewhere, it was served without milk, which, on the whole Portuguese coast, is considered poisonous, or at least dangerous. The pet monkey, which had been playing in the arms of his female attendant behind our chairs during breakfast, was then placed upon the table, to pick up the scattered crumbs, and play his antics for our diversion.

'After breakfast, we entered upon no active occupation, except perhaps some trifling business about the house. We looked through the telescope at the sea, or watched the flag hoisted on the fortification of San Miguel for the signal of a ship approaching the harbour; or our hostess amused herself with the chastisement of her slaves, who, as a matter of course, had invariably committed some fault; after this, each retired to rest, and did not rise again till noon; but I always occupied myself with visiting the several ships, which, however, were in a very healthy state.

'About twelve o'clock we again met at luncheon, which was comprised of English cheese and porter, and then lay down to sleep till four o'clock, when we commenced the real business of the day with a substantial dinner.

'Our house being celebrated for the excellent table kept by our host, we were seldom without visitors at this time; but although they gave some variety to the daily uniformity, I must confess that, from the circumscribed interest of each person, and the general want of education, our conversation could very seldom be termed instructive. The repast began by the hostess repeating the names of her guests at full length, and drinking their health, a courtesy which was of course responded to by all; and then followed a string of unmeaning speeches and flatteries, until the stock of compliments, in which the Portuguese language is so rich, was completely exhausted.

'This ceremony over, the cook was generally summoned, and informed whether his art had gained him praise or punishment; the latter of which, at all events, was never withheld. If the physician wished to sell any slaves, they were ordered in, and he selected this time for bargaining for them. Praise or blame was bestowed without reserve, while the poor wretch was passively awaiting the decision of his fate from the cold-blooded dealers, of whom it might with truth be said, that in their breasts beat

> "Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
> Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
> Sordid as earth, insensible as gold."

'The dessert always consisted of an ample selection of the finest fruits, especially cachew-nuts, oranges, and mangoes. A cup of indigenous coffee having been presented to each person after dinner, the company generally took advantage of the refreshing coolness of the evening to enjoy a short walk; after which, till one o'clock in the morning, the time was consumed in playing at cards!

'To the very last moment three or four of the youngest slaves sat on the ground in the adjoining apartment, waiting in case they should be summoned, and ever on the watch to pick up anything that might fall upon the floor. If the unhappy little things, from four to eight years of age, were unable to resist the influence of sleep, the application of the universal remedy was not delayed for a moment; and the last sound which was daily heard in that house was the wail of these poor young children, each of whom was indeed

> "A child of tears,
> Cradled in care and wo."'

Such is European life in the Portuguese settlements of Angola—a district abounding in almost every natural production, and which might, under judicious management, be made one of the finest fields for commercial enterprise. The natives, according to Dr Tams, are not the inferior race we generally regard them: they are naturally disposed to trade and barter; their country is rich in ivory, oil, wax, honey, fruits, spices, cotton, coffee, sugar-cane, metals, and minerals. But agriculture and commerce cannot flourish in conjunction with slavery; and we need not look for the development of these resources till the curse of the slave-trade be removed from the land.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO IV.

Gilaroo.—You seem in a bad humour: nothing unpleasant, I hope?

Stukely.—No great matter certainly; still one doesn't like to be cheated. A cabman has charged nearly double his fare, and rather than make a noise, I have paid his demand. These cabmen are the greatest rascals in existence. All a set of drunkards and extortioners. There is no satisfying them.

Gil.—As a class they have their failings, I admit; there are, however, decent men amongst them. Did you ever consider what can be the cause of their being what you would call a bad set?

Stuke.—There may be a dozen causes for anything I know. Nobody can tell much about cabmen—where they were born, or how they live. I never can bring myself to believe that they have houses to go home to at night; or that they take off their clothes and go to bed; and eat breakfasts and dinners; and pay tailors' bills; and fulfil all the other duties of Christians. They seem to me to live in their harness, like their poor hacks, and never quit the reins but to empty so many pints of porter. Porter is their meat and drink—bed, board, and washing. Each man of them is but an incarnation of Barclay and Perkins's entire, or Meux's double stout.

Gil.—That is really too bad. I must not permit you to run down the whole corps in this way. Why cabmen are unsteady, improvident, and not particularly conscientious, is imputed by many to a love of drink, which renders them poor and necessitous. But you may remember, in one of our conversations, that I mentioned intemperance as being only a secondary cause of bad behaviour. There is a cause beyond—something which causes the intemperance; and I believe that any remedy which stops short of this primary prompting cause will be likely to fail. One of the causes of so much intemperance and laxness of conduct among cabmen is irregularity of employment, with irregularity of payment. One day they will make a pound, and the next day perhaps only eighteenpence. For hours they will lounge about doing nothing, and then for hours they will be employed without intermission. You see this is a very scrambling, hap-hazard mode of existence; and it would require a far higher order of mind than these men possess to withstand the temptations to which they are exposed, or to act with consistent prudence and conscientiousness. The poor men are, in fact, to be pitied. Exposed to all weathers—the rain pelting mercilessly upon them—cold, wet, weary, sleepy, and hungry—only a few minutes probably to take any refreshment: with all this, can we wonder that they fly to beer and spirits for exhilaration, and become habitual tipplers? I for one don't think so.

Stuke.—I fancy this is what you call going back to first principles? But it's a downright apology for drunkenness and dishonesty, whatever you call it.

Gil.—Only viewing things charitably, along with a little reflection; that is the whole of it. I will mention a case pretty much in point, which I heard talked of the other day. A gentleman entertaining humane and considerate views, was some years ago appointed superintendent of a large manufactory in England. In this establishment he soon had occasion to observe that a certain number of the workmen were regular in attendance, steady, and economical; while the others were of contrary habits, unsteady, uneconomical, great

drinkers, and with families in wretchedness. This had been the case for a long course of years, and nobody about the works thought of inquiring into the cause of the phenomenon. The new superintendent was not one of those persons who never inquire into anything, and let the world go on in its own old way. As soon as he observed the curious difference I mention, he did not rest till he had discovered the cause of it. On inquiry, he found that all the steady men got a fixed or regular weekly wage, and that all the unsteady ones, though receiving a larger revenue in the aggregate, got it in lumps at irregular intervals, just as they happened to be employed on a particular kind of work. To know the cause of the evil, was to set about eradicating it. With the consent of the unsteady hands, he began the practice of paying them every week a certain fixed sum, whether they had earned it or not, carrying forward the balance, if any, to their credit; the accumulated balances to be paid quarterly. The effect of this arrangement, it is said, was marvellous. Very soon the unsteady became as steady as the other members of the establishment. Their wives and families were better dressed; their homes became comfortable; and by and by several of these men saved so much money as to be able to buy houses—actually became proprietors, and drew rents like other landlords. Nor were they ungrateful to the person who had thus put them in the way of well-doing. They looked upon him as a general benefactor. A few years ago, when visiting the place, and calling on one of the parties, both husband and wife looked round their cheerful dwelling, and said to him, '*All this we owe to you.*'

Stuke.—What has all this to do with cabmen?

Gil.—You surely see that the good behaviour of these reclaimed workmen was owing to a change from greatly irregular to regular wages? Irregularity of payment for labour is one of the greatest social evils. All classes, high and low, who are exposed to it, feel its demoralising effects. Actors, musicians, painters, authors by profession—all who cannot reckon on something like a regular income, are unhappily situated, and exposed to many temptations and misfortunes. Their life is a sort of gambling—sometimes a run of luck, sometimes nothing.

Stuke.—Well, but you are talking of what often cannot be helped. Who's to pay cabmen twenty shillings a-week, dead certain, and take the risk of the balances? I'll tell you what it is; this kindness-system may do with some, but not with all. I don't believe anything would do for cabmen but being pulled up by his worship the police magistrate.

Gil.—I by no means undervalue the efficacy of magisterial interference. I only wish that the authorities who have to do with cabs and hackney-coaches would proceed a little more considerately. The cabmen in Paris and some other continental towns are under such strict regulations, that they have not the same power of cheating as their brethren in London. But, unhappily, it is not the practice in Great Britain to take a lesson from foreign usages. A good plan may be working for a century in Paris before an Englishman would copy it. It is only by sheer experience, and all kinds of wrangling, that anything is ever put to rights in this country, although the knowledge of something better may be propagated in the works of a hundred travellers.

Stuke.—I cannot say as to that; my principle of government is severity—severe chastisement for all varieties of evil-doers.

Gil.—Of course you believe what you say to be right; but can you prove it?

Stuke.—What kind of proof would you have? Has it not been the practice, since the beginning of the world, to punish every crime according to its deserts? Hang this one, imprison that one, and so on. There is Scriptural authority for it all. 'He that spareth the rod,' &c. Where could we find anything stronger than that?

Gil.—I am not going into any argument about the antiquity of severe punishments. I give that up with all my heart. What I want is the proof that the severe is the right way of going to work—the plan most expedient. It will not do to tell me, for example, that hanging is right because it is of great antiquity. I must have evidence that it is just in principle, and the most expedient as respects the prevention of crime.

Stuke.—All the evidence I can give you is, that, by our present system of punishments, crime is powerfully kept in check. Were it not for fear of the gallows, there would be no safety for life or property. Everybody knows that.

Gil.—That is only mere assertion. I ask you for a proof of a fact, and you answer by telling me that there is something which everybody knows. With all deference, that is no reasoning at all. If you had said, I can produce a hundred persons who declare they would commit crime were it not for fear of being hanged, that would be a piece of evidence; and I would be inclined to say that there was much force in your argument.

Stuke.—One must take a good many things on trust. I have always thought, and I believe so do most persons, that executions have a very salutary effect; very much so indeed.

Gil.—You then, in reality, confess to a prejudice—make up your mind to believe in a thing without previously looking into evidence; which, however, does not surprise me, for not one man in fifty ever examines into the truth of anything. And so people go on taking things for granted, generation after generation.

Stuke.—But how am I to examine into these affairs? I cannot be expected to spend a lifetime in hunting up statistics, or hearing the confessions of felons. I must act on general impressions; and what more likely, than that the fear of punishment is a powerful preventive of crime?

Gil.—Likely enough so far, but not to the extent you suppose. At one time a great many crimes were punishable with death. Humanity at length revolted against this severity. Punishments of a milder nature were substituted; and, to the surprise of many individuals, the crimes so treated did not increase—they decreased. As long as forgery was punishable with death, forgery was common; ever since it has been punished with imprisonment or transportation, it has been very little heard of. It used to be said, 'This is a commercial country, and unless we hang all and sundry who are found guilty of forgery, there will be a terrible state of things.' Such was the sort of argument employed during the last century, when kings would remit the punishment of highwaymen, but never that of forgers. And behold! we have lived to discover that they were all in a mistake.

Stuke.—Still, I should think that capital punishments must have a good effect in the way of warning?

Gil.—This is now also very much doubted. It is believed that the spectacle of executions has, on the whole, a demoralising effect. It satisfies only mean and despicable feelings; never intimidates from crime, nor stimulates to virtue. So little is its value as an example, that robberies are common in the crowd collected at executions: pockets are picked beneath the gallows. If capital punishments are to continue, I should certainly prefer that they took place within the courtyards of prisons, in presence of the authorities, instead of the open street. The public should not be accustomed to see a dog strangled, let alone a human being.

Stuke.—Supposing we got rid of capital punishments, would you propose to immure criminals in dungeons for life, or at least for a term of years?

Gil.—It would not be difficult, I daresay, to devise some efficient, yet humane kind of imprisonment; and I think we are at present advancing towards correct views on this important question. In few things, indeed, has society advanced so far. Among other notions of our ancestors, there was a belief that if the prisons were rendered very miserable, they would terrify the populace into good conduct. An old act of parliament, providing for the sustenance of felons, begins with the

words—'Whereas many prisoners, having no means of subsistence, have died of hunger;' from which we learn that death from starvation was not uncommon in former times. It was also an admitted principle, that prisons should be kept dirty and uncomfortable, the more to terrify evil-doers: in Scotland, this quality in jails was recognised in jurisprudence as the *squalor carceris*. All this oppression, however, did no good. The prisons were always full, notwithstanding their dirtiness and the privations they inflicted. It was only taking a mean revenge on the unfortunate.

Stuke.—You talk of criminals under the term *unfortunate*. That, I think, is a loose, though not an uncommon way of speaking of felons. I want to know what makes these men unfortunate—their own evil passions to be sure. It is their own blame being criminals. They set aside all advice that is given to them; persist in going on to destruction: and yet they are called unfortunate, as if their being criminals had arisen from an accident over which they possessed no control.

Gil.—You do not seem to be aware that crime often proceeds from dispositions which may be considered as the result of something in the mind equivalent to malformation or disease; often, again, it results from the merely casual misdirection of a mind left free of proper guidance, or exposed to unusual temptations. The great bulk of crimes, especially those against property, take place in early youth, and amongst the ignorant and miserable classes. Generally speaking, such a culprit can scarcely be held responsible as a free agent. Crime and its consequences are his social destiny. He may have been told that he incurs the risk of punishment; but he either acts under an incontrollable impulse, or has not been enabled to see the just relation between offence and its penalty.

Stuke.—That is making out criminals to be little better than idiots; whereas they are the sharpest people in existence.

Gil.—Sharp in those faculties which they employ in committing crime, but dull, if not defective, in others. A man may be a clever pickpocket, and yet a monstrous blockhead—so sharp in overreaching, that he overreaches himself. Take the mass of criminals, and they will be found to be the victims of some wrong impulse in youth. For this they were punished in some vengeful kind of way: turned out of prison with a bad character, nobody would employ them: again they committed a crime for the sake of subsistence: and so on they went, society all the time calling them blackguards—never pitying or trying to reclaim them: at length they are huddled out of the way, if not to the gallows, at least to Van Diemen's Land. And thus is Britain emptying her prisons on one of the finest islands of the Australasian seas—rendering it a land of crime, wretchedness, and horror, from which all good men will fly as from a pestilence. The whole system is carried on in violation of reason.

Stuke.—Perhaps so; but reason, in the abstract, is often not workable with advantage in human affairs. Mankind have many foolish notions. You allow that criminals have not self-command—are a kind of half lunatics? Should we not, then, meet this state of things with reproof or punishment suitable to visionaries? Although a humiliating confession, I must say I do not entertain a high opinion of human reason. You know what D'Israeli has said on the subject?

Gil.—No.

Stuke.—I shall read the passage from one of his late works. 'We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders: it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' That is what he says; and is it not true? He might have added, it is not reason that makes hundreds of millions of men worshippers of Budh, or believers in Mahomet; nor is it reason that guides our own countrymen in the greater number of their actions: it is their passions, their imagination, their avarice.

Gil.—All vastly fine; one of D'Israeli's specious pieces of clap-trap, which wont stand handling. It is undeniable that the passions have caused great social movements; but I protest against the inference, that reason is on that account weak or valueless. In all advanced conditions of society, reason has been and is the guiding principle. It was reason that discovered the compass, the quadrant, and the telescope—instruments which have made us acquainted with the surface of our own planet, and disclosed to our wondering eyes worlds in the firmament. It was reason that discovered the art of printing, which has already performed marvels, but is still only in its infancy. What has promoted the cultivation of science—what has given us the steam-engine, the locomotive, and the whole of our magnificent machinery? Reason has done it all: and is not reason, in union with the best feelings of our nature, the source of all our truest happiness? It is no doubt lamentable that truth should make its way so slowly as to be outstripped by visionary fanaticism—that Mormon should count more votaries than any philosopher amongst us. But while the dream of the visionary subsides, truth strengthens. Seventy years ago, a gentleman, living obscurely in the small town of Kirkcaldy, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, propounded an idea. Nobody at first cared for it, or believed it. The world was thinking about something else. But the idea was founded in truth, and a truth uttered in the ear of the world is imperishable. Now advancing, now pushed back, then advancing again, this truth has finally, after a struggle of seventy years, made its way into the halls of princes, and rings in the assemblies of legislators. What a triumph for the once disregarded and often discouraged idea of the obscure gentleman in his little parlour overlooking the sands of Kirkcaldy!

Stuke.—Why—what—what is the idea you allude to? Who was the obscure gentleman?

Gil.—The obscure gentleman was Adam Smith. The idea was the principle of Free Trade.—Good-night.

SCENE IN A RUSSIAN GARRISON.

On the 22d of May 1841, one of the battalions composing part of the military colony recently established by the Russian government at Novgorod, and which, in the singularity of its organisation, resembles the Prussian landwehr, was drawn up in line on the parade-ground attached to the immense barracks constructed a few years since on the most solitary and ancient part of the town, not far from the church of Saint Sophia. In front of the line, formed with that mechanical regularity and precision which have made the Russian foot-soldiers such admirable automatons, strode General L—eff. He was a man fifty years of age, remarkable for his rigid deportment, his leanness, his tawny complexion, and his large gray restless eyes. He was distinguished in the army for his bravery—daring proofs of which he had given during the campaigns in Persia and Turkey. But whether, as was generally thought, domestic unhappiness had been the means of souring a temper naturally energetic, or that his heart had been hardened by the frequent application of the inexorable necessity of a discipline degrading in its principle, and too often monstrous in its effects, General L—eff was looked on as an object of terror by the soldiers; for not a day passed unsignalised by one or more of those acts of severity which might justly undergo the imputation of ferocity. It was known, however, that this man had an attachment for the daughter of one of his ancient comrades,

killed in the late war with Poland. Having adopted her, no parent ever showed more solicitude for his offspring than he evinced for the young orphan, and they were seldom separate. Although grateful for the kindness of the general, the young girl—to whom the soldiers had given the name of Solowoiva,* from the sweetness with which she sang the old and melancholy slave romances—could never overcome in his presence the unconquerable constraint which his brief address, imperious countenance, and cold and distant manners, imposed on those who approached him.

On the day when the following events took place, Solowoiva, who, to please the general, regularly attended all the exercises and parades, was seated before one of the barrack windows on a level with the parade-ground, looking quietly at the movements of the soldiers. A blush suffused her countenance as her eyes encountered those of a young military surgeon named Ivan Polovoi, dressed on this occasion with marked elegance in the simple uniform of his rank.

Already General L—eff had passed several times before the front of the battalion without speaking; but his bushy eyebrows contracted, and passion began to be visible in his countenance, when he found that a number of men were absent. His attention at this moment was arrested by a party of soldiers advancing towards him from the other end of the parade-ground, each carrying a long rod, used in the application of an abominable punishment which has not yet ceased in the Russian army. Turning towards one of his aides-de-camp, he demanded, in a voice of thunder, from whom the order had emanated, and who was to be punished.

A sergeant, remarkable for his livid and scarred appearance, rushed towards the general, snatched his sword from his hand, and struck him in the face with it, exclaiming, 'Yourself!'

The action had an effect like an electric shock on the ranks of the battalion, and the usually immoveable countenances of the soldiers seemed to brighten with an impulse of hatred. A spontaneous movement was made by the officers along the line to the assistance of their chief; but they were instantly seized, thrown to the ground, and a bayonet pointed against the breast of each. Ivan the surgeon had alone been left untouched; for, by his humanity and kindness, he had conciliated the goodwill of the troops. A grenadier, however, was stationed before him to act as a guard, who whispered in his ear, in a mysterious voice, 'Whether the Nightingale sings or not, remain quiet: not a gesture nor a cry, or you are a dead man!'

Recovering from his surprise, the general seized with both hands the bayonets presented to his breast; and having by a violent effort struck them aside, shouted, as his eye flashed along the battalion—'Down on your knees, vile brutes! Down on your knees and ask pardon—your heads in the dust, or you have not flesh enough on your backs to expiate your rebellion!'

His words were received with a shout of savage laughter, and the sergeant, with that peculiar tranquillity which distinguishes unshaken resolution, retorted—'We each and all of us know that our lives will be the penalty of what we now do. When the sentence passed on you shall be executed, we shall seek General Suroff, governor of Novgorod; we shall give up to him your sword, your decorations, and whatever may remain of your body, and say to him, "General L—eff was a tiger, and we have killed him; here are our arms; we look for our punishment!"' The sergeant, while speaking, tore the epaulettes from the general's shoulders, and trampled them under his feet. 'These insignia don't become you; the knout is fitter for an executioner. Remember the soldier Betsakoff, flogged with rods for having been too slow in carrying arms; remember the old *sans-officier* whom you reduced to the ranks for having a stain on his uniform, and whom you struck with your cane until the blood streamed from his forehead, his cheeks, and his lips; and because the unhappy old man, pale with shame, repulsed the hand which inflicted the indignity, he was condemned, flogged, and sent mutilated and dying to Siberia.' The sergeant continued with a terrible coolness this degrading scene, dragging off the general's belt and coat, and lastly his shirt.

In spite of his remarkable firmness, L—eff shuddered while he listened to the accusing voice, so eloquent in its simplicity, so calm and so measured even in its passion. As for Solowoiva, she sat for some time without being able to comprehend the strange scene passing before her eyes; but when the truth at length flashed on her, that her adopted father was about to undergo the odious chastisement which he had so often inflicted on others, she was seized with horror, and gave utterance to the most heart-rending cries. Ivan the surgeon, who till then had stood neuter, could not remain insensible to the despair of the young girl, and forgetting the warning he had received, and the ferocious exasperation of the soldiers, he advanced towards her. He had not gone many paces when a shot was fired, and the unfortunate young surgeon fell to the ground a corpse.

There is in most Russian regiments a kind of buffoon, who fills a situation somewhat resembling that held in the ancient German armies, to whom the soldiers applied the significant appellation of *Lustig*. One of these men, attached to the battalion, seeing the surgeon fall, approached the corpse, dancing and gesticulating, and, raising it in his robust arms, carried it towards where Solowoiva still sat, and depositing it immediately before her, exclaimed—'Here, my little singing bird, this is yours.' Pale with terror, the girl recognised the body as it rolled at her feet, and uttering a faint cry, sunk by its side.

While this scene was being enacted, General L—eff had been laid on a car, drawn along the ranks, and had received the *baguettes*—a terrible torture; which, however, was only the commencement of his sufferings. He had scarcely reached the extremity of the line when a voice exclaimed, 'Take him to the ovens!'

The general, whose spirit was already crushed, heard the words, and, too well comprehending their meaning, threw around him a look of supplication and terror.

'To the ovens!' shouted a hundred voices.

The countenance of the general became livid, and his body shook with terror: his pride had fled, and, groaning in agony, he asked for pardon. But the shouts of the battalion drowned his voice; and the sergeant, approaching his victim, said in a stern tone—'I also besought pity when my brother fell expiring under the baguettes.'

We shall not go into the details of the horrible scene which followed, unfortunately but too true. Suffice it to say, that the general and the superior officers of the battalion, shut up in the ovens, under which a slow fire was carefully renewed by the soldiers, were literally roasted alive.

Certainly the execution of the sentence had a terrible originality; yet the punishment was fully proportionate to the vengeance.

A mounted jager carried to the emperor the account of the fearful drama which had been enacted in Novgorod, and eight days afterwards several batteries of artillery entered the decayed capital of ancient Russia, preceded by a major-general, who, during the late war in Poland, had been known to the army under the title of the 'Butcher of Warsaw.'

One of his aides-de-camp was sent to the quarters of the mutineers, with an order to assemble the next day, without arms, on a small parade-ground at the eastern extremity of the town, and called the Tartar Camp. The soldiers replied to this mysterious injunction by the customary shout (*karacho*). The following day they dressed themselves, and arranged their mustaches, as if preparing for a simple parade; then pale, silent, their lips white with emotion, but still keeping their

* Nightingale.

ranks, they traversed the town through a triple row of Cossacks, followed by the mournful looks of the populace. Arrived upon the ground, they silently formed into square. At the same moment the drums beat, the belfries of the numerous Greek churches in Novgorod pealed, and the several batteries established at the entrances of the five long avenues leading into the field were suddenly unmasked, and the grape-shot began the work of extermination. Horrid shouts followed each discharge, and a heavy groaning, mingled with the interrupted songs of some of the dying soldiers. For three hours the discharge continued; and when the executioners of this bloody duty entered the place of punishment, they found it literally a lake of blood, and covered with mangled limbs. Five soldiers alone, who had been miraculously preserved, were found alive, and they expired under the knout. Among this latter number was the sergeant, who to the last moment manifested an extraordinary degree of fortitude in the midst of his sufferings.

Solowoiva, the adopted daughter of General L—eff, was taken under the protection of the empress, and placed in the society of noble Russian ladies at Smolnoï.

It may be necessary to add that the preceding details are not exaggerated in any respect. We present them as described by a respectable correspondent of a French newspaper, who mentions that he was an eye-witness of the scenes to which he alludes. From what is being daily disclosed of the savage character of Russian institutions, there seems no reason to doubt their accuracy.

THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT HUNTING.

Major Rogers had capital sport with a herd of these animals. His four guns had all been discharged, when an unseen elephant made a charge at him from the skirts of the jungle. There was no help for it except to run, and for one hundred yards the major kept just ahead, feeling at every step the animal's trunk trying to insinuate itself round his loins. A turn round a tree gave him a momentary advantage, which he made the most of, by springing up into the branches (he was as nimble as a cat, and as strong as a lion). One foot higher, and he would have been out of the elephant's reach; but before he had time to draw up his legs, the elephant had got him firmly clenched in the coils of his proboscis. Still Rogers pulled against him, thinking it better to have his leg wrenched from the socket than to fall back bodily into the animal's power. The struggle, however, did not last long; for, to the delight of the pursued and the chagrin of the pursuer, the Wellington boot that the former wore slipped off, extricated the leg, and saved the life of poor Rogers. (Heaven save us from such a boot-jack!) The dilemma, however, did not end here; for the elephant, finding himself baulked of his prey, after destroying the boot, took up his quarters beneath the branches, and kept its expected victim in the tree for twenty-four hours, when the *tappal*, or country postman, happening to pass by, Rogers gave him notice of his position, and on this being intimated to the nearest village, the elephant was frightened away by tom-toms and yellings. Had this occurred in a deserted part of the jungle, poor Rogers would indubitably have been starved to death in the tree.—*Sporting Magazine.*

PROFANE SWEARING.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building St Paul's cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—Whereas among labourers and others that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently found, to the dishonour of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer who comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly; and that if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners.

TO A WINTER-BLOOMING WILD FLOWER.

Lone dweller in this bleak and barren spot,
That finds no shelter from the leafless tree,
Though very desolate may be thy lot,
Almost I wish that I resembled thee.

Not in thy beauty, flowret azure-hued!
Nor in thy faint, wind-wasted fragrancy—
Nor in the stillness of thy solitude—
My heart, companionless, would broken be.

But I, like thee, upspringing from the sod,
Would lift, through storms, a cheerful eye to Heaven,
Trusting the bounteous hand of Nature's God
Sunshine and storm for equal good hath given.

And though thy wintry doom may seem severe,
Uncheered by song of birds or kindred flower,
I do believe thou dost not blossom here
But by the will of that Almighty Power,
Who makes thy fragile bloom an instrument
To teach a proud and murmuring heart content.

H. C. Caddick.

SOMETHING FOR ALL.

So various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat; the cow gives up the long-leaved water-hemlock to the sheep; the goat gives up the monk's-hood to the horse, &c.; for that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy themselves for the want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.—*Stillingfleet.*

GOLD-PRINTED MUSLINS.

Among the numerous successes of the year 1845 in decorative art, we must notice a very beautiful muslin fabric, for curtains, printed in gold by a galvanic process, and patented by Messrs Vallé and Company of Manchester. This new system of gold-printing is intended to supersede the more expensive mode of embroidering fabrics with gold and silver for window-curtains and other drapery. It is peculiarly adapted for long drawing-room curtains. The designs are chaste and classical; the brilliancy of the gold-printing is rather heightened than impaired by washing, so that the fabric is as economical as it is elegant.—*Year-Book of Facts.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A reader points out that the short paper entitled 'The Gauger's Run,' which appeared in No. 109, is copied, with slight differences of language, from *Sketches in Ireland* (Dublin: Curry and Co. 1829), without acknowledgment. On investigation, we find this to be the case. We can only say that we received the article in manuscript from a contributor—one apparently occupying a respectable station in life—and paid for it as original. It must be regretted that there should be persons who, in ignorance or from bad design, can thus mislead the editors of periodical works. We sincerely regret the circumstance, mainly because it is a violation of literary justice; and in a less degree, but still poignantly, because it tends to lessen the confidence of our readers in the originality of the mass of matter which we weekly present as new.

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THE STORY OF LADY GRANGE.

The person called, by the courtesy of Scotland, Lady Grange, was the wife of the Honourable James Erskine, a judge of the Court of Session, younger brother of that Earl of Mar who headed an insurrection against the house of Brunswick in 1715. Lord Grange, as this judge was designated, passed through life as a leader in the Whig or Presbyterian party in his native country, and as one professing high evangelical principles; and probably he would not now have been remembered for either good or evil, if he had not acted an extraordinary part towards his wife. The history of that lady gives us a curious idea of the state of manners in Scotland in the early part of last century.

We are prepared for something tragic by the parentage of Lady Grange. In Edinburgh, on a Sunday afternoon in the spring of the year 1689, the president of the Court of Session was walking quietly home from church, when a pistol-shot, fired close behind him, brought him to the ground a corpse. Amongst the crowd who gathered round the spot stood a gloomy-looking man, who, when he heard that the venerable judge had died instantly, remarked that he was not accustomed to do things by halves. This man, who had been led to commit the murder in revenge for an award of the president, commanding him to make provision for his wife and family, and who expiated his crime with his life, was the father of Mrs Erskine, born Rachel Chiesly. In the present comparatively enlightened age, we can understand how there might be a predisposition to insanity in such a family, apt to show itself at ordinary moments in incontrollable bad temper, and occasionally in wild and lamentable acts. But in those days such considerations did not occur.

Lord and Lady Grange had been married upwards of twenty years, and had had several children, when, in 1730, a separation was determined on between them. It is usually difficult in such cases to say in what degree the parties are respectively blameable; how far there have been positive faults on one side, and want of forbearance on the other, and so forth. If we were to believe the lady in this instance, there had been love and peace for twenty years, when at length Lord Grange took a sudden dislike to his wife, and would no longer live with her. He, on the other hand, speaks of having suffered long from her 'unsubduable rage and madness,' and of having failed in all his efforts to bring her to a reasonable conduct. There is too much reason to believe that the latter statement is in the main true; although, were it more so, it would still leave Lord Grange unjustifiable in the measures which he took with respect to his wife. It is traditionally stated that, in their unhappy quarrels, the lady did not scruple to remind her husband whose daughter she was—thus hinting at what she was capable of doing if she thought herself deeply aggrieved. However all this might be, in the year 1730 a separation was agreed to (with great reluctance on the part of the lady), his lordship agreeing to give her a hundred a-year for her maintenance, so long as she should continue to live apart from him.

After spending some months in the country, Lady Grange returned to Edinburgh, and took a lodging near her husband's house, for the purpose, as she tells us, of endeavouring to induce him to take her back, and that she might occasionally see her children. According to Lord Grange, she began to torment him by following him and the children on the street 'in a scandalous and shameful manner,' and coming to his house, and calling reproaches to him through the windows,* especially when there was company with him. He thus writes—'In his house, at the bottom of Niddry's Wynd, where there is a court through which one enters the house, one time among others, when it was full of chairs, chairmen, and footmen, who attended the company that were with himself, or his sister Lady Jane Paterson, then keeping house together, she came into this court, and among that mob shamelessly cried up to the windows injurious reproaches, and would not go away, though intreated, till, hearing the late Lord Lovat's voice, who was visiting Mr E——, and seeing two of his servants among the other footmen, "Oh," said she, "is your master here?" and instantly ran off.' He speaks of her having attacked him one day in church; at another time she forced him to take refuge with his son in a tavern for two hours. She even threatened to assault him on the bench, 'which he every day expected; for she professed that she had no shame.'

The traditionary account of Lady Grange represents her fate as having been at last decided by her threatening to expose her husband to the government for certain treasonable practices. It would now appear that this was partially true. In his statement, Lord Grange tells us that he had some time before gone to London, to arrange the private affairs of the Countess of Mar, then become unable to conduct them herself, and he had sent an account of his procedure to his wife, including some reflections on a certain great minister (doubtless Walpole), who had thwarted him much, and been of serious detriment to the interests of his family in this matter. This document she retained, and she now threatened to take it to London, and use it for her husband's disadvantage, being supported in the design by several persons with whom she associated. While denying that he had been concerned in anything treasonable, Lord Grange says,

* We here and elsewhere quote a paper in Lord Grange's own hand.

'he had already too great a load of that great minister's wrath on his back to stand still and see more of it fall upon him by the treachery and madness of such a wife and such worthy confederates.' The lady had taken a seat in a stage-coach for London.* Lord Grange caused a friend to go and make interest to get her money returned, and the seat let to another person: in which odd proceeding he was successful. Thus was the journey stayed for the meantime; but the lady declared her resolution to go as soon as possible. 'What,' says Lord Grange, 'could a man do with such a wife? There was great reason to think she would daily go on to do mischief to her family, and to affront and bring a blot on her children, especially her daughters. There were things that could not be redressed in a court of justice, and we had not then a madhouse to lock such unhappy people up in.'

The result of his lordship's deliberations was a plan for what he delicately calls 'sequestrating' his wife. It appears to have been concerted between himself and a number of Highland chiefs, including, above all, the notorious Lord Lovat, who a few years after was to conclude a long life of treachery, cruelty, and selfish ambition on Tower Hill. We now turn to the lady's narrative, which proceeds to tell that, on the evening of the 22d of January 1732, a party of Highlandmen, wearing the livery of Lord Lovat, made their way into her lodgings, and forcibly seized her, throwing her down and gagging her, then tying a cloth over her head, and carrying her off as if she had been a corpse. At the bottom of the stair was a chair containing a man, who took the hapless lady upon his knees, and held her fast in his arms till they had got to a place in the outskirts of the town. Then they took her from the chair, removed the cloth from her head, and mounted her upon a horse behind a man, to whom she was tied; after which the party rode off 'by the lee light of the moon,' to quote the language of the old ballads, whose incidents the present resembles in character.

The treatment of the lady by the way was, if we can believe her own account, by no means gentle. The leader, although a gentleman (Mr Forster of Corsebonny), disregarded her intreaties to be allowed to stop on account of cramp in her side, and only answered by ordering a servant to renew the bandages over her mouth. She observed that they rode along the Long Way (where Princes Street now stands), past the castle, and so to the Linlithgow road. After a ride of nearly twenty miles, they stopped at Muiravonside, the house of Mr John Macleod, advocate, where servants appeared waiting to receive the lady—and thus showed that the master of the house had been engaged to aid in her abduction. She was taken up stairs to a comfortable bedroom; but a man being posted in the room as a guard, she could not go to bed nor take any repose. Thus she spent the ensuing day, and when it was night, she was taken out and remounted in the same fashion as before; and the party then rode along through the Torwood, and so to the place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman of the name of Stewart, whose steward or factor was one of the cavalcade. Here was an old tower, having one little room on each floor, as is usually the case in such buildings; and into one of these rooms, the window of which was boarded over, the lady was conducted. She continued here for thirteen or fourteen weeks, supplied with a sufficiency of the comforts of life, but never allowed to go into the open air: till at length her health gave way, and the factor began to fear being concerned in her death. By his intercession with Mr Forster, she was then permitted to go into the court, under a guard; but such was the rigour of her keepers, that the garden was still denied to her.

Thus time passed drearily on until the month of August, during all which time the prisoner had no communication with the external world. At length, by an arrangement made between Lord Lovat and Mr Forster, at the house of the latter near Stirling, Lady Grange was one night forcibly brought out and mounted again as formerly, and carried off amidst a guard of horsemen. She recognised several of Lovat's people in this troop, and found Forster once more in command. They passed by Stirling Bridge, and thence onward to the Highlands, but she no longer knew the way they were going. Before daylight they stopped at a house, where she was lodged during the day, and at night the march was resumed. Thus they journeyed for several days into the Highlands, never allowing the unfortunate lady to speak, and taking the most rigid care to prevent any one from becoming aware of her situation. During this time she never had off her clothes: one day she slept in a barn, another in an open enclosure. Regard to delicacy in such a case was impossible. After a fortnight spent at a house on Lord Lovat's ground (probably in Stratherrick, Inverness-shire), the journey was renewed in the same style as before; only Mr Forster had retired from the party, and the lady found herself entirely in the hands of Frasers.

They now crossed a loch into Glengarry's land, where they lodged several nights in cow-houses, or in the open air, making progress all the time to the westward, where the country becomes extremely wild. At Lochourn, an arm of the sea on the west coast, the unfortunate lady was transferred to a small vessel which was in waiting for her. Bitterly did she weep, and pitifully implore compassion; but the Highlanders understood not her language, and though they had done so, a departure from the orders which had been given them was not to be expected from men of their character. In the vessel she found that she was in the custody of one Alexander Macdonald, a tenant of one of the western islands named Heskir, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat; and here we have a curious indication of the spirit in which the Highlanders conducted such transactions. 'I told him,' says the lady, 'that I was stolen at Edinburgh, and brought there by force, and that it was contrary to the laws what they were doing. He answered that he would not keep me, or any other, against their will, *except Sir Alexander Macdonald were in the affair.*' While they lay in Lochourn, waiting for a wind, the brother and son of Macdonald of Scothouse came to see, but not to relieve her. Other persons visited the sloop, and among these one William Tolmy, a tenant of the chief of Macleod, and who had once been a merchant at Inverness. This was the first person she had seen who expressed any sympathy with her. He undertook to bear information of her retreat to her friend and 'man of business,' Mr Hope of Rankeillor, in Edinburgh; but it does not appear that he fulfilled his promise.

Lady Grange remained in Macdonald's charge at Heskir nearly two years—during the first year without once seeing bread, and with no supply of clothing; obliged, in fact, to live in the same miserable way as the rest of the family; afterwards some little indulgence

* 'Then, and some time before and after, there was a stage-coach from hence to England;' so says his lordship; implying that, in 1751, when he was writing, there was no such public convenience! It had been tried, and had failed.

was shown to her. This island was of desolate aspect, and had no inhabitant besides Macdonald and his wife: the wretchedness of such a situation for a lady who had been all her life accustomed to the refined society of a capital may of course be imagined. Macdonald would never allow her to write to any one; but he went to his landlord, Sir Alexander, to plead for the indulgences she required. On one of these occasions, Sir Alexander expressed his regret at having been concerned in such an affair, and wished he were quit of it. The wonder is, how Erskine should have induced all these men to interest themselves in the 'sequestration' of his wife. One thing is here remarkable: they were all of them friends of the Stuart family, as was Macleod of Macleod, into whose hands the lady subsequently fell. It therefore becomes probable that Erskine had at least convinced them that her seclusion from the world was necessary in some way for the preservation of political secrets important to them.

In June 1734 a sloop came to Heskir to take away the lady; it was commanded by a Macleod, and in it she was conveyed to the remotest spot of ground connected with the British islands; namely, the isle of St Kilda, the property of the chief of Macleod, and remarkable for the simple character of the poor peasantry who occupy it. There cannot, of course, be a doubt that those who had an interest in the seclusion of Lady Grange, regarded this as a more eligible place than Heskir, in as far as it was more out of the way, and promised better for her complete and permanent confinement. In some respects it was an advantageous change for the lady: the place was not uninhabited, as Heskir very nearly was; and her domestic accommodation was better. In St Kilda, she was placed in a house or cottage of two small apartments, tolerably well-furnished, with a girl to wait upon her, and provided with a sufficiency of good food and clothing. Of educated persons the island contained not one, except for a short time a Highland Presbyterian clergyman named Roderick Maclennan. There was hardly even a person capable of speaking or understanding the English language within reach. No books, no intelligence from the world in which she had once lived. Only once a-year did a steward come to collect the rent paid in kind by the poor people; and by him was the lady regularly furnished with a store of such articles foreign to the place as she needed; usually a stone of sugar, a pound of tea, six pecks of wheat, and an anker of spirits. Thus she had no lack of the common necessaries of life: she only wanted society and freedom. In this way she spent seven dreary years in St Kilda. How she contrived to pass her time, we have no means of knowing. We learn, however, some particulars of her history during this period from the testimony of those who had a charge over her. If this is to be believed, she made incessant efforts, though without effect, to bribe the islanders to assist in liberating her. Once a stray vessel sent a boat ashore for water: she no sooner heard of it, than she despatched the minister's wife to apprise the sailors of her situation, and intreat them to rescue her; but Mrs Maclennan did not reach the spot till after they had departed. She was kind to the peasantry, giving them from her own stores; and sometimes had the women to come and dance before her; but her temper and habits were not such as to gain their esteem. Often she drank too much, and whenever any one near her committed the slightest mistake, she would fly into a furious passion, and even resort to violence. Once she was detected in an attempt during the night to obtain a pistol from above the steward's bed in the room next to her own: on his awaking and seeing her, she ran off to her own bed. One is disposed, of course, to make all possible allowances for a person in her wretched circumstances; yet there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, that it was a natural and habitual violence of temper which displayed itself during her residence in St Kilda.

Meanwhile it was known in Edinburgh that Lady Grange had been forcibly carried away and placed in seclusion by orders of her husband; but her whereabouts was a mystery to all besides a few who were concerned to keep it secret. During the years which had elapsed since her abduction, Mr Erskine had given up his seat on the bench, and entered into political life as a friend of the Prince of Wales, and opponent of Sir Robert Walpole. The world had wondered at the events of his domestic life, and several persons denounced the singular means he had adopted for obtaining domestic peace. But, in the main, he stood as well with society as he had ever done. At length, in the winter of 1740–1, a communication from Lady Grange for the first time reached her friends. It was brought by the minister Maclennan and his wife, who had left the island in discontent, after quarrelling with Macleod's steward. The idea of a lady by birth and education being immured for a series of years in an outlandish place, where only the most illiterate peasantry resided, and this by the command of a husband who could only complain of her irritable temper, struck forcibly upon public feeling, and particularly upon the mind of Lady Grange's legal agent, Mr Hope of Rankeillor, who had all along felt a keen interest in her fate. Of Mr Hope it may be remarked that he was also a zealous Jacobite; yet, though all the persons engaged in the lady's abduction were of that party, he hesitated not to take active measures on the contrary side. He immediately applied to the Lord Justice Clerk (supreme criminal judge) for a warrant to search for and liberate Lady Grange. This application was opposed by the friends of Mr Erskine; and eventually it was defeated: yet he was not on that account deterred from hiring a vessel, and sending it with armed men to secure the freedom of the lady—a step which, as it was illegal and dangerous, obviously implied no small risk on his own part. This ship proceeded no farther than the harbour called the Horse-shoe in Lorn (now, we believe, the seat of the thriving *young* town of Oban), where the master quarrelled with and set on shore Mrs Maclennan, his guide. Apparently the voyage was not prosecuted, in consequence of intelligence being received that the lady had been removed to another place, where she was kept in more humane circumstances. If so, its object might be considered as in part at least, though indirectly, accomplished.

There lies before us a warrant, signed in the holograph of Normand Macleod—the same insular chief who, a few years after, lost public respect in consequence of his desertion of the Jacobite cause, and showing an active hostility to Prince Charles when in hiding. The document is dated at Dunvegan, February 17, 1741, and proceeds upon a rumour which has reached the writer, that a certain gentlewoman, called Lady Grange, was carried to his isle of St Kilda in 1734, and has ever since been confined there under cruel circumstances. Regarding this as a scandal which he is bound to inquire into (as if it could have hitherto been a secret to him), he orders his baron-bailie of Harrish, Donald Macleod of Bernera [this was a gallant fellow, who went out in the forty-five], to proceed to that island and make the necessary investigations. Before us also lies the original precognition taken by honest Donald, six days thereafter, when the various persons who had been about Lady Grange gave evidence respecting her. The general bearing of this testimony, besides establishing the fact of her confinement as a prisoner, is to the effect that she was treated well in all other respects, having a house forty feet long, with an inner room and a chimney to it, a curtained bed, arm-chair, table, and other articles; ample store of good provisions, including spirits; and plenty of good clothes; but that she was addicted to liquor, and liable to dreadful outbreaks of anger. Evidence was at the same time taken regarding the character of the Maclennans, upon whose reports Mr Hope had proceeded. It was Mr Erskine's interest to establish that they were worthless persons, and to this effect strong testimony was given by several of the islanders, though it would be difficult to say with what

degree of verity. The whole purpose of these precognitions was to meet the clamours raised by Mr Hope as to the barbarities to which Lady Grange had been subjected. They had the effect of stopping for a time the legal proceedings threatened by that gentleman; but he afterwards raised an action in the Court of Session for payment of the arrears of aliment or allowance due to the lady, amounting to L.1150, and obtained decreet or judgment in the year 1743 against the defender in absence; though he did not choose to put it in force.

The unfortunate cause of all these proceedings ceased to be a trouble to any one in May 1745. Erskine, writing from Westminster, June 1, in answer to an intimation of her death, says, 'I most heartily thank you, my dear friend, for the timely notice you gave me of the death of *that person*. It would be a ridiculous untruth to pretend grief for it; but as it brings to my mind a train of various things for many years back, it gives me concern. Her retaining wit and facetiousness to the last surprises me. These qualities none found in her, no more than common sense or good nature, before she went to these parts; and of the reverse of all which, if she had not been irrecoverably possest, in an extraordinary and insufferable degree, after many years' fruitless endeavours to reclaim her, she had never seen these parts. I long for the particulars of her death, which, you are pleased to tell me, I am to have by next post.'

Mr Hope's wife and daughters being left as heirs of Lady Grange, an action was raised in their name for the L.1150 formerly awarded, and for three years additional of her annuity; and for this compound sum decreet was obtained, which was followed by steps for forcing payment. The Hopes were aware, however, of the dubious character of this claim, seeing that Mr Erskine, from whatever causes, had substituted an actual subsistence since 1732. They accordingly intimated that they aimed at no personal benefit from Lady Grange's bequest; and the affair terminated in Mr Erskine reimbursing Mr Hope for all the expenses he had incurred on behalf of the lady, including that for the sloop which he had hired to proceed to St Kilda for her rescue.

It is humbly thought that this story casts a curious and faithful light upon the age of our grandfathers, showing things in a kind of transition from the sanguinary violence of an earlier age to the humanity of the present times. Erskine, not to speak of his office of a judge in Scotland, moved in English society of the highest character. He must have been the friend of Lyttelton, Pope, Thomson, and other ornaments of Frederick's court; and, as the brother-in-law of the Countess of Mar, who was sister of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he would figure in the brilliant circle which surrounded that star of the age of the second George. Yet he does not appear to have ever felt a moment's compunction at leaving the mother of his children to pine and fret herself to death in a half-savage wilderness,

'Placed far amidst the melancholy main;'

for, in a paper which expresses his feelings on the subject pretty freely, he justifies the 'sequestration' as a step required by prudence and decency; and, in showing that the gross necessaries of life were afforded to his wife, seems to have considered that his whole duty towards her was discharged. Such an insensibility could not be peculiar to one man: it indicates the temper of a class and of an age. While congratulating ourselves on the improved humanity of our own times, we may glance with satisfaction to the means which it places in our power for the proper treatment of patients like Mrs Erskine. Such a woman would now be regarded as the unfortunate victim of disease, and instead of being forcibly carried off under cloud of night by a band of Highlanders, and committed to confinement on the outskirts of the world, she would, with proper precautions, be remitted to an asylum, where, by gentle and rational management, it might be hoped that she would be restored to mental health, or, at the worst, enabled to spend the remainder of her days in the utmost comfort which her state admitted of.

A WEEK IN SEVILLE.

Seville, the capital of Andalusia, is generally considered to afford a better picture of the peculiar customs and mode of life of this celebrated and remarkable province, than any other town within its confines. It is quite true that, of late years, it has lost much of its national character, but still the habits and manners of this ancient city are much more free from foreign admixture than those of Cadiz or Malaga, which, being seaports, and possessing a considerable trade, have naturally great intercourse with foreign nations.

Seville, therefore, I have selected from amid the many towns visited by me in the course of my late peregrinations, as most fit to show what Spain, or at least Andalusia, is at the present moment. This place is the residence of many wealthy landowners or *proprietarios*, as well as of several ancient noble families of Spain; and though still possessing some foreign and domestic trade, may be rather looked on as an agricultural than as a commercial locality. Many Indian, Manilla, and American merchants, make this the spot where they retire with their families, after making their fortunes, to enjoy repose during the remnant of their days. Many, however, from the mere force of habit, continue even here their commercial enterprises on a moderate scale. These, with the landowners and ancient aristocracy, form the upper class of Sevillian society, the nobility being no longer a separate class. The next grade is that of the shopkeepers, between whom, however, and the artisans, there is scarcely a line of demarcation. The celebrated university produces a distinct class in the students, who number as many as two thousand, and give illustrations of almost every provincial character in Spain.

Seville is situated on the eastern bank of the Guadalquiver, at the distance of about sixty miles from the sea, towards the northern part of an immense plain, extending leagues on both sides of the river, during the whole of its course from Seville to St Luca, where it falls into the ocean. Towards the coast, this plain is generally a marshy swamp, though here and there extensive districts afford pasture for herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. As, however, we ascended the river, the land increased in fertility, and near Seville it presented smiling corn-fields, and the olive-groves which gladden the hearts and fill the pockets of the Sevillians. The approach to the city reminded us of New Orleans, the course of the river being tortuous in the extreme, so that we sailed many hours without advancing a mile nearer to the town. For some distance there was little worthy of notice, except grazing cattle, passing-boats with their graceful lateen sails, or here and there some fishermen pursuing their silent avocations; but as we neared Seville, several white and light-looking little villages presented themselves to our view, picturesquely peeping from amid the orange groves, some at a distance, others planted on the very banks of the river.

Passing these, and when less than half a mile distant, Seville bursts upon the view. On the right bank, on a level with the eye, we beheld the Delicias, one of the boasts of Seville. And justly so, for these delightful walks, extending from abreast our vessel to the very entrance of the town, set an example which we should

gladly see universally followed, and more particularly in our own land. The banks of the river rise about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the water. They descend somewhat abruptly, but are nevertheless thickly planted with trees and shrubs of various species, amid which the weeping-willow is conspicuous. On the summit of the bank, close to the edge, are avenues of trees, whose grateful shade, aided by the passing breeze, serves to temper the sun's rays to the promenading belles of Seville. A delicious fragrance here fills the air — a fragrance so new to an Englishman, as to excite his wonder and admiration. Not all the perfumeries of Paris and London could equal this vast nosegay, which was here filling the air. Beyond the stately Delicias are several orange plantations, the trees in full bloom, and from these it was that the sweet and almost overpowering odour proceeded.

Shooting along, we caught sight of the Torre del Ovo, which rears its gigantic head near the landing-place. On the right bank of the river, at the end of the Delicias, is the marine college of St Elmo; while in the distance beyond rises the cathedral with its lofty tower. The borders of the river are lined with the country boats, and vessels from foreign parts, loading and unloading. One or two steamers, moored to wharfs, marked the progress of improvement. Beyond was the bridge of boats, connecting the city with a populous suburb on the other side of the river, called Triana, which has nothing in its appearance to attract much attention, except the now deserted convent of Los Remedios, with an extensive garden attached to it. In the distance, the view is bounded by a range of pleasant-looking hills, covered with corn-fields and olive-groves, with an occasional convent rising from amid the verdure, and giving interest and variety to the landscape. Entering the town, we found it so level, that no good view could be obtained of it except by ascending the hills beyond Triana, about a mile distant, whence we afterwards enjoyed a perfect panoramic display.

Seville is of rather an oval form, entirely surrounded by walls of Moorish construction. The circumference is rather more than 8000 Castilian yards; while it has thirteen gates and two posterns, the principal being the Puerta de Triana, Del Arenal, and De Xeres. The suburb called Triana is not walled, but is always considered as forming part of the city of Seville, which has nearly 600 streets, the population being from 120,000 to 150,000. The number of convents it formerly contained is almost incredible; but as many are now pulled down, others falling to decay, while some are converted into manufactories and barracks, it is difficult to form an idea of what the number originally was. The parish churches, and Ayudas de Parroquia, or chapels of ease, are about 80 or 90 in number.

The Sevillian streets have very curious names, many taking their appellation no doubt from some tale or tradition. In the course of our rambles we found ourselves in the street of the Witch's Oven—of the Iron Purse—of the Dead Moor—of the Lost Child—or of the Little Fat Abbot. Many are named after the saints, and other matters connected with the Romish religion: we have thus five streets of the Rosary, eight of the Crosses, six of the Angels, four of the Bells, two of the Marvels, three of the Virgin, and three called after the Saviour. We found six that bore the name of Dirty, and many more that deserved the appellation; also, 'Thou Shalt Not Grind Street'—Street of the Pocket—Flea Street—Pig Street—Donkey Street—of the Fine Countenance—of the Man of Stone—of the Back Tooth; and many others which could not be named to ears polite. A lady who has long resided in Seville, favoured us with the following legend in connexion with the subject, which we give in her own words:—

'When the celebrated Don Pedro, known in Spanish history as *the* Cruel, reigned in Seville, he was in the habit of walking by night through its dark, narrow, and crooked streets, in the common dress of the Spaniards of those times. The practice of making love at the iron-grated windows—a custom still extant—and the jealous character of the Spaniards, who always carried swords with them, gave rise to innumerable street brawls, in which Don Pedro used very often to play a conspicuous part. During one of these night adventures the noise made by two men, who were fighting in the streets, attracted the attention of an old woman, who, opening her window, and looking out, saw one of the men fall, and recognised as his murderer, by the peculiar cracking of his knees, the awful Don Pedro el Cruel. She started back, and in her fright let fall the lamp called *candil*, or *candilejo*, which, being picked up next day by the officers of justice, served to prove that she knew something about the crime that had been committed so near her door. She was taken before the judges, who, according to the barbarous practice of the times, ordered her to be tortured, until she should reveal everything she knew about the murder. Notwithstanding her sufferings, and though she told every other circumstance of the quarrel she knew, she obstinately refused to pronounce the name of the murderer.

'The judges, enraged at this obstinacy, had ordered fresh tortures to be inflicted on the wretched old woman, when Don Pedro, who had been all the time present, wrapped up in a common cloak, made himself known, and ordered the woman to be released. He acknowledged himself the murderer, adding, that, as king, he was answerable for his actions to God alone. He made the woman a handsome present, and directed—perhaps as an expiation of his crime—that a stone bust of himself should be placed where it had been perpetrated. The existence of this rough monument, the name of the street near to it (Calle del *Candilejo*), the fact of the legend being mentioned by several historians, and the constant tradition that has been preserved amongst the people of Seville, seem to vouch for the truth of this singular story.'

The streets are nearly all crooked, and exceedingly narrow, so much so in some places that a person could touch both walls with his elbows. The foot-pavements are very narrow, but good; the carriage-way is paved with stones of all sizes and shapes, with a gutter in the centre, generally in a very bad state. There are about fifty plazas or squares, all of an irregular form, and some so small as hardly to be worthy of the appellation.

Many of the principal houses have an imposing exterior, and display considerable architectural taste in the porticos and front elevation. Still more, however, is displayed in the patio, or open courtyard. The houses are built on the principle of a hollow square, for the purpose of exposing the apartments more readily to the air during the heat of summer. The principal parts are the ground-floor, which is occupied in summer, and the upper, which is occupied during the winter. The doors and some of the windows of these apartments open on the patio, which is paved with black and white marble, and adorned with vases containing choice shrubs and flowers. In the centre is a fountain, while at the side are marble columns, supporting arches, which form the basis of the gallery that runs round the upper storey, and forms the means of communication between the different apartments of that floor. The entrance is effected through the cancela, or iron gate, wrought in the lightest, most elegant, and imaginative patterns. The taste and variety displayed in the manufacture of such gates is highly creditable to the Sevillians. It is in this delightful part that the inhabitants spend the summer months, cooled by the freshness of the shade, the flowers, and the fountains: here they receive visitors, hold tertulias, and pass the whole of their time, the heat in the upper storey being so great, as to cause it to be entirely deserted. Between the cancela and the street

is the portal, or outer hall, left open during the day, but closed at night by a massive wooden door.

The rooms and outer walls are whitewashed, and the former generally are furnished with great simplicity: the brick floors are covered in winter with thick, and in summer with light mats. The whole glare of the walls is relieved by paintings or engravings; while the tables and chairs are of a very slight and cheap description. The sala or drawing-room, which is, however, little used, is generally furnished after the English or French fashion—substituting lime-wash for paper-hanging, and painted joists for stuccoed ceilings. In few houses are seen chimneys or fireplaces, the mode of warming their apartments and persons during the winter being by means of *brazeros*, or large brass pans, full of hot charcoal, raised on a circular wooden frame, with a ledge whereon to place the feet. Stooping over and huddling round this unhealthy fire, and inhaling its noxious but invisible vapours, the Seville ladies pass the greater portion of the winter, complaining of colds, coughs, and headaches, without considering or suspecting that the insalubrious fumes of carbon is the cause of many of their complaints and indispositions. The great number of windows which are necessary for ventilation in warm weather render the houses very comfortless, and anything but desirable, in the cold.

The public walks are the old Alameda, which are very extensive; but, being situated in an unfashionable quarter, are now deserted. The Plaza del Duque, a small confined square in the middle of the city, surrounded by houses, has a fountain in its centre, out of which rises an obelisk, having on each side the representation of some nondescript animal, from whose mouth drops the water. A few unhappy-looking trees surround it, under whose shade are brick seats, covered with plaster. This is most frequented during the dog days—or rather nights, for no one then feels inclined to stir out in the sunshine. About ten at night people begin to throng this place, and the concourse is generally so great, that moving about is a matter of some difficulty. The stationary seats are not found sufficient, and moveable ones are hired for a halfpenny. Round the square are booths for the sale of cool water, and refreshments of all kinds. Orangeade, lemonade, orchata, vinegrada, &c. are the liquids most in demand. I have seldom been within the influence of a more picturesque scene than when walking here in summer, by the light of the moon or stars, until perhaps two in the morning, when the crowds begin to disperse.

In addition to this, I visited the Salon de Cristina, a short distance outside the walls on the banks of the river, between the Torre del Ovo and the Delicias. This is really a noble walk, being a raised platform paved with stone, and entirely surrounded by a bench of marble, backed by low iron railings, and overhung by trees. It is about a furlong in length, and of considerable width, while the means of access to it is confined to steps at each end. The parterres below are filled with odoriferous shrubs and flowers, which fill the air with a delicious fragrance. These again are intersected by walks, furnished with seats, the more agreeable that the trees arch overhead, and entirely protect the walker from the sun's rays. The Salon de Cristina may be called the State Paseo, being most frequented on state occasions and field days. It is also customary in the spring of the year for the promenaders to take a few turns up and down in the dusk of the evening, on their return from the Delicias, which are situated beyond the college of St Elmo. They cover much ground, and are intersected by carriage-roads and avenues diverging from a common centre. The greater portion is a thick wood, through which shady walks have been cut, adorned by rows of orange trees, whose branches and blossoms are seen thickly interspersed with roses, the whole shedding a delicious perfume.

The shops are generally good, though all first-rate articles are very dear, being either of English, French, or German manufacture, introduced under a very high duty, or smuggled. With few exceptions, the shopkeepers make a rule of asking a most exorbitant price for their commodities—a price they never expect to obtain. So much is this the custom, that the dealers have been known to return part of the money when the purchaser has incautiously paid the price asked. The following anecdote may serve as a caution to travellers:—'Taking up a miserable unbound copy of an Italian translation of Virgil from a stall in the streets, my friend asked the man what he wanted for it. "Twenty-two francs," said he with the utmost gravity. My friend smiled, and walked away, when the man ran after him, and asked what he was willing to give for it. "Well, two francs, possibly." "La prende, la prende—(take it, take it)," said he.' There are some shops that announce, in gold letters, that they sell at fixed prices; but they are not much patronised, as not affording the same amusement to the fair buyers. The goods are not often displayed in the windows, as the shops are mostly open towards the street. The front is divided into two parts by a marble column, and is shaded in summer by a curtain, and in winter shut in by glass doors. In temperate weather, however, these doors are thrown back, and the shop is open to the street.

Coffee-houses abound, two or three being neatly decorated, and well lighted, though in general the contrary is the case. In the evenings they are much frequented by men of all classes in society—dukes, marquises, merchants, students, farmers, smugglers, shopkeepers, shopmen—taking their coffee, lemonade, or punch, playing at dominoes, reading the papers, discussing politics, talking scandal, making bargains, telling stories; while others are seen silently smoking and waiting for their friends, or bargaining for lottery tickets. Now and then is heard a round of applause from the billiard-room, situated above, and much sought after by the Spaniard. The scene is further enlivened by the entrance of beggars, hawkers of lottery tickets, stray dogs, and pickpockets. Here may be seen the elegant dress-coat, the glossy Paris hat, the Andalusian cloak and round hat, the many-coloured jacket of the country, and the beggar in his parti-coloured rags.

Tea is bad, and coffee excellent, while lemonade and orangeade are generally good and refreshing. One favourite beverage is made by mixing bottled beer and orangeade in a punch-bowl; while punch of various kinds are popular. The walls of the coffee-rooms are hung with a few inferior prints, and the floor is thickly covered in winter with sawdust. Even in the very best houses the furniture consists of painted deal tables, and rush or wooden-bottomed chairs. The attendance is good, and the prices moderate—about twopence-halfpenny for coffee, tea, lemonade, &c. Despite the great variety of characters frequenting these places, they are peaceable, disturbances and quarrels being seldom heard. It is a custom among the Sevillians to insist upon paying for the coffee of their acquaintances, or even strangers, at the same table; and many are the amicable disputes which thence ensue. On tendering the amount of articles consumed, a stranger will often find it has been paid for; by whom, he knows not, and perhaps never discovers.

There are two theatres, the principal of which produces operas and comedies alternately. It is a large house neatly decorated in the Arabesque style. The pit is divided into stalls, every seat being numbered. There are three tiers of boxes, each box being let for the season or night; but no public ones. The gallery is set apart for ladies, who may not feel disposed to go to the expense of a box, the pit being wholly appropriated to men. Admission is by ticket only; and if you purchase a number in the pit, the seat is reserved for you, and you keep it all the evening. The house is lighted by a chandelier of oil lamps, with tin reflectors. The performances are generally indifferent, and the scenery worse. Light pieces, interspersed with dancing, are the favourites. The other theatre is of an inferior order, and was formerly a convent!

Many other objects, chiefly of an architectural or antiquarian nature, came under our observation; but as these might be wanting in interest to the general reader, we here close the narrative of our brief acquaintance with life and manners in Seville.

PICKINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

I. It is a mistake, traceable perhaps to the unfortunate practices of a few literary men, to suppose that there is any necessary connexion between the exertions of high intellect and sensual indulgences. On the contrary, persons who cultivate their minds are, taken as a class, abstemious of gross pleasures. It is amongst the more flourishing inhabitants of our mercantile cities, amongst men whose whole thoughts are given to business, and with whom opening a book is a rare event, that the highest examples of table-loading and wine-toping are to be found. In companies of the intellectual and refined in other cities, a few dishes are seen to suffice, and hardly a bottle will be drunk amongst half-a-dozen persons. An eminent painter in London, who had a wife and a pleasant family growing up around him, was accustomed, some years ago, to hold what were called *conversazziones* at his house. No person, male or female, was invited, unless he or she had attained some degree of eminence in literature, science, or art. There were generally seventy persons present; and for a time all felt them to be most agreeable meetings. What was remarkable, very little was eaten or drunk on these occasions. The intercourse of mind with mind appeared to be sufficient. At length it began to be said that men ought to be allowed to bring their wives, and, in the few instances where married women of literary celebrity had been admitted, that these should be allowed to bring their husbands. By and by, the wives of the literati and artists pleaded for permission to bring with them female friends who happened to be staying with them. Thus a large infusion of commonplace mortals took place. The consequence was, that the meetings fell very much off in attractiveness, *while a large increase took place in the amount of eating and drinking.* So much was the latter the case, that the host found it necessary to give up the use of wine, and finally to abandon everything like supper. But this gave the finishing-blow to his parties; for the clever people having by this time thinned off, and the ordinary finding nothing substantial to make up for that want, there was no longer anything to meet for. In short, these conversazziones, which had at first been intellectual feasts of the most delightful kind, were at last given entirely up, after they had lasted, in one form or another, about six years.

Is there anything surprising in these facts? Is it not, on the contrary, a familiar truth, that we are diverted from one set of feelings by the claims and gratifications of another? I mention the case of the conversazziones as supporting those who advocate the education of the masses, upon the ground that every sheet read is the augury of a glass the less drunk.

II. Ducrow was an eccentric, good-natured man. He used to give his people a fête at Blackwall every year. Mr ——, a brother manager, accompanied him on one occasion, and the two sat at a window in the hotel, to see the party arrive in boats. 'Ducrow, do you find your fellows at all honest?' inquired the friend. 'Oh no; but no matter for that. Some years ago I used to remark as a queer thing about them, that they were all very civil at the commencement of the season, but towards its close, used to walk past me as stiff and erect as grenadiers. I could not understand it, till, by and by, making a strict investigation, it turned out that every man, on going out of the theatre, had a plank of my wood up along his back under his clothes. There now, you see these fellows coming rowing up in their shirts? The shirts, I have no doubt, are all made out of my banners. [Banners are cotton sheets brought in, at such theatres as Ducrow's, to inform the audience, by certain inscribed legends, of circumstances necessary for them to know during the progress of the piece.] See now,' continued Ducrow—'see them raising their oars as they land, and "SHE DIES AT SUNRISE" under that fellow's arm!'

III. 'Taken as a body, practising barristers have about the least share of general information, the most contracted acquirements in general science, the most uninformed and prejudiced views on all general questions that lie *dehors* the little circle of the legal business with which they are connected, or to which their attention has been directed, of all the liberal professions.' So said the Sun newspaper of the 30th July 1845. As far as my observation extends, I think the remark a just one. Medicine furnishes vast multitudes of men of science. Even the church furnishes a considerable number of members to our scientific bodies. But it is a marvel to find a lawyer given to philosophical pursuits. The tone of the barrister mind is—sharpness, liveliness: he is a master of persiflage, and that kind of bantering exaggerative wit which is so common in our day, much to the exclusion, I fear, of all manly earnestness and deep conviction: but rarely are any of nature's mysteries, or thought's farthest reaches, touched upon in the discourse of men of the bar. It seems that they may be litterateurs—often they are—or antiquaries, but never philosophers.

IV. There are some natures of an opposive and rebounding kind, which are the better of being a little trampled on. I will illustrate this by an anecdote or two of a person now living and carrying on business in London. Let us call him Peter Smith.

Peter was originally a joiner in a small way. When the furnishing of plans for the new houses of parliament was competed for, he was prompted, by an odd ambition, to try his fortune. The only result was an article in the Times, ridiculing his presumption, and dwelling with peculiar derision on the ostentatious manner in which he had paraded his humble calling, by way of exciting the greater admiration for his plans. Smith was deeply wounded, but not cast down. By way of overcoming the bitterness of his feelings, he forced himself to get the journalist's diatribe by heart. There was something in the case which struck the fancy of William IV., then reigning; and soon after the article appeared, Peter received a visit from one of the royal equerries, commanding him to the palace. The kind-hearted monarch was so much pleased with Smith, that he gave him several commissions in his trade, and afterwards obtained for him some government employment. The foundation of a considerable business was thus laid.

The act, however, by which Peter most brightly illustrated the principle at the head of this note was as follows:—At the time when he was ambitious of distinction as an architectural designer, being twitted with not having seen any of the great buildings of the continent, he determined to travel for that purpose, though it must necessarily be under unusual difficulties, and at what was to him a great sacrifice of both time and

money. His greatest difficulty was with regard to a sickly child of his own, whom he feared to commit to any one during his absence. The resource adopted by this extraordinary man was, to build a little hand-drawn carriage for his son, with a seat at one end, and a place for baggage at the other; and he actually drew his son in this fashion over a great part of Europe, while inspecting the various buildings which he wished to see for the improvement of his taste.

Little do we think, as we gaze idly along a line of common tradesmen's signs in a London street, what heroes may be some of these Smiths and Thomsons.

V. The objection to improvements which extinguish certain kinds of employment, or interfere with 'vested interests,' is certainly carried to the extreme of its absurdity by those who have opposed the draining of the Haarlem lake, on the ground that it would take a present livelihood from a few hundred fishermen.

VI. There is no judging a man from the doctrines or opinions on abstract questions which he will be found entertaining. Some of the advocates of the more selfish theories have been practically the most benevolent men. Mr Malthus, I believe, was an instance. May it not be, that the self-assurance of the heart's kindness towards all is what allows these men to embrace the theories? If so, the converse may also be true, and selfish men may often be the loud and boisterous patrons of benevolent theories, merely to give themselves a little comfort under the unconfessed pain arising from their continual adoration of self.

VII. England is every now and then assailed by demonstrations of a pugnacious spirit on the part of France and America. Her ambitious and haughty character is inveighed against as intolerable: their sufferings from her can only be redressed by war! It is, nevertheless, an absolute fact, that England is neither ambitious nor haughty in anything like the sense in which these terms are used by France and America. As was lately acknowledged by an unusually-candid continental paper (the Augsburg Gazette), 'the English, whatever people may say, trouble themselves little about acquisitions of dominion—such acquisitions are rather made *in spite of their policy, than in consequence of it.*' This is most perfectly true. An Englishman learns at breakfast, from his newspaper, that Scinde has been added to his country, and in an hour thereafter, in his counting-room, he has forgot the circumstance. I will defy any foreigner to detect, in any department of British society, a thirst of territory or a love of military conquest: the sentiments are positively unknown. The greatness of England is in her vast material wealth—the result of an industry unparalleled, of the ingenuity which aids that industry, and the comparatively (alas, only comparatively!) liberal spirit in which it has been administered towards mankind. Then, again, England is not haughty to any other nation. The people at large feel no such sentiment, whatever a foolish minister may occasionally, and for a brief space, be allowed to say or do. Indeed the remarkable thing about England with regard to other countries is, that she never thinks about them at all. One or two of them will be fuming about her arrogance, when the simple truth is, that they have never once, one way or another, crossed her thoughts.

May not an explanation of these charges against England be found in the feelings of their authors?

We shall say that the conspicuous family of a little district is one possessing great wealth and influence, partly from inheritance, partly from the talents and successful public services of its living members. It is a case of exaltation through natural causes, and therefore, as far as our present social system is concerned, legitimate. Now, this family may be amiable and beneficent as it is possible to be; it may bear all its faculties meekly, and be really humble-minded, as far as a large share of the world's gifts will allow. These characteristics may be fully known and appreciated by those admitted to its society, as well as by the poor of its neighbourhood. And yet we know very well that another family, aspiring to the same level, but not yet near it, will be heard describing this old family as insufferably ambitious and proud; the bad spirit being not in the party accused, but in the accuser—in short, a case of simple jealousy, the oldest of human sins. Hundreds of times will we thus hear persons spoken of as setting themselves high, when we know them to be perfectly unassuming, and that the accusation is solely the effect of their position operating upon an invidious spirit in their detractors.

This is verily the case of England among such of the French and Americans as accuse her—for it would of course be absurd to say that the entire nations act in so silly a manner. And is it not deplorable, that a country of realised greatness like France, or one of promised greatness like America, should be degraded by any portion of their people betraying such paltry feelings with regard to their unoffending neighbour? If these countries are in want of an increase of dignity, will the exhibition of one of the meanest feelings of our nature help them to it? If they wish for additions to their material wealth, will the diversion of their industrious citizens into the idle and expensive fopperies of soldiering, and the exposure of their merchandise, and even perhaps their seaports, to destruction, conduce to that end? Will they be likely the sooner to attain the same level with Britain, that they provoke her to strike them for her own defence? How unutterably foolish! How unworthy of the real character which either country possesses!

RUSSIA UNDER NICHOLAS THE FIRST.*

SUCH is the title of one of the most remarkable sketches of Russia, her people and her government, with which the English public has ever been presented. In 1841, Mr Ivan Golovine, a gentleman of ancient family, quitted St Petersburg with a view of bettering his health by travel in southern Europe. The imperial will has decreed that no nobleman shall be absent from his country longer than five years; and, secure under this permission, Mr Golovine was enjoying himself in Paris, acquiring a knowledge of the people, and devoting his leisure hours to the completion of a work on political economy. Scarcely had copies of his work reached his native city, when he received orders, through the Russian charge-d'affaires, instantly to repair to St Petersburg. Neither sickness nor other excuse could be listened to; and in case of disobedience, he was to be proceeded against as a rebel to the imperial will. Mr Golovine urged, in reply, that he had been absent little more than a year; pled the state of his health, and produced the necessary medical certificates. All this was of no avail; the order of return was merely reiterated; and finally, failing to comply therewith, he had pronounced against him the penalty of banishment to Siberia, the privation of all his civil rights, and the confiscation of his property. The same, however, would have been his certain fate had he returned to Russia. His 'Political Economy' had evidently been too liberal for his native atmosphere; hence his recall, and hence the anxiety of the autocrat to punish the audacity of a youth who had ventured to say such things as might disgust the ear of kings.

Since his residence in Paris, Mr Golovine has drawn up the sketch alluded to—a sketch by no means flattering to our imperial ally, and which we may naturally expect to be tainted with the bitterness of an ill-used and expatriated man. But no: 'If I have spoken ill

* Russia under the Autocrat, Nicholas the First. By Ivan Golovine, a Russian Subject. London: Colburn. 1846.

of Russia, it arises solely from the affection which I bear her. We look with comparative indifference upon those faults in a stranger which offend us in our own brethren; and we are more rigid towards those we love, than those in whom we take but little interest. Independently of this, I regard Russia as an abstract idea—great and beautiful, which I delight to elevate in my dreams of futurity.' This is just and honourable; and with such views, our author in exile will be of more use to his country than if he had dwelt in the heart of her capital. There, every original and liberal thought would have been suppressed by an iniquitous censorship; here, he may write as he thinks, and the closest cordon of custom-houses will not prevent these thoughts from reaching his own party at home. Passing over much that he has written respecting the self-will and cruelty of the emperor, the venality of the police, the sycophancy of the courtiers and judges, the anomalous state of the law, and the nature of the public service, which may be said to absorb the life and soul of the nation, we shall now advert to the portraiture which he presents of the character and habits of the people.

Mr Golovine admits that there is not a more complex, more embarrassing, and more ungrateful task, than that of drawing the character of any people. More especially is this the case with a nation like Russia, which is compounded of so many races, and where the social state is eminently one of transition. Nevertheless, there are several broad features peculiar to the Russian nation, and these he describes with no 'bated breath or whispering humbleness.' Admitting that the Russ is naturally good and mild, more so than other nations, and that he still retains something of his primitive barbarism, as he has already borrowed some of the defects of modern civilisation, our author declares his countrymen to be the most arrant and adept cheats in creation. 'Not finding a worthy and sufficient occupation for his mind, the Russian turns his attention to fraud, which he considers as an easy means of rising in the world. This is an effect of the want of civilisation, and the fruit of slavery. Not feeling his strength, or not daring to make use of it, he has recourse, in most instances, to craft. This is also a proof of his misery; not knowing any remedy for his sufferings, and unable to escape the evils which overwhelm him, he is more liable than another to fall into fatal derelictions; such as cheating, drunkenness, and general debauchery. Cheating, indeed, is carried to such excess in Russia, that one might be tempted to say it is in the air or in the blood. Russian commerce and manufactures are, unquestionably, the most dishonest in the world. China and England have had equal reason to complain of it. The Chinese, who are too suspicious to receive, without examination, the rolls of Russian cloth, find pieces of wood inside; the English receive grease instead of tallow. Their government has in vain repeatedly protested against these abuses, and the emperor has in vain issued decrees to suppress them. A Frenchman, who was appointed by the government to unmask all this fraud, was well-nigh killed by the manufacturers; and the officers have evidently not been proof against the seductions which he resisted, for his denunciations have had no effect. The petty shopkeepers live only by plunder: you purchase an article in a shop, and take a different one home with you: you must be always on your guard. All servants are notorious thieves, especially the cooks and coachmen. It may be pretty much the same everywhere, yet it is never carried to such excess as in Russia. There the officers, even of the public administrations, seize eagerly with both hands; they do not wait till you give them something, but they beg and bargain with you—accept large presents, and do not disdain the most trifling.' With all this overreaching and cheating, the Russian is represented as pious, hospitable, and generous—qualities which are common to primitive nations, and which civilisation unfortunately tends to weaken. His piety, however, is closely allied to superstition, and consists almost entirely in the scrupulous observance of religious forms. 'I have seen,' says Mr Golovine, 'a thief pick the pocket of a passenger with one hand, and with the other make the sign of the cross at the sound of the vesper bell.'

Another vice exceedingly common in Russia is that of drunkenness. 'This may be traced to various causes: such as poverty, despair arising from the precarious state of things, the want of security for property, the uncertainty of the future, and, above all, the lack of education. Time and the government may do much to remedy these evils: the first by enlightening the masses, and the second by seeking more honourable sources of revenue than the distilleries, of which it retains the monopoly, by making itself the first tavern-keeper in the country.' Allied to this propensity is the Russian's nonchalance and carelessness, which are perfectly Asiatic. He has naturally great strength, both of body and mind; can readily endure fatigue and privation; and might soon rise superior to most nations, if his moral were equal to his physical abilities; but he works by fits and starts, and his idleness is one of the chief obstacles to the development of the powers of his country. Though idle, he is ambitious—a condition forced upon him by the political organisation of the empire; but as the nature of the government at the same time paralyses his zeal, and represses the exercise of his capacity, 'there is no country where there are so many instances of persons who have failed in their career, or been disappointed in their ambitious projects, or where discontent, unable to find vent in legitimate and open opposition, terminates in melancholy apathy or inevitable ruin.'

As every hope and ambition of rising in the public service must necessarily centre in the emperor, whose nod can make or unmake fortunes, a great body of the population must be ever fawning, flattering, and cringing, if not directly to the czar himself, at least indirectly through his courtiers. 'Next to the king of heaven,' says Mr Golovine, 'the czar is the object of the adoration of the Russian. He is, in his estimation, the representative and the elect of God, as he is the head of his church, the source of all the beatitudes, and the first cause of all fear. His hand distributes as bounteously as his arm strikes heavily. Love, fear, and humble respect, are blended in this deification of the monarch, which most frequently serves only to mask the cupidity of some and the pusillanimity of others. The czar is the centre of all the rays—the focus to which every eye is directed: he is the *red sun* of the Russians, for they thus designate him; while they call the vestibule of the Kremlin, where the ancient czars showed themselves to the people, the Red Vestibule—*Krasnoïé Kryltzo*. In public, every eye is directed towards the emperor; in the drawing-room, the conversation turns solely upon him and his family; even in private, men's thoughts are chiefly engaged about him. All that he does is well done, and worthy of imitation; everybody walks in the promenades at the time that he walks; everybody loves dancing, because he is fond of it; and there is no person who does not admire the military service, because the emperor is a zealous advocate for it. The czar is the father of the whole nation, and no one has any relation who can be named in the same day with the emperor. When his interest speaks, every other voice is hushed.

'The relations of the conspirators of 1825 were dancing while those unfortunate men were made to pass through the city; and it is difficult to say whether the mother, who accepted 300 rubles as a reward for having given up her son, who was a deserter, or the emperor, who gave them to her, acted the most like a Spartan. There is abundance of liberalism with closed doors: but stones are thrown at him who revolts, and a liberal who is compromised is shunned like a leper. Those men who at different times have sacrificed themselves for the public good, have reaped more indifference and hatred than sympathy. Instances are not wanting of relatives who have abandoned their sons and brothers in Siberia without an attempt to save them, and

then enjoyed the property to which they had become the heirs by their condemnation; nay, and who afterwards were reluctant even to carry on a correspondence with them; and whose unfeeling conduct has been the severest part of the fate of these poor sufferers.' Again—'Nobody in Russia dares to differ in opinion from the emperor, even on the most trifling subject; on a question of art or of literature. When he has once given his opinion, nothing remains but to accede to it, or to remain silent. I one day asked a journalist if he would give a review of the History of M. Buturlin, adjutant-general to the emperor? He answered with much simplicity, "I have not got two heads upon my shoulders."'

This is a gloomy and distressing picture, streaked, however, with the hope that matters will some day or other be righted, though that day in Russia seems yet far distant. 'The great majority of Russian liberals are merely malcontents; and thanks to the fatal conviction, that an absolute government is the only government which is at present adapted to their country, enlightened men contrive to live at peace with their conscience. They will not understand, that even if it were so, it is the sacred duty of an honest man to contribute, to the utmost of his power, to the spread of civilisation, and to hasten the order of things from which it necessarily flows; for if a free government be an effect of civilisation, it is likewise a cause of it, and I believe that we might as well begin with the one as with the other. Russia is a land of serfs and men in office; the virtues which accompany or flow from liberty are unknown here. It is the government which makes the Russian what he is, and which ought to bear the responsibility of all his defects. It is to the government, much more than to the character of the Russians, that we must attribute the hatred which is felt towards them as a nation; and this hatred is so strong, so general in foreign parts, that I have met with some of my fellow-countrymen who did not dare to confess to what nation they belonged.'

Though thus politically degraded, the Russians are by no means a dull and stupid people. Manual skill is a talent peculiar to them, and the meanest serf possesses the faculty of imitation in an eminent degree. Imitation is no doubt a very subordinate faculty compared with that of invention; but the character of the government is repressive of originality; and not till scope and encouragement is afforded, need we expect the development of the higher powers which the Russian intellect may possess. 'In point of intelligence, as well as in the general traits of character, the Russian holds the middle place between the Frenchman and the German: he has, at times, the profoundness of the one and the brilliancy of the other. He is less phlegmatic than the German, and less sparkling than the Frenchman; more practical than the former, less inconstant than the latter; and less a slave to routine than either. Russian, or rather Sclavonian intellect, unites in itself both these elements, and conciliates the two characters. I am not one of those who think that he has the vocation to regenerate the world, for I do not believe the world is disorganising and approaching its destruction; but I am of opinion that he is destined to reconcile the French and German intellects, to complete the one by the other, to blend and combine both, and in time, perhaps, to extend the sphere of their action.'

Thus much for their mental characteristics, now for a glimpse at the kind of life they enjoy. 'The Russian is very sedentary, for the climate compels him to be so, and his manners are in consequence as indolent as those of the Oriental. He prefers lying down to standing, and riding in a carriage to walking on foot. Idleness is a general defect of the nation. An equipage is an article of the first necessity; fashion prescribes it as a law; and the great distances to be traversed in the towns, render it almost indispensable; while the cheapness of horses and of forage, and the facilities which the nobles have of taking their coachmen from among their serfs, make it very inexpensive to keep a carriage. Accordingly, there is no gentleman, however small his fortune, who does not sport a carriage; and no wretch, however poor, who cannot boast of a vehicle. The number of carriages on the public roads is therefore positively countless; but for that very reason, they are seldom worth looking at. The horses are scarcely ever well-matched; and certainly the Russian coach-makers cannot yet rival their foreign neighbours.'

In domestic comforts the Russians are rather deficient: cleanliness is not one of their special virtues; carpets and chimneys are luxuries which are not yet general; and the overwhelming number of ill-fed, ill-clad domestics, contributes to the filth and confusion, rather than to the good order, of an establishment. Generally speaking, the people live well; but their cookery is of the most indigestible nature. Soups, gruel, and cakes, are the staple dishes; and the meals are numerous and sumptuous. Tea is a favourite beverage, and many people drink it all day long. Smoking is universal; and some young gentlemen carry the mania so far as to have special valets for filling and lighting their pipes. The consumption of champagne is immense. 'It is said that more champagne is drunk in Russia than in France; and the Russian infant learns the name of cliquot at the same time as the words father and mother.' Though vapour-baths are almost universal, the use of linen, according to our author, is not so general as could be desired, and even when used, it is for the most part changed as a hebdomadal luxury.

The Russians are rather sparing in their amusements, if we except the numerous holidays imposed by the national church. Cards are the usual resource of an evening party; dancing and conversation are held in subordinate favour. The manly sports of hunting and fishing are little practised, considering the ample resources of the country; and thus the life of the Russian landowner is one of monotony and insipidity. In winter, country life is quite insupportable; and everybody in tolerable circumstances 'goes up' to Moscow, or at least to the capital of his province, where he has the resource of clubs, of some balls given by the nobility, and of gambling. The artificial ice-mountains afford a never-ending diversion in the depth of winter, and when ice is not procurable, they are made of wood.

According to our author, 'the life of the merchant is very different from that of the nobleman. He plays at draughts instead of cards, rides in a car instead of a chariot, and has the liberty to wear a long beard—an ornament which no nobleman is permitted to indulge in. He is faithful to the Russian cookery, drinks his champagne, and sips his tea in the saucer instead of the cup. He employs his superfluous wealth in ornamenting the images of his patron saint, and in adorning his wife—the whole in the worst taste imaginable. His children have nothing more at heart than to throw aside the national costume, and to dress like *petits maîtres*.' Of the life of the peasant Mr Golovine gives a more cheerful picture than we would have expected; but it must be remembered that it is a happiness that knows no better condition than that of serfdom—the privilege to eat of the bread of another whose will he must obey.

Poor and uncivilised as we are apt to regard Russia, her people are most extravagant and reckless in their habits—literally letting the morrow care for itself. Economy is a thing unknown among the higher classes; 'it is even considered fashionable, and a mark of good-breeding, to get into debt, and to send the creditors about their business if they venture to apply for their due. The public service creates a kind of right in this respect, by securing the military and civil officers against certain legal annoyances; and, accordingly, there is no country in the world where it is more difficult to get paid, and where credit is less extended.'

Such is a brief outline of Russian character by one who is evidently too much of a patriot to misrepresent his country. His protraiture of the government and public institutions is equally vivid and instructive; but

our limits forbid further extract. We cannot close, however, without expressing a hope that Mr Golovine will continue the same course of delineation and exposure. The first step to remedy abuse, is to expose it: in his own words—'Men are much more easily corrected of their faults when they have been obliged to blush for them, than when they have only had to suffer for them. Publicity is the salvation of the world, and would be that of Russia, if it were suffered to penetrate there.'

FIFTEEN YEARS OF DIFFERENCE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

In a tastefully-fitted-up drawing-room, from the half-open windows of which could be seen the dim alleys of a park full of magnificent shades, two ladies were occupied in those delicate labours which, while they appear to employ only the fingers, serve also to abstract the mind agreeably from surrounding objects, and even afford an easier flow to the thoughts. One of these ladies, whether by chance or on purpose, was seated before a mirror, and she could not raise her eyes from her work without there perceiving her reflection, adorned with all the lustre of a beauty of seventeen, worthy to serve as a model to sculptors and painters. Glossy black hair, in which art so well seconded nature, that it was difficult to say to which of them she was most indebted for its elegance, relieved the whiteness of her neck and face; and I would add, if I were permitted to use that antiquated expression, that the freshest rose alone could be compared to the colour of her cheeks and lips. A person formed in the most graceful proportions supported that charming head, and whatever youth could borrow from the art of the toilet, had been employed to increase still more such enchanting loveliness. Half hid by the rich drapery of the casement near which she had placed herself, to obtain a more favourable light, the other lady was working, without any distraction of thought: a certain degree of gravity was visible in her manner of dressing, in her carriage, and even in her face. Her eyes were fine, but calm in their expression; her smile was affable, but momentary; the brilliant colours of youth were no longer seen on her cheeks, which were now become less round, so as to leave only an undecided shade, augmented occasionally by a quick and transient emotion, a good deal resembling the meteors with which the clouds are streaked in the stormy nights of summer. Gauze and ribbons, with which youth delights to decorate itself, were not in her case mere ornaments; she made use of them to conceal tastefully the effects each succeeding year had gradually made upon her; and her ingenious head-dress was so arranged as to hide at the same time a few silvery hairs which had dared to mix themselves prematurely with her long and fair tresses.

'What detestable silk!' said the younger of the two, throwing down her work upon an ottoman; 'I shan't do another stitch to-day.' So saying she rose, and approaching the mirror, amused herself in arranging the curls of her hair.

'You have no patience, Léopoldine,' replied the other lady, turning to her with a kind look; 'that is just the way to succeed in nothing. One must have patience as much to conduct herself properly in the world as to finish a purse.'

'I know it, for the matter of that,' said her sister smiling; 'do you forget that a certain person has undertaken to teach it me? Ten purses, like the one I am embroidering, would not tire me so much as M. de Berville's silence. Can you imagine what is keeping him?' added she, while going to seat herself beside her sister—'for, in short, he loves me, that is certain; and he has now nothing more to do than confess it to my Aunt Dorothea.'

'That is very like presumption,' returned the elder lady, 'and you are not right in saying so; but what does it matter to you what he thinks? I trust your happiness does not depend upon him?'

'My happiness? Certainly not: but still, Stéphanie, he is a suitable match; and if he would only explain himself——'

'It would then be time to think of it. Until that event, Léopoldine, I would advise you to see in M. de Berville only an esteemed friend of our family—an amiable man, whose society does us honour. A young girl should never be anxious to deliver up her heart, especially to one who does not ask her for it.'

'Oh, do not be alarmed; I intend taking good care of mine: the lot of a heroine of romance tempts me but little; but for all that, I should be unwilling to become an old maid.'

At these words, which Léopoldine had thoughtlessly spoken, Stéphanie's face flushed suddenly, and for an instant it shone with as much radiance as that of her younger sister.

'There is even a worse condition than that,' she replied with a slight emotion; 'it is to contract an ill-assorted union.'

'Indeed, my dear sister, I did not mean to offend you,' replied the young lady in an embarrassed manner; 'but the world is so strange—you know it yourself; besides, I do not understand why you have remained single?'

'Suppose nobody asked me in marriage?' said Stéphanie smiling.

'What! really? Is it possible?'

'Indeed it is. However, I believe that circumstance is rare enough, and I grant that I have found many opportunities of getting married, but never in a suitable manner.'

'You were perhaps difficult to please?'

'I do not think so; but when very young, about your own age, I was courted by a man to whom fortune alone was wanting, or at least the means of maintaining a position in society. Our parents, not being then in possession of the rich inheritance they have acquired since your birth, refused him my hand, from a motive which I appreciated afterwards, but which at the time almost broke my heart. From this opposition to my inclination, a total indifference to marriage took possession of my youthful feelings. I only looked for a husband after my own heart; and not finding one, I was resigned to becoming an old maid, thinking it easier to bear the unjust remarks of meddling persons, than to endure a heavy and burdensome yoke even to the grave.'

'Do you not feel regret sometimes?'

'No, Léopoldine, that condition which frightens you has its advantages like other positions in life. I adopted a certain course relative to the wound my self-esteem had suffered, and called into my assistance literature and the fine arts, which it is so difficult for married women to cultivate, without interfering with their duties; and when, after the death of our parents, I found myself left in charge of your youth, conjointly with our worthy aunt, my liberty became dearer to me, for, had I been a wife and a mother, I could not have devoted myself to you as I have done. Was I not right in remaining single?'

'To tell the truth, Stéphanie, I would rather be ill-married than not married at all.'

'Your persistency, my child, gives me pain,' replied the elder sister; 'and I should willingly think that you speak thus from want of reflection.'

While she was yet speaking, a lady, advanced in years, aunt to the two sisters, entered the room where they were sitting with a parasol, which she used like a staff, in her hand. She sat down on a large sofa of blue velvet, and rested her feet upon a stool covered with similar stuff, which Léopoldine put before her, and looking complacently on her nieces, she said—'They tell me that M. de Berville is at the end of the avenue; for which of your sakes does he honour us so frequently with his visits? For my part, I do not understand the matter; and the more I see of him, the less I can fathom his intentions.'

'You jest surely, aunt?' said Stéphanie; 'there can be no doubt about his choice: it is like hesitating between a mother and her daughter.'

'Notwithstanding that, he does not explain himself,' said the aunt; 'and it is useless for you to call yourself old, my dear niece, since I see in you a very young person as compared with myself.'

'You forget, aunt,' replied Léopoldine quickly, 'that M. de Berville is, at most, of the same age as my sister. If merit alone were what he looked for, I should have cause to dread in her a dangerous rival; but that amiable person is without any pretensions whatever: she knows that youthfulness, although perhaps trifling, has a powerful advantage over——'

'My dear, do not trust too much to that youthfulness, nor even to the beauty which accompanies it. I have seen strange things in my time; and a man capable of holding himself neutral so long, is not of a disposition to be captivated by a ribbon, or a bouquet of flowers prettily arranged.'

An incredulous smile played on the lips of Léopoldine, who was about to say something in reply in accordance with this smile, when M. de Berville was announced. Although already of an age somewhat too mature for a very young person, his dignified and elegant manners, his handsome figure, his cultivated mind, his reputation as a man of honour, and the state of his fortune, conspired to make him a match that no young lady would have thought unworthy of her; and we have already seen how favourably-disposed towards him Léopoldine's opinion was. Stéphanie thought of him exactly as her sister did; perhaps, from being in a better situation for appreciating the estimable character of M. de Berville, she did him even more justice; but still she only received him as a mother would do, who reckons on meeting the protector of her daughter, and endeavours, by innocent means, to make her secretly-conceived plans of happiness successful. The old aunt, proud of her skill in such matters, was meanwhile observing the actors of this scene, eager to penetrate, without their remarking it, into their inmost thoughts. As for Léopoldine, the veil of modesty under which she was covered could scarcely conceal the joy a coquette feels at the triumph of her charms. However, her joy and triumph received some check, for she did not appear, during M. de Berville's visit, to occupy exclusively his attention, as she expected. The conversation took a serious and instructive turn, very much opposed to the light-hearted taste of the younger lady. They spoke of science, of art, and of literature; and we know that Stéphanie made a pleasant relaxation of these, and that she took an interest in them, not for the purpose of shining, but to charm away her leisure moments. Such a conversation, therefore, was well calculated to show off her mind and her accomplishments to advantage; and she was led into it with a very natural feeling of pleasure; while Madame Dorothea saw that M. de Berville took even more delight in it than her niece.

Proud of her youth and beauty, Léopoldine had disdained to be instructed, neglecting, like a spoiled child, the lessons of her masters and the suggestions of her sister. Music and dancing were the only arts she could be prevailed on to study, because they were necessary to make her figure in the world. Incapable of mixing in the interesting conversation which was sustained, weariness took hold of her agreeable person, and ill-humour of her mind, and, in spite of all her efforts, ill-concealed yawns threatened every moment to betray her. M. de Berville, quite absorbed in the pleasure that he felt, did not observe them; but Stéphanie, guessing the cause of her sister's uneasiness, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of music, and begged Léopoldine to be seated at her piano. She knew that her sister's voice was much admired by M. de Berville, and thought by this means his attention might be brought back to her; but the old aunt believed she could observe that he needed all his politeness to hide the annoyance which this interruption caused him; and Stéphanie herself thought the compliments he addressed to the fair singer were extremely cold.

Botany is a science perfectly suited to ladies residing in the country, inasmuch as it is a source of ingenious discoveries, and of pure and quiet enjoyment; and under the shade of trees, upon the green grass, on the brink of waters, or on the surface of the fertile soil, are its delightful lessons inscribed. M. de Berville was fond of this study, and he wished to teach it to the two sisters; who accepted his offer—the one from taste, and the other through coquetry; for in this proposal Léopoldine saw only an opportunity of displaying her grace and agility in running here and She imper the grass to collect the necessary flowers. there ovosed one condition, however, upon the arrangement; namely, that they should only go out in the morning and evening, so as not to expose her complexion to the heat of the sun. Stéphanie approved of this precaution; for the care that a woman employs to preserve her advantages has nothing blameable in it, and she was the first to show her sister the example; but, nevertheless, more than once did her desire to possess a rare or curious flower overcome her fear of being a little sunburnt; whereas Léopoldine, entirely the slave of her beauty, enjoyed no pleasure without restraint. One particular instance will serve to show to what extent she was capable of sacrificing everything to her foolish vanity.

A burning heat was consuming the face of nature; the drooping plants were bent towards the earth; the birds were silent in the depths of the woods; and the grasshopper alone, with his cherup, was heard to break the silence of creation. The reaper, bathed in sweat, slept at full length on his sheaf; the traveller, too, was waiting in sweet repose on the banks of a shady stream for the time when the descending sun would permit him to continue his journey.

In an apartment where twilight was scarcely admitted, round a table covered with plants, Stéphanie and Léopoldine were listening to M. de Berville, who was explaining to them the ingenious system of Linnæus, and the simpler one of Tournefort, when a letter was brought in to Madame Dorothea, who was employed in reading a newspaper.

'Here is sad news,' said she to her nieces; 'our excellent neighbour Madame Revel has had a terrible fall, and it is feared she has broken her leg.'

'Good gracious, how accidents do happen!' exclaimed Léopoldine. 'Yesterday, too, she was so well. But we shall go and see her to-morrow; shall we not, Stéphanie?'

'This very day, Léopoldine. You know she never deferred for a moment the consolation which depended on her presence.'

'Very well; to-night, then, after sunset.'

'No, no, let us go immediately; we will spend the rest of the day with her; and M. de Berville will excuse our absence?'

'Impossible!' said Léopoldine; 'go out in the present intolerable heat? We should certainly get a *coup-de-soleil*, which would darken our skin all the summer.'

'Under the shelter of a veil or a parasol?'

'I should not think myself safe at the bottom of a well; and nothing in the world would make me venture out of the house before nightfall.'

'You forget, Léopoldine, with what courage Madame Revel set out, alone and on foot, in the middle of a December night, in spite of the cold and snow, to come and tend you in the measles, because she heard that you cried earnestly for her.'

'I had rather expose myself to the north wind itself than to the rays of the sun.'

'Indeed, Léopoldine,' said her sister, 'heat would no more have prevented her than cold.'

'Nothing is so frightful as a sunburnt complexion.'

'If I were to become like an African, I should not leave our friend without consolation at such a time. I am going with the waiting-maid to visit her, and you

will be sorry afterwards if you do not follow my example.'

'Allow me to accompany you, Mademoiselle Stéphanie,' said M. de Berville to her, at the same time taking up his hat.

'In truth,' said Stéphanie, 'I know not if I ought to consent to your proposal; an hour's walk in this heat——'

'I am not more afraid than you are of the effects of the sun,' he interrupted; 'and perhaps the assistance of my arm might not be without service to you.'

Léopoldine permitted them to depart, notwithstanding that her conscience reproached her for it. She remained, sad and humiliated, thinking that M. de Berville ought to have joined her in keeping back her sister, whom she secretly accused, for the first time, of doing a good deed at her expense. Very soon, too, Madame Dorothea added to her discontent, by making observations which the young lady was far from expecting.

'You need count no longer on M. de Berville,' said she; 'for certainly the more I watch him, the more convinced I am he never thinks of marrying you.'

'With all the respect which I owe to your sagacity, aunt,' replied Léopoldine in a displeased tone, 'allow me to differ from your opinion. The assiduous attentions of M. de Berville must have some object in view, and that object cannot be doubtful. If he does not show any anxiety to make it known, it is because, as my sister says, he is studying me. I have, I think, no ground for alarm.

'And what if he were thinking of your sister all the time?'

'She is well worth the trouble, I am sure,' exclaimed the young girl, bursting into a laugh; 'a woman of two-and-thirty, with gray hair and wrinkles—for she has some round her eyes, as I have distinctly seen; one, in short, who might pass for my mother—what an idea! But I see what has made you conceive it for a moment: it is this mid-day promenade—a simple act of politeness, which M. de Berville is vexed at in his heart.'

'No, no; that idea has no weight except from what has passed before. I agree with you, my dear niece, that there are between you and your sister fifteen years of difference, and that is certainly a great deal. You dazzle at first sight, while she is scarcely noticed; and M. de Berville has been at first taken by your attractions; but if I mistake not, it is no longer these graces which retain him here. You have been like the taper that conducts one to a brilliantly-illuminated apartment, which makes the light seem dim beside it. I beg pardon for the comparison.'

'That is to say, that by me he has been attracted to my sister, and that by her I am now eclipsed?'

'She does not eclipse you either in youth or beauty; but her wit, her accomplishments, and the qualities of her mind, appear perhaps to be advantages sufficiently desirable to make amends for those she is deficient in; and I should not be surprised if M. de Berville has taken a fancy to her, and were to marry her in spite of her age of thirty-two.'

'If he were fool enough to prefer my sister to me, I—— But it is impossible,' added Léopoldine, casting her eyes on the mirror.

Notwithstanding, however, the flattering opinion she had of herself, a feeling of jealousy found its way into her heart, and she examined her sister and M. de Berville more closely on their return. The accident which had befallen Madame Revel proved less severe than was at first supposed. Her leg was not broken; but, in spite of the satisfaction this gave her, Stéphanie's usually calm demeanour now appeared agitated, and the two sisters were hardly left alone, when Léopoldine asked her what was the cause of it.

'I feel—I confess to you,' said Stéphanie, 'a degree of surprise, mixed with regret; for M. de Berville, whom I so sincerely wished to see become your husband, and who seemed to have no object in view but you, has——'

'Well, Stéphanie?'

'He has asked my hand in marriage.'

'I do not see anything to grieve at in that,' replied Léopoldine, trying to hide her own disappointment; 'but if he prefer old maids, he could not make choice of me.'

'What is subject of regret,' said Stéphanie, 'is, that this rivalry, as little wished for as foreseen, will alienate your affection from me, since even now you are addressing bitter words to me;' and here her face was suffused with tears.

On seeing this, Léopoldine, more giddy than wanting in feeling, was recalled to a sense of her injustice to her sister, and throwing herself into her arms, said, 'Forgive me, my dear sister; I see very well it is not your fault; but confess that the result is very humiliating to me, who was the original object of his attentions. That man is fickle, and an impostor.'

'No, Léopoldine, he is only reasonable. Tempted by the advantages you have received from nature, he hoped to find also in you those you might have acquired, had you been persuaded by me. Your ignorance, your coquetry, and the absurd importance you attach to beauty, have convinced him that you would not have been happy together. And not with him alone,' continued Stéphanie, 'unless you resolve to think little of qualities of short duration, which disease quickly destroys, and which time, in its progress, is every day depriving you of. A young girl, whether she is handsome or ugly, ought never to neglect to adorn her mind, to ripen her understanding, and to form the affections of her heart. What has that beauty availed you to which you trusted so much, and to which you have even sacrificed the duties of friendship? A person who is neither young nor good-looking, has, in spite of herself, carried off your conquest; and merely because she never thought about the matter. Profit by this lesson, and make good use of your years of youth to come to be instructed and corrected. There will present himself, I trust, another De Berville, who, attracted like the first by your external graces, will find, on more closely inspecting you, that your good qualities even surpass them.'

Léopoldine yielded to persuasion, and followed this advice with readiness, of which she soon reaped the benefit. Stéphanie having become Madame de Berville, continued to be as a mother to her sister until she was married. The anxieties and troubles inseparable from maternity very soon effaced the rare beauty of Léopoldine; but she had still so many amiable qualities remaining, so many solid virtues, so many mental graces, that its absence was little observed; and the young wife was neither less beloved nor less endeared to her family by its loss.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S LECTURE ON LIGHT AND MAGNETISM.

The recent important discoveries by Professor Faraday in the interesting branches of natural philosophy specified above, were, a few weeks since, made the subject of popular elucidation and experiment in a lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution in London. The subject is one to which the attention of the lecturer has long been directed; and he was led to believe, from certain philosophical considerations, that an intimate relation would be found to exist between the various results arising from the operation of the powers of nature on matter—which, possessing a common origin, are mutually dependent on each other, and may, in certain conditions, be converted the one into the other. This reciprocal convertibility has already been demonstrated by electricity and magnetism; and it was supposed that light would eventually prove to be connected with the same class of phenomena. Mr Faraday's anticipations were realised; and, after numerous searching investigations, he arrived at the discovery which we are about to describe, 'that a ray of light may

be electrified and magnetised, and that magnetic lines of force may be rendered luminous.'

The lecturer commenced by observing that he feared his auditory would be disappointed in their expectations of entertainment or instruction: he appealed to their love of knowledge, their desire to penetrate the mysteries of nature, as his experiments would tend to the development of a principle, rather than to the exhibition of showy results. While apologising to the philosophical portion of his hearers for what might be termed a 'juvenile lecture,' he stated his object to be the making plain of first principles—to give a simple expression to some of the more elaborate scientific investigations; and trusted that both parties, the learned and the unlearned, would show themselves indulgent in case of failure.

On the table, in front of the lecturer, lay an immense horse-shoe magnet, several inches thick, and nearly two feet in length. At one end stood a hollow helix of large dimensions, made of closely-twisted copper-wire, connected by wires with the horse-shoe, and with a Grove's battery placed on the floor. On a sloping stand was a lamp, resembling in general appearance those used for magic lanterns, the light from which, passing upwards across the table near to the poles of the magnet, fell on a white screen at the back of the operator. Various glass tubes, some of which were filled with liquid, two or three short thick pieces of iron, and a quantity of nails, completed the apparatus.

The room being darkened, Mr Faraday explained what was meant by a ray, by throwing a stream of light from the circular aperture of the lamp to the screen, and bending it to various parts of the room. A common ray, however, affords but little assistance to the object of the experiment, which requires polarised light. This phenomenon, which the lecturer could not stop to explain, further than as consisting of a ray with *sides*, may be familiarly described by supposing a long square piece of wood to represent a ray of light; two of its sides, opposite to each other, are painted green, and possess a certain property; the other two sides, possessing a different property, are painted red. This polarised ray would be again unpolarised if all the sides were alike.

With unpolarised light, reflection takes place in all circumstances; but with polarised, only under certain conditions, as two of its sides may fall on a reflecting surface, and be there lost, while the other two will be reflected. And it is to be remarked, that this property is not peculiar to the whole ray only, but is equally possessed by each of its individual filaments.

There are many substances which possess the power of polarisation; among them are transparent carbonate of lime, or Iceland spar, glass, the air, sugar, oil of lemons, oil of turpentine, black marble, ebony, and some varnishes. When a ray strikes upon a piece of the spar, or on quartz, it divides—one portion continuing its straight direction, while the other goes off at an angle, and two distinct images are seen on the place where it ultimately falls. Light may also be polarised by reflection from a transparent mirror, or by passing through a pile or 'bundle' of plates of common glass, as shown by Mr Faraday in pursuing his illustration, when the image on the screen, which had hitherto been circular, became immediately square. On placing a piece of quartz to intercept the ray in its passage from the pile of glass plates, two images were seen—one green, the other red; these, on turning round the reflecting surface, changed their position, becoming reciprocally green and red as they revolved one around the other.

In addition to this remarkable property of colouring a ray, quartz has the power of turning round or diverting the beam of light from its course. A ray being thrown on the screen, was intercepted in its line of direction by 'the analyser;' a Nichol's prism, which, formed of two pieces of glass cemented together with Canada balsam, possesses the power of throwing the light entirely out of the field of vision. But on placing a piece of quartz between the lamp and the analyser, the ray was again visible on the screen, having been turned round and restored to its place by the intervening substance. This phenomenon, which for a long time has puzzled philosophers, is known as circular polarisation.

After this illustration of natural agency, the lecturer proceeded to show the effects of magnetic force. The gentlemen seated near him were cautioned to guard their watches from the disturbing influence of the vast power at his command; and a communication being established between the battery and the helix beforementioned, a heavy needle standing near was seen to vibrate rapidly, and leap, as it were, into the direction of the current. The addition, however, of iron to the helix, increases its power to an almost incredible degree. A bar was passed through the central hollow along its whole length, when the needle, though at a greater distance than before, was violently attracted towards it. An iron weight of fifty-six pounds hung to the lower side of the bar by the mere contact of its ring, and required considerable force to separate it. One of the short thick pieces of iron, about twelve inches in length, and three in diameter, on being presented to the end of the bar, remained fixed in a horizontal position, and bore several blows of the lecturer's hand without separating, while it became so highly magnetised as almost to support a similar piece at its outer extremity. Mr Faraday explained that the action of the magnetic force is not impeded by bodies placed in its line of direction. 'If,' said he, 'I stand in the way, it passes through me without losing any of its effect.' It will also pass through a wall into an adjoining apartment. In illustration of this, the under side of an earthenware plate was held vertically against the end of the bar projecting from the helix, when, on throwing a handful of nails against the opposite side of the plate, it was held without falling by the magnetic attraction alone, while more nails were added to the first, where they clung, a heavy mass of bristling iron. The helix was then taken from its stand, and laid across the table; a large board, covered with sheets of white paper, was placed upon it, and the nails were scattered, without any regard to order, over its surface. On establishing the circuit between the helix and the battery, a sudden click was heard, and the nails were seen to arrange themselves in certain directions, more or less influenced by the magnetic current. But on striking the board at one corner, so as to produce a slight vibration, the nails ranged themselves in regular curved lines, radiating from two centres corresponding with the poles of the helix. These magnetic curves, as the lecturer explained, exist not only horizontally, as shown by the surface of the board, but are carried through the atmosphere in all directions between the poles. If the nails could have been made to stand one upon the other, the curves or arches would have been seen springing from and bestriding the board.

The helix being replaced on its stand, was brought into communication with the horse-shoe magnet by wires, when Mr Faraday stated that the extraordinary power, whose effects had just been demonstrated, was increased tenfold. The substance best adapted for the exhibition of the relation between light and magnetism is silicated borate of lead, commonly known among opticians as 'heavy glass;' a piece of this, which the lecturer terms the *diamagnetic*, was placed in the line of the polarised ray issuing from the lamp, being, at the same time, in the line of magnetic force passing from one pole to the other of the horse-shoe; which line of force, it has been found, is able to affect a ray on its passage through a transparent substance. The light, on leaving the piece of glass, fell on the screen, from which it was diverted, as in the previous experiments, by the interposition of the analyser. But as soon as communication was established with the battery, the ray re-appeared on the screen, and was again lost on the interruption of the circuit. When the magnetic influence is passing from the south pole, the ray turns from left to right, or the contrary on reversing the poles. By continuing these changes, and reproducing the effects, the complete success of the experiment was satisfactorily established.

The discovery thus resolves itself into the simple fact, that a ray of light may be made to rotate by the force of magnetism in the same manner as by quartz or other crys-

talline substances. Many persons, however, object to recognise it as a discovery, on the ground that the phenomenon is not new. To these Mr Faraday replied by observing, that when two persons look at the same time into opposite ends of a tube filled with oil of turpentine, the ray appears to each of them to turn to the *right;* but on looking into a tube at a magnetised ray, if it be seen turning to the right at one end, the motion will be the same through the whole length of the tube; so that, to a person at the opposite end, it will appear turned to the left. This was the first occasion of showing the experiment to a large number of persons at one time; it had previously been seen only by individual observers gazing through an eye-piece, and much ingenuity was displayed in the arrangements for exhibiting the whole series of experiments in the clearest and most comprehensible manner.

It may be said, this result of so much scientific labour and investigation is apparently of very little importance. It is, however, impossible to foresee what great consequences may arise from the first small and isolated fact. Dr Franklin was at Paris when balloons were first invented: a gentleman sneeringly inquired in his presence, 'Of what use are balloons?' 'Of what use,' replied the doctor, 'is a new-born child?' Mr Faraday remarked, in concluding his lecture, 'Although our experiments may be small as to facts, they are large as to principles; deeper investigations may lead to higher results. It is an old thought, that the sun has something to do with magnetism. We hope to derive light from magnetism, and magnetism from light; and I wait impatiently for the long days of summer, to make experiments on the rays of the sun itself. It may then be ascertained that magnetism does not exist in the mass of the earth, but perhaps in the seas, rivers, and lakes, or in the action of the sun's rays on a transparent atmosphere.'

Column for Young People.

THE WINTER WALK.

There is a variety in the succession of the seasons exciting and agreeable to all, but especially to the young. In them repeated experience has not yet in anyway dulled the charms of novelty. They hail the green leaves of spring as something which they had almost forgotten. The torrid heat of summer, with its flowers and fruits, and its long holiday rambles, forms a delightful present reality. Autumn, with its busy reapers, its yellow corn and tinted woods, its nut and apple gatherings, and hedgerows red with hips and haws, is highly relished by every boy let loose from school; and no less grim and surly winter, with his icicles, snow, and loud howling winds.

After a period of gloomy, interrupted weather, which had almost broken up our usual rambles, a day of snow came at last. The sky was darkened, and the fleecy flakes fell thick and fast. Nothing could exceed the dulness and monotony of the time spent in our imprisoned home, till the curtains were drawn, and the cheerful fire and lights in a great measure compensated for the absence of the sun during the day. We went to bed with little hopes of a walk for to-morrow—yet to-morrow agreeably disappointed us. The storm and gloom were over, and the moist clouds dispelled. A sharp frost had set in during the night—the sun shone out bright; and everything looked dazzling from the reflection of the snow, which had fallen deep the previous day.

At noon we sallied out, to wander where we list over the hard-frozen surface of the snow, all roads and tracts to guide our course being obliterated. The young people were delighted with the dazzling scene around. The surface of the country was one uniform and pure white, set off by the deep blue and equally spotless sky above. Banks, hedges, trees, were all clothed in white—the dark-blue lines of the water-courses alone appearing to cut through the uniform expanse. An unusual stillness pervaded all nature—animated beings seemed depressed and awe-struck—there was no twitter of birds or low of cattle. The red sun crept low along the horizon, and little influence seemed to come from his feeble rays. The houses and cottages scattered about were barely perceptible, except by the blue smoke which curled upwards from their chimneys. We walked over myriads of crisped crystals, pure and beautiful, and ofttimes reflecting brilliant hues of coloured light.

'How beautiful is this snow!' said Elizabeth; 'who would think that it was but the mist and dew of the sky thus changed and solidified?'

'I perceive,' said Henry, after minutely examining a portion of snow with his magnifying lens, 'that it is composed of minute crystals, mingled with a number of round spherical bodies like small pin-heads. How does this happen?'

'You are aware, as Elizabeth has remarked, that snow is only aqueous vapour solidified by cold. You remarked yesterday the broad flakes falling to the ground; now, these flakes were made up of minute spherical portions of vapour that had been deposited from moist currents of air high up in the atmosphere, and which particles were in the process of collecting together, to form one large drop of rain, when they were arrested and congealed by coming into contact with a current of air at or below the freezing-point. These flakes falling to the ground, and accumulating to form the snow, are now undergoing a still further change by the continued severity of the frost, and the little spherules are gradually passing into larger and more irregular shapes of agglomerated crystals.'

'But why should it happen to snow at this particular time,' cries Mary, 'when we have had only rain for so long a time?'

'Your question is a perfectly reasonable one, Mary, and I will explain to you the reason. Hitherto, during the season, we have had a prevalence of moist, though by no means very cold, currents of wind, blowing generally from the west and south. Yesterday, however, a cold current set in from the north and east, blowing over the frozen regions of Siberia and Russia, and around the North Pole, where the sun now scarcely imparts any of his cheering heat; the consequence is, that all our vapour has been frozen, and thus deposited as snow. This state of things will remain as long as the cold current continues to prevail in our atmosphere; but by and by we shall have a change—a warmer breeze from the ocean and from the south—and then we shall have soft weather and a thaw.'

'Indeed,' said Henry, 'I was almost going to chide Mary for the apparent simplicity of her question; but now I find that the answer explains to me what I had not thought of before. I see now how it is that in this locality of Britain, surrounded by the ocean, and subject to various changes of wind, we should have severe and mild weather alternating even in winter.'

We had now entered a little grove of birch and alder and pine trees, and we paused to admire the wonderful change which had taken place on these since our last visit. Birches and willows, and the drooping boughs of the larch, bent under a covering of pure crystalline snow, from which hung down, in glittering festoons of the most delicate forms, innumerable icicles of fantastic shapes. The dark fir seemed alone to preserve its ordinary hue, and formed a striking contrast to the others. Here the poor benumbed birds had retired for shelter. They were now dumb and spiritless.

'What a beautiful little creature is this!' cries Mary, as she almost touched a golden-crested wren perched in the cleft of an overhanging branch.

'This is the smallest of our British birds, almost approaching to the diminutive humming-birds of warmer climes, and not much inferior to some of these in its plumage. You mark that little tuft of golden yellow on its forehead, from whence it derives its name. It is a shy bird in summer, and delights, together with the robin, in the lonely solitudes of the groves, but now sharp hunger and cold force it to come near to human habitations.'

'I wish it would only think of visiting us,' said Mary, 'that I might feed it along with the robins: and see! there are two poor robins flitting about from spray to spray, and twittering that soft complaining note which I recollect so well.'

Another bird now caught their attention, of larger size and gayer plumage: it was new to all, and in one voice they inquired its name.

'This is a winter visitor, come all the way from the north of Europe. It is called the snow-flake, or snow-bunting, and is only seen here in severe winters. So accustomed is this bird to cold and elevated situations, that I have seen it, when caught and taken into a close warm room, pant and gasp, and actually die, apparently of heat and suffocation.'

We now passed on through the thicket, and came to the waterfall. Here a new scene of wonder presented itself. That cascade, which had so often amused us with its incessant gush of foaming waters, was now almost bound up and arrested in its course. Innumerable icicles hung in various shapes and sizes from the rock; large masses of concreted foam swelled out on each side; and but a faint trickling stream of water dropped down slowly, till it also was, ere it reached the bottom, arrested, and added to the icy mass.

'In this manner,' said Henry, 'I can fancy huge glaciers to accumulate in high mountains, where they prevail, and where frequent torrents of melted snow pour down their furrowed sides.'

The waterfall formed the boundary of our walk. We skirted the lake, now fast passing into a solid surface of ice, while a dense mist floating over its centre attracted the attention of my companions. 'The appearance which you inquire into,' said I, 'is a very interesting one. You know already that water, in passing from the ordinary fluid state to that of ice, gives out a quantity of heat, which is termed its latent or concealed heat. Now, the cold air over the lake is gradually cooling down its water to the freezing-point, and as this process is going on, heat is evolved, and passes upwards: in doing so, it carries a portion of vapour up along with it, and this vapour being speedily condensed by the cold atmosphere, gives rise to that fog or cloud which you perceive. It is in this way too that heat and moisture, passing up from the surface of the ocean, and becoming diffused over the neighbouring land, tend to elevate the temperature there. You thus perceive how apt and fitting are the arrangements of nature, by which, as in this process, the ocean, everywhere of a medium heat, tends, by the diffusion of its waters, to mitigate the severe cold that takes place over continents stretching into the frigid regions.'

In our homeward course we met in with tracks of the hare and rabbit, and a few traces of the roe deer. Hunger had forced these animals abroad, for they are very reluctant to leave their retreats during snow, aware that their speed of foot is then liable to be greatly retarded by their sinking downwards in it, and being also conscious that their course can then be much more distinctly traced by their enemies. The hare is particularly apt to suffer during snow; for this creature, from the shortness of its fore-legs in proportion to the hind, plunges down headlong, and is frequently suffocated!

'How distinctly,' remarked Elizabeth, 'do we hear those sounds coming from the distant village. I can count almost every stroke given on the smith's anvil, and that whistle of the herd-boy is as sharp as if it were made close by the ear. Pray what is the cause of this?'

'The chief reason is the increased density of the air, which thus better favours the transmission of sound. There is also, as we before remarked, an unusual stillness both of inanimate and animated nature. You recollect to have remarked how distinctly sounds are heard on a Sunday, when all labour is left off, which arises from the perfect stillness of the air on that day.'

'How comfortable,' observed Mary, 'are those cottages we have passed, with their snug warm roofs of thatch, and a good fire gleaming on the hearth. I sometimes, in summer, used to think that the hares and the birds had a happier life than the hard-wrought labourers, but now I see that the industry and foresight of these have been the means of procuring for them more comforts in this cold weather than are enjoyed by the creatures of the field.'

'Do not fear but the creatures of the woods and fields will also be provided for by a beneficent Creator. And do you, amid the comforts of your home, which is now about to receive you, not forget to share those blessings with any of our poor neighbours who may not be so well provided for during this inclement season.'

'We shall be out to-morrow,' they simultaneously replied, 'and as we have visited the fields and the woods to-day, with all their beauties and wonders, we shall make the round to-morrow of all the lonely cottages. To-night we shall read Cowper's "Winter Morning Walk," and see how far our observations have realised the descriptions of that delightful poet.'

FORBEARANCE.

Believe that you have really learned something, when you have learned to bear with the misinformation, the mistakes, and the prejudices of the ignorant.—*T. Cromwell.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.]

The coffin descends, with white blossoms strewn over,
By the hand of a father absorbed in his woes;
Take them, O earth! Lo! now thou dost cover
Maiden and rose.

Give them not back to this world of deep anguish,
World full of mourning from birth to life's close;
The wind tears and scatters, the hot sun makes languish
Maiden and rose.

Thou sleepest!—thou, gathered so early!—nor fearest
The heat of the day in thy deep calm repose;
Both finished their course when life's morning was nearest—
Maiden and rose.

O'er the fresh heaped-up turf the lone father is bending,
Pale as the dead. Where thy sturdy root grows,
Old oak, Time has mowed down, in death at once blending
Maiden and rose.

D. M. M.

CHAMBERS'S TRACTS.

Occasional inquiries addressed to us respecting our Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, lead us to say a few words on the subject. The Tracts may be regarded as supplemental to Chambers's Journal, though issued in a smaller size. While the Journal is composed of a variety of short papers, each Tract consists of but one article—a little book on some subject of peculiar and popular interest. Tracts strictly religious have been long known; but with the field in which these labour, it is not our vocation to interfere. Our design is to bring all the aids of literature to bear on the *cultivation of the feelings and understanding of the people*—to impress correct views on important moral and social questions—suppress every species of strife and savagery—cheer the lagging and desponding by the relation of tales drawn from the imagination of popular writers—rouse the fancy by descriptions of interesting foreign scenes—give a zest to every-day occupations by ballad and lyrical poetry—in short, to furnish an unobtrusive friend and guide, a lively fireside companion, as far as that object can be attained through the instrumentality of books.

In the attempt to fulfil these intentions, it has been our anxious wish to reach a still more humble department of society than that to whom the pages of the Journal are more particularly addressed. That no obstacle to the extensive diffusion of these Tracts may present itself in the way of price, they are issued weekly at a *penny* (32 pages), and occasionally at a *halfpenny* (16 pages), with illustrative engravings on wood. For those who may prefer them in a more compact form, they are also issued in monthly parts at *fivepence*, and in volumes at *one shilling* each. Nine volumes, embracing eighty-six numbers, are now completed, and numbers in continuation are in course of weekly publication. We need hardly add, that, engaged in what is to us a labour of love as well as of business, no pains will be spared to insure the continued acceptability of these books of general instruction and entertainment.

Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts are in the hands of all booksellers in the United Kingdom and colonies.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

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VULGARITY.

It is one of the pleasant features of modern times, that the humbler classes are no longer condemned to the exclusive possession of the title of the Vulgar. They were peculiarly the vulgar of all times down to the present, because amongst them, almost solely, were vulgar feelings and vulgar manners exemplified. The term is no longer appropriate, because it is at once found that many persons of lowly station are not vulgar, and that many are so who move in a superior walk. This is coming to a right point; the truth being, that vulgarity is a character of mind, our possession of which is very much the result of natural endowment, and only in part, though doubtless in large part, dependent on circumstances.

A thoroughly vulgar person is—like the poet—born, not made. He is vulgar in his cradle—as a schoolboy—a young man—all through life. No matter what his original rank, or into what rank his intellect or good fortune may carry him—vulgar he must ever be. His manners, his speech, his style of ideas, will always be gross, and requiring excuse. He will be a scoffer at courtesy and politeness, and give his thoughts only to mean things. Such persons become a curious study. We see a man rise by dint of some force of character favourably placed towards circumstances, by successful business, by talent as a literary man or artist, or in public service; and he accordingly comes to mix continually with refined persons: and yet never is the original rusticity worn off; never do his coarse voice and broad accents soften; never does he acquire the tact necessary to make his converse pleasant to his associates, and to enable him to steer clear of their delicate points. It seems as hopeless a case as that a hempen bag should be converted into a silken purse. Or we see a man rise, and acquire, as he rises, all the courtesy and refinement proper to his new condition, while his wife remains fixed in her original vulgarity. Not a profusion of the best dresses, not an elegant home, not the reflection of better things from her well-educated children, will refine such a woman. She stands by the side of her husband as a memorial of his native status, and a memento to keep him humble in mind; much the same as if one grown to manhood were to walk with some piece of his original baby-linen pinned to his clothes, to remind him that he had once been a suckling.

On the other hand, we often meet with persons in very humble circumstances, of whom we say at once, That is one of nature's gentlefolk. It is not in any aping of the manners or habits of living of the higher classes; it is not in the avoidance of a provincial dialect; it is not in any peculiarly clean or neat style of dressing. Frugal or expensive habits, in proportion to means, have nothing to do with it. It has no reference to good or bad fortune in life. It lies in the tone of the mind, as shown in speech and act. Such an exemption from vulgarity is often the more surprising, as having no visible dependence on education. The kind of person spoken of may have had little of what passes under this name; may even be wholly illiterate; and yet is (as the case may be) a lady or a gentleman. We thus see all the more in how great a degree vulgarity is an inherent quality.

It was pointed out, in a very interesting manner, in Mrs Grant's *Letters on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, that these mountaineers, in their native purity, were courteous and refined, notwithstanding the indigent circumstances in which they mostly lived. A Highland cottager observed such delicacy of discourse, that he put in the apologetic 'saving your presence' on mentioning anything in the least degree sordid or unworthy, as a person exercising a humble kind of trade, or a churlish person, or any act bordering on vileness. The poorest *dunny wassel* sustained a natural dignity of deportment, which prevented him in discourse from trenching on vulgar things. His daily life was elegant poetry in action. The same absence of vulgarity has been remarked in the Arabs and American Indians: they may be impulsive, fierce, revengeful, but they are never vulgar. These circumstances led a living writer to speculate upon vulgarity being the vice, not of uncivilised life, but of a certain stage of civilisation. 'Its seat,' said he, 'is not among mountains and wild pastures, but in comfortable trading towns and cities of gay manufacturers. The very savage has noble and refined manners, compared with the mechanic and auctioneer. . . A man who, in the course of one year, performs the functions of a soldier, a hunter, a shepherd, a fisher, and of twenty different mechanical arts besides—who roams, in the course of his employment, over a great tract of various country, and has occasion to study, however superficially, so many of the laws of nature, the habits of animals, and the characters of men—must necessarily have his mind more stored with ideas, must be more disposed to communicate them, and must think more highly of himself than the dull mechanic, who scarcely ever sees the open face of heaven or of earth, but spends his whole life in a dungeon, putting heads on pins, or points on nails, or tossing a shuttle alternately from one hand to another.'* The writer then goes on to observe that the point of civilisation now reached has not only made the tradesman actually and absolutely an inferior being to the hunter-peasant of ancient times, but puts him in a lower place as compared with the superior classes. He comes not, as formerly, into the presence and company of the more refined, so as to obtain benefit from their example.

* Edinburgh Review, xviii. 494.

Finally, great stress is laid upon the effects of the good laws and powerful police which it is the tendency of an advanced age to establish; these, he thinks, take away from those motives to a guardedly-courteous behaviour which exist at a time when every man is liable to be answerable for his words with his life. This speculation shows the delicacy and acuteness of thought characteristic of its author; but it does not appear sound. He has not adverted to the fact, that there are many examples of the primary stage of civilisation in which there is no such notable exemption from vulgarity as is found in the hut of the Scottish Gael, the tent of the wandering Arab, and the wigwam of the American Indian. In attributing importance to the fact of the Highlanders having lived much in the company of their chiefs, he has forgot to tell us how the chiefs acquired refinement. Nor are we informed how the French, who have so good a police, should nevertheless be remarkable for politeness. We have now begun to look deeper for the causes of such peculiarities, and to think they may be found in characters originally appertaining to *race*. The Celt seems to be everywhere a courteous being. The French, who are four-fifths Celtic, show it as well as the Scottish Highlanders. Poor Patrick himself, amidst all his looped and windowed raggedness, is always allowed to possess a natural good-breeding. The Teuton, again, from whom come the bulk of the English and Lowland Scottish commonality, is an honest fellow, with an immense tendency to hard work, wealth-gathering, law-making, jury-judging, and so forth, but comparatively little disposed to cultivate refinement of speech or manners. The connexion of vulgarity with mechanical pursuits may thus be regarded, not as resulting the one from the other, but as being common results of one kind of character. As to which race possesses the qualities upon the whole most conducive to national greatness and individual happiness, there can scarcely be a question; and we therefore the more freely remark on the drudge spirit of our race. It may be asked, if we do not still see the original relation of the homely Saxon to the half-Celtic Norman in the worship which the trading Englishman is so apt to pay to wealth and rank—assuredly the most vulgar feature of his character.

Although vulgarity and non-vulgarity are thus, we think, established as inherent peculiarities, not necessarily or absolutely dependent on circumstances, it is equally certain that the mass of ordinary persons will be vulgar or otherwise, according to the external influences acting upon them, and their inclination to submit to or resist these influences. Where there are mean and slovenly habits of life, a grovelling set of tastes and ideas, a coarse and careless style of elocution, individuals are, for the most part, apt to contract the same, unless some spirit, either inherent or acquired, set them upon an opposite course; in which case we shall see them exemplifying the gentleman and lady character in the midst of comparative barbarians. It is always difficult to resist such influences; but, on the other hand, it is difficult for vulgar persons to stand out against the influence of one who is continually holding up an example of better feelings and better manners in their presence. The majority are equally liable to be swayed both ways. There is always, therefore, good hope for the diminution or abolition of vulgarity, so that only the proper agencies be duly brought to bear upon it.

Amongst these may first be cited the natural refinement and dignity of spirit which attaches to a few out of the mass. It is a spirit apt to be sneered at by mean and jealous souls; the prudent sometimes fear it as a thing leading to expense or to false positions in society. Let it rather be received as one of the genial emanations of a judicious Providence, designed to advance men out of their original savagery and squalor. Let it be fostered within all reasonable limits, as circumstances may dictate; and, even when associated with vanity or affectation, let it still have fair-play. On the other hand, let those who feel such aspirations within them, endeavour so to act as to avoid raising prejudice against their superior tastes. Theirs is an important mission in its own way; and they are concerned to fulfil it to the best of their power.

Another means to be looked to for the correction of vulgarity, is the progress of intellectual improvement among the masses. Men of all ranks are now becoming readers. Reading will give them notions above those which they find prevailing generally in the workshop and behind the counter. They will think; and thought will raise them out of the mire of rude and vulgar things. The connexion ordinarily observed between vulgarity and a totally-uncultivated and inapt state of the mind, is what we would chiefly insist upon as a reason for this expectation. Take the matter of speech alone as an illustration. Hear the clown speak, and what a relaxation of all the vocal organs attends the enunciation of his words. His language is a drawl, issued from some wrong part of his throat, through a pair of loosely-hung lips, denoting, with his vacant look, an utter unpromptitude of brain. Here is vulgarity of speech in its perfection. Listen again to the sharp citizen, whose vocal organs appear in a totally opposite condition, who clips his words, and utters twenty in the time employed by the clown in pronouncing one. This man is vulgar too; perhaps more vulgar than the boor. But this is because his better part of mind is as little cultivated. He is only sharp in the knowing faculties, in acquisitiveness, and in the skill of guarding himself against the paltry sharping and swindling to which in his daily life he may be exposed. All that could give him true elevation of mind, or true taste in discourse, is as dead in him as in the man of clods. It is only when we arrive at the man whose reflecting faculties and higher sentiments have been duly cultivated, that we find a mode of speech which we can consider as not vulgar. And what makes this the more clear is, that the dialect, or assemblage of words, is not at all concerned in deciding the non-vulgarity. Provincial terms will not seem inelegant when used by the man of cultivated intellect. Scott illustrates this point well when describing his Mrs Bethune Baliol, who is understood to have been a real person. Her 'dialect was Scottish, often containing phrases and words little used in the present day. But then her tone and mode of pronunciation were as different from the usual accent of the ordinary Scotch patois, as the accent of St James's is from that of Billingsgate. The vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language; and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to southern ears.' We have often heard Scotch of this kind, and can easily see that its freedom from vulgarity is owing to the cultivated condition of the mind using it. The words are materialities indifferent to the case; it is the character of mind, which we apprehend from the manner of speaking, that determines us in pronouncing the discourse vulgar or otherwise. Hence we can entertain no doubt that the mental cultivation going on in the present day must tend to diminish vulgarity. It will yet be found that the mechanic, condemned to a comparatively narrow course of routine in his trade, is not necessarily condemned to the vulgarity which the Edinburgh Reviewer attributed to him, but may be, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman—yes, we speak advisedly, a gentleman—if he have sufficient opportunities for improving his mind, and take advantage of them.

We may also look for aid to this good cause in other revolutions now in the course of silent accomplishment. Increased facilities for travelling, by enabling the many to see other places besides their own, will materially help to break down those prejudices in which, perhaps as much as in anything, vulgarity consists. That grand school of vulgarity, the tavern, will gradually sink under the temperance cause, and the effects of the throwing open of parks, gardens, and museums to the public.

Is it to be hoped that any vulgar person will read

this paper, and read it to an end? Should such be the case, let us beseech him to admit into his mind, and make a reality there, the maxim, that all vulgarity is simply so much deducted from the pleasantness of life. A rational delicacy is as cheap, or cheaper; and wherever it is, it is a well of refreshing water, making all around to smile.

LOUISE DE LORRAINE.

A TALE FROM HISTORY.

On the 30th of April 1553, at Nomein, in a Gothic chateau on the banks of the Seine, was born the Princess Louise, daughter of Marguerite d'Egmond, the first wife of Nicolas, Duc de Mercœur and Comte de Vaudemont. At the birth of this child there was no prince in the eldest branch of the house of Lorraine. Nicolas anxiously desired a son; therefore the little girl was received more with resignation than pleasure. She was not baptised, with the pomp due to her rank, at the cathedral of Nancy, where her cousin the Duc Charles de Lorraine then ruled, but received the baptismal rite at the little chapel of Nomein: her sponsors were the bishop of Toul and the Comtesse Louise de Salins, whose name was given to her.

The little Louise was scarcely two years old when Madame de Champy, her governess, one day came to seek her, all in tears, and bore her to the couch of her dying mother, who had never recovered the birth of Louise. Tapers were burning at the foot of the bed, whilst a kneeling priest recited the prayers for the dying. These prayers, repeated in a sad and monotonous tone by the persons around, filled the poor child's heart with terror, and she uttered loud cries. Her voice seemed to restore the dying mother to life; the comtesse extended her arms, and Louise forgot her fear in embracing her parent, who unfastened from her own neck a string of pearls, to which was suspended a sacred relic. 'May this guard thee, my child, as it has protected me,' said the dying mother, putting the necklace over the fair golden curls of Louise; 'and never, never part with it!' Then, unable to speak more, she pressed her already cold lips to the forehead of Louise, and signed to Madame de Champy to remove her quickly, lest the child should be witness to her death.

The Comte de Vaudemont loved his wife tenderly, and for a long time could not endure the sight of the infant whose birth had caused so grievous a loss. Louise was entirely confided to her governess, whose attachment to her pupil increased in proportion to the father's neglect. She was wholly engrossed with the care of Louise—in guarding her health, forming her mind, and implanting the germ of that fervent piety which so distinguished the house of Lorraine. But this strong affection, almost bordering on passion, rendered her often unjust to those who did not thus idolise her pupil. Mademoiselle de Montvert, under-governess to the young princess, added to this by flattery, so that the excellent disposition of Louise alone saved her from being ruined by indulgence. But if natural good qualities pass unsullied through this ordeal, still the sweetest temper is not proof against prejudices imbibed from those whom we love and revere.

The Comte de Vaudemont, having no son, thought of a second marriage. It was soon known that he had demanded the hand of Jeanne de Savoie, sister of the Duc de Nemours. This intelligence grieved the kind heart of Madame de Champy. 'The poor child will then have a stepmother,' cried she. 'Ah! Heaven have mercy on her!' and without considering the effect of her words on a girl four years old, she repeated them continually; and when the child questioned her on this fearful misfortune, she replied that it was meet to submit to the will of Heaven. So the fears of the princess were lulled.

'What is a stepmother? said she one day to Mademoiselle de Montvert.

'It is a monster who brings ruin on families,' answered the under-governess.

'Ah!' cried Louise in terror, 'it is then a woman who beats little children?'

'Too often so,' replied Mademoiselle de Montvert; but then repenting having so said, she tried to weaken the effect of her expressions by adding that all stepmothers were not cruel—that some were very kind to their husband's children. But the impression was made; and on the marriage-day, when the Comte de Vaudemont desired Louise to embrace her second mother, the child fled away weeping, and nothing could induce her to receive the caresses of her stepmother. Troubled at this estrangement, yet considering it natural, the comtesse took the part of Louise, and opposed her being sent to a convent, as the Comte de Vaudemont had angrily decided.

Two years passed, and still the dislike of Louise to her stepmother remained unconquered. This sentiment, first roused by the lamentations of Madame de Champy, had become invincible; and the comtesse, despairing of winning the love of Louise, saw her no more, except at family solemnities.

At the age of seven, the princess was seized with small-pox, and was in the greatest danger. She was immediately sent to the chateau of Nomein. Madame de Champy shut herself up with the sick child, quitted her neither night nor day, and became so distracted with grief when the physicians declared the crisis had arrived, that she was borne fainting to her chamber, where she was confined for some time with fever and delirium. Mademoiselle de Montvert had left the chateau through fear at the first symptoms of the disease. Who was there to care for and watch over the poor little princess?

The malady affected her eyes; for four days she was unable to open them; but when reason returned, she called her 'dear kind friend,' *sa bonne amie*, for so she entitled Madame de Champy.

'Why is she not here?' said the child sobbing.

'Because she is very ill herself,' said a sweet affectionate voice, 'and she needs repose. But I am here to tend you as carefully as she, my dear child. Do not disquiet yourself, but drink this; it was she who desired me to intreat you to obey me.' This request was spoken in so winning a tone, that, in spite of her repugnance, Louise swallowed the potion which touched her lips.

'Who then are you?' asked she.

'A new nurse, who will replace your governess until she recovers.'

'Ah! you will not remain with me all night, as she did?'

'Yes, my child, I will stay with you night and day until you are strong and well, and then we will try to amuse you. You will love me a little then, will you not?'

'Yes, yes,' answered Louise, seeking with her burning hand that of the person who spoke. 'I see now that it is *ma bonne amie* who sent you. You love little children? you are not a stepmother?'

The hand which Louise held was drawn slowly away; a long silence ensued. 'What is your name?' asked the sick girl.

'Jeanne,' was the reply.

'Well then, Jeanne, do you know any pretty stories, such as Madame de Champy tells me, where there are handsome knights of Lorraine, and tourneys, and hermits?

'Certainly I know some very interesting ones, which will send you to sleep as soon as hers.' She began, and in a short time Louise slept; and this quiet slumber dispelled her fever. Two days after, she was considered out of danger, but the effect of the disease on her face was dreaded. The physicians declared that she would be disfigured if she touched the spots which covered her features, and proposed to fasten her hands. The idea of being so restrained made the little invalid desperate; but her new nurse engaged to watch her so carefully, as

to prevent her touching her face. Louise wished to embrace her; and Jeanne feared not to take the grateful child in her arms, nor to remain day and night, her eyes fixed on the little sufferer. Invalids are often capricious and wilful. Louise, disliking the camphor odour of a lotion with which her eyes were bathed, refused to have it applied. Neither intreaties nor declarations that she would always remain blind could move her; and the physician departed, saying, 'If she will not be saved from blindness, I can do no more.'

'Who is weeping there?' asked Louise.

'It is I,' said Jeanne. 'How can I but be troubled, since you will be blind through your own fault?'

'Well, then, do not weep,' answered Louise in a softened voice; 'come and bathe my eyes. I will do all you wish; only do not weep.'

Jeanne took the liquid and bathed the child's eyes, praising her for her docility.

'Oh,' cried Louise with delirious joy, 'I can see! I can see clearly!' In truth her eyelids had half-opened, but the broad daylight caused them to shut quickly again.

Jeanne rushed to the window, drew close the thick damask curtains, and the partial obscurity thus obtained enabled the young princess to look around her.

'Jeanne, Jeanne!' said she, 'come, that I may see thee.' But Jeanne hid herself behind the curtains at the foot of the bed. 'Where art thou, Jeanne? Ah! it is no longer night! How happy I am! It is thou who hast cured me! Come, and let me thank thee: come, dear Jeanne! Art thou not happy also?'

'Yes, I am very happy,' replied Jeanne, advancing to take the hand which Louise extended to her. But the child, struck with sudden terror, cried out, 'Oh Heaven! the comtesse!' and fell back almost insensible on her pillow.

'No, no, it is thy mother,' said Jeanne of Savoy, bathing the wasted arms of Louise with her warm tears. 'See what thou makest her suffer! Awake, and console her!'

The tones of her voice recalled to the child's heart all the care of this tender nurse, and her fears vanished. 'You do love me, then?' said she. She was answered by fond embraces.

Thus love and confidence were established between the kind stepmother and her daughter. Louise, repenting her unjust prejudice against her, promised her the affection and submission of a child. This promise, springing from gratitude, was easily fulfilled, for the comtesse became the best of mothers to the young princess.

Louise de Lorraine grew up a lovely girl; and her stepmother conducted her to the court of the Duc Charles, to be placed with the Duchesse Claude, daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis. There Jeanne of Savoy applied herself in developing all the good and amiable qualities of Louise, and in giving her that refinement and grace of manner which the Duchesse Claude had introduced from France into the court of Lorraine.

But the princess was called soon to deplore the loss of this second mother, so worthily beloved. The comte married again. His third choice was Catherine de Lorraine, daughter of the Duc d'Aumale; a haughty and jealous woman, hating Louise on account of her great beauty. The life of the princess was now as bitter as it had before been sweet. Each day she received fresh unkindness from her stepmother; and, to obtain a few hours' peace, she asked permission of her father to go on a weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of San Nicolas. History tells us that she went thither dressed as a peasant girl, accompanied by her maids of honour, a gentleman, and a lacquey; giving away in alms the twenty-five crowns she received as her monthly allowance.

One evening, returning much wearied, she was about to retire to rest, although it was still early. Catherine de Lorraine entered her apartment, saying ironically, 'What, mademoiselle! are you about to retire at this hour, and steal away from the admiration which awaits you always? Are you not the star of the court of Lorraine, and can we receive a king here without showing him the fairest thing we possess?'

'Pardon me, madame; I do not understand you,' said Louise.

'What! do you not know that the young king was to pass here on his way to be crowned at Warsaw; that he is arrived, but will depart to-morrow; and that the Duc Charles wishes to give a festival to-night in his honour, and to show him all that is most worthy of notice at court?'

'I think, madame, that I may dispense with this honour.'

'No, no,' replied the comtesse; 'your father commands you to dress yourself immediately, and to follow me.'

This imperious command was obeyed. Louise retired, and soon appeared in a court dress, simple but elegant, which showed to perfection her noble and graceful figure. Without ornament, she appeared most lovely. As soon as the young prince saw her, he stood mute with admiration. None of the young beauties with which Catherine de Medicis loved to surround her son, had given him the least idea of a creature so perfectly lovely. Too much struck to do more than politely greet her, Henri placed himself by his sister, the Duchesse Claude, and overwhelmed her with questions about her beautiful cousin. The duchesse answered that Louise was as good as she was lovely; citing, as a proof of her gentleness, her constant submission to the unkindness of her stepmother. Henri uttered some words of indignation, and treated the Comte de Vaudemont and his wife with marked coldness.

The king's journey was precisely fixed; and to retard it a day, or to alter a stage, was to expose it to numberless inconveniences. In spite of the representations of his attendants, Henri determined to stay one day at Nancy. 'He wished,' he said, 'to spend a little more time with his sister; and then it was so sad to quit *la belle France*, even to gain a crown!'

Hunting, feasting, and dancing, occupied the second day. Never had the prince appeared to more advantage: his grace, his elegance, his noble countenance, charmed every one. All thought it unfortunate that a prince so winning and agreeable should leave France to reign in Poland; and Louise felt the same. The departure of the young king left her to her accustomed sadness. The jealousy of her stepmother, excited by the brilliant success of the princess, invented all sorts of stratagems to ruin her in the estimation of the Comte de Vaudemont. Unjustly treated by her father, persecuted by her stepmother, the courage of Louise grew fainter and fainter, and she resolved to enter a cloister.

The death of Charles IX. called the young king of Poland to the throne of France. The whole nation rejoiced at this event; for the remembrance of the victories of Jarnac and Montcoutour, gained by Henri at the age of eighteen, proved his valour; his generosity was well known; and a brave and generous king is so beloved in France!

Louise alone was indifferent to this intelligence. What to her was the elevation of a prince whom she had seen but once, and who doubtless had entirely forgotten her? She dared not demand protection against her enemy, for this enemy was the wife of her father.

One morning, while still sleeping, the Princess Louise was roused by the opening of her door. It was the Comtesse de Vaudemont. Louise doubted not but that she came to reproach her, and excused herself for not having waited on her morning toilet.

'It is I who ought to attend yours, Madame la Princesse,' replied the comtesse with deference, 'and to ask pardon for not having shown you proper respect. You are queen of France: you are promised to the king in marriage: I hasten to tell you the news. But you are

good and generous. Oh then, forget my errors, and refuse not to my children, your brothers, your august protection—for their sakes, pardon their mother!'

The princess believed herself still dreaming—surprise took away her utterance. She, the daughter of a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, to pretend to an alliance with the greatest king in Europe! It could not but be a delusion, or a stratagem to try her pride. She was about to speak, and to declare that she was not to be duped by this address, when her cousin, the Duc de Lorraine, entered with her father, to inform her of the king's demand, and to prepare her to receive the homage paid to her by the Marquis du Guastre, in the name of his illustrious master.

It was no dream. Henri III., charmed by the beauty of the Princess Louise, and still more by her noble character, preferred her to the loftiest alliances in Europe.

Scarcely recovered from her astonishment, the princess prepared to receive those of the court of Lorraine whose rank permitted them to pay their congratulations. Then she was conducted to mass as queen of France. As she entered the chapel, her eyes fell on the Comtesse de Vaudemont, who was weeping.

'Embrace me,' cried Louise. 'It is said that, when on a throne, one forgets one's friends; as for me, I will only forget my enemies.'

At these words of pardon the comtesse fell on her knees before the young princess; and all the people cried aloud, 'Long live our good queen!'

THE PUNJAB.

The Punjab, to which recent events have attracted the eyes of the British empire, is an extensive territory at the northern extremity of Hindostan. It is of a triangular shape, the ridge of the Himalaya mountains forming the base, the river Indus separating it on the north-west from Cabool, and the Sutledge on the south-east dividing it from the Rajpootana and Bhawulpoor territories. It is computed to contain 60,000 square miles, and 4,000,000 of inhabitants. The word Punjab signifies 'five waters,' alluding to the five rivers by which it is bounded or traversed; namely, the Indus, Jelum, Chenab, Ravee, and Sutledge. Though a large proportion of the territory is of a fertile soil, especially in the neighbourhood of the rivers, there are many bare sterile tracts, which no amount of cultivation can ever render useful. Little attention, however, has been paid by the people to the improvement of the land; and it is supposed that not one-fourth of the whole has been brought into cultivation. No part of it, says Mr Mountstuart Elphinstone, will bear comparison with the British portion of India, and still less with Bengal.

In describing the state of the country, it will be convenient to follow the divisions which nature has made, and to take in succession the four *doabs*, as they are called, into which the great streams sever the whole. The doab lying between the Indus and the Jelum is, at the widest part, 170 or 180 miles across. This is the least populous and most sterile district of the Punjab. The streams run in deep beds between bare eminences, which, towards the centre, rise to a considerable height. The Indus, a stream of great historic interest, forms one boundary of this district. This river divides itself into many arms, which clasp in numberless islands, but there is little picturesque beauty on its banks. 'The greatest spirit of antiquity [Alexander the Great],' says Mr Vigne in his valuable book of travels, 'descended this river, and made it known to us; but it has flowed on almost unnoticed since that event: its grandeur has been unknown, and its importance unawakened, although for thousands of years it has formed alike the boundary of a mighty continent, and the barrier of its very ancient faith. One glance at the Indus, and without seeing them, we must believe in the immensity of the Himalaya; one glance at the Himalaya, and we cease to be surprised at the volume of the Indus; and it is impossible not to venerate a river, to form which ten thousand streams have leaped from some of the most elevated and most interesting regions on the face of the earth—a river that, looking to the northward and southward, owns no horizon but that of a sea, and yet moves forward in a course so well-defined, that the Ganges, when compared with it, can only be regarded as a channelless deluge.' At the apex of the Punjab, where the Chenab (a confluence of four rivers) joins the Indus, the united streams are a mile in breadth, although the ocean is 350 miles distant. The towns in this, the largest of the four doabs, are far apart, and inconsiderable. Numerous defiles and hills throw obstacles in the way of travellers; and at the southern extremity there is an extensive desert of low sand-hills. Mr Elphinstone, who crossed it towards the upper end, where it is about 160 miles broad, describes the country as uncultivated, much cut with deep ravines and torrent courses, and, like the whole country between the Jelum and the Indus, pastured on by droves of horses of a good breed. He adds, that the country where he traversed it was the strongest, in a military sense, he had ever seen. One little valley near the Indus, however, is described as being extremely beautiful; and here the emperors of Delhi had a palace, the ruins of which are still visible. The next doab is included between the Jelum and the Chenab; a level district for the most part, upon which there is much jungle. Dirty villages, surrounded by fields of cotton, sugar-cane, and grain, are interspersed. Many wells have been constructed, by which the soil is much benefited; and some writers affirm that, if the wells were more numerous, and canals were dug, the country might be converted into a fruitful garden. The Jelum and the Chenab are both clear streams; the former attains a breadth of 300 or 400 yards, but the latter is not more than 100 yards broad. Between the last-named river and the Ravee, is the third doab, which, at the widest part, is nearly eighty miles broad. This district chiefly consists of a plain, over which tamarisks, wild indigo, and other shrubs, grow undisturbed. The mimosa, the poplar-leaved fig, and the tamarind-tree, flourish here luxuriantly; and there is no doubt that, if more attention were paid to irrigation, the produce of the country would be much increased. Some dry canals prove that civilisation has gone backwards. The towns which lie on the main road from the Indus to the valley of the Ganges are principally inhabited by Mussulmen. Large herds of oxen and buffaloes pasture upon this and the preceding district. The fourth and most eastern doab is the most neglected. There is a luxuriant vegetation, but the hand of man has been employed in other works than taking advantage of the bounties of nature. The Sutledge, usually from 300 to 400 feet broad, overflows its banks in the rainy season, and spreads its fertilising waters over a large district. In this part Lahore and Amritsir, the ancient and modern capitals of the Punjab kingdom, are situate. 'The soil,' says Mr W. G. Osborne, 'appears to be rich and prolific, as far as it is possible to judge from the small quantity of ground under cultivation; and, with a more enlightened government, there can be little doubt of the Punjab becoming one of the richest provinces of India.'

Rice is not much grown in the Punjab, in consequence of its not suiting the palate of the people; their usual food being wheat or pease boiled into a thick soup. A good deal of sugar is made from a cane with an unusually small stalk; but, after all, the supply is not equal to the demand, and an importation from British India takes place. Indigo is produced to some extent, and exported to the countries in the west. Cotton is partially grown; but the climate is not favourable to its production. The cloth manufactured by the native looms varies in price from sixpence to two shillings per yard. It is stouter, but less showy, than that of British make. There is a range of hills, extending from the Indus to the Jelum, formed entirely of rock-salt, from which a large quantity is excavated, yielding a considerable revenue to the government. Another source of revenue is the shawl manufacture of Cash-

mere; eighteen lacs of rupees being stated to be the annual profit to government. In the province of Mooltan, a district on the right bank of the Indus, seventy miles in breadth, the silk-worm is bred, and the silks are highly prized; but in the Punjab itself, the silk-worm is unknown.

Though not the most numerous, the Sikhs are the dominant part of the population. The Sikhs are a religious sect, the founder of which, Nanac Shah, was born near Lahore in 1469. At a very early age he showed a strong inclination for religious pursuits; he practised austerities, he had communications with invisible powers in trances and visions, until at length he felt justified in declaring his mission to be the reconciliation of the Mohammedan and Hindoo faiths. He preached his doctrines in many of the cities of India, meeting with much opposition, especially from the Hindoos: but he succeeded in making thousands of converts; and when he died, he conferred his spiritual functions upon Angad, a member of the warrior caste. The doctrines of these two founders of the new faith were embodied in a book called 'Grunth,' which served to keep the faithful united, and to increase their number, until they were a sufficiently large body to separate themselves from the heathens around them, and to venture on the singularity of a peculiar garb. Nine successors to Nanac appeared as spiritual leaders of the Sikhs; the tenth and last of whom bore the name of Govind. He remodelled the body, and, having ambitious designs, he prevailed upon the Sikhs to form a military as well as a religious association, like the Templar soldiers of the middle ages. He abolished caste, and enforced the adoption of a peculiar dress, which was of a blue colour. The use of tobacco was interdicted, their beard suffered to grow, and the bull was accounted sacred, as it was amongst the Hindoos. The new sect had endured much persecution, and the military regulation was partly instituted in self-defence, partly for retaliation. Their own excesses at length drew down upon them the vengeance of the emperor of Mogul, to whom the country then belonged; and so effectually were they suppressed, that for a time they seemed to have entirely disappeared. In the troubles that convulsed the northern part of Hindostan, between the invasion of Nadir Shah and the extinction of the Mogul empire (1738–1761), the Punjab became the drill-ground and battle-field of contending powers. These convulsions were taken advantage of by the Sikhs, who carried on for some time a sort of guerilla warfare against the potentate who, for the time being, had nominally conquered the country; until at length a company of twelve chiefs, supported by bands of followers, who adhered to their head in the manner of retainers to a feudal chieftain, were in open revolt against the government of the country, and, in fact, organised a kind of government of their own.

The members of this association were called Misuls, and they were powerful enough to bring into the field a body of 70,000 horse soldiers. Churut Sing was one of the first twelve Misuls, but one of the least in authority. However, his descendant, Maha Sing, possessing activity and enterprise, attached many of the subordinate officers—who professed to be independent chiefs on a smaller scale—to his banner, and success following his movements, he became the greatest of the Sikh grandees. Maha Sing was not allowed many years to acquire or enjoy his sovereignty, for he was cut off at the age of twenty-seven, leaving a son, called Runjeet, only twelve years old. The decision of character which Runjeet Sing displayed through life was precociously exhibited, for, at the age of seventeen, he assumed the command enjoyed by his father; and in the course of a few years he obtained peaceable possession of Lahore, the principal town of the Punjab. Slowly and steadily did the young Sikh make his advances; chief after chief submitted to him, till he found himself ruler of the whole country from the Indus to the Sutledge. The British government, perceiving how strongly he had seated himself in the district, and failing to see that he had imposed any limit to his ambitious designs, determined on sending an agent, the present Lord Metcalfe, to negotiate a treaty; but it was not until we had made a display of our military force, that Runjeet condescended to make satisfactory terms. By the treaty, signed in April 1809, an offensive and defensive alliance was agreed on between the Sikhs and the British government. The rajah, however, continued his system of warfare and aggression in other quarters; and such was the ability with which it was conducted, that all his projects were crowned with success. The better to effect his purposes, he took into his service two French officers; and, with their assistance, he re-organised his army, which he increased till it amounted to 50,000 regular, and 100,000 irregular troops. He subsequently received two other French officers; but he commanded these, and all other Europeans who entered his service, not to smoke tobacco (which is offensive to the religious tenets of the Sikhs), not to eat beef, and not to shave their beards. The first regulation, however, was waived, upon their consenting strictly to observe the other two. He gradually possessed himself, by sheer force, of Cashmere and Mooltan. The Affghans were his most violent enemies; but he succeeded, in the end, in becoming master of Peshawer through the treachery of Dost Mahommed's brother. From the time of the treaty of 1809 to Runjeet's death, the British and the rajah continued friends. He seems at once to have comprehended that his best policy was to show his firm confidence in our honour and power, for he treated us throughout with uniform cordiality. Several interviews, conducted after the accustomed manner of Oriental etiquette, and on the usual scale of Oriental magnificence, took place between the maha-rajah and the governor-general: presents were interchanged, and embassies received and returned. In his personal appearance Runjeet was a mean-looking man: he was small, slightly deformed, and blind of one eye from the small-pox. He loved to see magnificence about him, but his own attire was simple; and he wore few ornaments, except on state occasions. He was delighted, however, to exhibit to distinguished guests the splendid jewels of which he had deprived less fortunate monarchs. The famous diamond called Koh-i-noor ('Mountain of light'), and a string of three hundred pearls of extraordinary size, were deposited, with a number of other valuable jewels, in his treasury. He looked best on horseback, for he was an excellent rider. Of great personal bravery, he always led his troops to battle, and was seen foremost in the heat of contest. Runjeet's chief political adviser was his physician, the Fakir Uzeezoodeen, descended from the Arabs of the desert between Bagdad, Damascus, and Aleppo. These fakirs are a kind of monkish race, who secrete themselves as much as possible from the world, intermarry only amongst themselves, and affect great poverty. The rajah, however, succeeded on more than one occasion in extorting immense sums from them for the supply of his own coffers. Several of Uzeezoodeen's brothers and nephews were in the confidential service of Runjeet. The rajah's vizier was Dheean Sing, to which post he had risen from that of porter in his palace. He was descended from a noble family of the Himalaya, and the rajah's attention had been first drawn to him by his fine personal appearance.

Runjeet died in June 1839, and was succeeded by his effeminate son, Kurruch Sing. The affairs of government were, however, left in the hands of his brother Ceth Sing, whose cruelty provoked his assassination. Kurruch Sing died after a short reign of seventeen months, not without suspicion of foul treatment, and his son Non Nehal Sing stepped to the throne. A few days after his accession, he was killed by an archway falling upon him as he was riding underneath. The great men of the court now deliberated who should succeed to the vacant throne, and thinking that a woman would be more easily managed, they chose Chandkaur, the wife, in preference to Shere Sing, the brother, of the late monarch. Quarrels sprung up between the queen and

Dheean Sing, whose authority she was prevailed upon to supersede. But the people grew discontented, insurrections broke out, and Shere Sing, assisted by the vizier, assumed the sovereignty. The queen was soon afterwards murdered by four of her female slaves. The new monarch found himself entirely dependent upon his minister, Dheean Sing, who possessed great influence throughout the country; and his intellect was of a much superior order to that of his master. The power wielded by the vizier was acquiesced in by the rajah; for he allowed him to nominate his own creatures to all the principal posts, and he showed his submission by rising and folding his hands whenever the minister entered his presence—a mark of respect in use amongst the common people. Shere Sing, in due time, was assassinated, and the country has since been in a state of complete political disorganisation. The Sikhs have had many captains, who have committed all sorts of disturbances; and the only recognised law seems to have been,

> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Now that the territories under our protection have been attacked, the best policy for all parties seems to be, that we should restore peace to the Punjab by at once placing it under our own superintendence; and perhaps, before this appears in print, the news of our having done so may have reached Britain. A conflict between the Indian and the British powers in this part has been expected for some time. No farther back than the beginning of 1843, a German traveller, in considering the matter, came to the conclusion that this remarkable kingdom would soon become a question of life and death for our power in India. 'Unless possessed of this, there is no security: the Indus above Attock, with the mountain chain behind Peshawer and the Himalaya mountains, form the true and natural frontier of the immense dominions of the British empire in India. When once this has been attained, all her powers can be concentrated in the interior, and civilisation take root and flourish.'

BARON REICHENBACH'S EXPERIMENTS.

We were made aware, some time ago, that a German periodical, devoted to chemistry, had presented last summer a long and carefully-prepared paper, detailing certain experiments of the Baron Reichenbach of Vienna, respecting hitherto undescribed phenomena connected with magnetism. We were informed that, conducted as they had been by a rigidly-scientific investigator, and one whose writings were usually but statements of dry facts, they might be considered as entitled to respectful notice; and yet they were of such a nature as we have been accustomed to regard with the greatest suspicion. They appeared, in short, as tending towards the domain of animal magnetism, and yet as promising to bring that theme of marvels within the scope of exact science. This is a subject, of course, on which curiosity will be greatly excited; and we are therefore glad to obtain an opportunity of conveying some account of it to our readers, in consequence of the appearance of a very readable abstract of Reichenbach's papers in the 'Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science.'*

The writer sets out as follows, strictly following, we believe, the statements of the Viennese chemist, but condensing his language:—'If the poles of a strong magnet, capable of supporting a weight of about ten pounds, be passed over the bodies of fifteen or twenty persons, there will always be found some individuals among them who are affected by it in a very peculiar way. The number of such persons is much greater than is generally supposed. Of the above number, there will be three or four at least. The nature of this impression on sensitive persons, who, in other respects, may be looked upon as perfectly healthy, is not easily described, being rather disagreeable than pleasant, joined with a slight sensation, now of cold, and now of heat, as if the person were blown upon by a cold or lukewarm current of air. Sometimes they feel contractions in the muscles, and a pricking sensation, as if ants crawled over the body; and many persons even complain of sudden headaches. Not only women, but even young men, are sensible to this influence; and in young children the sensation is often very strong.' Susceptibility, however, amongst the healthy, is strongest in sedentary persons, and those suffering from secret grief and deranged digestive organs. Persons affected by nervous complaints, as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and paralysis, are peculiarly sensitive; and still more so are lunatics and somnambulists.

To pursue the abstract of our Dublin contemporary —'Actually or apparently *healthy sensitive* individuals discover, in their relation to the magnet, nothing besides the sensation just described. But the case is very different with the *sick sensitive*. Its action on them is sometimes agreeable, sometimes unpleasant—often disagreeably painful to such a degree, that fainting, cataleptic fits, and spasms, at times violent, and sometimes dangerous, ensue, according to the nature and degree of their disease. In this latter class, to which the somnambulists also belong, an extraordinary increase takes place in the sensitiveness of the senses. The patient sees, tastes, and feels better than others, and often hears what is said in the next room. This is, however, a fact well known, and is not by any means unnatural.

'The hypothesis that the aurora borealis is an electrical phenomenon, produced by the magnetism of the earth, the real nature of which is at present unknown, owing to our not having been as yet able to detect an emanation of light from the magnet, led Reichenbach to try whether persons, in a state in which the senses were thus sharpened, could detect such an emanation from the poles of a magnet. He was enabled to make trial on a young woman named Vowotny, aged twenty-five, who suffered from continued headache, accompanied by catalepsy and spasms. So sensitive was she, that she could distinguish all the things in her room, and even the colour of objects, on a dark night. The magnet acted on her with extraordinary force; and though by no means a somnambulist, she was equally sensitive with one.

'The experiment was made in a perfectly dark room. At the distance of about ten feet from the patient was placed a horse-shoe magnet of nine plates [a magnet of nine plates of alternate metals, bent into a horse-shoe form, so as to make the ends or poles approach], and weighing about eighty pounds, with its poles directed towards the ceiling. Whenever the armature of this magnet [a piece of iron, clapped upon the poles of the magnet] was removed, the girl saw both poles of the magnet surrounded by a luminosity, which disappeared whenever the armature was connected with the poles. The light was equally large on both poles, and without any apparent tendency to combine. The magnet appeared to be immediately encircled by a fiery vapour, which was again surrounded by a brilliant radiant light. The rays were not still, but continually flickered, producing a scintillating appearance of extreme beauty. The entire phenomenon contained nothing which could be compared to a common fire; the colour was much purer, almost white, sometimes mixed with irridescent colours, and the whole being more similar to the light of the sun than to that of a common fire. The rays were not uniformly bright: in the middle of the edges of the horse-shoe they were more crowded and brilliant than at the angles, where they were collected into tufts, which extended further out than the other rays. The light of the electric spark she considered much bluer. It left an impression on the eye similar to, but much weaker than, that left by the sun, and which did not disappear for several hours, and was transferred to all substances upon which she looked for some time in a painful manner.'

* New Series, No. I., February 1846. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

Reichenbach endeavoured to verify these results by trials upon other persons, particularly a woman named Reichel, who was rendered sensitive in consequence of an accidental hurt, but was nevertheless healthy. In her case 'the appearance of the light along the four longitudinal edges of each plate composing the magnet was extremely curious, even where the edges of two contiguous plates fitted one another exactly; and where one would think rays of light given off from each plate must necessarily merge into one another at their bases, they could be distinguished with great accuracy.' Reichenbach, 'in order to be certain that there was actual light given off in these cases, made some very careful experiments with the daguerreotype; the result of which was, that an iodized plate was acted upon when placed opposite the poles of a magnet. He was also able to concentrate it with a lens; but the focal length was found to be fifty-four inches, while, for a candle, it was only twelve inches. He could discover no action of heat with the most delicate thermoscope. In some cases the patients declared they could see the surrounding objects by means of this light, and that any substance stopped its passage, as it would ordinary light: thus, for example, when the hand was laid before the poles, it streamed through the fingers. From the similarity of this light, in many respects, to the aurora borealis, Reichenbach considers them identical.' We may here add, from another source, that the baron contrived to subject his patients to an effectual test in these lens experiments; for he caused the lens to be shifted about, and the theoretically proper place for the focus on the opposite wall was invariably and at once pointed out.

Continuing his abstract, the Dublin journalist says—'From the observations of Petelin, made at Lyons in 1788, and which were afterwards verified by many others, we know that, in catalepsy, the hand is capable of being attracted by a powerful magnet, just like a piece of iron; and, as Mesmer observed, that water over which a magnet has been several times passed, can be distinguished from ordinary water by sensitive patients. Reichenbach has fully verified these facts in a large number of persons. He found that this effect took place not only during perfect catalepsy, but even afterwards, when the persons were in full possession of their senses. Miss Vowotny described the sensation to him as an irresistible attraction, which she felt obliged to obey, though against her will; that it was a pleasant feeling, combined with a cool gentle aura, which flowed over the hand from the magnet, the former feeling as if tied and drawn to the latter by a thousand fine threads; and that she knew nothing similar to it in ordinary life, it being a peculiar indescribable feeling of refreshing and extraordinary pleasure, particularly if the magnet attracted the right hand, and was not too strong.

'He did not, however, verify Thilorier's observation, that nervous patients can convert needles into magnets; and he considers, in fact, the attraction of the hand by the magnet to be of a totally different nature from that between iron and the magnet. This opinion we shall see verified further on.

'We have had no instance hitherto of the form or arrangement of the molecules of a body rendering it capable of exerting force on other bodies at a distance; but Reichenbach, by a series of experiments on magnetic water—that is, water over which a magnet had been several times passed—was led to suppose that other bodies could, in all probability, be also rendered magnetic. This he soon found to be the case in a greater or lesser degree; but he also observed that many substances, which were never in contact with a magnet, affected the nerves; and by extending his experiments, he arrived at the law that amorphous bodies possess no power similar to that possessed by the magnet, but that crystals are capable of producing all the phenomena resulting from the action of a magnet on cataleptic patients. This is true, however, only of single perfect crystals, and not of an agglomeration of crystals, such as lump sugar. Thus, for instance, a large prism of rock crystal, placed in the hand of a nervous patient, affects the fingers so as to make them grasp the crystal involuntarily, and shut the fist.

'This power is not equally distributed over every part of the surface of the crystal, but is found to concentrate itself in two points or poles corresponding to the principal axes of the crystal. Both poles were found to act similarly; but one was generally somewhat stronger than the other, with the exception that one gave out a cool, and the other a lukewarm gentle aura.'

Notwithstanding the apparent resemblance of the magnetic power in crystals to ordinary magnetism, Reichenbach satisfied himself that there is a difference; because he found that crystals do not attract iron filings, or affect the compass or needle. It appears that the ordinary magnetic power is of two kinds; one of which is this peculiar power resident in crystals, and in the living body. The learned chemist also found that a charge of this power can be communicated to bodies, as is the case with a charge of electricity. 'The readiness with which the situation of the poles could be detected by those sensible to their influence, was striking. Many of the patients could detect all the ores, even in the most complicated crystalline forms, with unerring accuracy, by their effects on them; as of course it is unnecessary to observe they could have no knowledge of crystallography. By extending his experiments, he soon discovered that the poles of a crystal gave out light exactly as the magnet does. Miss Sturman described it as a tulip-formed flame, blue at the base, passing into perfect white at the top, with scattered rays, or stripes of a reddish colour, passing upwards from the blue towards the white. The flame scintillated and flickered, and threw on the support on which the crystal rested, for a space of about eighteen inches all around, a certain degree of brightness. Miss Reichel describes the flame similarly; but, in addition, she saw a peculiar star-like light in the interior of the crystal, which evidently resulted from reflection, produced by the structure of the mineral. It may be necessary to remark, that, in order to observe these phenomena, the room must be perfectly dark, and the crystal very large; not less at least than eight inches thick, and proportionately long. Smaller crystals will, however, answer with exceedingly sensitive persons.

'The curious results produced on cataleptic patients, which we have already mentioned, excited some attention in the last century, and it was soon found that similar results could be produced without a magnet, by the hand alone. It was impossible, from the then state of physical science, to show the connexion between these phenomena and the ordinary physical ones of the magnet; and the subject was therefore passed over by philosophers, and gradually grew into disrepute, principally from the use made of it by mountebanks, and from the unsuitable name—animal magnetism—which it received. From the similarity of some of the phenomena observed by Reichenbach with those described by the elder magnetisers, he was led to think they might be the results of the same cause.

'As a magnet affects the human body, he thought that the magnetism of the earth cannot be without some influence of a similar kind: and in this he was not mistaken; for he found that, of all positions in which a nervous invalid can lie or sit, the best is in the magnetic meridian, with the head towards the north: the opposite direction is not quite so good; but the worst possible is at right angles to the magnetic meridian, with the head towards the west. He found that patients placed in the first position slept better at night, suffered less from headaches, and in general found themselves much better; while, with the head towards the west, the same patients suffered greatly; their pulse increased in frequency, hectic fever often resulted, and catalepsy was sometimes occasioned; but the moment the patient was restored to the first position, all these symptoms ceased, and were in general replaced by an agreeable

feeling of wellbeing. In some of the cases which were tried, the most extraordinary effects were produced on the patient by this change of position; and he hence concluded that the various and contradictory effects which have been attributed to the application of electricity and magnetism to the cure of diseases, have arisen from the neglect of the influence exerted by the magnetism of the earth on the patients; and to the same cause he also attributes the little success which has hitherto attended the treatment of nervous diseases.

'In extending his experiments, he found that soft iron, which loses its magnetism when removed from the inductive power of a magnet, does not lose the power of acting on the nerves; and he hence concludes that magnetism, properly so called, is perfectly distinct from this new power, as we have already seen in other instances, when speaking of the crystal. We have also mentioned that bodies placed in contact with a crystal or magnet, such as water, &c. became possessed of the same power of affecting the nerves as those bodies, and could be distinguished from portions of the same substances not magnetised. But we have now to learn that the same properties can be communicated to the human body; or, in other words, that a man rubbed, or in mere contact with a magnet or crystal, is capable of producing the same effect on the nerves as those bodies; nay more, that a man has these properties even when he has not touched a magnet or crystal; in fact, that we are a source of this peculiar power ourselves. It is unnecessary to give here the mode in which he arrived at this remarkable conclusion, as the experiments are all similar to those made with the magnet and crystal—a man being merely substituted for these latter. Like them, the hand produces an aura, attracts the limbs of cataleptic patients, and communicates a charge to other bodies which, as in the case of the magnet and crystal, disappears again in a short time; and is capable of passing through all bodies, is little influenced by the magnetism of the earth, and, like them, is polar, the principal axis being across the body, the ends of the fingers being the poles. The head and genitals very likely form secondary poles.

'But the most extraordinary part of the whole investigation is, that the tops of the fingers of healthy men continually give off tufts of light, just as the poles of crystals, while those of women give off none, or at most merely appear slightly luminous! The patients who were able to observe these phenomena, described the flame as being from one to four inches long, according as they were more or less sensitive, and of an extremely beautiful appearance.'

Baron Reichenbach has also attained what he considers as conclusive evidence, that magnetism exists in the sun's light. All bodies exposed for a time to sunlight, retain a magnetic light for some time after. 'One of his experiments is so curious, that we shall give it here:—To a piece of thick copper wire, about thirty feet long, he fastened a piece of sheet copper, about nine inches square. The end of this wire was placed in the patient's hand, and the plate exposed to the direct rays of the sun outside the window: this was scarcely done, when an exclamation of intense pleasure was heard from the patient; she instantly felt the peculiar sensation of warmth, which gradually spread from her arm to her head. But, in addition to this, she described another and hitherto totally-unknown sensation; namely, a feeling of extreme wellbeing, as the patient said, similar to the sensation produced by a gentle May breeze. It flowed from the end of the wire to the arm, and spread itself over the whole body, producing a sensation of coolness; the patient feeling at the same time strengthened and refreshed. In some of his experiments, Reichenbach substituted various bodies, and among them *a man*, for the plate of copper, and still obtained the same results.' What is extremely curious, the *yellow* part of the ray of light produces the agreeable and refreshing feeling, while the *violet* part causes the disagreeable feeling sometimes experienced from the action of the magnet; and this violet part we know to be that at which the greatest chemical action takes place. In heat, friction, and artificial light, the baron found various modifications of the same surprising effects.

It equally appears that, 'in every case of chemical action, even where it consists in nothing more than the combination of water of crystallisation, with a salt or mere solution of a body in some solvent, this power is set free.' 'If we recollect,' says our journalist, 'how manifold are the circumstances under which chemical action takes place on the earth, we will be able to see what an inexhaustible source of this power there must be. In the animal body, there is a series of such changes continually going on; we eat food, it is digested in the stomach, and converted into blood, which is again further changed into muscle, fat, &c. and these in turn are again decomposed, to yield fuel for animal heat and motive power. This continual chemical action is, therefore, the generator of the peculiar force which we find developed in man, as in the magnet and crystal. But not only does the chemical action going on in the living body generate this power, but the decomposition which ensues immediately after death is also an abundant source of it. Reichenbach, on going into churchyards on dark nights with some of his patients, discovered that graves were always covered with a lurid phosphorescent glow, about six or eight inches high; and in one case Miss Reichel saw it four feet in height in a graveyard in Vienna, where a large number of persons were daily buried. When she walked through this graveyard, the light reached up to her neck, and the whole place appeared covered with dense misty luminous fog. This, the baron conceives, explains in a very satisfactory manner the appearance of light and ghosts, &c. which have been from time to time observed over graves.'

After thus discovering several sources of the power, Reichenbach was led to the detection of it, in a certain measure, in all bodies whatever. From this flowed some observations, the curious nature of which must be our apology for borrowing so largely from our contemporary. 'Every one,' says he, 'is aware that there is a large number of persons upon whom certain substances have a certain peculiar effect, generally of a disagreeable kind, which sometimes appears to be absurd and ridiculous, and is often attributed to eccentricity; thus there are some who cannot bear to touch fur, others who do not like to see feathers; nay, some who cannot bear the look of butter. The invariable nature of this feeling, and the similarity of circumstances attending its existence among the most different races, and in the most distant countries, led Reichenbach to examine it closer; and he found that these antipathies occurred, for the most part, among persons apparently healthy, but more or less sensitive, and that they increase in degree according as persons suffer from nervousness, &c.; and that, hence, there was evidently some connexion between these sensations and the effects which he had in so many instances found to attend the action of magnetic crystals, and on similar persons.

'We have already seen that, in certain cases, the action of the crystal was attended by a disagreeable feeling, which sometimes produced painful spasmodic affections of the limbs; and that this property could be communicated to various bodies, though in different degrees; and that it is never totally absent from bodies which form perfect crystals. On this subject we have, however, already said enough; and it only remains to say a few words on the sensation of apparent difference of temperature, the disagreeable feeling, as it were of disgust, and the apparent mechanical agitation of darting pains through the body, sometimes produced by most dissimilar substances.

'Some of these sensations were felt by healthy persons, but highly sensitive individuals felt them all more or less strongly, according to the nature and extent of their disease.

'On making a number of experiments on the most

different substances, he arrived at the conclusion that all amorphous bodies which do not possess the peculiar power resident in crystals, possess, in different degrees, according to the nature of the body, and with a great degree of constancy, the property of giving rise to disagreeable sensations, sometimes accompanied by heat, and sometimes by a feeling of coolness. In the crystal, we had a power depending on the state of aggregation, or form; while in the case before us, the nature of the substance is the determining cause of some dynamical effect of another kind.'

Many curious observations remain, but our space is exhausted. Most readers will, we think, join us in wishing that the experiments of the Viennese philosopher should be repeated, and subjected to every imaginable test; as, in the first place, they seem worthy of this pains; and, in the second, it is impossible to receive such extraordinary matters into the book of science without the strongest of attainable proofs. It would now, we think, be wrong to treat such things with the indifference of mere incredulity. It is far from likely that so many persons as have now testified to peculiar effects of a zoo-magnetic nature, should have been entirely mistaken, or altogether possessed by a spirit of deception. Nor is there any improbability that we are tending towards the discovery of some new form of the imponderables, in which the human organisation is strangely concerned, and which therefore promises to possess medicative power. Where a prospect, however shadowy, holds out so much temptation, men will venture to follow it, and surely it were well for a few genuine men of science to go into the inquiry, if only to prevent the multitudes of the unlearned from breaking their heads upon it. It sometimes appears to us as if the spirit of incredulity overreached itself; and perhaps there is an instance here. Forty-six years ago, many cures by magnets, called 'metallic tractors,' were announced: they were suddenly quashed by two physicians, who similated the applications, but used bits of wood and iron disguised as tractors instead. What, however, if it should prove that the cures were real cures in both cases, only produced by a cause different from the tractors, and which resided in the bodies of the operators, and connected with an earnest exertion of the will in both cases? Things as strange have happened.

[Since the above was prepared, we have seen a pamphlet by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh—*Abstract of Researches on Magnetism and on Certain Allied Subjects, by Baron von Reichenbach*—in which there is a much more ample account of these curious investigations. To this, as well as to the Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science, we would direct the attention of those who may wish to pursue the study into its minutiæ.]

ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

It does not seem to us many years since we read in the papers an obituary notice of Daniel Boone, the founder of the state of Kentucky. Need we say what Kentucky now is? A state as large as Scotland, fertile and beautiful, and containing not much less than a million of people. Yet the first white man who set himself down to live in this grand country, only died at the end of the reign of George III.; so rapidly does the world advance in some of its districts. Boone's history is interesting, because it realises almost in our own day some of those first processes of civilisation which, in the elder world, passed long before history existed. It is the story of Jew and Canaanite—as far as that was a mere conflict for land—brought almost before our living eyes.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over the broad woodlands which lay immediately beyond the mountains to the west of Virginia. It was a beauteous wilderness, known as yet only to the red Indian, but abounding in game and wild fruits, and whatever can form a temptation to man seeking for a residence. At that time there lived in Yadkin valley, in North Carolina, a hardy peasant of about thirty-seven years of age, a native of the county of Somerset in England, but long naturalised to America, and now married, with a family of several children. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting—a man who preferred to roam the mountain, and sleep in a cavern, or camp by a rushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fireside. We say he was a born hunter; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a *bee-line* from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure, he could bear like any Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. Two years before the above date, a man named Finlay had gone afar in the land of the red man upon a mercantile expedition. Him Daniel sought out, and learned that of a truth there was a country to the north-west where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. He meditated and dreamt upon it for a year, talked with his wife about it, who endeavoured to drive it from his mind; and finally, tightening his belt, and putting a new edge upon his knife, he shouldered his rifle, bade his little family good-by, and, in company with five comrades, started in quest of the country of Kentucky.

Finlay led the way. For five weeks did the little band toil on and on through hill and valley, gushing stream and tangled woods, enduring all the inclemency of the elements, till at length they came to the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky. For months they hunted with success; but at length, in December, Boone and one of his companions fell into the hands of the Indians, from whom they only escaped by stratagem. On returning to their camp, they found it deserted by the rest. Determined to persevere, they remained in it, using great precautions against the hostile Indians; until Squire, a brother of Boone, joined him with another man, and entered upon the same kind of life. A few months after, by the death of one man and the desertion of another, the two Boones were left alone; and thus they continued to be for several months, when Squire was compelled to return to the settlements for a supply of ammunition, and Daniel was left without a dog for company—the sole white man in all that vast region.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilisation to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid; in a boundless wood, filled with subtle and cruel enemies; dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty store of ammunition; without a comrade, or the hope of one—and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase, appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this: the

forests of Kentucky, at that early period, were filled with a species of nettle, which, being once trodden on, retained for a long time the impression of the foot; even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it: it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. There is an anecdote of Boone, referrible to a different period, which gives a striking idea of such a stealthy life as he now led. He had approached the Licking river from the west, at the same time that another adventurer, Simon Kenton, had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighbourhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was, without revealing himself; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian, and a foe!

Squire Boone returned at the end of June (1770), and the two brothers continued to hunt together. Meanwhile a band called the Long Hunters, led by Captain James Knox, entered the territory on the south, and spent some time in it; but Boone knew nothing of their proceedings. He and his brother remained about the vale of the Kentucky till the ensuing March, and then returned home, in order to bring more settlers, including Daniel's family.

In the autumn, Boone was passing again into Kentucky, with five families besides his own, and forty other men, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked-for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old 'treed' instantly. A few moments decided the matter: the whites were victors: but six dead men, and one badly wounded, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel's eldest son. The party retreated, and Boone spent another year in inactivity. During this time land-speculators and surveyors poured into the land of Kentucky, and roused the hostility of the Indians to a high pitch. A party of eight hundred of them were only saved from destruction by Boone's undertaking, at the request of the governor of Virginia (the Earl of Dunmore), to bring them off; in which duty he was perfectly successful.

The contention between the colonists and the mother country was now coming to a head; and it was in the midst of terrors, inspired by the policy of the British in employing the Indians as allies, that the colonisation of Kentucky took place. James Harrod was the first to build a house in that region: this was in 1774. Then one Richard Henderson, a Carolinian, by Boone's assistance, made a treaty with the Cherokees for certain lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, where it was proposed to establish a colony. The ground had still to be fought for with other tribes; but, in spite of all obstacles, a fort of block-houses and cabins was planted in the summer of 1775, at Boonesborough—the pioneer working with his axe in one hand and his rifle in the other. A sort of legislative council made laws for the new settlement, which was regarded as an offshoot from the state of Virginia.

Boone then returned to his family, which, with three others, he brought into Kentucky in September. The four women of this party—Mrs Boone, Mrs M'Gary, Mrs Denton, and Mrs Hogan—were the first of white complexion who entered the country—the 'mothers of the west.' The war just then breaking out, and all the horrors of Indian hostility impending, the heroism of these women deserves especial honour.

We pass over much detail as to the various settlements which were formed, and entirely overlook the doings of a remarkable man, George Rogers Clark, who had much to do with the infancy of Kentucky. It soon became necessary to keep a careful watch upon the movements of the Indians. All along the border the impression gained strength that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down and lay all waste. The hated race of 'cabiners,' those speculators who came out to obtain a pre-emption right by building a cabin and planting a crop; the wretched traders, who were always wandering about the frontier; the hunters, who were revelling among the countless herds of game, now for the first time seen—all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations. And within these stations men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumours of natives seen here and there; and parties of the bold rangers tightened their belts, and left the protection of their forts, to learn the truth of these alarms. But there was one who sat at such times silent, and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre: silently he sat working until nightfall. Then noiselessly he went: none saw him go. But when they observed him gone, they would say, 'Now we shall know something sure, for old Daniel's on the track.' And when, by and by, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he re-entered the cabin, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace.

In July the storm broke upon the poor colonists, most of whom fled before the wrath of the Shawanese and Cherokees, leaving only a few determined little bands in the forts. It was a terrible time; yet Daniel Boone was never dismayed. One day his daughter and two other young girls were amusing themselves in a skiff on the Kentucky, while several of the male settlers looked on. Suddenly they felt the boat taking a direction for the opposite shore. A lurking Indian had swum in, and caught hold of it; and the poor children quickly found themselves prisoners amongst a band who had posted themselves in a little thicket close to the river. The settlers heard their scream as they were caught and hurried off. It was some time before Boone, and a little party of friends, could cross to commence a pursuit, so that the Indians got the start for several miles. At daybreak he recovered their trail, but soon lost it again in a thick wood, to penetrate which would have sadly impeded him. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss: turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more; then turning at right angles towards the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one; for, after going a few miles, they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspirited with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly, but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared that, if

their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly, as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, mocassins, or blankets; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

For two years the gallant Kentuckians maintained their posts amidst incredible hardships and dangers. It became difficult to supply themselves with food, as there was hardly any safety for cattle; and in hunting, men were frequently cut off by the prowling enemy. One day, as the women of Logan's fort were milking the cows, attended by a guard of men, the Indians made a sudden attack, and killed several persons. Such incidents were very harassing. The commander of this fort, after being beleaguered by the savages for some weeks, found himself running short of powder and shot, so that, unless relief should come soon, it seemed inevitable that they should have to surrender. The required ammunition could only be got two hundred miles off, across a wild and mountainous country. Yet he resolved to make the attempt; and he succeeded. Over mountain and vale, through tangled wood and brake, this man sped his way with two companions, and on the tenth day, he was once more within the fort. It is pleasant to know that the party was thus able to hold out till relieved.

At the beginning of 1778 there were but three stations left, containing in all a hundred and ten men; but the Indians had been baffled, and forced to retire behind the Ohio; so that a small breathing-time was afforded to the settlers. At this time Boone was compelled to go, with thirty men, to the Blue Licks, in order to prepare salt for the use of his people. He had succeeded so far in his object, when a band of Indians fell upon him as he was hunting singly in the woods. He fled, but was soon overtaken, and made prisoner. His companions, obeying gestures made by him at a distance, surrendered, and the whole party was then marched off to a British post, where several officers interceded for the ransom of Boone, but without success, for the chief had taken a fancy to him, and determined to make him one of themselves. Boone was actually obliged, for some months, to act the part of a Shawanese Indian, and to affect a reconciliation to their habits. He was made a son in some family, and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. Yet, to appearance, he was cheerful and happy. He took his part in their games and romps; shot as near the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to do, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him; and smiled, in his quiet eye, when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favour with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. After some months of captivity, he was called upon to accompany a salt-making party to Chillicothe; there he saw a body of 450 painted warriors, whom he guessed to be on their way to Boonesborough, to make final work of it. Could he do nothing to save his family and friends? It was 160 miles of wild country to Boonesborough, and not a friend by the way. Yet it was necessary he should try. So, on the morning of the 16th June, he stole away without any breakfast, leaving an Indian father and mother inconsolable for his loss. Over hill and valley he sped, for four successive days, forty miles a-day, eating but one meal all the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough—and where was his wife? Why did she not rush to meet him? 'Bless your soul,' said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, 'she put into the settlements long ago; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up, and was off to Carolina, to the old man's.' There was no time for regrets, for the Indians were expected. Days, however, passed without showing them; and it was then ascertained that they were brought to a stand by his flight, believing that he must have given warning of their approach. Some weeks after, learning that the country was clear of the Indians, he started with a party of nineteen for the town on Paint Creek, intending probably to make some kind of reprisals. But this had nearly proved a fatal step, for, by the way, he suddenly popped upon an Indian party going in the contrary direction. Judging from this circumstance that a larger body must be on its way to attack the settlements, he immediately turned back; and it was well he did so just then, as he only got back a day before the Indians and British appeared in strength at Boonesborough.

It was on the 8th of August that, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered round the little fortress of logs, defended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his Majesty King George III., summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel has acknowledged in his journal, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for? and he especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents? Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. The British officers professed so much apparently sincere regret for this resolution, that Daniel was induced, after all, to come to a negotiation. It was to take place immediately beyond the walls of the fort, between nine of the garrison and a party of the enemy. To guard against treachery, the sharpest shooters stood upon the walls, ready to defend their friends. The treaty was made and signed; and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the palms of their new allies. Boone and his comrades must have looked rather queer at this proposal; but it seemed safer to accede than to refuse; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness; the whites drew back, struggling; the treachery was apparent. The rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost of the assailants of the little band; and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty-trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare; and opened a fire, which lasted ten days; though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

It was amidst such scenes that the foundation of the state of Kentucky was laid, by a mere handful of rough, but high-spirited men. The year '78 was the crisis of its fate. But for the stand then made, it would probably have been no part of the American Union. Animated by the reports of the courage of the first settlers, multitudes now poured in, and soon placed it beyond all danger. In the ensuing events, the conspicuous man was George Rogers Clark, who took the British governor, Hamilton, prisoner at Vincennes. It is undoubted, however, that the real hero of the settlement was he who had first entered upon it, and who had

stood by it through all its earliest and worst struggles —Daniel Boone.*

This remarkable man closed his career in 1818, having lived to see Kentucky one of the most flourishing and populous states of the Union.

GROANS FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BATING the price, or offering for a piece of goods a lower price than what is asked by the party disposing of it, well known by the term haggling, is a custom probably of great antiquity—derived, doubtless, from those barbarous times when every man tried to overreach his neighbour—when 'might made right'—but surely it is a practice altogether unworthy of the present day.

Every draper who properly understands his business will be most anxious to dispose of his goods at the lowest possible remunerating profit. For this purpose he visits the best and cheapest markets, carefully selects the most suitable goods, estimates the quantity he is likely to turn over in a given period, and determines the profit he must take, in order to be able, from this turn-over, to meet the expenses connected with his establishment, and leave himself a fair remuneration for his personal trouble and risk. Having done this, he fixes the price of each article according to its value, and in proportion to the share it should have in making up the sum estimated to be necessary for the accomplishment of the above ends; and the price so fixed becomes the lowest at which the article can be disposed of without incurring loss. Such being the case—and in every properly-conducted business it is the case—how unreasonable is it for any one to offer a lower price, or to suppose, when offered, that it will be taken? Why, this is equivalent to asking the disposer if he is willing, for the benefit of the purchaser, to be as much out of pocket as there is of difference between the price asked and the one offered.

But it may be urged, that goods are not always worth the price asked for them, and that it is therefore quite reasonable to try and bring them down to their proper value. To this it may be answered, that the lower a merchant of any kind can dispose of his goods profitably, the more it will be to his advantage, as he will be certain to sell the greater quantity. It is, therefore, the interest of every well-designing tradesman to ask a moderate price for his goods. If a higher price is asked for an article than is done elsewhere, the purchaser has the power of going there; for it is the right as well as the interest of every one to buy his goods where they are to be had at best value; but no one has a right to seek to make a man alter the price he has deemed necessary to be paid for his own property.

It is common, when the haggler is asked if the article be not worth more than he has offered, to get the reply, 'Oh, I'm no judge of its value, but I'll give you that for it.' No judge of its value; and yet, by his conduct, stating his conviction that more than its value is asked! How unreasonable, and yet how frequent, is such conduct! In fact, those who are judges of the articles they purchase are the easiest served, and are those who never haggle. It is the individuals who, ignorant of the value of what they wish to buy, suppose that, by offering a lower price than the one asked, they are taking the sure method of making a good bargain, who constitute the great majority of hagglers; and who only require to be convinced of the uselessness of the system, in order to their giving it up. There are some, indeed, so selfish, that, although conscious the article is well worth the money asked for it, will, from the desire of buying cheap, endeavour to screw down the merchant, in order that they may save perhaps the sum of one penny! Yes, and they will not blush to use more intreaty to gain their end, than the most importunate beggar would do for the same amount, although in his case it might be to enable him to relieve the cravings of hunger. Arguments with this class would be useless, for nothing will induce them to give up the practice of haggling till it has come to be universally despised.

The folly of those who think that they gain anything by this system will readily appear, if we consider the easiness with which its practice may be met by the disposer, and rendered entirely useless. They are, in nearly all cases, no judges of the article they intend to purchase: its value may be more, or it may be less, than what it is stated to be, for anything they know. Let us, for illustration, suppose a case. The price of an article is 6s.; but the disposer, believing that he will be offered less than what he asks, and conscious that he cannot take it without injury to himself, asks 7s. The person offers perhaps first 5s. 6d., and then comes up to 6s., and will give no more. The disposer, after a little higgling, accepts the offer; he gets what he wanted—the value of the article; whilst the purchaser goes home with the idea that he has made a grand bargain, and boasts to his neighbours, that 'the merchant asked 7s., but I prigged him down to 6s.' Wonderful triumph! well worthy of the person who has made an honest man practise a deceit, of which he himself, however, is the dupe. If any one has cause to boast, it is surely the disposer, who has outwitted the purchaser, and gained all he desired.

But this is not the worst; for in many instances not only is this system of no benefit to its supporters, but is the means of making them do the very thing they are so desirous of avoiding; namely, of paying more for their purchases than their real value.

The price of a piece of cloth is 10s. 3d. per yard; but, in order to be prepared for haggling, it is stated to be 11s. 6d. The purchaser in this case may be supposed to be one of those who say that they do not like to haggle, probably for the purpose of throwing the salesman off his guard, and inducing him to state the lowest price at once, but who, after all, make a habit of offering a *little* less. He says, 'That's surely too dear? I will give you 11s. for it, and take eight yards of it, and that is only 6d. less than you are asking!' Generous man! The disposer, of course, cannot say that his offer is 9d. more than the real price, since it is 6d. less than the one asked. This would at once be confessing himself as unworthy of confidence in the estimation of the purchaser, and be the means of losing not only the present sale, but future custom. The bargain is made, the money paid, and a slight discount given; and in this case, as in the former, the man goes home ready to boast of his bargain. And well he might, were things as he supposed; for his idea is, that on an amount of 88s. he has gained 4s. besides the discount, whilst in reality he has paid 6s. more than the merchant wished for his goods!

But more than this. Some people are so prejudiced in favour of this obnoxious system, that they continue to practise it even after they are shown its absurdity and entire uselessness. A woman asks the price of a yard of ribbon. She is told it is 3d.; but thinking the shopman said 5d., she cries out, 'I'll give you 4½d.;' and when made aware that the price is only 3d., replies, 'Then I'll give you 2½d.' Ridiculous as this may appear to some, it is no picture of the fancy, but a case to which all drapers of any standing can furnish many parallels. Had the disposer in this case been so inclined, he might have allowed the woman to remain in her first opinion; and doubtless she would have been as well satisfied with the idea that she had got a ribbon worth 5d. for 4½d., as she would have been in getting it for 2½d., when made aware that the price was only 3d. Let hagglers only exercise their propensity, and they are better pleased, although they should be cheated of two shillings, if you have come down one, than they would be by getting the article cheaper than its value, if you made no abatement.

True it is that a stand is now being made in country towns by many, and in our larger towns by all the re-

* Abridged from the North American Review for January 1846.

spectable shops against this abominable practice. 'No abatement' has now come to be a term of more frequent use than formerly; and the words, 'We never make two prices,' are now common in places where formerly such a statement would not only have been false, but deemed ruinous. To the proprietors of those establishments who have taken this stand, the best thanks, not only of the young men in their employment, but of the public generally, are due; for whilst on their assistants they have conferred a boon of immense importance, in rendering equivocation and deceit unnecessary, they afford to the public security of fair-dealing, and of disposing of their goods at one price, and that price, as has already been shown, the lowest they can possibly take.

Another evil to which drapers and their assistants are exposed, is want of confidence in them by the public generally. This want of confidence extends only to their professional character, without having any reference to their character and conduct as members of society. It is confined within the shop, and to the transactions of buying and selling, and cannot but be galling and hurtful to the feelings of those who are conscious that they do not deserve to be so treated.

An idea is entertained by very many that drapers are a class of men who, in respect to business, are entirely under the guidance of selfishness, and who will stop at nothing in order to effect a sale. Falsehood is attributed to them as their hourly practice; and dishonesty and roguery looked upon as necessary qualifications for their trade. It is no uncommon thing for them to be told plainly 'that they need say nothing in their own favour, for that, if they were not rogues, they would not be fit for their profession.' All do not go this length in words, but show, by their conduct, that they hold the same opinions.

How provoking is it for a young man, after conscientiously recommending a piece of goods, to be told, 'Who is to believe what you say? It is of course your interest to praise the article.' What reason is there for this sneering, cruel expression? Is it only the offscourings of society who constitute the majority of drapers in our country? Are their assistants taken from our prisons, or the haunts of vice, that they are thus looked upon and treated as common tricksters? That cases of deception and 'in-taking' have been practised by shopmen on customers, cannot be denied; but they are very rare in the present day; and when such cases have occurred, if properly examined into, it will be found that in most of them the customers have had themselves to blame, and, by their own conduct, rendered it necessary on the part of the shopman, if he wished to sell to them, to practise a deceit, and take them in. A case of this description went the round of the newspapers some time ago. A person wished to buy a silk dress, and after being shown several pieces, at length fixed on one, for which, however, she would only give a certain price, and that considerably lower than the one demanded. As it would appear, there had been no abatement allowed to be made in the house, so the offer could not be taken. The customer was just going away, when the salesman rapidly put aside the piece of silk in question, and replaced it by another of a lower price than that for which she was offering, and cried to her, as she was going out at the door, 'Come away, ma'am, you may have it.' The dress was cut off, the full price paid, and the customer highly pleased at having got it all her own way. Now, cases similar to this sometimes happen; but was not the customer primarily to blame in laying temptation before the salesman? Treat young men in such a way as will show that you deem them worthy of confidence, and they will strive to act so as to merit it. But if you treat them as rogues, be not surprised if they act towards you as such.

That drapers are a class of men whose conduct should be the very opposite of what is so generally attributed to them, will be at once apparent, when we consider that their success in trade depends upon their so acting as to gain the confidence and good-will of the public. They have a character to earn and sustain; it is for their interest to try and gather around them a class of steady and regular customers, who are made to find it agreeable and profitable to make their purchases in the same shop. And how is this to be accomplished? Is it by recommending bad articles?—by stating what is not the truth?—by taking advantage of the ignorant, and dealing unfairly? Surely not. The very opposite must be the case. Thus it is evident that, in the absence of all principle, regard for his own interests will serve to make a draper act so as to merit confidence: for where is the individual so foolish as, for the sake of the few shillings, or perhaps pence, to run the risk of losing years of that person's dealings, as he would assuredly do when his conduct came to be discovered?

It is not uncommon for a shopkeeper to find that his word in matters of business is held as nothing by those who, in other social relations, show that they regard him as a person who may be relied on. This may be primarily owing to its being understood that there are ways of speaking and acting in business which are considered as allowable, though they would be condemned in common affairs. We would remark, however, that to find one's honesty in business matters systematically doubted, must operate grievously in discouraging the desire of acting fairly in other respects. The vexation of spirit which the public want of faith excites in drapers and their assistants, must be felt in order to be properly known. Let any honourable person put himself in their place, and think how he would like to see everything he said listened to with obvious marks of incredulity, and this through a whole day, and from one day to another, and some faint conception of their sufferings may be formed. It is submitted that men thus continually liable to being lowered in their own esteem must be apt, sooner or later, to justify the suspicions with which they are regarded.

Another evil to which this class of the community, especially assistants, are exposed, is to be found in the practice of those who go 'a-shopping' without the intention of buying. This description of persons are of two classes; first, those who visit drapers' shops without any intention of purchasing, but probably for the sake of killing time, or seeing what are the fashions of the day. This class is by far the smallest of the two, and productive of the least amount of evil, as they honestly avow their intentions of not purchasing, but merely looking at the goods; and therefore no disappointment is experienced when they do not buy. It is the second and more numerous class who give rise to the evil now under consideration; namely, those who do indeed intend purchasing, but not until they have first visited a number of shops. Such persons enter the shop they have resolved to visit first with the full determination that, although they should see articles quite suited to their mind, not to purchase them till they first see what other shops have got. Some may be startled at this statement, and inclined to doubt its veracity; but it is quite true that such persons as those above-described are not rare, nor do they seek to make any secret of their conduct. Should these observations be read by any of this class, they will know that this description is a true one.

Another, and the last evil we would mention, is to be found in a habit which many have of stating the price of an article to be lower than they really paid for it. The reason for this conduct is a desire to be thought to have made good bargains, and the foolish wish of having those bargains envied. Many are heard to say, 'Some people get things unusually cheap; I can never see any of them when I come to buy.' No; and why? Because the 'some people' you allude to never bought the articles at the prices they stated, nor near to them. The evils of this practice consist in the false view it gives of the value of articles, and the consequent difficulty there is in obtaining them. An individual who has seen an article said to be purchased for a certain amount, and anxious

to obtain the same, cannot be blamed, when going to a shop to get it, and finding it to be charged considerably higher, if she should refuse to take it, and go away with the impression that the merchant wished to take her in. Here the vain desire for a little envy has led to the telling of a falsehood, has deprived the draper of a good customer, and has perhaps ruined his reputation in that customer's estimation, and in the circle in which she moves. Some, again, who are guilty of this practice, are actuated by a desire to gain not praise, but money by it. These generally work by means of another. They ask a person to bring them home, from a certain shop, a quantity of the same goods they themselves purchased a few day previous at a certain price; taking care, however, that the price mentioned be a little less than what was paid. They seem to reason in this way—'The merchant will perhaps forget what I paid; or he will not like to refuse the person I have employed; she is a good customer. Or he will not disappoint me for such a trifle: in either way, I will gain my end.' And often they do so; but the more the pity. Success only encourages future attacks; and the proper way of getting rid of this annoyance is by at once refusing to yield to it.

Such are the evils to which drapers and their assistants are exposed from the present system of doing business, and which tend materially to harass and annoy them in discharging the duties of their calling. Many of these evils are generally little known, except by those who suffer from them, and consequently their sources remain unheeded. It is to be hoped, however, that some good will be done by thus bringing the subject before the public. Should any such benefit result, even in the humblest and most partial degree, the writer of these remarks will have attained the object he had in view.

A Draper's Assistant.

WORKING MEN'S EVENINGS—THE HAMPSTEAD READING-ROOMS.

The devil is best met by *supersedeas*. That is to say, less good is attainable by direct condemnation of his allurements, than by competing against him with allurements of an equally powerful, though innocent kind. For example, it is of little use to convince working men that the public-house is a vulgar and debasing place in which to spend the evening, unless you show them another place where the time may be spent as agreeably, and with benefit instead of damage. For this reason we are always pleased to hear of any efforts, on however humble a scale, to afford harmless amusement and recreation, not to speak of instruction, to the working-classes. And where we think the efforts such as may be easily repeated elsewhere, we are glad to say what we can in their favour.

It was under such feelings that we adverted, upwards of a twelvemonth ago, to a little establishment which had been set up, under somewhat peculiar regulations, at Hampstead. We now learn, from a report before us, that the *Hampstead Reading-Rooms* continue to flourish, though with some changes on the original plan. The furnishing of coffee to the members has been given up, as seen to be not required, and classes for instruction have been introduced instead. There are now between fifty and sixty members, chiefly working gardeners, young journeymen artisans, and the sons of the village tradesmen, whose weekly payments of twopence each, with a small sum raised by subscription, appear to be sufficient to defray the expenses. These are for rent, fire, and lights, books, newspapers, and periodical publications—the classes being taught gratuitously. Two rooms, front and back—open from six till ten every evening, except Sundays—form this little temple of dawning intelligence and rational amusement. In the front room are placed the Times and St James's Chronicle (which a neighbouring gentleman furnishes gratuitously), the Illustrated London News, the Gardeners' Chronicle, Punch, and Chambers's Journal and Miscellany; and it is not unworthy of remark, that the simply literary publications are the most sought after. Here also are thirty volumes of books, obtained from a public library at the cost of a small subscription, and of course changed at proper intervals. In the back room are the classes—senior and junior—for instruction in writing, grammar, and composition, Latin, and drawing. The three first are taught together, by setting the pupils to write down the substance of some tale, or other matter, which is read aloud to them, and then going over and correcting their productions. 'By this means,' says a correspondent, 'individuals who, a year ago, would have been unable, had they attempted it, to express themselves intelligibly in writing, have become competent to write a very fair and creditable letter.' Drawing is learnt in an equally practical manner, by copying busts; while the principles of perspective are not neglected. 'It is not a little remarkable,' pursues our correspondent, 'that the Latin class should be one of the two which are best attended; and the fact suggests that working men are capable of higher mental enjoyments than is usually supposed. Some of the junior classes are conducted by a few of the more advanced members, who are desirous of extending to others the benefit they have received and learnt to value for themselves.'

Altogether, the Hampstead Reading-Rooms seem to be serving their professed object most satisfactorily. If there is anything left to be lamented, it is, that the benefits are, after all, limited to a class or grade. There are in Hampstead hundreds of *sand boys*, *donkey boys*, and other youths of similar occupations, who equally require an evening refuge for hurtless entertainment and instruction, but who could not properly be taken into this institution. Let us express our hope that some equally appropriate harbourage will be found for this class of persons; as also that institutions of the kind which we have described may speedily extend into districts where they are as yet unknown.

PECULIAR MARRIAGE-CUSTOM IN WALES.

Very little is known by the public generally of the manners and customs of the Welsh—among the lower orders of whom there still lingers much of that brotherhood which characterised our ancestors several centuries ago. One of their most curious practices is that of marriage 'biddings,' which is invariably followed in the agricultural districts; and which, however odd it may appear to us, is not without its advantages.

As soon as the wedding-day is fixed, the contracting parties print and distribute small hand-bills, of which the following is a specimen, dated so recently as the 24th of January 1846:—

'As we intend entering the matrimonial state, we are encouraged by our friends and relations to make a bidding on the occasion, which will be held on Thursday, February the 12th, at the house called Berth-lwyd, parish of Loughor, when and where the favour of your good and agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion, by your most obedient servants,

Griffith Howell,
Mary Morgan.

'The young man's mother, Sarah Howell, desires that all debts of the above nature due to her be paid on the above day; the young woman's father and mother, William and Martha Morgan, desire that all debts of the above nature due to them be paid on the above day.'

The number of persons who assemble on such occasions varies according to the character and connexion of the parties interested. Both issue billets to their acquaintances; and thus there are frequently congregated as many as one hundred, or one hundred and eighty individuals, of both sexes and all ages. Should the bride and bridegroom live some distance apart, their respective retinues set out early in the morning, headed by a fiddler, whose native music enlivens the journey. They generally contrive to make a half-way meeting, where both parties amalgamate, and proceed directly to church. On the way thither, it is cus-

tomary, as in Scotland, for some of the neighbouring lads to hide behind a tree or hedge, and suddenly fire a salute, much to the consternation of the females in the joyous procession.

After the ceremony is over, the whole assemblage repair to the house of the bridegroom's father, to partake of some refreshment (for which each pays his or her quota), and to deposit their donations. The amount collected varies according to the circumstances of the individuals, averaging from L.30 to L.100; in some instances it has reached L.150. The sum thus gained affords to the 'young beginners' considerable assistance, enabling them to commence life free and unembarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. As will be seen by the printed invitation, the individuals thus assisted hold themselves responsible, in point of honour, for the repayment of the various sums contributed, when those who advance them are about to take a similar step. Should those who give the donations not require repayment on their own account, they have the power of demanding them in favour of any of their children. In almost every case there are a number of bachelor and maiden contributors; and thus the newly-wedded couple are on the whole gainers, while the repayments also fall due at distant and scattered periods.

As at the old Scotch 'penny-weddings,' the proceedings are wound up with a dance in the barn, or other convenient apartment, where, with music, dancing, and drinking, the mirth soon grows loud and furious; fortunate if it terminates as harmlessly as it began.

DEFECTIVE HOUSE DRAINAGE.

A recent number of the Lancet, in an obituary notice of the late Dr James Johnson, the editor of the Medical and Chirurgical Review, gives the following account of his death:—'At the age of sixty-seven he still carried his years bravely; his hair was scarcely bleached by so many winters—it had grown a little, and but a little, sparse upon the crown; his frame was still erect, his step firm, and not a tooth was missing from its appointed place. He had long been partial to Brighton, and the railway offered him facilities of which he determined to avail himself. He resolved to remain there for a couple of months, coming up to town three days in the week, to see his patients. Unfortunately, Brighton was so full, that he found it impossible to procure a house or apartments on West Cliff, and was compelled to repair to East Cliff, the lower portion of the town. Here the drains are frequently deranged, and it happened that they had been so at the house he selected, immediately before his visit to it. The residents and visitors had all been seized with diarrhœa, and this attacked himself, and those attending him, almost on the instant that he entered it. His intention to remain at Brighton three days in the week was not acted on. Devoured by ennui, he turned with satiety from the groups on the Parade, or the boats on the beach, and, after one attempt, he fled to the express train, and came to and returned from London daily. The excitement and exertion were too great. On the 4th October, returning by the train to Brighton, he was seized in it with a rigor. On arriving at his lodgings, he exclaimed to his wife that, unless he could procure a free perspiration, this attack would be his death. That night he was delirious. The diarrhœa, which had never ceased, became aggravated; dysentery—the low fever of the aged and exhausted—was established on it; and, worn out by purging, tormina, tenesmus, hiccup, he expired on the 10th, surrounded by his family, and sensible nearly to the last.'

HOW TO BREAK OFF A BAD HABIT

The late Mr Loudon, the celebrated writer on gardening, &c. during the time he was suffering so severely from the pain in his arm, found no ease but from taking laudanum; and he became at last so habituated to the use of this noxious potion, that he took a wine-glassful every eight hours. After the amputation of his arm, however, he wished to leave off taking it, as he was aware of its injurious effects upon his general health; and he contrived to cure himself by putting a wine-glassful of water into his quart bottle of laudanum every time he took out a wine-glassful of the potion, so that the mixture became gradually weaker every day, till at last it was little more than water; and he found that he had cured himself of this dangerous habit without experiencing any inconvenience.

LOVELY SPRING.

IN ANSWER TO THE POEM ENTITLED 'HATEFUL SPRING!'*

Thou say'st that spring is hateful, because her blossoms bright
Hide the treasure of thy selfish heart from thine adoring sight;
But what is she to all the burst, and blush, and bloom of spring?
How dark the soul, at such a time, that thinks of murmuring!

Thy love has eyes of dewy blue, but spring's young glowing sky
Has a charm that thou canst never find in earthly maiden's eye;
Bright are her lips, but spring's exquisite fairy buds eclipse
The beauty, and the whispered sweets, of thy beloved's lips.

She hath a graceful form thou say'st: go, mark the bow of spring
Sweeping the gloomy arch of heaven—a grand and glorious thing!
And tell me if that rainbow bright, the banner of the storm,
Hath not as perfect symmetry as thy fair idol's form?

Her brow is white; the snowdrop's head is whiter, purer far:
Her voice is soft; but full as soft the linnet's love-songs are.
Dark, selfish spirit! walk abroad on the young bridal earth,
And then call hateful, if thou canst, this glorious time of mirth.

All things look up to Heaven, and smile: the heart should *must* arise,
And bless the love which sends us down an earthly paradise.
The flowers come forth, like voices sent from some sweet land of love,
And breathe of some more glorious world, like the *returning dove*.

They come and bless the lowly cot, they crowd the princely bower;
The peasant has her wreath of spring, the queen her favourite flower:
They, sympathising dear ones! come, their tearful heads to wave
Over the dust of those we love, the low and lonely grave.

Ah spring—kind spring! she ne'er forgets the tear-bedewed tomb!
No; she scatters *there* her youngest buds, and bids them softly bloom:
She clothes with leaves the lattice of thy dear one's hallowed bower,
To teach thee there are lovely things besides that worshipped flower.

Go forth, and watch the glorious spring—the love, the bride of earth!
Spring—blessed spring! so full of heart, and harmony, and mirth!
Oh, I would have all hearts rejoice, all tongues exulting sing,
'O God, we bless thy tireless love, for the bright and beaming spring!'

We know the human bosom hath a world of love to pour
At the feet of some fair object it delighteth to adore;
That world of love should all be His who sends His angel spring,
And, next to Him, to all things bright and beautiful should cling.

Give me the great, grand heart, as large as it was made to be,
That takes in God, and heaven, and earth, like a deep and glorious sea;
That sees the stamp of Beauty broad and wide on everything,
And loves that beauty everywhere—and dearly loves the spring.

Why dost thou narrow up thy soul to one thing God has made?
Why should one star of loveliness His boundless sunshine shade?
Idolater! go, mark the flowers, and hear the bright birds sing,
And bless the opened hand of love for the gay and glorious spring!

* See No. 110 (page 96 of present volume).

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A correspondent, referring to a late paper on the works of Gervase Markham ('The English Housewife in 1645,' published in No. 98, p. 313, of 4th volume of the Journal, new series), where we had remarked *haggis* as described among other English dishes of the seventeenth century, directs our attention to the fact, that this peculiar preparation is alluded to in an English book of much older date, namely, Lydgate's *Storie of Thebes*. Warton represents Lydgate as at his highest eminence as a poet about the year 1430. In this *Storie*, a host at Canterbury, inviting his guest to supper, tells him he will have, among other dishes, 'a round hagis.' It is curious thus to ascertain that England, in an earlier and less dainty state of her cuisine, did not repudiate the homely, yet relishable fare which has since been left to the sole enjoyment of us northern barbarians, amongst even whom it is now nearly extinct. The same correspondent suggests that *sheep's head* may have been a Roman dish, as in Juvenal (book i., satire 3) the following lines occur:—

Quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor et *elixi vervecis labra* comedit.

With reference to the biographic sketch of Theodore Hook, in No. 110, we are informed that that unfortunate wit, besides the late Dean of Worcester, had a *second brother*, now living, the result of a third marriage of his father.

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ANIMAL HUMANITY.

It is extremely curious to observe in animals ways and doings like those of human beings. It is a department of natural history which has never been honoured with any systematic study: perhaps it is thought too trifling for grave philosophers. I must profess, however, that I *feel* there is some value in the inquiry, as tending to give us sympathies with the lower animals, and to dispose us to treat them more kindly than we generally do.

The *sports* of animals are peculiarly affecting. They come home to our social feelings; and the idea is the more touching, when we regard the poor beasts as perhaps enjoying themselves when on the very brink of suffering death for *our* enjoyment.

It is reported by all who have the charge of flocks, that the lambs resemble children very much in their sports. In the mellowed glow of a June evening, while the ewes are quietly resting in preparation for their night's sleep, the lambs gather together at a little distance, perhaps in the neighbourhood of a broomy knoll, and there begin a set of pranksome frolics of their own, dancing fantastically about, or butting, as in jest, against each other. The whole affair is a regular game at romps, such as a merry group of human younkers will occasionally be allowed to enjoy just before going to bed. It is highly amusing to witness it, and to trace the resemblance it bears to human doings; which is sometimes carried so far, that a single mamma will be seen looking on close by, apparently rather happy at the idea of the young folk being so merry, but anxious also that they should not behave too roughly; otherwise, she must certainly interfere.

Monkeys have similar habits. In the countries of the Eastern Peninsula and Archipelago, where they abound, the matrons are often observed, in the cool of the evening, sitting in a circle round their little ones, which amuse themselves with various gambols. The merriment of the young, as they jump over each others' heads, make mimic fights, and wrestle in sport, is most ludicrously contrasted with the gravity of their seniors, which might be presumed as delighting in the fun, but far too staid and wise to let it appear. There is a regard, however, to discipline; and whenever any foolish babe behaves decidedly ill, the mamma will be seen to jump into the throng, seize the offender by the tail, and administer exactly that extreme kind of chastisement which has so long been in vogue among human parents and human teachers.

That there is merriment—genuine human-like merriment—in many of the lower animals, no one can doubt who has ever watched the gambols of the kid, the lamb, the kitten, or of dogs, which

> 'Scour away in lang excursion,
> And worry other in diversion.

But there is something to be observed in these sports still more human-like than mere sport. The principle of *make-believe*, or jest as opposed to earnest, can be discerned in many of their merry-makings. A friend of mine one day observed a kitten amusing itself by running along past its mother, and giving her a little pat on the cheek every time it passed. This must have been done as a little practical joke. It may be added, that the cat stood it for some time very tranquilly; but at last, appearing to get irritated by the iteration of such absurd procedure, she gave her offspring a blow on the side of the head, that sent the little creature spinning to the other side of the room. The kitten looked extremely surprised at this act of mamma, as considering it very ungracious of her not to take the joke in the way it was meant. The same gentleman has observed similar fun going on in a department of the animal kingdom certainly far below the point where we would have expected it; namely, among spiders. He has seen a little spider capering about its parent, running up to it, and then away again, so as to leave no doubt upon his mind that the creature was making merry. Ants, too, have their sports. They pat each others' cheeks, wrestle and tumble, and ride on each others' backs, like a set of schoolboys.

The *kindly social acts of animals*, among themselves and towards mankind, form the next series of phenomena to which I would direct attention. Burns justly eulogises, as a high virtue, the being disposed to hold our being on the terms, 'Each aids the others.' It is the grand distinction of human society, to interpose for the comfort and protection of each other in needful cases. Many families of the lower animals are indifferent on such points; but others are not. It is not yet many months since some workmen, engaged in repairing the cathedral of Glasgow, observed an unusual concourse of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in one of the slanting walls, and there making a great ado, as if feeding some birds within. Curiosity being at length excited, the men proceeded to examine the place, and found that a mother bird, after the flight of her brood, had got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest, so that she was kept a prisoner. The leg was visibly swollen by the chafing produced by her efforts to escape. In this distressing situation the poor bird had been condoled with and fed by her fellows, exactly as a human being might have been in similar circumstances.

Not long before that time, in the pleasure-grounds of Rannoch Lodge in Perthshire, a little field-bird was observed by the gamekeeper to wound itself by flying against one of the so-called invisible fences; whereupon a companion, not stated to have been a mate, came and sat beside it, as it were sighing and sobbing, careless whether he himself was caught—which was easily done

by the spectator of the scene. He took home the two birds, and had them carefully attended to, till the wounded bird had a little recovered; he then set them both at liberty; and, to pursue the narrative of a local newspaper, 'nothing could have been more touching than the affectionate solicitude with which the one watched the progress of the other—now lending it a wing, and again cheering it while it rested, until both were at length lost to the view of the kind-hearted gamekeeper.'

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They are the daily habits of some creatures. The dugong, a whale-like animal, but herbivorous, has the social feeling so strong, that, when one is harpooned, the others flock around, regardless of their own danger, and endeavour to wrench out the weapon with their teeth. In what is this different from a soldier shielding a comrade, or endeavouring to rescue him from dying of his wounds on the field of battle? Of the many anecdotes told respecting rational-looking proceedings of animals for the benefit of each other, I shall adopt one related by Monk Lewis in one of his letters. 'About ten days ago [writing in Jamaica], one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homewards through the wood, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped, and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it, till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood quietly by, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals gallopped away together.'

The same measures have often been adopted by dogs on account of a master who has fallen into any kind of trouble. Leaving him, they run home, scratch at the door, and, on gaining admittance, pull the skirts of wife or servant, to induce her to come to the spot for his relief. The horse, too, sometimes shows this species of sagacious kindness. Not three months before the time when this paper was written, the horse of a man called Graham, belonging to the Stainmore collieries, came home in the evening without him. According to a local chronicler, the animal 'proceeded direct to the house-door, and commenced neighing, and seemed greatly distressed. Being a docile, playful animal, Graham's family did not at first take much notice of its complaints, not thinking but that Graham himself was not far distant; he, however, not arriving in a short time, and the horse still continuing its wailings, they became a little alarmed, and a person was therefore despatched on the road in search of him. He was found lying on the road near Coupland Beck, a distance of two miles from Appleby, with his head severely cut, and in an insensible state. The evening was extremely cold, and a pinching frost having set in, he would doubtless have perished had he lain much longer.' It appeared that the poor man had fallen asleep, and in that state tumbled from his cart.

The sense of *duty* is another of the human-like characteristics of animals, and one of those best known. A dog will take a trust, and fulfil it as well as a man. A very affecting instance was presented about two years ago by a female dog belonging to a shepherd near Dunning in Perthshire. The man had bought for his master, at Falkirk, four score of sheep, which he immediately despatched homewards, *under the care of his dog alone*, though the flock had to go seventeen miles through a populous country. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two farther; then, allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her young ones, and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the poor animal on the road. It is painful to add, that she did not succeed in bringing her offspring alive to her master's house. As a pendent to this tale, take one relating to a Newfoundland dog, which lived a few years ago with a family in one of the southern states of the American Union, and which had rescued one of its master's daughters from drowning. The family had to proceed in a schooner for the city of St Augustine: they had embarked, and the vessel was swinging off from the pier, when the dog was missed. To quote a newspaper narrative:—'They whistled and called, but no dog appeared; the captain became restive, swore he would wait no longer, gave the order, and the craft swept along the waters with a spanking breeze, and was soon a quarter of a mile from the shore. The girl and her father were standing at the stern of the vessel, looking back upon the city, which they had probably left for ever, when suddenly Towser was seen running down to the edge of the wharf with something in his mouth. With a glass, they discovered that it was his master's pocket-handkerchief, which had been dropped somewhere upon the road down to the vessel, and which he now recollected, with some compunctions of conscience, he had sent his shaggy servant back to look after. The dog looked piteously around upon the bystanders, then a the retreating vessel, and leapt boldly into the water. His master immediately pointed out the noble animal to the captain, and requested him to throw his vessel into the wind, until the dog could near them. He also offered a large sum if he would drop his boat, and pick him up; told him of the manner in which he had preserved the life of his daughter; and again offered him the price of a passage if he would save the faithful creature. The girl joined her intreaties to those of her father's, and implored that her early friend might be rescued. But the captain was a savage; he was deaf to every appeal of humanity; kept obstinately on his course; and the better animal of the two followed the vessel until, his strength exhausted, and his generous heart chilled by despair, he sank among the more merciful billows.'

The high degree in which animals are susceptible of *attachment*, needs little illustration; for every one knows the dog and horse. One is, however, less struck by the general fact, that these animals, and some others, devote themselves to a kindly and servile association with man, than by the particular friendships which certain animals form with individuals of our species, as if from some peculiar, though inscrutable election of qualities, or, it may be, merely from accidental contact. We can even, in some instances, see this attended by a demonstration of an *auld lang syne* feeling, such as usually attends the rencontres of human friends long separated. For example—A few years ago, a sailor, entering a show of wild beasts at Plymouth, was surprised to find a tiger very much agitated at his approach, acting always with the greater violence the nearer he came to its cage. The keeper, to whom he pointed out the circumstance, remarked that the beast must either be greatly pleased, or as much annoyed. Upon this the sailor went close up to the den, and, after a few minutes, during which the animal lashed its sides with its tail, and uttered the most frightful bellowings, he discovered that it was a tiger which had been brought home to England a few years before under his especial care. It now became Jack's turn to be delighted, as it appears the tiger was, in thus recognising his old friend; and, after making repeated applications to be permitted to enter the den, for the purpose, as he said, of 'shaking a fist' with the beautiful animal, he was

suffered so to do: the iron door was opened, and in jumped Jack, to the delight of himself and striped friend, and the astonishment of the lookers-on. The affection of the animal was now shown by caressing and licking the pleased sailor, whom he seemed to welcome with the heartiest satisfaction; and when the honest tar left the den, the anguish of the poor animal appeared almost insupportable. Was not this the very same sentiment which makes us sing, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' But animals of much lower grade will strike up friendships with men. There is an anecdote of a goose which became unaccountably attached to a farmer in Ireland, insomuch that it raised a joke at his expense. One day it followed him to a court, which he was attending upon public duty, and so irritated was he, that he twisted his whip about its neck, and swung it round till he thought it dead. Some time after, when he was lying dangerously ill, he was horror-struck to observe the same goose looking in at his window. His daughter told him it had waited there, with an air of the greatest concern, during the whole time of his illness. Of course there was no standing this disinterested attachment, and the poor goose was instantly admitted into favour.

This predilection of animals for particular persons was once the means of deciding, very amusingly, a case before a court of justice. It was a Dublin police-office, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot, which had been stolen from a Mr Davis, and sold to a Mr Moore. The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, 'Come, old boy, give me a kiss,' which the parrot instantly did. A youth, in the defendant's interest, remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody. 'You had better not try,' remarked the plaintiff. Nevertheless the young man asked the parrot to kiss him. Poll, Judas-like, advanced as if to give the required salute, but seized the youth's lip, and made him roar with pain. This fact, and the parrot's obeying the plaintiff in several other requisitions, caused it to be instantly ordered into the possession of its original master.

Human foibles, too, are participated by animals. The dog, I grieve to say, is capable of both envy and jealousy. A gentleman, calling one day upon Dr Gall, at Paris, found that most original observer of nature in the midst of birds, cats, and dogs, which were his pets. 'Do you think,' said he, turning his eyes to two beautiful dogs at his feet, which were endeavouring to gain his attention—'do you think that these little pets possess pride and vanity like man?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'I have remarked their vanity frequently.' 'We will call both feelings into action,' said he. He then caressed the whelp, and took it into his arms. 'Mark that mother's offended pride,' said he, as he walked quietly across the chamber to her mat. 'Do you think she will come if I call her?' 'Oh yes,' answered his friend. 'Not at all.' He made the attempt; but she heeded not the hand she had so earnestly endeavoured to lick but an instant before. 'She will not speak to me to-day,' said Dr Gall.* Not long ago, it was stated in a Plymouth newspaper that two dogs, a setter and a little spaniel, being kept in the same kennel, the larger animal manifested a great jealousy of the smaller. At length the little dog was missing, and the setter was found to have taken ill. The latter dying very quickly, was opened, when the little dog was found almost entire in its stomach.

Revenge is not a conspicuous animal passion. The incapacity of deep impressions is perhaps a preventive to it. But it is not quite unknown. James Hogg tells a story of a dog which was much annoyed by the persecutions of a larger animal of his own species, till one day he brought a still more powerful friend, which set upon, and gave the persecutor such a worrying, as served to deter him from his cruelty in future. Mr Thomson, in his *Note-Book of a Naturalist*, relates a similar circumstance as occurring some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. 'In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question, a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water, and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot, and destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were, to a great extent, defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantage, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water.'

An anecdote was lately given in a newspaper, which would show animals to be even capable of a sense of equity; but perhaps there is some exaggeration about it. A gentleman, visiting a menagerie at Penrith, found there a fine lioness with two cubs. While he was observing her, the keeper handed in a sheep's head to the cubs, which instantly began to quarrel over it, as if each desired exclusive possession of the prize. In the midst of the turmoil the lioness rose and advanced, and with two well-directed cuffs, sent them cowering into the corners of the den. She then lay down, and deliberately dividing the spoil into two equal parts, assigned one to each of her young ones; after which, without taking a morsel to herself, she retired, and lay quietly down again. If the fact was exactly as thus related, it certainly forms one of the most curious illustrations of animal humanity which we have on record.

But, it might be asked, what class of ordinary human actions is not imitated by animals? A gentleman comes home late at night, and uses the knocker to gain admission: a cat belonging to a friend of ours used to do the same. A weary pedestrian rejoices to get a cast in a passing omnibus: in the *Magazine of Natural History* (1833), is an anecdote of a dog which, being in like circumstances, came into such a vehicle on one of the London thoroughfares, and could not be induced to come out, till he voluntarily left it at a place which seemed to be his home. An innkeeper's son will take a drive for half a stage in one of his father's coaches, and come back in another: this also did Ralph, a famous raven of the Elephant and Castle public-house: he knew all the coach-drivers who plied at that inn, and would take short jaunts on the coach-top with them, till he met some other coach coming the contrary way, when he would change coaches, and return. To pass to something very different:—The persecuted Covenanters, when met for worship in the lonely glens of Ayrshire, used to plant a sentinel to watch the approach of the dragoons. This also do the red-deer in the Highlands. The youngest of the herd is set to watch, while the rest browse; and if he leave his post, they butt him till he shows he is corrected. Men make hay—with and without favour of sunshine—knowing it is needed for winter store. The marmot of the Altaic mountains makes hay also, to serve as winter fodder. He piles it in stacks as high as a man, and the selection of herbs for the purpose is far beyond what human haymakers can pretend to. 'If at first you don't succeed,' says the moralist, 'try, try, try again.' The spider did this nine times in the sight of the fugitive Bruce, and taught him to regain a kingdom. So also has the lion been seen, after failing in a leap at his prey, to go back to try it over again, though the prey was gone, as anxious to investigate the cause of failure, and to train himself up to the proper pitch of power for a future occasion. To emigrate for better subsistence and climate has been

* Medical and Physical Journal, November 1829.

a practice of the human family since its earliest ages. It is now fully admitted that the migrations of animals are prompted by precisely the same motives. And as men, in the infancy of navigation, crept along the shore, or navigated from headland to headland, or, in crossing, chose the narrow passes, and those which were assisted by intervening islands, so birds of passage adopt all these facilities. Those which move from Scotland to Ireland, proceed by the straits of Portpatrick. They wait for a side wind, too, to aid them. So also Capri is used as a resting-place in crossing the Mediterranean; as the bishop knows by the tithe of quails, which is said to form an important part of his revenue. In what, moreover, does the return of continental tourists in winter, each to his particular brick dwelling in London, differ from the resumption of particular residences by the swallows in spring? The absence of title-deeds and rent makes the only distinction. There is even some inscrutable means of communicating ideas amongst animals. The deer, in the anecdote already given, must have had a talk about the swans. Even creatures of different families, as cows and horses, have been ascertained to interchange their thoughts.

There is a disposition amongst us to deny all that assimilates animals to ourselves, as if there were something derogatory in it. Miserable pride and delusion, to suppose there can be any good in battling off one of God's facts! When I hear of men endeavouring to extinguish the idea of animal intellectuality and sentiment, by calling it instinct, I am always reminded of the weak creatures of the desert, which get their heads into a bush, and then think that they cannot be seen. What imaginable benefit can there be in any such falsity? Rather let us acknowledge the beautiful and ingenious qualities of animals, as they actually are, seeing in them the hand of a Divine author, and something which even we ourselves may occasionally imitate with advantage.

MR BROOKE IN BORNEO.

HIS INTRODUCTORY VISIT.

THE measures which have been recently taken for the suppression of piracy in the Indian Archipelago, have directed attention, in an especial manner, to Borneo, one of the largest and most fertile of these islands, and one which, under a new system of rule, is likely soon to assume an important position in the eastern world. Since the time of Sir Stamford Raffles, the East India islands have in a great degree been neglected. Britain has almost exclusively concentrated her energies in Hindostan and the adjacent continent; and the Dutch have neither the power nor the disposition to look beyond the interests of their present paltry monopolies. It is thus that the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—islands of unrivalled beauty and fertility—lie neglected, and almost unknown. In this condition they were first beheld in 1830 by a British gentleman, who made the voyage from Calcutta to China in search of health and amusement. Struck with the anomaly, he inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the eastern isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. He had held advantageous situations in India; but, being wounded in the Burmese war, had relinquished the service, and was now ready for any undertaking that might present itself congenial to an energetic and inquiring mind. One ruling thought took possession of his mind: 'to carry,' says his friend, 'to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant vessel, the blessings of civilisation—to suppress piracy, and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects. Often foiled, often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacle, he was not, until 1838, enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. The intervening years had been devoted to preparation and inquiry—a year spent in the Mediterranean had tested his vessel, the Royalist, and his crew—and so completely had he studied his subject, and calculated on contingencies, that the least sanguine of his friends felt, as he left the shore—hazardous and unusual as the enterprise appeared to be—that he had omitted nothing to insure a successful issue. "I go," said he, "to awake the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry Sir Stamford Raffles's views in Java over the whole Archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely: and if I fail in the attempt, I shall not have lived wholly in vain."' This gentleman was Mr James Brooke, then in his thirty-fifth year—the son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq. of the East India Company's civil service, and a descendant of Sir Robert Vyner, lord mayor of London in the reign of Charles II. We shall now endeavour to follow him in his career, from the time he left England in 1838, to the end of 1845—a period which witnessed peace restored, through his instrumentality, among the native tribes of Borneo; piracy in a great measure suppressed; a trade established with Sincapore; himself installed rajah of Sarāwak, and agent for the British government in Borneo! The story of his career, so very unlike the common course of events in modern times, reads more like a tale of romance than the journal* of veritable adventure.

The Royalist, which belonged to the royal yacht squadron—a circumstance admitting it, in foreign ports, to the same privilege as a man-of-war—left the Thames on the 27th of October 1838, properly equipped for a four months' voyage, and carrying a crew of twenty hands, trained for three years by her captain—Mr. Brooke. Having touched at Rio Janeiro, Cape of Good Hope, and Sincapore, it was not till August in the following year that the vessel anchored off the north coast of Borneo—then almost a *terra incognita*, both as regards its productions and people. We were aware, no doubt, of its tropical position and general fertility, and that it was inhabited by native Dyaks, Malays, and a few Chinese settlers; but beyond this, the island was less known than it was fifty years ago. On the 14th, the Royalist anchored abreast of Sarāwak, and prepared for the reception of Raja Muda Hassim, heir-apparent to the sultanship of Borneo Proper, from which he was temporarily absent, for the purpose of suppressing some Dyak rebellion. And now for a glimpse of Sarāwak, before it became the thriving capital of Mr Brooke's dominion. 'The town consists of a collection of mud huts, erected on piles, and may contain about 1500 persons. The residences of the rajah and his fourteen brothers occupy the greater part, and their followers are the great majority of the population. When they depart for Borneo, the remainder must be a very small population, and apparently very poor. The river affords a few fish; but there is little sign of cultivation, either of rice or other grain. Fowls and goats seem the only other means of subsistence of these people. The geological features of the country are easily described. Vast masses of granite rock are scattered along the coast; for instance, Gunong Poe, Gadang, Santobong, &c. &c. which have evidently, at some former period, been detached islands. The spaces between these granite masses are now filled in with alluvial soil, intersected in every direction with rivers and streams, and on the low alluvial bank of the Sarāwak river stands this little town. The distance from the sea is about twenty-five miles, through banks of mangrove and the Nepa palm, until approaching the town, where jungle trees first appear. The breadth is about 100 yards, and the depth six fathoms, at low water spring tides, in mid river, opposite the rajah's residence.' Here Mr Brooke anchored, gave a salute of twenty-one guns, and pulled ashore, to visit the great man.

Muda Hassim received them in great state, seated in his hall of audience; which, outside, was nothing but a large shed, erected on piles, but within was decorated

* The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy: with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq. of Sarāwak. By Captain the Hon. Henry Keppel, R.N. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. London: 1846.

with taste. 'Chairs were placed on each side of the ruler, who occupied the head seat. Our party were placed on one hand; on the other sat his brothers Mahammed and Macota, and some other of his principal chiefs; whilst immediately behind him, his twelve younger brothers were seated. The dress of the rajah was simple, but of rich material, and most of the principal men were well, and even superbly dressed. His countenance is plain, but intelligent, and highly pleasing; and his manners perfectly elegant and easy. His reception was kind, and, I am given to understand, highly flattering. We sat, however, trammelled with the formality of state, and our conversation did not extend beyond kind inquiries, and professions of friendship. We were presented with tobacco rolled up in a leaf, each about a foot long; and tea was served by attendants on their knees. A band of music played wild and not unmusical airs during the interview, and the crowd of attendants who surrounded us were seated around in respectful silence. After a stay of half an hour, we rose and took our leave.' To this visit Muda Hassim had of course to make a return, which he did with much barbaric pomp and etiquette. 'His sword, with a gold scabbard, his war shield, jewel-hilted kris, and flowing horse-tails, were separately carried by the grand officers of state. Bursts of wild music announced his exit. His fourteen brothers and principal pangerans surrounded him, and a number (formidable on the deck of a vessel) covered the rear. He stayed two hours and a half; ate and drank, and talked with great familiarity, till the oppressive heat of the cabin caused me to wish them all to another place. However, he departed at last, under a salute of twenty-one guns, and the fatigues of the day were satisfactorily brought to a close. I afterwards sent the rajah the presents I had brought for him, consisting of a silk sarong, some yards of red cloth and velvet, a pocket pistol, scissors and knives, with tea, biscuits, sweetmeats, China playthings, &c. &c.' The inferior chiefs were also presented with a few articles; and nothing was more acceptable than small looking-glasses, before which some of the lower orders, quite ignorant of the reflection, were continually laughing, moving, sitting and rising, to observe the corresponding effect.

All this ceremonial over, Mr Brooke proceeded to business; and the first point was to receive permission to visit the interior. This being readily conceded, the boats were next morning launched, and a native prahu, with a crew of Malays, attended the party. The country is described as fertile beyond conception. At short distances, little clusters of native houses studded the banks of the river. The verdant jungle reached to the water's edge, and on the cleared spots clumps of trees arose, which would be the pride of any park in Europe. Monkeys, in great numbers, frisked among the branches; deer and wild hogs were abundant; and on one occasion the attendant pangeran treated them to a deer-hunt after the native fashion. By day they pulled up the river, wondering and admiring; by night they lodged in the best house of the nearest village, broiled their venison on a stick, flavoured it with a glass of sherry, smoked their cigars, and laid their heads on the pillow with as entire a feeling of security as though reposing in England. A description of one of these village dwellings, situated some sixty miles inland, is given as a novelty. 'Built,' says Mr Brooke, 'like other Malay houses, on posts, floored with split bamboo, and covered with the leaf of the Nepa palm, it presents the very *beau idéal* of fragility, but affords at the same time many advantages, and, with a little improvement, might be rendered admirably calculated for a new settler in any warm country. It is built at very small expense, is remarkably roomy, free from damp, and weather-proof. The interior of the house consists of four rooms: the centre one large and commodious; the front narrower, but thirty-six feet in length; a family sleeping-apartment on one side; and a kitchen at the back. These apartments are divided one from the other by partitions made of the Nepa; the floors were nicely spread with strong mats of Dyak manufacture, and on our arrival, finer white mats were laid over those. The entrance of the house is approached by a steep ladder, which, in case of attack, is easily removed.'

Having returned to Sarāwak, the next step was to take a survey of the neighbouring coast, and to run up the navigable rivers as far as possible. In this operation Mr Brooke had every facility given him by the rajah, had an escort of native boats, and accompanying pangerans. Among the most interesting rivers visited was that of the Lundu, a stream half a mile wide at its mouth, and 150 yards off Tungong, a Dyak village, situated about eighteen miles in the interior. The description of this village and its inhabitants, the Sibnowan Dyaks, forms one of the most interesting novelties in the journal. 'Tungong stands on the left bank (going up), close to the margin of the stream, and is enclosed by a slight stockade. Within this defence there is *one* enormous house for the whole population, and three or four small huts. The exterior of the defence, between it and the river, is occupied by sheds for prahus, and at each extremity are one or two houses belonging to Malay residents. The common habitation, as rude as it is enormous, measures 594 feet in length; and the front room, or street, is the entire length of the building, and 21 feet broad. The back part is divided by mat-partitions into the private apartments of the various families; and of these there are forty-five separate doors, leading from the public apartment. The widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public room, as only those with wives are entitled to the advantage of separate rooms. This edifice is raised twelve feet from the ground, and the means of ascent is by the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it—a most difficult, steep, and awkward ladder. In front is a terrace fifty feet broad, running partially along the front of the building, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo. This platform, as well as the front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowl, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—padi ground, mats made, &c. &c. There were two hundred men, women, and children, counted in the room and in front whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and allowing for those abroad, and those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than four hundred souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy storey, on which are stowed their stores of food, and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollowed trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night. The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is larger than any other. In front of it nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit, whilst over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls, according to the custom of these people. The chief was a man of middle age, with a mild and pleasing countenance, and gentle manners. He had around him several sons and relations, and one or two of the leading men of his tribe; but the rest seemed by no means to be restrained by his presence, or to show him any particular marks of respect—certainly not the slightest of the servile obsequiousness observed by the Malays before their prince. Their dress consists of a single strip of cloth round the loins, with the ends hanging down before and behind; and a light turban, composed of the bark of trees, round the head, so arranged, that the front is stuck up, somewhat resembling a short plume of feathers. Their figures are almost universally well-made, and showing great activity, without great muscular development; but their stature is diminutive, averaging from four feet ten to five feet four inches.'

Respecting the custom of adorning their houses with

skulls, Mr Brooke is inclined to regard it merely as a triumphant token of valour in the fight or ambush, similar to the scalps of the North American Indians, and not as evidence of a cruel and indiscriminate barbarity. 'On inquiring, I was told that it is indispensably necessary that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now; and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his ladye-love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but those of their enemies; adding they were bad people, and deserved to die. I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife. He replied "Yes." "When would he get one?" "Soon." "Where would he go to get one?" "To the Sarebus river." I mention these particulars in detail, as I think, had their practice extended to taking the head of any defenceless traveller, or any Malay surprised in his dwelling or boat, I should have wormed the secret out of them.'

Of the general habits and mode of life among the Sibnowan Dyaks, Mr Brooke gives the following interesting synopsis, which, with little alteration, may be taken as a fair picture of the numerous tribes that form the native population of Borneo. 'The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious; and, as related, is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls are placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the forehead of the pair, which done, they are cooked, and eaten by the new-married couple alone, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night.—Their dead are put in a coffin, and buried: but Sejugah informed me that the different tribes vary in this particular; and it would appear they differ from their near neighbours the Dyaks of Lundu. Like these neighbours, also, the Sibnowans seem to have little or no idea of a God. They offer prayers to Biedum, the great Dyak chief of former days. Priests and ceremonies they have none: the thickest mist of darkness is over them; but how much easier is it to dispel darkness with light, than to overcome the false blaze with the rays of truth! The manners of the men of this tribe are somewhat reserved, but frank; whilst the women appeared more cheerful, and more inclined to laugh and joke at our peculiarities. Although the first Europeans they had ever seen, we were by no means annoyed by their curiosity; and their honesty is to be praised, for, though opportunities were not wanting, they never on any occasion attempted to pilfer. Their colour resembles the Malay, and is fully as dark; and the cast of their countenance does not favour the notion that they are sprung from a distinct origin. They never intermarry with the Malays, so as to intermingle the two people; and the chastity of their women gives no presumption of its otherwise occurring. Their stature, as I have before remarked, is diminutive, their eyes are small and quick, their noses usually flattened, and their figures clean and well-formed, but not athletic. Both sexes generally wear the hair long and turned up, but the elder men often cut it short. As is natural, they are fond of the water, and constantly bathe; and their canoes are numerous. I counted fifty, besides ten or twelve small prahus, which they often build for sale to the Malays, at a very moderate price indeed. The men wear a number of fine cane rings, neatly worked (which we at first mistook for hair), below the knee, or on the arm, and sometimes a brass ring or two; but they have no other ornaments. The ears of a few were pierced, but I saw nothing worn in them except a roll of thin palm leaf, to prevent the hole closing. The women are decidedly good-looking, and far fairer than the men; their figures are well-shaped, and remarkable for their *embonpoint*. The expression of their countenance is very good-humoured, and their condition seems a happy one. Their dress consists of a coarse stuff, very scanty (manufactured by the Sakarran Dyaks), reaching from the waist to the knee; around the waist they have rings of rattan, either black or red; and the loins are hung round with a number of brass ornaments, made by their husbands. Above the waist they are entirely naked, nor do they wear any covering or ornament on the head. They have a few bracelets of brass, but neither ear-rings nor nose-rings; and some, more lucky than the rest, wear a necklace of beads. They prefer the smallest Venetian beads to the larger and more gaudy ones of England. The labour of the house, and all the drudgery, fall upon the females. They grind the rice, carry burdens, fetch water, fish, and work in the fields; but though on a par with other savages in this respect, they have many advantages. They are not immured; and eat in company with the males; and in most points hold the same position towards their husbands and children as the European women. The children are entirely naked; and the only peculiarity I observed, is filing their teeth to a sharp point, like those of a shark.'

Having surveyed a considerable portion of the coast, and ascended several of the rivers, to the distance of thirty, fifty, and eighty miles, Mr Brooke returned to Sarāwak, with a pretty accurate knowledge of the nature and capabilities of that portion of Borneo. He found that gold, tin, copper, antimony ore, porcelain clay, coal, and iron, were amongst its mineral productions; that timber fit for ship-building, aloes wood, ebony, canes, rattans, wild nutmeg and other spices, were everywhere in abundance; and that sago, rice, edible birds' nests, bees'-wax, &c. might also be made profitable sources of commerce. These matters he urged upon the attention of the rajah, represented to him how much his country would be benefited by a trade with Sincapore, and so far convinced him of the benefits to be derived from such procedure, that Mr Brooke's subsequent success may be said to have been then founded. After a few days' rest and refitting, he bade a temporary adieu to Muda Hassim and Sarāwak, and the Royalist dropped down the river on her course to Sincapore.

THE LIE OF EXPEDIENCY—A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'To what happy event am I indebted for this early visit?' asked Mr William Matthews, addressing his nephew, who with a light step, and countenance radiant with smiles, entered his little breakfast parlour.

'My master having given me a holiday, my good uncle,' was the young man's reply.

'Why,' rejoined the old gentleman, 'you seem as pleased as a schoolboy who has not had a holiday from midsummer till Christmas; but come, sit down,' he added, ringing the bell for an additional coffee-cup; 'I daresay you are ready for breakfast after your walk from town; for I presume that you did not ride?'

'No, sir, I did not ride; nevertheless I am neither tired nor hungry.'

'Neither tired nor hungry after a walk before breakfast of more than eight miles! Well, I can only account for this circumstance by supposing your thoughts to have been very agreeably occupied, which supposition, indeed, your smiles corroborate. Why, Gilbert, you are surely in love?'

'You have not guessed far from the mark,' rejoined his nephew, colouring a little; 'and, to own the truth, I am come to Richmond this morning for the express purpose of obtaining your sanction to my choice.'

Mr Matthews looked grave, and set down the cup of coffee he was just raising to his lips. 'You speak as if my sanction were a matter of course,' he remarked, dropping his strain of raillery; 'but I must hear more of this matter. A young man who is just out of his apprenticeship, and without the means to set up in business for himself, is not in a situation to think of a wife.'

'That is very true, my dear uncle; but Mr Williams has offered to set me up in business; and not only so, but to furnish my house.'

'Ho! ho! it is your master's daughter you are aiming at?' Matthews exclaimed, opening his eyes wide with astonishment. 'How comes it that I have never heard of this before?'

'Why, uncle, I was not certain, till very lately, that I should be accepted by the young lady; that was the reason.'

'And which of the girls has charmed you into the desire to become a Benedict; for, if I recollect right, there are three?'

'Annie, the second daughter, who, you may perhaps remember, is the prettiest.'

'Not I,' rejoined the old gentleman laughing; 'I did not take sufficient notice; but I trust that you have not chosen the girl for her beauty, and failed to look for those qualifications which are far more important in a wife?'

'Beauty is Annie Williams's least attraction, I assure you, sir,' the young man interposed; 'but I thought that the information that she was the handsomest, might bring her to your recollection better than either her name or age.'

'We may differ in our ideas of female loveliness,' remarked the uncle; 'but it is natural for you to imagine the lady of your choice to be the most beautiful. Well, well, I don't know whether it may not be best for a man to marry in his youth,' he proceeded after a brief pause. 'I can't say but that I have wished that I had done so; though it may be better for you and your brother that I did not. I am not a bachelor exactly from choice, and I don't advocate the state.'

Mr William Matthews was a tradesman, who, having amassed sufficient property in business to retire somewhat early in life, had for the last seven years enjoyed it in a picturesque little cottage on the banks of the Thames, in the vicinity of Richmond; and James and Gilbert Faulkland were the sons of a sister, lately deceased, who had spent eighteen years of widowhood beneath his hospitable roof. He was universally looked upon as a just and upright man; but by some was deemed penurious, because he did not expend his money so freely upon his nephews as they imagined that he, under the circumstances, ought to have done. The truth was this. Mr Matthews was one of those old-fashioned tradesmen who had risen to competence by his own good conduct and industry, having commenced in the very lowest department of his business; and he was of opinion that young men were more likely to succeed who depend upon their own resources. In accordance with this notion, rather than from any selfish desire to expend his money upon himself, he had put them in a way of earning their own living, by apprenticing them to the trades they respectively made choice of. James had already, he said, given proof of the wisdom of his plan, having conducted himself in such a manner as to be received by his late masters as a junior partner in the firm. Gilbert, however, was of a character less decided: his virtues were of the negative order. He was neither dissipated nor idle, but he wanted that moral courage which is essentially necessary in the pursuit of independence; and though, from some cause scarcely known to himself, his uncle regarded him with a stronger affection than his brother, yet he far oftener fell under his rebuke.

The result of the above conversation was the speedy marriage of the young people; for Uncle Matthews, though usually an enemy to precipitance, was in this instance easily won to consent. It was the old gentleman's wish to be formally introduced to the bride-elect; but as one of his frequent fits of gout confined him to his own residence during the season of preparation for the nuptials, and as his nephew, from some cause, did not bring his 'ladye love' to visit him, he was obliged to forego that pleasure. No sooner, however, were the young couple settled in their new abode, than, being a little recovered, he made known his intention of becoming for a few days their guest.

'Annie, my love,' cried the husband, addressing his fair bride on the evening of the day in which he received the communication, 'you must set your house in apple-pie order to-morrow;' and he placed his uncle's letter in her hand as he spoke. Annie smiled, and glanced at the contents with evident satisfaction.

'I shall be pleased to receive any relative of yours, my dear Gilbert,' she affectionately said; 'but, above all, one of whom I have heard such an excellent character.'

'Uncle Matthews is justly dear to me, if only for the kind part he acted towards my mother,' the young man rejoined; 'but he's an oddity—one of those persons whose favour a very slight matter may deprive you of.'

'Indeed? I had imagined otherwise, from his undeviating kindness to you and your brother.'

'My brother has always been careful not to offend him,' Gilbert returned; 'but, from the fact of my having less caution, I have more than once jeopardised my interest in his will.'

'The forfeiture of the esteem of such a man would, I think, give me far more concern than any pecuniary loss I might sustain,' Annie interposed a little reproachfully. Gilbert felt the reproof, and quickly rejoined that, for his own sake, he was perfectly indifferent to the possession of wealth, and that it was for her alone he desired it.

The conversation dropped for the present; but it was resumed by the husband ere the evening had elapsed. 'Annie,' he said with an evident effort at composure, 'I have a caution to give you connected with my uncle's visit.'

'A caution!' the young wife repeated, whilst a smile played upon her ingenuous countenance; 'you need not, dear Gilbert, be under any apprehension that I shall offend; I am too predisposed to love him.'

'I am under no apprehension of that kind,' he made answer, and Annie now for the first time observed his agitation; 'but you may unwittingly bring me into such disgrace, that I shall never regain his favour.'

'How? You alarm me, Gilbert, by the bare supposition.'

The young man hesitated. 'I shall incur your censure, Annie,' he at length faltered forth; 'but I must tell you that I have practised a little deception, in order to obtain his consent to our union.' Annie did not reply, but the look of deep distress which overspread her usually placid features could not escape his observation. 'Dearest Annie,' he exclaimed, encircling her form, which seemed sinking under the distressing information his last sentence had conveyed, and drawing her towards him with tenderness—'dearest Annie, do not alarm yourself thus; I am not about to confess myself guilty of any very heinous offence: it was but a "white lie."' Still Annie spoke not. 'Uncle Matthews has been a kind friend to my family, as well as to myself, and I am grateful for the services he has rendered us; but I am not, on that account, blind to his one failing, which is the parsimonious spirit which he denominates prudence. I knew that it would be useless to talk to

him of beginning the world on credit, even though the creditor be my wife's father, and I just led him to believe that Mr Williams furnished this house, and set me up in business, in the room of a marriage portion for you: that is all, Annie, so you need not look so terrified.'

'And you wish me to corroborate these false statements?' the young wife, in breathless agitation, inquiringly rejoined.

'To be sure I do; that is, if my uncle should make any allusion to the subject. It is scarcely likely; yet he may do so; for he is not very delicate in such matters, and it is better to be upon your guard.'

'Oh, Gilbert,' she exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'you have imposed a task on me from which I shrink with abhorrence. I have been taught to regard truth as the basis of all moral good. My departed mother's dying injunction was, that I and my sisters should never, in the slightest degree, swerve from it; and I would sooner be deprived of a fortune, than thus act against my conscience.'

'Then you will selfishly entail all the ignominy on me!' the husband exclaimed, suddenly relinquishing his hold, and rising from his seat in anger. 'My love for you has brought me into this dilemma, and you heartlessly leave me to reap the consequences! I did not expect this from one who professed such affection for me,' he almost fiercely added, as he threw himself into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

This was the bitterest moment poor Annie had ever known. With the exception of the loss of her excellent maternal parent, her life had been one of sunshine, and she had commenced her new duties with all the hope and trust of an ingenuous and loving spirit. She had hitherto seen but the bright side of her husband's character; she had heard her father commend his industrious and steady conduct; she had herself witnessed his affection for his mother and brother; and she knew him to be kind-hearted and generous. Of the strength of his principles she had had no opportunity of judging, and she had taken it for granted that he was all she could desire in that respect. The discovery the last few moments had made, that he could be guilty of a premeditated falsehood, and afterwards try to palliate, if not vindicate the act, by the miserable subterfuge of its expediency, now brought a blight upon her young heart: yet reproach him she would not, though she felt that her happiness was wrecked; for what confidence could she place in one on whose word she could not rely?

With different feelings did the young wife now prepare for the reception of her expected guest; and instead of the affectionate warmth with which she would have greeted him, there was a constraint in her manner altogether foreign to her nature, but which she in vain endeavoured to overcome. Her attentions were, however, unremitting during his stay; and so gratified was the old gentleman with her unostentatious kindness and efforts to please, notwithstanding her reserve, which he generously set down to girlish timidity, that he protracted the visit to a fortnight which he had intended to be for only a few days. No words can express the anguish Annie endured during that period: she every day feared some reference to the subject which so entirely engrossed her thoughts. She dared not ask his opinion on any matter which could in anyway lead to the dreaded topic, and a flush of crimson would often suffuse her cheek at an imaginary allusion to it. At length Mr Matthews fixed a day for his departure; and his young hostess, who, under different circumstances, would have been delighted to detain him as her guest for a longer period, inwardly rejoiced at the announcement, thinking it would relieve her mind, at least for the present, of a heavy burden. As a stage-coach for Richmond passed the door early in the evening, the old gentleman resolved to wait for it, saying that he had some little business to attend to in the course of the afternoon. Annie, with her wonted thoughtful kindness, proposed making him an early tea; which offer he smilingly accepted, observing to his nephew, who was rising from the dinner table to return to his business, which was at some distance from his dwelling-house, that it would give him an opportunity of drinking tea *tête-à-tête* with his fair hostess.

'Here's a parcel from a linen-draper directed to you, ma'am,' cried Mrs Faulkland's little handmaid, as she entered the parlour just as her mistress and her visitor had finished the social evening meal.

'It can't be for me,' Annie returned, rising as she spoke to examine the direction, 'for I have not ordered anything of the kind.'

'It's quite right, Rachel,' interposed Uncle Matthews with one of his benevolent smiles; 'it is for you, my dear girl, though you have not ordered it; that is, if you will accept of it from the hands of an old bachelor: and now let me have the pleasure of seeing you open it.'

You are always performing some act of kindness, sir,' Annie observed as her nimble fingers began to untie the knotted string with which the packet was bound.

'Ah, that is just as I hoped,' the old gentleman hastily exclaimed, familiarly patting her on the shoulder; 'you little think, perhaps, how I watch you, nor from what apparently small matters I draw my conclusions. Had you seized the scissors, which were just at hand on your work-table, to cut the twine, instead of setting your fingers to work to untie it, I should have set you down for an extravagant little jade, notwithstanding all your show of economy.'

'That would have been drawing rather a hard conclusion; for the eager desire we ladies are said to have for the possession of new articles of dress, might have pleaded an apology, I think, for the use of the scissors.'

'No, no, it would not,' he pertinaciously returned; 'a careful woman is careful at all times, even from habit. You have convinced me, by this little act, that you are a fitting wife for a young tradesman, and you well deserve this trifling testimony of my regard;' and as he spoke he unfolded the paper, displaying a roll of rich figured silk, together with a variety of ribbons and laces. 'I hope I have pleased you in my choice of colours?' he pursued; 'I have not had much occasion to exercise my taste in the selection of female gear, but I have done my best, and we will have a light to examine them.'

'I cannot be otherwise than pleased with whatever you do or say, my dear uncle.'

'Don't be so certain upon that head,' he exclaimed as he reseated himself beside the fire. 'I am about to ask you a question which you will perhaps deem rude; but I am not prompted by idle curiosity, which I will prove to you when you have answered me.'

It was well for poor Annie that the candles were not yet introduced, or her agitation would have been palpable to her guest, though she, with forced composure, replied that she was ready to answer any question he might think proper to put to her.

'Well, my dear,' he resumed, drawing her affectionately into a chair by his side, 'I wish you to treat me with the same confidence as you would your father. I already regard you in the light of a daughter.'

'You have ever acted as a father towards my husband, and I should love you if only for your goodness to one who is so dear to me, Annie returned with emotion.

'That is a pretty wifely speech; but as my time is brief, I must be concise, and to the point, for I am desirous of satisfying my mind before I go. The question I wish to ask you, my dear girl, is this—did your father furnish your house, and set your husband up in his present business?'

The dreaded moment had come; the question she had so long endeavoured to parry was asked; still it was put in such words as not to call forth a *positive* falsehood, if replied to in the affirmative; for her father had furnished the house, had set her husband up in business; though the money was to be returned by quarterly

instalments from the profits. She faltered forth, '*He did.*'

'In lieu of a marriage-dower for you, my dear Annie?'

Had not the darkness prevented, her guest would have perceived the fearful struggle pictured in those features which had ever been an index to her heart, and that she was giving utterance to a falsehood as she uttered the little monosyllable 'Yes.'

'It is enough,' Mr Matthews exclaimed; 'I can rely upon *your* word; though, to confess the truth, I had reason to suspect that Gilbert had misrepresented the affair. I am happy, however, to find that it is not so.

What would Annie have given at that moment to have thrown herself at the feet of her aged friend and acknowledged the deception. Such was the course her feelings and her conscience prompted. But the bitter words which had escaped her husband's lips when she had indirectly reproved him by asserting her own love of truth, still rung in her ears, and she could not summon courage to make known his delinquency. Had time been given her for consideration, her better feelings would probably have obtained the mastery; but Mr Matthews now rose hastily to prepare for departure, observing that the stage would be at the door before he was ready; and Annie's confusion and trepidation were unnoticed, as she busily occupied herself in helping him to put on his greatcoat, and tying the warm cravat around his neck. After ejaculating a hearty benison, he departed, leaving the unhappy girl in a state of torture even greater than that she had before endured. She re-entered the parlour, and putting aside the testimony of his affection with a sickening heart, threw herself upon her knees and sobbed violently. She felt she dared not ask the Almighty's forgiveness of a sin which she must still conceal from the knowledge of him against whom it had been committed. Poor Annie had, from the commencement, pursued the wrong course. Her conscience had prompted the plain path of duty; but timidity, and a false estimate of the duty she owed to her husband, had led her into a devious path, from which it was now difficult to extricate herself. She had not dared to premeditate the utterance of an untruth; but she left herself without that Omnipotent aid which was never yet implored in vain, erroneously trusting to the impulse of the moment, when she ought to have strengthened her mind for the exigence by prayer. Gilbert returned from his accustomed occupation, and as his wife had by that time regained her self-possession, he guessed not the trial she had for his sake endured. The evening passed without any allusion being made to the subject; but from that hour Annie Faulkland was an altered being. The naïveté which had once given such a charm to her manners, was exchanged for a morbid melancholy, for which no one could account, and which undermined her health. She had now lost her own self-respect, and with it her happiness. There was no one—her husband scarcely excepted—who was more concerned in her declining state than was Uncle Matthews. He, from the period of his first visit, had conceived a warm attachment for her, which had strengthened with each succeeding interview. He little imagined, as he addressed her with paternal tenderness, that his presence augmented her sufferings, and that the apprehension of the discovery of the duplicity made her dread his affectionate glance, and tremble at his approach. Three years thus passed, and the debt which Faulkland had contracted was now liquidated. Mr Matthews had liberally contributed a considerable sum to aid him in his business, and this had enabled the young man to defray the debt sooner than he had expected. To his credit it should be told, that he was scrupulous in denying himself any article of luxury till it was cancelled—a line of conduct in which his wife warmly concurred.

The duties of a mother now devolved on our young heroine; and this delightful task served for a time to wean her thoughts from the all-absorbing subject. Her bodily health did not, however, improve; and after the birth of her second child, the symptoms of incipient consumption became too evident to be mistaken. Every means which affection could devise, or money could purchase, was resorted to in order to check the progress of the disease. There were times when the patient experienced so much apparent benefit, that her relatives entertained hopes of her ultimate recovery: but these hopes proved only a delusion. The sure termination of that devastating malady, which has, till of late, been deemed incurable, came at last, and cut off the fair young wife from the midst of her little domestic circle, in her five-and-twentieth year.

The invalid had, in compliance with Mr Matthews's express desire, been removed to his cottage at Richmond, and it was there that she breathed her last sigh. Her decay had been gradual; and her end was so peaceful, that no apprehensions that she was worse than usual were entertained on the morning of the day of her death, when her husband was obliged to leave her to repair to his business in town. The evening came—it was a tranquil summer's eve—and she was placed, at her own request, on a couch before her chamber window, that she might catch a view of the noble river and the beautifully-diversified prospect beyond. Mr Matthews was at the time confined to his own apartment by one of his attacks of gout. Mary Williams, who, during her sister's protracted illness, had become her attentive and devoted nurse, had, worn out by solicitude, been persuaded by Annie to retire for a short time to rest. She was therefore left with her little son, a boy of five years old, who had begged permission to watch by her side, promising to be very quiet, if allowed to do so. 'James,' she feebly said, addressing the child when they were alone, 'you will soon lose your poor mother; but you must be a good boy, and be a comfort to your dear father, and a protector to your little sister.'

'You must not die—you shall not die, mamma!' the child passionately interrupted her by exclaiming; and he rose as he spoke from the little stool on which he had been seated by her side.

'Nay, my dear, I must die; it is God's will, and we ought not therefore to murmur; but I wish to say a few words to you, which you must promise me never to forget. You are very young, James; and if you don't repeat them every day, they may perhaps escape your memory. Will you promise me to do this?'

'Oh yes,' the child sobbed forth; 'but I am sure I shall never forget anything you have said to me, my dear, good, best mamma.'

'Don't call me good, my love,' the mother returned, whilst the hectic flush upon her cheek grew deeper; 'I am about to tell you something which will let you know that I am not good; but I make it known because I hope it may save you from falling into a similar fault. I once told a lie, James. It was not a lie that would do anybody any harm, and I told it to prevent one I dearly loved from being thought ill of: but it was wicked, and I have never been happy since the day I was guilty of it.' The boy looked up in amazement. 'You may well look surprised, my sweet child,' the invalid pursued, pressing him to her heart with a maternal embrace. 'I have always taught you to tell the truth, and I will teach you with my dying breath. My very death is a lesson for you; for I am the victim of a deviation from truth. I might have died now, if I had never told a falsehood,' she resumed after a brief pause; 'but I believe that I should not. It has preyed upon my mind, injured my health, and hastened, if not positively caused, my death. Do not weep, my love; God has, I trust, forgiven me that and all my other offences, and will take me to himself. But it is my wish that you repeat these words every morning when you rise, and teach your little sister Annie to do the same—"*My mother intreated me with her dying breath never to tell a lie.*"' Exhausted with the effort, she sunk back upon the scroll of the couch, from which she had partially arisen, and a few hours subsequently her gentle spirit took its flight from earth.

Mrs Faulkland's death was deeply felt in the domestic circle where her unostentatious virtues had been called into action; but the effect it produced differed according to the characters of the bereaved. Mr Matthews, though experiencing a pang equal to what the loss of a dutiful and affectionate daughter would have inflicted, bore it with the Christian fortitude which had at all seasons distinguished his conduct. Not so, however, the husband. Through the progress of the disease he had pertinaciously clung to the hope of his wife's ultimate restoration—a hope which was rather founded on his wishes than on his judgment; and when the blow came, he felt it with tenfold severity. His naturally weak mind was so completely enfeebled by the event, that great fears were entertained by his anxious family lest he should sink into absolute imbecility. Annie, a sprightly little creature of scarcely three years old, was too young to have any conception of the loss she had sustained. With her the tear was 'forgot as soon as shed;' but James, who was naturally more thoughtful than his sister, was not only powerfully affected at the time, but experienced a change which influenced his character through his after-life. Miss Williams generously devoted herself to the care of the motherless children; and time, that great soother of grief, at length restored Gilbert Faulkland almost to his usual cheerfulness. Uncle Matthews was so fondly attached to his second generation of nephews and nieces, as he facetiously termed them, that he would gladly have detained them as constant inmates of his cottage, had he not been unwilling to deprive their father of the consolation their presence afforded him. Little Annie, in particular, delighted him with her sportive sallies. She grew the counterpart of what her departed mother had been in extreme youth, both as regarded the simple beauty of her face and form, and the naïveté of her manners. The latter years of the parent had been embittered by one false step, which had cast a gloom over her otherwise buoyant spirits; but there was yet no sad circumstance to overshadow the sunshine of her innocent and happy child. Though Annie was the pet and plaything of her aged relative, he took no less interest in the welfare of her brother, who early discovered an energy and strength of character which afforded him the highest satisfaction. As his years increased, he became of great service to his father, whose once prosperous business had declined whilst he was suffering so severely from his domestic affliction. When scarcely twelve years of age, any errand which required punctuality and prudence was confidently intrusted to him; and Faulkland contemplated having him duly apprenticed, and afterwards taking him as a partner in his business.

The father was one day giving his son directions respecting some important commercial transaction, when, after explaining the whole affair, he concluded by saying that he must by no means let the parties to whom he was sent know that he was privy of the concern.

'But Messrs Smithson and Jones know me to be your son, and might try to draw some information from me,' the boy interposed.

'Then you must say that you don't know anything of the matter,' Faulkland quickly rejoined; but scarcely had these words passed his lips, ere he heartily repented of having suffered them to escape him; for the look of astonishment and deep concern which marked the expressive features of his child, made him truly ashamed of the counsel he had given him.

'Father,' James solemnly returned, 'I would not utter an untruth to gain a fortune.'

'No, that I am sure you would not, after teaching me to repeat dear mamma's dying words every day for so many years!' exclaimed Annie, who had hitherto been a silent, but not unattentive observer of what was passing between her father and brother.

'What do you say, my child?' Faulkland eagerly demanded, catching his little girl by the hand, and drawing her towards him. Annie hung down her head and blushed. 'What does she mean, James?' he further demanded in extreme agitation; for a vague recollection of an event which had long ceased to dwell in his memory crossed his mind at this moment. The boy did not answer. 'I command you to tell me what she means,' Faulkland vociferated in a tone unlike that with which he was wont to address his children, and his whole frame was convulsed as he spoke. 'As you profess to be so scrupulous with regard to truth, I desire that you conceal nothing from me.'

'Dear father,' returned the boy, though scarcely able to articulate the words for the rising tears which his parent's unusual severity had called forth, 'it was for your sake I hesitated; but since you command, it is my duty to obey, however the information may pain you.'

'Say on,' Faulkland exclaimed, with a forced effort at composure, which really alarmed the trembling girl, whose hand he still held. James had hitherto concealed the last communication of his dying mother from his remaining parent; because, young as he then was, he had surmised that his father was the person for whom the sacrifice of truth had been made. He had likewise laid a strict injunction on his sister to keep it a secret, which injunction she had inadvertently disregarded. But thus called upon, he now, without hesitation, repeated the whole of a conversation which had been too deeply graven on his memory ever to be erased. Faulkland listened like one bewildered. Never till this moment had he even vaguely imagined the powerful influence this breach of veracity had had upon his gentle and devoted wife; he had never even questioned her as to whether she had confirmed his statements or not. Her prompt exclamation of disapproval on the evening on which he had proposed it, gave him reason to expect the latter; but he had subsequently conjectured the former to be the case, from a remark his uncle had once made on the subject. If the loss of his affectionate and deservedly-beloved partner had preyed upon his mind, when he believed himself to have done all a tender husband could do for her restoration, how was he overwhelmed by this second stroke! He did not speak, but, casting upon his children a look of unutterable anguish, rushed to the solitude of his chamber, where, falling upon his knees, he bitterly accused himself of having been the means of bringing his lovely and amiable wife to a premature grave, and of bereaving his children of their best and ablest protector. Meanwhile poor Annie would have given worlds to recall the words she had so unthinkingly uttered; and James, by turns, wept with and strove to comfort her.

The result of the aggravated renewal of Faulkland's grief was a return of his mental malady, from which he did not recover till within a few hours of his death, which took place some months subsequently. Weakness of character had distinguished him from childhood, though the early training he had received from his excellent mother, and the example of his firm-minded uncle, had saved him from falling into gross vices. This weakness had bowed down his manhood, and finally brought him to the grave. He spent the lucid interval given him in preparing his mind for that change which he now became fully aware was drawing near; and the consolation which religion yields, and the hopes it inspires, could alone animate his crushed spirit in this trying hour.

On Uncle Matthews once again devolved the office of fostering unprotected youth; and though age might have been pleaded as an excuse for his personal exertions in a matter of such importance, he shrunk not from the arduous task. Towards the orphan children of Gilbert Faulkland he performed a father's part, as he had done twenty years previously towards their parent; and thus even his declining days were gilded by active benevolence.

The sad events which had made such a chasm in the domestic circle were never forgotten by the survivors; but after the first ebullition of grief was past, the elastic spirits of youth returned to chase away the gloom, leaving only the deeply-rooted lesson on the heart, that

a firm adherence to truth is the surest road to peace of mind; and that the slightest deviation from its narrow path—however it may be palliated and glossed over by the plea of expediency—is essentially wrong, and will in most instances work out its own punishment.

PASSAGE OF THE STRAHLECK.

[The following account of this interesting excursion is translated from a French work by M. Desor, on the Glaciers of the Higher Alps.]

We had already (says M. Desor) been domiciled above a week in our solitary hut, on the surface of the glacier, when the idea occurred to us, that the moment was favourable for the realisation of our favourite project; namely, that of attempting the passage of the Strahleck, by traversing the sea of ice separating the inferior glacier of Grindelwald from that of the Finsteraar. The plan was no sooner broached than it was acted upon. Guides were chosen, provisions prepared, and the following morning was appointed for the undertaking. To our great disappointment, it dawned upon us in a manner anything but propitious, every surrounding object being enveloped in dense mist. Discouraging as this appeared to all parties, a ray of hope soon dawned upon us, on hearing our chief guide, Jacob Leuthold, declare that the rising sun would quickly dissipate the obnoxious canopy of fog which hung over us. Such was indeed the case: the black angle of the Finsteraarhorn soon began to appear; and we accordingly started, though still doubtful as to the realisation of our guide's prediction. Hardly had we accomplished a quarter of a league, when on a sudden the mists cleared away in a surprising manner, disclosing the summits of the Shreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Oberaarhorn, Altmann, &c. the peaks of which appeared as islands rising from this ocean of vapour, and glowing in the rays of the rising sun.

The time necessary to attain the foot of the Strahleck from our hut on the glacier had been estimated at three hours, and as the inclination of the glacier is at this point but slight, little difficulty occurs in traversing it. The crevasses were generally covered by a coating of snow, hardened by the previous night's frost, and, as such, presented no danger. On approaching the Strahleck, however, these crevasses became wider, and we perceived several of them twelve or fifteen feet in width. These were avoided; and on reaching the foot of the ascent, we proceeded to ascertain its most accessible portions. 'Is this, then, the much-dreaded pass of the Strahleck,' said Agassiz, 'from which so many have retreated?' We were, in fact, disappointed at its apparent want of elevation; whilst, on the other hand, experience had taught us that nothing can be more deceptive than heights and distances among the Alps. We now began the ascent, following closely in each other's footsteps; Jacob and Wahren leading the way, and carefully sounding the snow, lest any concealed crevasses should exist. Gradually the slope became steeper and steeper, and the snow so dry and incoherent, that we sank up to the knee at every step. Fearing, therefore, the occurrence of an accident, the guides considered it necessary to connect the whole party to one another by means of a long rope. Each person passed it round his own body; the guide Gaspard being the first, M. Agassiz the second, then myself, M. Coulon, and Pourtales, and, lastly, two guides. Jacob and Wahren remained unconnected with the rest of the party, in order to allow greater liberty in choosing the proper direction. In this position, it was astonishing to notice the circumspection and *sang-froid* displayed by these two hardy mountaineers — at one moment stamping under foot the soft snow, in order to prevent their followers from sinking too deeply; at another cutting out steps with a hatchet, and then encouraging us, by voice and gestures, to remain at an equal distance from one another, and not to look backwards—the view of the precipice being likely, in such circumstances, to produce giddiness, even in those persons who might not be liable to it on ordinary occasions. On so steep a slope, it is scarcely possible to ascend in a direct line, and our advance was consequently wavering and uncertain. We attained, however, in the space of an hour, the summit of the Col; and on looking backwards, we were almost terrified at the steepness of the ascent, which, seen from below, had appeared to us so little worthy of notice. Our chief guide then announced to us that, to his knowledge, the passage of the Strahleck had never before been accomplished in so short a space of time. The quantity of fresh snow which had lately fallen was in a great measure the cause of our success, by filling up the crevasses, which, had they not been covered, would have presented innumerable obstacles to our progress. On attaining the summit of the pass, we perceived at our feet the valley of Grindelwald, the Sheideck, the Faulhorn, the Stockhorn, the Niesen, bathed at its foot by the rippling waves of the Lake of Thun. In front rose the gigantic masses of the Eiger and Mönch, apparently in close proximity; a little to the south-west, the triangular summit of the Jungfrau appeared above the Viescherhornec; to the east, our view was limited by the Shreckhorn, which from this point presented a far less imposing aspect than when seen from our hut on the glacier.

The summit of the pass is a small plateau, covered with an unbroken coat of snow, and presenting no crevasses on its surface. We now proceeded to make a few observations with our instruments. The thermometer of Fahrenheit stood a little above the freezing-point, whilst the hygrometer of Saussure stood at 42 degrees, indicating an excessively dry state of the atmosphere. Our observations with the barometer gave us the height of the pass as 10,328 feet above the level of the Mediterranean.

The weather had now become perfectly serene, and the sky appeared of a deep blue, particularly in the zenith. There was also a peculiar elasticity in the atmosphere, tending to destroy any feeling of fatigue which the previous ascent might have produced. In fact our guides, in the exuberance of their spirits, began wrestling among themselves, when an incident occurred which instantly caused the most complete silence among the party. Jacob Leuthold had perceived chamois on the slopes of the Little Shreckhorn, and we now saw, for the first time, these beautiful animals in full liberty. We clearly discerned a female and one of her kids clambering towards the summit of a neighbouring peak. They soon disappeared, but quickly returned into sight in company with three males; and, by the slowness of their motion, we had a most favourable opportunity of examining them at our leisure through our telescopes.

It was now about ten o'clock A.M., and we again proceeded on our course towards Grindelwald; and as the slope of snow which lay before us was very steep, our guides proposed to us to slide down, taking the precaution to connect the party again by means of the rope. The propriety of this measure was soon manifest; for we had scarcely commenced our descent, when the snow receded from under our feet, and one of the party sank up to the breast in a crevass. Such was, however, the rapidity of our descent, that we had but little time to reflect on the consequences which might have ensued had the precaution previously mentioned been omitted.

After having thus slid down a considerable portion of the slope, its steepness gradually increasing, we were obliged to abandon our previous method of progression —the crust of snow frequently yielding considerably to our footsteps, and thus rendering our march wavering and slow. In addition to this inconvenience, my alpenstock slipped from my hand, and descending the slope with great rapidity, was lost in the crevasses of the glacier which lay at our feet.

We now directed our course towards the Zoesenberg, where, finding the steepness of the descent somewhat diminished, we again slid down with comparative faci-

lity over the frozen snow. I now learned, to my cost, the value of the mountain pole on such occasions; nothing, in fact, being more wearisome than the necessity of sustaining the erect posture whilst deprived of such a support. The muscles of the legs undergo excessive tension, and the difficulty of directing our course, or even of stopping it, when deprived of its valuable aid, was but too manifest. If by chance M. Agassiz, who preceded me, increased his speed, or M. Pourtales, who followed me closely, halted for a moment, the motion thus imparted to the rope was sufficient to extend me at full length on the surface of the snow. I repeatedly endeavoured to raise myself, intreating my companions to proceed more cautiously; they, however, were as little masters of their own movements as myself. These falls generally had the effect of implicating my two followers. Wearied at length by these continued mishaps, we determined to accomplish the remainder of the descent by sliding down at full length on the snow. We arrived thus in safety at the foot of the slope; the guides having previously stationed themselves, to prevent our striking against the rocks. Our chief guide now informed us that the worst was over; and having liberated us from the confinement of the rope, we again proceeded towards Grindelwald.

We now approached the glacier of the Eiger, which descends from the northern flank of the Viescherhornec: its inclination is very considerable, whilst in the centre of the glacier there is seen a rock, called by the natives the Heisse-Platte, which has never been invaded by snow or ice. In this portion of the glacier, during the year 1821, an accident of a fatal nature occurred to a Swiss clergyman named Mouron: whilst leaning on his pole, examining a crevass, its edges gave way, and he was precipitated headlong into the abyss: his mangled body was, after considerable difficulty, withdrawn from a depth of 121 feet, and carried by his friends to the parish church of Grindelwald, and there interred.

Having arrived at the foot of the slope, our course should have been directed towards the Zoesenberg, which lay to the left, or to the Mettenburg. The guides, however, advised us to follow the edge of the glacier, this being apparently the shortest route. But, on attempting to do so, difficulties of an insurmountable character straightway presented themselves. The crevasses suddenly became so numerous, that we were forced to regain the right border of the glacier by scaling its vertical walls of rock. Hardly, however, had we proceeded a short distance on these rocks, when fearful precipices opened upon our view. Driven again, by necessity, to descend upon the surface of the glacier, we proceeded to seek for a passage among the masses of ice and gaping crevasses. The difficulty of accomplishing this, caused us to despair of attaining the termination of our journey; and we were on the eve of retracing our footsteps, when our guides informed us that we were within a short distance of Grindelwald. This welcome news revived our drooping courage; and after a few more efforts, we discovered a gulley in the rock by which the descent upon the glacier might be accomplished. Proceeding farther, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of the most beautiful phenomena afforded by the glaciers. An immense mass of ice, having become detached from one of the lateral clefts on the glacier of the Eiger, fell with terrific violence on the glacier of Grindelwald. The avalanche lasted for several minutes, bounding down the slope until it reached the surface of the glacier, which appeared at this spot as if covered with fresh snow. Our attention was, however, soon diverted from this magnificent spectacle; for, on turning an angle of the rock, a spontaneous exclamation of delight burst from the lips of the whole party, on suddenly beholding the church and village of Grindelwald. To our eyes no valley had ever before appeared so beautiful; the glare of the ice and snow, which for several hours had dazzled our sight, was now exchanged for the verdure of the pastures, watered by the foaming waves of the Lutschine.

We now at length reached the level of the valley, after descending constantly for five consecutive hours—a fact which the tired condition of our limbs reminded us of. The distance from the glacier to the village inn is but a quarter of an hour's walk; but such was the effect of the warm air of the valley upon us, that this short and trifling ascent fatigued us in a greater degree than the former part of our excursion; or it rather awoke in us the sentiment of fatigue. It was three o'clock P.M. when we entered the Hotel de l'Aigle, and no credit was at first given to our assertion, that we had that morning left the glacier of the Aar: it appeared that the passage of the Strahleck had never before been accomplished in so short a space of time, even by the chamois hunters. The mountaineers of the village, in fact, entertained a most exalted idea of our personal prowess; inasmuch as the rope, which had so materially assisted us, had been previously concealed by our guides, who stoutly maintained that our alpenstocks had been our sole aid during the course of this interesting and hazardous adventure.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. V.

They talk of the fine arts—popular amusements and indulgences—pawnbrokers—usury—gambling—and railway directors; on all which subjects Gilaroo announces some very extraordinary doctrines.

Stukely.—What a capital exhibition of pictures there is this season. Are you fond of pictures?

Gilaroo.—Yes; that is to say, I like to look at good ones. I cannot say, however, that I am a buyer. To be so, requires a heavier purse and a more profound credulity than I happen to possess. There is a great deal of trash palmed off on those not initiated in the mysteries of the craft.

Stuke.—What is your opinion as to the humanising influence of pictures—say the fine arts generally?

Gil.—I consider that the contemplation of all objects of refined art tends to elevate the sentiments, provided the mind is, generally speaking, cultivated in other respects. This, you will observe, is making a considerable reservation; yet not greater, I should think, than the subject demands. I will try to explain myself. In Italy, the common people have a greater relish for pictures than many of high rank in other countries. Of this class of productions they see great numbers in the churches; while some of the finest sculptures are equally open to their observation. If the fine arts could humanise anybody, it would be the Italians, particularly the inhabitants of Rome and Naples. Now, with regard to the lower orders in Italy, it does not appear that the frequent contemplation of some of the grandest achievements of the pencil is of the slightest effect in making them honest, industrious, or cleanly in their habits. In one of the towns of Italy, a large collection of pictures, of the best masters, is ranged in the open street on the occasion of a certain annual festival. To this public exhibition flock all the brigands within twenty or thirty miles; and these banditti may be seen pushing about among the crowd, to criticise the works offered so freely for inspection. After the exhibition is over, says the traveller who mentions the circumstance, the brigands return to the highways and mountains, where they recommence their predatory life, robbing and murdering without mercy or remorse. It would appear from this, that the fine arts have no necessary bearing on morality. As to their connexion with mere good taste, in the way we understand it, I am equally at a loss to see any such thing. A friend of mine, who, not long ago, spent a

winter in Rome, had occasion to go one day to the house of one of the principal artists. He found this man and his family living in the midst of all that is slovenly and nasty; his works full of ideal beauty of the highest kind, but his own common life an exemplification of all human beastliness. We often, in England, meet artists of whimsical character, whose habits of life make this description far from incredible.

Stuke.—Then you mean to say that a taste for the fine arts is of no use?

Gil.—Far from it. It seems to me that, by itself, this taste is of little use. Let us begin at the beginning—the schoolmaster first, to open the understanding; literature to cultivate; and the arts to refine. I should have no objection, however, to see pictorial art aiding, as far as it can aid, in the preliminary course of culture. We all know how children may be amused and interested with picture-books; and the increasing desire to visit galleries of paintings may be considered as indicative of a distinct advance made in the popular mind. Gratified with these signs of progress, or influenced by other considerations, some would exalt the fine arts beyond their proper sphere—make them all in all. According to them, the painter transcends the educator, the poet, and the philosopher; they talk of the 'divine Raphael' and the 'immortal Corregio,' as if they were demigods. Let me, however, do justice; it is principally dilettanti who write and chatter in this sort of way about art and artists. I should say that a man of really cultivated mind is above all this nonsense.

Stuke.—Still, you allow that there may be an advantage in improving the popular taste?

Gil.—I repeat that the exhibition of good pictures, or good designs and models in any branch of the fine arts, may be made instrumental to general improvement, more particularly if the people are prepared by education to relish and take an interest in these things. The attracting of multitudes, for a time, from low pursuits, and giving them something harmless to talk about, would alone furnish a reason for encouraging such exhibitions. Better be amused with a walk through a gallery of pictures, than with the spectacle of a horse-race, or a tavern potation.

Stuke.—There are, as you know, parties who consider all sorts of amusement sinful.

Gil.—That, I am sorry to say, is too true. Persons of this way of thinking err from an excess of good intention. They fail in making a just estimate of the wants of human nature. Work, books, study, devotion, out-of-door recreations, in-door amusements—everything in its own time and place. My own conviction is, that amusement, in some form or other, is a necessity of our nature. Those, therefore, who would put it down, must necessarily fail, for they fight against nature. The pent-up feelings only burst out in some unexpected and unpleasant way. All nature is full of rejoicing. Even the lower animals dance, skip, and amuse themselves. Many of them go further—they are fond of decoration. Some clean themselves, in order to be neat and attractive; and certain birds in Australia are observed to construct avenues and bowers of pretty shells and feathers, in which they promenade daily, as if enjoying a conversazione. And are not the flowers of the field clothed in beauty, to gladden the eyes of bees, and birds, and other creatures? Are not fishes covered with glittering and variegated scales? Are not shells, lying in the depths of the ocean, resplendent with hues which mock the painter's palette? Then, what sweet sounds expressed by some of the feathered tribes! Surely all this ought to teach us that amusement, drawn from harmless sports, recreations, a love of the beautiful, a love of melody and harmony, is alike natural and allowable. But it is only the gloomy who cherish contrary views. Throughout Great Britain generally, in some quarters more than in others, there has long been a morbid fear of popular recreations. The consequence has been, that, driven or discouraged from what is ostensible and harmless, the people have sought relief in what is clandestine and vicious. There would be fewer taverns, if there were more places of resort of a purer kind.

Stuke.—Don't you think it would be a good thing to greatly limit the number of public-houses—give a license to comparatively few?

Gil.—Where the number is excessive, it ought certainly to be reduced; and I am inclined to think that on this subject the magistracy are, for the most part, anything but vigilant. Yet the adoption of any severe measure to limit public-houses is attended with serious difficulties, not at first observable. Where a demand exists, there will of course be a supply. The public-houses are a consequence of a demand for those enjoyments, such as they are, which are derived from them. By extinguishing them, the demand may, to a small extent, be limited in operation; but, in the main, it will supply itself somewhere, and somehow. It has been found, for instance, that where licenses were refused, a clandestine trade of dram-selling has sprung up; and to get at the parties who thus infringe the law, is next to impossible. Supposing that all the public-houses were shut up by authority, the selling of liquor would not the less be carried on; the only difference would be, that the trade would be conducted in a private and more objectionable manner. All that I should wish to see done, is to license only parties of respectability, and to a reasonable extent.

Stuke.—That would be making the trade a kind of monopoly.

Gil.—It would in one sense; but of two evils, it is best to choose the least. So long as there is a general demand for spirituous and other liquors, it is surely of importance that the trade should be conducted on a respectable footing. For my part, I by no means agree in abusing and calumniating the men who devote themselves to this profession. It is consistent with neither justice nor expediency to make an outcry against these individuals. Their business is sufficiently unpleasant, without the obloquy which many would thoughtlessly heap upon it; and a very little reflection will show us that such obloquy can only have the effect of driving respectable persons from the trade, and of consigning it to a lower, perhaps a despicable and dangerous class of society. All the declamation in the world against public-houses will never subdue intemperance.

Stuke.—I have always entertained the opinion, that stringent regulations were desirable for public-houses and pawnbroking establishments. Both are the blight of large towns.

Gil.—Let both be placed under strict, though not severe and captious regulations; to that nobody can have any objection. The thing I would deprecate is that kind of sweeping severity which always, in some way or other, defeats itself. Take pawnbroking, to which you have referred. What trade has been exposed to more unjust sarcasm? Every epithet of abuse has been poured on the unhappy pawnbroker, as if he were a vampire preying on the vitals of the community; whereas he is nothing more than a tradesman, who lends money on goods at a certain regulated rate of interest. In this way he relieves the temporary necessities of thousands, who, but for him, would not know which way to turn for assistance. That very foolish and improvident people get into a habit of pawning articles, is nothing to the purpose. The fact is undeniable, that the pawnbroker is a reliever of those in urgent need of a few shillings or pounds; and, as such, why should he be persecuted? It could be shown, from historical evidence, that pawnbroking has contributed to lessen crime. Before it was established, robberies, in order to get hold of petty sums, were common in the neighbourhood of large towns. I believe that London, and many other places, would not now be endurable were this profession extirpated. In short, I consider the pawnbroker as a useful auxiliary in our present state of society.

Stuke.—What do you say to their taking such a usurious rate of interest?

Gil.—I believe, in the first place, the fact is not so; I have seen it shown that the profits of pawnbrokers are not generally higher than those of other tradesmen; in the second place, I do not join in the howl against what is called usury.

Stuke.—Not condemn usury, and you so great a philanthropist?

Gil.—I don't condemn things merely because they have for ages been subject to a vulgar clamour. I must know the why and the wherefore, before pronouncing a judgment. You will perhaps, therefore, inform me why there should be such an outcry against this terrible bugbear?

Stuke.—I!—I cannot say much about it. All I know is, that there is cruelty in taking an excessive interest on money; it looks like crushing the fallen—robbing the poor and unfortunate.

Gil.—This is one of those cases in which, by a well-meaning but short-sighted wish to protect the unfortunate, as you call them, a general injury is apt to be committed. Supposing men to possess common sense, they are unquestionably able to protect themselves against imposition. When a man borrows L.100, I imagine it is not to spend it foolishly, but to lay it out in some advantageous way. He reckons the cost of the loan—that is, the usury or interest to be charged—against the anticipated advantage, and if this advantage be greater, he borrows the sum. Here there is an act of reasoning; and, presuming that every man knows his own business best, it would seem to me to be an impertinence to prevent him making the negotiation. Laws against usury appear to assume that the mass of people are no better than children, and are not fit to manage their own business.

Stuke.—But are there not too many in that condition?

Gil.—There are many persons, doubtless, neither wise nor prudent; but it is poor policy to legislate for exceptions to a rule. Besides, the legislation does no good—fails to benefit the very individuals for whom it exists. It is clear that if a law be made to prevent any one from taking more than, say 5 per cent. per annum for the loan of money, while money is worth 6 per cent., it will, as a matter of course, be evaded. Ostensibly, the money will be lent at 5 per cent., but, by a private agreement, the borrower will be obliged to pay 1 per cent. additional in the name of commission or some other illusion.

Stuke.—Then you consider it impossible to regulate such matters by law?

Gil.—Quite so; not only impossible, but the effort to do so is immoral. Laws which propose to regulate profits of trade, or, in other words, to step in between man and man, can never be anything but fallacious. The better plan is to allow a perfect freedom in business transactions of every sort; and, as I said before, if there be an evil, it will soon correct itself. Nothing like rivalry in trade for keeping down exorbitant profits.

Stuke.—You consider gambling bad—immoral?

Gil.—Certainly.

Stuke.—Then, according to your view of affairs, gambling should be left to cure itself?

Gil.—No such thing. Gambling is not trading. It is a vice, ruinous alike to public and private morals. The result of every industrial pursuit is increase—something gained. All the objects of value which we see, have been produced by the united efforts of industry. But gambling produces nothing. A dozen men might sit round a table gambling for a whole lifetime, and at the day of their death, there would not be a penny more amongst them than at the beginning. Conduct of this sort is not less profitless than mischievous. It distracts the mind from every useful pursuit. In short, if all spent their time in gaming, society would stand still, or rather retrograde. On this account the law, as a matter of police, very properly discountenances public gaming-houses and lotteries.

Stuke.—I am afraid you are knocking yourself down with your own argument. You formerly said that people were generally able to protect themselves against imposition. Why, then, may they not be left to protect themselves against the arts of the avowed gambler?

Gil.—Because gambling addresses itself to human weakness and passion, and is demoralising in its effects. A time is doubtless coming when the common-sense of society will be amply sufficient to put it down; but at present, the ignorant and dissolute are numerous, and they require the law to act parentally towards them. Already, by the advances which have been made, and by the increasing scope for industrial exercise, gambling is greatly on the decline—nothing like what it once was.

Stuke.—And yet what a monstrous deal of gambling there has latterly been in railway undertakings!

Gil.—Much could be said on this subject for and against. Railways are a new thing, and it is certain that some of them have been exceedingly profitable as commercial enterprises. The returns for investments in the better class of lines have been very large indeed. So much for the temptation, in the first instance, to peril money on railway shares. Condemning the late paroxysm of speculation as much as any one, I can see that much of this species of gambling—to call it by that name—arises from the difficulty of getting profitable outlets for capital in the way of trade. Hitherto, from the effects of various laws imposed on commerce, the savings of labour have been pent up in a great measure within the limits of our own country—not allowed to go abroad over the world, seeking for fields of usefulness. Abolish these laws; let people see their way clearly in matters of foreign and colonial enterprise, and we shall soon have a different result. Capital—which is fighting against itself at home, making railways where no railways are wanted, and committing many other absurdities—will in time, I have no doubt, be engaged in reclaiming the fertile lands of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—vastly to its own benefit. I expect to see some splendid changes of this kind within the next twenty years.

Stuke.—Well, I have done—and yet I would say one word more. Have not railway directors been very much to blame for what you call the paroxysm of speculation?

Gil.—I daresay *some* railway directors have been thus culpable; but because a few knaves have been detected, is it right that a large and most respectable body of men, with the purest motives, and many of whom have given themselves an immense deal of unrequited trouble, should be held up to ridicule and abuse? I greatly deprecate this species of injustice; for, if successful in its aim, it must inevitably have the effect of driving respectable individuals from railway management, and consigning it to parties of inferior standing and reputation.

THE PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

A SCOTCH LEGEND VERSIFIED.

Now, in these days, when every one is itching
To strike out some new, strange, and wondrous plan,
Though 'twere to make Vesuvius a steam kitchen,
Or turn Mount Ætna to a frying-pan;
Yet I am sure you'd meet with many a man
Ready to listen to such arrant coaxers,
And join the joint-stock company of wholesale hoaxers.

I'm tired of listening to each new invention;
Steam, gas, and railroads, almost make me sick;
They so engross the gentlemen's attention,
They care no more for us than for a stick:
A stick?—not half so much; for if 'tis thick,
And sound, and strong, and long, it is a prize
More valuable by far than woman's eyes.

Alas, poor womankind! if I had leisure,
Your hard, hard lot I'd feelingly bewail;
I'd tell of all the days of bygone pleasure
In the chivalric times, when you'd prevail,
By a few glances, haughty knights to quail;
And cause both kings and kaisars own your power,
And humbly sue around bright beauty's bower.

You're 'fallen on gloomy days;' gone is your glory!
But I can't help it, so I'll say no more,
But hasten onward with my little story,
And hope 'twill please you when you read it o'er.
'Twill show you that strange whims, in days of yore,
Possessed men's brains and fancies; so that we
Must be content with mankind as they BE.

I doubt they'll ne'er be better. But I'm wandering,
Or rather dallying upon my way;
I do not think there's any use in pondering
Upon the imperfections of the day,
Unless we try to mend them: this we may
Find a hard task indeed, but we should try:
A mouse once served a lion—so may you or I.

But to my tale. When James the First was seated
Upon the British throne, from Spain's proud land
Came an ambassador, whose head was sheeted
Inside with learning mystical and grand,
Which few pretended even to understand
But our sage monarch, whose great bosom yearned
To bear the title of King James the Learned.

The Spanish don had taken up the notion,
That signs were far before the use of speech;
That every country should have schools, where motion
Should be the only learning they would teach;
Thus putting it in every person's reach
To be ambassadors to foreign lands,
By learning the diplomacy of hands.

The learned Spaniard one day was bewailing
The darkened state of Europe to the king,
And said that every monarch, without failing,
Should have established such a useful thing
In his dominions. James's pride took wing;
And, soaring above truth, to gratify
His humour and the don's, he told a lie.

'Why, sir, I have in my most northern college
(I'm sorry 'tis six hundred miles away)
A wise and learned professor of the knowledge
Of signs and signals.' 'Oh! what is't you say?'
Exclaimed the don with joy; 'this very day,
If 'twere six hundred leagues, I will set out
And see what your professor is about.'

In vain the king endeavoured to dissuade him
From going forth on such a wild-goose chase;
At last, on finding nothing could persuade him,
He wrote a letter, stating all the case,
And ordering the professors of the place
To do the best they could to entertain
The ambassador extraordinary from Spain.

You may be sure the college was confounded
When reading o'er this letter from the king;
The grave professors were amazed—astounded;
They never heard before so strange a thing;
But the command was urgent—they must fling
Truth in the well; and, when the don should come,
Say that the SIGN Professor had left home.

Meanwhile the college, all were in commotion,
Preparing entertainment for the don:
Coach after coach arrived, till, with emotion,
They saw the illustrious stranger step from one.
'Where is,' he cried, 'the Sign Professor?' 'Gone
Upon a tour unto the Scottish Highlands,
From thence to visit all the western islands.

'Twas most unfortunate that he had left them,
Nor could they guess the time of his return.'
The ambassador's reply almost bereft them
Of all their senses, causing them to mourn.
'To see this wondrous man my soul doth burn!
I'll wait,' so said the don, 'his coming here
Days, weeks, and months—ay, if it were a year!'

Alas! what can they do, he is unshaken?
And certain were they that he would remain;
For, from the journey he had undertaken,
He was a most decided man, 'twas plain:
And oh! what cost 'twould be to entertain
Him and his suit for twelvemonths, and that then
He'd find their king and them but untrue men.

They were indeed in a most strange quandary;
Not knowing what to do, nor what to say.
I will not hint they cursed the king's vagary,
But, I am sure, they wished the don away.
At last they thought upon a man who'd play,
For fun, the great professor of the knowledge
Of signs and signals in the learned college.

This man was butcher to the institution,
And full of drollery and mother wit;
And ever ready for the execution
Of any whim or frolic he thought fit:
And readily he undertook to sit,
In solemn guise, before the Spanish don,
Though he could boast two eyes, while Geordie had but one.

Geordie was not a single word to utter
Whilst in the presence of this lord from Spain;
But, with his hands, he was to sign and sputter,
And do the best he could applause to gain.
This being settled, suddenly they feign
That their professor had returned, and he
Would in the morn receive the illustrious grandee.

The day at length arrived; all were in motion;
Geordie was dressed in flowing wig and gown,
And seated in a chair. Soon, with emotion,
The Spaniard entered, bowing lowly down
Before the venerable man, whose frown
Evinced great condescension and benignity:
So thought at least even haughty Spanish dignity.

The real professors in the next room, trembling,
Sat, waiting the conclusion of this scene;
Fearful that now, at last, all their dissembling
Would by the great ambassador be seen;
And that, henceforth, he'd call them liars mean:
And thus their honour, and the king, and nation,
Would suffer loss by such a degradation.

The learned don began poor Geordie's trial,
By holding up one finger to his view;
And he immediately, as in replial,
Held up before his excellency two!—
Wondering within himself what next he'd do.
Three fingers then his lordship raised on high;
Stern looks and a clenched fist were Geordie's next reply.

Forth from his pocket then an orange taking,
The Spaniard held it up to Geordie's face;
And he returned the compliment by shaking
A piece of barley-bread at his proud grace.
The grave Hidalgo, silent, left the place,
Bowing with reverence to the wondrous man,
Whose practice thus made good his favourite plan.

When he rejoined the masters of the college,
They timidly inquired what he now thought
Of their sage brother? 'Oh,' cried he, 'such knowledge!
He is a prize, whose like could not be bought
By India's wealth! Ah, long, long I have sought
For such a man profound, to understand
Points most abstruse by motions of the hand.'

'May we presume, then, most illustrious stranger,'
Resumed the pleased professors, 'to inquire
(Now that they saw themselves safe from all danger,
Their courage did fine compliments inspire)
How fared your excellency?' 'Your desire,
Oh, gentlemen,' said he, 'I'll satisfy;
And well may what I tell your college gratify.

When first I came before this wondrous creature,
I held one finger up, to signify
There was one God, who made and governs nature.
He held up two, to show me, in reply,
That Son and Father were but one: then I
Held up three fingers, thus to signify
That I believed the Holy Trinity.

He, looking sternly at me, closed his hand,
As if to show me that the three were one—
The wisest surely he in all this land,
And of your college quite the paragon!
I then took out an orange, to make known
The bounteous mercy of the Great and Good,
Who gives us luxuries as well as food.

But judge, oh gentlemen! what was my feeling
When this great man drew forth a bit of bread,
The staff of life! thus to my sense appealing,
That necessaries were profusely spread
In every land, whilst luxuries were shed
But in a few. No more could I presume
To question him: I, silent, left the room.'

When the ambassador had left the college,
The masters hastened to call Geordie in;
And begged he'd tell how he acquired the knowledge
Of signs so well, such great applause to win:
In short, they prayed he would at once begin
To tell them of his curious transformation,
By which he saved their honours and the nation.

The butcher, having thrown off the professor,
Began his story thus:—'When the old don
Entered the room, the rascally aggressor
Held up a finger, as if making fun
Of me and my blind eye. To show my one
Was good as both of his, I held up two;
Then the old scoundrel raised up to my view

Three of his Spanish fingers, as if joking
We only had between us two three eyes.
This was so impudent and so provoking,
It made my passion angrily arise,
To think of such an insult. But surprise
Did not make me forget your honours—I
But gave him a cross look and bent fist in reply.

His impudence did not rest here, however;
But from his pocket he an orange took,
As if to show me that auld Scotland never
Could hope to vie with Spain. My whole frame shook
With rage at this; but, with contemptuous look,
I snatched a barley-scone from out my pocket,
And shook it in his face, to show the blockhead

I did not care for all his trash a bucky!
And neither do I—but I must complain
Of being bound to silence—'twas unlucky;
For I'd have taught the haughty lord of Spain
Not to affront me or our land again!'
Thus saying, Geordie scraped and hastened thence,
Regretting that he had not proved his sense

Upon his excellency's ears, by shaking
And boxing them; that he might understand
The great and powerful progress he was making
In studying the motions of the hand:
That so, when he returned to his own land,
He might, to enforce his plans, tell of the knowledge
Of signs acquired and taught in the Scotch college.

M. A. G.

RISE OF GREAT MEN.

It is beneath the philosophy of history to inculcate that men who rise from comparatively low to the highest stations, do so from any cause besides that of force of character, operated upon by force of circumstances. To suppose that the future dictator, king, emperor, or protector, shapes his conduct with a view to reach the greatness he ultimately arrives at, were absurd in the case, probably, of the most ambitious individual that ever existed. At most, the aspirer sees a few of the successive points of elevation that mark the height before him; and he is impelled upwards as much by the pressure of his fellows as by his own talents and desires. As 'hero-worship' goes far to make the hero, and as, where sacerdotal power predominates, the people are always as ready to constitute the priest their master as the priest is wistful to see the people obedient, so political power is thrust upon a man of commanding ability by a sort of instinct in the thrusters, especially in troubled or unsettled times. Such times are essential to the attainment of the *most* exalted posts by those who originally occupied much lower ones, be their ability ever so commanding: to this rule history will hardly present an exception. And so Cromwell would have been an eminent brewer, country-gentleman, or parliament-man under the reign of Elizabeth; Napoleon only the first general of his age, had he led the armies of Louis Quatorze—the demigod of the French nation; and Cæsar, living in our own days, would have conquered and written as has done the Wellington of these times, adding to the splendours of the sway of George IV., and reposing on his laurels at the courts of King William and Queen Victoria.—*Literary Florets*, 1846.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REWARD.

Whatever may be the difficulties of the task before us—and difficulties great and many there are—we may rest assured in the reflection that our reward is certain. No man ever followed the study of nature with honesty and diligence, without an ample repayment of discovery. The particular object sought may not at that moment be attained; none can tell at the outset of an investigation where it may lead, or in what way it may terminate; but this is certain, that lead where it may, and terminate where it may, new, important, and interesting truths will have been met with, and the boundaries of human knowledge permanently enlarged. Disappointment in the study of nature is impossible, provided legitimate objects be alone pursued, and by the appointed means. When physical truth ceases to be admired and loved for its own beauty and excellence, and scientific discovery becomes merely valued as a source of personal reputation, as the road to wealth and power and earthly dignity, then indeed may the bitterness of disappointment be often felt, and jealousy and bickerings divide those who, beyond all men living, should be the first to set an example of unity and brotherhood, whose lives are habitually passed in the contemplation of the handwriting of God.—*Professor Fownes.*

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

We are far indeed from delighting in the tendency of some authors on natural sciences to drag in religious views at every turn, thus secularising things sacred in the attempt to sanctify things profane. We avow our belief that the province of natural theology is confined within narrow and very definite limits, although within these limits it exercises a just and incontestable jurisdiction; but we delight not in the pedantry of converting treatises of science into doctrinal compilations. There is, however, an opposite pedantry as worthy of condemnation. We conceive it to be impossible for any well-constituted mind to contemplate the sum and totality of creation, to generalise its principles, to mark the curious relations of its parts, and especially the subtle chain of connexion and unity between beings and events apparently the most remote in space, time, and constitution, without referring more or less to the doctrine of final causes, and to the *design* of a superintending Providence. We call it the highest pedantry of intellect to put to silence suggestions which arise spontaneously in every mind, whether cultivated or not, when engaged in such contemplations.—*Quarterly Review for December.*

M. D'AUBIGNE.

The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity; no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause, upon him—a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment, and a quiet, well-balanced mind. You would not perhaps suspect him of a vivid imagination, and yet his writings do often show a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age. You would see in him a tall, commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen; a broad, intelligent forehead; a thoughtful, unsuspicious countenance; a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form, his appearance might be described in three words—noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the peculiar openness and manliness of his mien.—*Wanderings in the Shadow of Mont Blanc.*

INGENIOUS MODE OF DEMONSTRATION.

In the collection of natural history at Cassel, in Northern Germany, is a very interesting set of volumes, as they appear to be; though, when examined, they prove to be no real library, but specimens of the woods of five hundred different European trees, made up in the form of books. The back is formed of the bark; the sides of the perfect wood; the top of the young wood, with narrow rings; the bottom of the old wood, where the rings are wider apart. When one of the volumes is opened, it proves to be a little box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree of which it is a specimen, either dried or imitated in wax. Something of this kind, though with a more especial reference to the age of trees, might be made an interesting portion of our own collections in natural history, both public and private.—*Chronicles of the Seasons.*

CONSEQUENCES OF INDULGENCE.

I have heard of a mother who humoured her son to that pitch of folly, that, upon his taking it into his head that it would be pretty to ride upon a cold sirloin of beef which was brought to table, she gravely ordered the servant to put a napkin upon it, and set him astride in the dish, that he might have his fancy; and of another, who begged her little daughter's nurse to take care of all things that the child should not see the moon, lest she should cry for it. If parents will in this manner make it a point never, even in the most necessary cases, to oppose the wayward wills of infants, what can they expect but that peevishness and perverseness should grow upon them to a degree that must make them unhappy on every occasion, when they meet with proper treatment from more reasonable people?—*Burgh.*

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THE LADIES' INITIATIVE.

'Well, Mr Balderstone, you are the most provoking person in the world—always bringing up that absurd idea of yours about our marriage. I should have expected you, at the end of twenty years, to have got tired of it, as I'm sure I have been for many a day. And to speak of it before people too! It is positively shameful.'

'Quite a true idea, however—I will go to death upon it. I was a young man taken in and done for. Perhaps well for me I was; but however that may be, so was the fact. I advert to the circumstance as a curious point in human nature, not as opprobrious to you, my dear Mrs B. Content yourself on that score.'

'Point in human nature! And so, to illustrate human nature, you are to represent me as having degraded myself by drawing you into matrimony! Oh, Mr B., Mr B.!'

Here all the gentlemen at table set up their ears, as for a coming joke, while the ladies affected to look excessively indignant. Mrs Balderstone was all injured innocence.

'What, in brief, is your idea, Balderstone?' inquired my friend Sleeman.

'Why, it is just this—that, in our courtship, I believe it was only in appearance that I represented the active voice, and she the passive; for, in reality, intending it or not, she was the means of bringing our acquaintance up to marrying point.'

'I entirely deny the allegation,' said Mrs Balderstone; 'but let him go on.'

'Well, how was it?' said Sleeman.

'Why, if you would believe her, I performed courtship in the customary manner recognised among civilised nations; that is, showed an interest, paid attentions, took charge of an album, and allowed myself always to happen to take the next seat to hers at table, till at length it seemed meet to me to propose for her hand, which she, with a great deal of coyness, accepted.'

'Yes,' interposed Mrs B., 'that is the true account.'

'That I deny. The true account is this: at our first interview she proved extremely agreeable, and passed a very pretty compliment upon my violin-playing. Seeing her then to be an unusually attractive person, I asked leave to conduct her home, and found a gracious acceptance. We met again soon after, and she gave me such a decided preference as a partner in the quadrilles, that I became partial. She expressed a hope that I had brought my violin. I had done so, and in the course of the evening played a few solos. Not only did she listen attentively, but when an impertinent young beau addressed her in the middle of my playing, I observed her frown him into silence. There was so much good sense there! We had a chat afterwards about Wordsworth, when I found her so completely of my own opinion as to the wonderful powers of the then neglected Lake poet, that I became convinced she was an extraordinary young lady. We so coincided, too, in our taste for the country. The town was horrible—only to be dwelt in from necessity. How delightful to consort with nature in her own domain—to watch the changes of the seasons, to roam the flower-gemmed fields or the shady forests, to see the sun rise, to hear the lark sing, to mingle with the simple-hearted rustics, and join in their glee. Oh there was nothing like the country!'

'Well, I think so still.'

'Yes, but that is not the point. The affair now went on rapidly. We agreed to consider ourselves as friends, and, in that character, to discuss a vast number of matters in conversation and by letter. We were to be quite abstract: it was understood, if not expressed, that it was no love matter, but only a communing between two uncommonly harmonious spirits, whose being of opposite sexes was only as it happened. I inserted at the same time in her album all the sentimental verses I had ever written, from school-days downwards. She liked the general style of them amazingly, though there were two lines which she thought might be improved, if I would give them my attention. About that time, spending the evening at her mother's house, I found a young officer present, whom they represented as an old friend. Very well, he was an old friend, and therefore entitled to be treated on comparatively familiar terms. What was this to me? Strange to say, it made me uneasy. I could not bear to hear Georgina abandoning her fine mind to the frivolous commonplaces which suit a military understanding, and I came away disconcerted.'

'He did not enter into your views about Wordsworth?' said Sleeman.

'Not at all—nor she neither for the time. It happened that just that night I had brought in my pocket—designing to read it to her—a critical analysis of the Excursion, which I had written for a west of England magazine. It had to lie *perdu* where it was, as Georgina was too much engrossed with the lieutenant's account of a recent ball, given by his regiment at their last quarters, to have any ear for either poetry or criticism.'

'Well, your friendly correspondence would be perilled?'

'Yes, and what was the provoking thing, my standing on the footing only of a friend gave me no title to complain. I was wounded, but had to conceal my hurt.'

'You have no idea how sulky he *looked* with it, though,' interposed the lady.

'Perhaps so. I daresay it was capital fun for you.

I went one morning, designing, if possible, to express my opinion of friendships with unidead officers, when, behold the object of my antipathy on the ground before me! They were just going out to visit a picture exhibition. I retreated in great vexation of spirit, and that night wrote to Georgina, telling her that friendship was all very well, but nothing to love——'

'Which I thought the oddest procedure in the world. What had my going to an exhibition with Lieutenant Littlepate to do with the transformation of friendship into love?'

'Nothing in theory, but a great deal in practice, as I found to my cost. Three days after, I was Georgina's accepted lover. Three months after, we were married! You see, Sleeman, how it was?'

'Oh, perfectly; but by all means give us your own ideas about it.'

'Well, I was quite blind at the time, and for about a year after our marriage. But I then began gradually to see the real nature of the case. The feeling of preference had first arisen with her. She had gone ahead in attachment all the way along, though never betraying it.'

'Come, come, Mr Balderstone,' exclaimed two ladies at once. 'This is too bad,' pursued one of them, 'to make out your wife to have acted in such a manner. I stand up for her, and for my sex in general. It is a scandal to us all.'

'Listen, my dear Mrs Asperall,' said I, 'and you will find I design no scandal. I acquit the lady of the slightest approach to impropriety. I do not think there was any harm in what she did. It was all very innocent and natural in my opinion. What I wish to establish is merely the fact, that I was a person acted on in the case, and not the prime agent. On investigating, in recollection, the origin of our attachment, I find that what first drew my attention at all, was a certain graciousness of manner towards me. She dropped, perhaps by mere chance, a word in praise of my violin-playing. My love of approbation was excited, and I became disposed to think favourably of her understanding. When she bade me adieu that evening at her own door, there was an indefinable something in the words, that remained with a pleasing effect in the memory. Strange that the shadow of a tone will rest on the heart, and be fostered there! At our next meeting I began with some *empressement*. It might have appeared as something spontaneous on my part; but, in reality, it was the effect of these same impalpable demonstrations of hers on the previous occasion. Then our harmony of opinion on literary and other subjects arose simply from this—that I spoke my own feelings, and she assented to and approved of them. She did so, because, in all sincerity, I believe she felt that they were, in the main, just, or was too partial to criticise them rigidly; but the effect was to increase my respect for her mental character, and to add to the interest already excited. Afterwards there was plenty of ardour and extravagance on my part, and no want of delicacy and shyness on hers——'

Mrs B.—'Well, I am glad he acknowledges that at least.'

'And yet each one of my words and acts was the result of something foregone on her part—something that, with a look of water, always somehow proved to be oil: mean it or not, such was the effect of her conduct. And thus, throughout the whole affair, seeming and reality were in constant contradiction. She was virtually the courting party, I the courted. And I have no doubt that, when I at last made my proposals, she was at once surprised by them, as she professed to be, and yet had been, in some recess of her mind, wondering at their not being made three weeks before. Verily, wonderful are the mysteries of the female character! And so ends my dittay.'

'Well,' said Mrs Asperall, 'if my man were to make any such charge against me, I know what I should do!' Asperall, who was sitting at the other end of the table, observably shrunk up into a smaller space. 'What do you say to it all, Mrs Balderstone?'

'Oh, I deny everything. It is all an innocent dream of my worthy spouse. But I don't suffer alone. Thinking he had made a great discovery in our case, he has set his brain a-fermenting about it, and now he believes that, in a full moiety of instances, the women take, as he calls it, the initiative.'

'Oh monstrous, Mr Balderstone! So you traduce our whole sex! Oh—oh!' and all the ladies, with uplifted hands and averted eyes, murmured, 'Oh—oh!' As for the gentlemen, they were evidently under the influence of those feelings which, in favourable circumstances, develop themselves in mirth.

'You may martyr me with your fans, ladies, if you please. I would die rather than bate one ace of my opinion. But don't suppose I bring it forward as an accusation against you. I rather think you quite justifiable in dividing with us the privilege, as it has been thought, of commencing *les affaires du cœur*. What imaginable right have we to be exclusive in this respect?'

'Ah, that is a very clever way of softening the matter,' said Mrs Asperall; 'but we disclaim all pretension to such a privilege. No, no; the woman is to be wooed, and the man is to be thankful if he can induce her to accept him. Our sense of feminine delicacy is shocked at the very idea of a lady doing anything which is to have the effect of bringing a man to her feet.'

'That may be a prejudice,' said I. 'But, anyhow, what we are first concerned about is the fact. Let philosophising come in its proper place afterwards. Now I say fearlessly—nay, strike me, but hear!—that, in a very large proportion of instances, probably amounting to a full half, the man is first moved by some hardly definable, yet true and real, symptoms of a partiality on the lady's part towards him. A word, a look of kindly grace, often suffices. And even the more obdurate men, who have passed scatheless through hosts of blandishments, are apt to be caught at last by some casual revelation of feeling on the part of one from whom no one would have previously thought that any such danger could come. Mind, to be successful, it must be *natural and unpremeditated*. No putting on of an air of preference will serve. No trick of any kind can be of avail, except with mere ninnies. But an honourable and sensible man is always liable to be affected when he thinks he can read in a woman's bosom, *before she can read it herself*, the trace of that magic element of life—LOVE!'

'Come, Mrs Asperall, this does not look so bad for us after all,' said a lady at her side.

'There is nothing bad about it, let me once more tell you. It is as natural for a woman to become inspired with a feeling of attachment, as for a man. The only difference is, that her delicacy—a property which I believe to be natural to her, not a mere result of education—shrinks from a broad, deliberate avowal of the sentiment. But she cannot wholly disguise or conceal it. It will then depend entirely on the man's penetration, and his seeing only a natural betrayal of her preference,

whether he is to be affected by it, and moved to love in return. We have all read in the divine Mantuan's eclogue—"I love Phyllis before all, for she wept when I departed." Now, how eternal and invariable is human nature!—one of the men of highest rank and fortune in this country, was first inspired with a regard for his amiable consort by a tear which came into her eye on his departure from her father's mansion. During his whole residence, and to the moment of his leaving, there was no symptom of preference: any such demonstration towards a man so obviously an object for matrimonial speculations, would have only been disgusting. But the departed returned for something he had forgot—the tear, a natural tear, was there; and it had the effect of inspiring an affection which might otherwise have never existed.'

'There is one other instance, *in a very high rank*, of the affair having taken its rise with the lady,' said Sleeman significantly.

'Yes, and good right the lady had in that instance,' quoth Mrs Balderstone; 'why, how was she ever to get a husband otherwise?'

'Right,' said Sleeman; 'and you might say the same thing in a vast number of other cases.'

'Oh, Sleeman, you're a horrid creature.'

'Well, but,' resumed I, 'set all jesting aside. It is only facts, and just inferences from them, which can settle such a question. The plan I took was to make up a list of married pairs whom I know, or have known, intimately, and to set down against each what I have been able to ascertain regarding their courtship. Here it is. [*Intense sensation all round the table—fright visibly depicted on the face of Asperall.*] Of course, what is true in one man's circle of friends will be true in another's, and in the community at large. There are Mr and Mrs D'Oyley; the lady known to have gained him by praising a paper, which turned out to be his, in a review—doubts entertained whether she had not at least a suspicion of the authorship. And there are Mr and Mrs Fender; the gentleman known to have had no idea of marrying till Miss Wood's regard for him was betrayed by a lady cousin of his, to whom she had confided her secret. Mr and Mrs Jones—the lady had a fortune—saw one evening a handsome young fellow who, not having a penny, was about to go to India: they danced in two quadrilles, and met again once or twice: she *asked* him, and they were immediately married. Our friend Wakley—all the world knows his sisters courted him into marrying their friend Susan Hewit, who had taken a fancy to him. And so forth. What need of enumerating cases? [*Face of Asperall brightened considerably.*] Let summation decide the matter. Now, I find there are nineteen cases in which the gentleman fell in love with the lady, and took unequivocal first steps; and eighteen in which the lady had the priority, being, as near as possible, a half. I have not only, then, shown you the grounds for my opinion in human nature—made out, I may say, an *à priori* case—but proved from facts that it is really as I say; that is, the ladies take the initiative just about as often as the gentlemen—though, dear innocent creatures, they are, for the most part, quite unaware of it. I could even go further with the argument, and show the *final cause* of lady courtships in the sad torpidity which characterises some men, the modesty of others [*Cries of oh! oh! from the ladies in all parts of the house*], the fears of many as to family responsibilities [*Cheers and counter cheers*], and various other considerations tending to innuptiativeness amongst our sex. But it is quite unnecessary. Enough has been done to carry the question hollow, if it is to be decided by reason, and not by prejudice.'

'Well, my dear,' said Mrs Balderstone amiably, 'as you are never wrong, we'll hold that you are right in this case. Only don't be too long in following us up stairs.'

'Ah, Mr Balderstone, you're a sad man—I did not expect it of you,' quoth Mrs Asperall, sailing off to the drawing-room.

'Bravo, Balderstone!' cried all my gentlemen friends at once. 'We'll drink your health, my boy, in a fresh bottle of claret, if you will give it us. You have caused our sex to have the best of the plea for once.' [*My health drunk with uproarious cheers, concluding with 'one cheer more,' demanded by Asperall.*]

THE BATHS OF ANCIENT TIMES.

The baths of the Romans have been frequently and elaborately described, but we think the following historical sketch, extracted from M. Corbel Lagneau's recently-published *Traité Complet des Bains*, contains many points of interest, some of which are not familiarly known.

The use of the bath has existed, in all probability, from the beginning of the world, since it is founded in the most natural wants of man. The necessity of maintaining the cleanliness of his person, of defending himself from the heat of a burning sun, and of seeking refreshment after the fatigues of the chase, war, or labour, must have taught him, from an early period, the advantages derivable from bathing. But in barbarous ages, in which art had as yet accomplished nothing for the conveniences of life, men merely plunged into rivers, streams, fountains, and other natural reservoirs of water. They were far from dreaming of the erection of apparatus by means of which they might be enabled, as at a later period, to take their baths at any time, season, or place, and of an agreeable and salutary temperature. Doubtless the discovery of hot springs, which must have existed then, as in our own times, at various parts of the earth's surface, suggested to them the happy idea of communicating different degrees of heat to the water they employed, and of erecting more commodious and less dangerous receptacles. It was amongst the nations of the East, the earliest reapers of the benefits of civilisation, that industry and the arts made the first efforts to satisfy the wants of men, and perpetuate the taste for, and employment of, warm baths. The custom was carried from Asia to Europe by the colonists, who successively established themselves in Greece, Italy, Iberia, and Gaul.

Greece knew the use of warm baths in the time of Homer, for mention is made of them in several passages of the writings of that poet; and among others, where he depicts the delicious life led in the palace of Alcinous, and when he relates the reception given to Ulysses by Circe. Among the Greeks, the Lacedæmonians were the first, according to Thucydides, who adopted the custom, borrowed from Asiatic nations, of appearing naked at the public games; anointing themselves with oil, and covering themselves with sand, prior to the contest, and then plunging into hot baths. But the employment of baths in private families was not even yet very general in the time of Hippocrates. This prevented his recommending the bath in many diseases which called for its adoption. As to the public baths, they formed part of the *gymnasia* to which they were attached.

The Romans were accustomed, in the early period of the republic, after a day employed in labour in the fields, to wash only the arms and legs; and every ninth day, when they came to the city, to be present in the assemblies for state business, they bathed the entire body. At that period the Tiber or neighbouring streams formed their bathing resorts, vapour and hot-water baths being scarcely known to them. It was only at a late period they thought of establishing public or private baths. The city, by reason of its situation on hills, presented great difficulties for the conveyance of water. It was not until about four hundred and forty-one years after the foundation of Rome that water was brought, for the first time, from Tusculum, by means of an aqueduct constructed by the censor Appius Claudius. Aqueducts were multiplied afterwards; and baths, or *thermæ*, were constructed in various parts of the city, characterised as yet by the ancient Roman

simplicity, as may be seen from the description of that of Scipio Africanus, left us by Seneca.

The new custom which the Romans adopted towards the last years of the republic, of attaching baths to the gymnasia, rendered them indispensably necessary; and the frequent application which physicians, from this period, made of them in the treatment of disease, powerfully contributed to the increase and embellishment of these salutary and useful structures. But it was not until the reign of Augustus that they began to give to their warm baths that air of grandeur and magnificence which is yet to be observed in the ruins which remain. The public baths should, in fact, be justly considered as the most remarkable structures of the Romans. Their founders were princes, who, in their anxiety to conciliate the good-will of the people, endeavoured to surpass all that had been executed before their time. To conceive a just idea of them, we should examine the plans of the principal edifices, as traced by Palladio. In beholding his designs of the bas-reliefs and pictures which adorned the walls and ceilings, we are at once astonished at the perfection of the objects they represent, and at the exquisite purity of taste which then prevailed in the arts. Much more than this; we find ourselves forced to acknowledge that all the efforts of modern art, in the decoration of our palaces, museums, and churches, are in general but servile imitations of the wonders which the baths of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, &c. offered, near two thousand years ago, to the admiration of the Roman people. The rarest marbles, precious vases, bronzes, columns, statues from the chisel of the greatest masters, and gildings skilfully applied, contributed to the brilliancy of the interior of these gigantic monuments.

It is difficult to enumerate the immense number of uses they were devoted to. Besides the vast basins, and the thousands of recesses (the thermæ of Dioclesian contained three thousand) appropriated to the different baths, there were found there theatres, temples, amphitheatres, palaces, festive halls, vast open promenades planted with trees, schools frequented by youth, academies where learned persons assembled for discussion, and libraries to which every one might freely resort.

The most complete establishments contained numerous apartments devoted to the various processes connected with an elaborate system of bathing. The bather, after having undressed, was conducted into the *unctuarium*, where his body was freely anointed with strong oils; afterwards, in an adjoining apartment, it was covered with fine sand or powder. He now repaired to the *sphæristerium*, an immense hall or rotunda, in which he engaged in wrestling, or other gymnastic exercises calculated to develop physical power. When the locality admitted of it, the sphæristerium was uncovered, and exposed to the sun; or rather, in the best-appointed baths, there were two sphæristeria. The various games were continued until the sound of a bell announced that the vapour and hot-water baths were ready. To these the crowd of bathers now proceeded, each person taking his seat on a marble bench, placed below the surface of the water, around immense basins, wherein swimming might be executed when agreeable. While here, they diligently scraped the skin with a species of ivory or metal knife, termed a *strigilis*, by which they detached all impurities from the surface. The *tepidarium*, or tepid bath, and *frigidarium*, or cold bath, were finally employed for a short time, for the purpose of bracing the pores of the skin, relaxed by so long a proximity of moist heat. Before dressing, those who desired to employ perfumes again repaired to the unctuarium.

The baths belonging to private persons differed, of course, from those devoted to the service of the public, as each person followed his own taste in their construction. The same apartment sometimes served for various purposes; and the modifications of form, &c. were as numerous as those of the fortune and the luxurious taste of their proprietors. It was, indeed, the fashion to exhibit an almost insane luxury; and thus we find Pliny addressing severe reproaches to the ladies of his time, who covered the floor of their baths with silver.

The baths of the ancients, although usually built after a similar plan, yet offered a notable difference. At Rome, even in the most splendid establishments, the greater portion of the extent of the edifice was appropriated to baths, properly so called, which obtained for them the name of thermæ, from the Greek word *thermos*—heat. But with the Greeks the gymnasium occupied almost the entire structure, the bath itself being but of very limited dimensions. This difference exhibits the passion for bathing which seized the Romans towards the end of the republic, and continued to possess them until the fall of the empire.

At first, the public baths were only opened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and closed at five: the sick alone having a right to enter them at any time. Latterly, the emperors, wishing to conciliate the people by their favourite amusement, ordered the doors to be opened sooner, and closed later. Nero had them opened at twelve; Alexander Severus allowed the baths to be entered from the break of day, and even furnished, at his own expense, lamps and oil for lighting them. From that time the Romans may be said to have passed their lives at the baths. They frequently bathed twice a-day; and hot water constituted one of the indispensable elements of their existence. We must not, however, attribute this singular passion exclusively to fondness of bathing. The desire and hope of meeting with friends, of discussing the topics of the day, and passing the time agreeably, were no less powerful motives.

Pliny relates a fact which proves the singular jealousy with which the Romans regarded all relating to their baths. A statue of a bather, scraping himself with the strigilis, was placed in front of the thermæ of Agrippa. It was executed by Dysippus, and of such marvellous beauty, that Tiberius, who admired it more than any other statue in Rome, had it removed to his own bedchamber. The populace, unable to bear the deprivation, covered him with insults until he had restored it.

One of the greatest largesses an emperor could confer on the people, on an occasion of public rejoicing, was to decree gratuitous admission to the baths. So great was the passion prevailing for this pastime, that when Rome was labouring under fear, and mourning on account of frightful calamities which had afflicted her, Titus, in order to dissipate these, ordered the rapid construction of the thermæ and amphitheatre which bear his name.

Of all the Grecian people, the Lacedæmonians were the only ones in whom the gymnasia and baths were common to both sexes. The ancient Romans were far from following such an example, and carried modesty so far, as to consider it improper that a father should appear at the same bath with his son, or even son-in-law. Later, however, the corruption of manners made such progress, that in the reign of Domitian, women and men bathed pell-mell together. This custom, then generally adopted, was afterwards prohibited by Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius; again tolerated by Heliogabalus; and finally abolished by Alexander Severus.

The baths were frequented indiscriminately by persons of all ranks. The noblest and richest persons there found themselves mingled with the poorest plebeians. The following anecdote, related by Spartian, leaves no doubt upon this point. The Emperor Hadrian, he says, frequently bathed with a crowd of the people. One day he perceived an old soldier, who, having no person to cleanse his skin for him, contrived a substitute by rubbing his back against a wall. Hadrian, who had known him in the field, inquired why he did this. He replied, because he had no servant. The emperor immediately ordered him some slaves and a pension. The news of so benevolent an action, performed before so many witnesses, quickly spread into every part of Rome; and the next time Hadrian came to the public baths, several old men did not fail to be there

also, and endeavour, by the same means, to attract the notice and generosity of the prince. But the emperor, who had remarked the contrivance, far from treating them as he had done his old companion in arms, caused strigiles to be distributed to them, and ordered them to employ them by assisting each other.

It was not only the city upon the seven hills which contained public and private baths. They existed in all the towns of Italy, and in the palaces of nobles and freedmen. They were found also in all the Roman provinces. In our time even, it is easy to perceive the vestiges of the Roman thermæ in every country which formed a portion of the empire.

The greater number of these magnificent edifices, which, during the most illustrious period of the empire, had constituted the pride and delight of Rome, were destroyed by the Vandalism of the barbarian hordes. Those which were not pulled down were otherwise employed, or, being no longer repaired, gradually fell into ruin. Baths, which formed one of the requisites for the effeminate and luxurious life of the Romans, were, for the warrior and invading nations, mere means for the preservation of cleanliness. Thus the new conquerors were satisfied with taking a bath, as in the time of Scipio; and their slight taste for luxury never inspired them with the idea of erecting monuments resembling those which decorated the ancient city of the masters of the world. Utility and cleanliness were the only objects held in view in the construction of the thermæ, which were henceforth erected in Italy or the other countries of Europe. We find, by the 'Ephemerides Troyennes,' that baths were much frequented during the whole of the middle ages, until the sixteenth century—the epoch at which the use of linen became general. After giving a description of the ruins of the thermæ which remained at Troyes, Grosley adds, 'The barbarism of the middle ages not being able to attain magnificence, confined itself to the convenience of the public baths, and other establishments, which were erected in Europe. The idea was due to the Arabs, among whom the arts and sciences had found an asylum. The crusades and commerce had opened up to Europeans the countries which flourished under the rule of this people, and the natural taste for imitation did the rest. The vapour and public baths were, for a long period, as much frequented in Europe as they are at the present day in the Levant. People were attracted to them for the sake of health and cleanliness; but, above all, from the want of society felt by persons who saw little of each other except in these places. Some took water baths, others vapour baths; while several came only to gossip, comfortably protected from the cold. For these last, the baths were what the stoves of Germany, the *restaminets* of Holland, and the cafés of Paris, are to this day.' M. Marchangy, in his 'France in the Sixteenth Century,' says, 'It was only at the baths, at church, or in sickness, that women ever saw each other. The men also assembled at the baths, the barber's, the wine-shops, and the market-places. There were private baths in the hotels; and persons asked to dinner were at the same time invited to bathe.'

By St Foix's 'Historical Essays on Paris,' we find that the seigneurs and great ladies took a bath daily prior to dining, and that the citizens took several a-week. 'The use of vapour baths,' he says, 'was formerly as common in France, even among the common people, as it is, and has always been, in Greece and Asia. They went to them almost daily. St Rigobert caused baths to be built for the canons of his church, and supplied wood for heating them. Pope Adrian recommends the clergy of each parish to go to bathe, in procession, every Thursday, singing psalms the while.'

As in the times of the Roman emperors, the promiscuous assemblages of the two sexes leading to immoral conduct, gave rise to ordinances and statutes, which were not always strictly obeyed.

Although the increasing use of linen has much diminished the hygienic necessity of the bath, and has occasioned the ruin and neglect of the establishments of the middle ages, yet public establishments have not ceased in our times to become multiplied on every side—thanks to the salutary counsels of medicine, the progress of civilisation, and the amelioration of the material comforts of the masses. Thus there is not a street in Paris, of any importance, which does not contain several baths; and although we find new establishments springing up every day, all, in spite of the number and proximity of rivals, seem to increase and prosper, giving, as it were, the measure of the necessities of an intelligent and enlightened population. It is thus, by spreading through all ranks of society, that this usage has already produced the most satisfactory results as regards the public health; and, by its happy influence, has diminished, among others, the number and severity of the affections of the skin, which no longer, as heretofore, exhibit at every corner of the streets this disgusting aspect of human infirmities.

TO SLAY OR TO SAVE?

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'Well, I must say I was never more surprised than I have been to-day,' exclaimed Colonel Simmonds to his wife and daughter; 'and I am annoyed too; it is so disagreeable to lose a servant that knows what one likes.'

'You mean Pierce, I suppose?' said the lady.

'You have heard about it, have you?' replied the colonel, who had just come home from parade. 'I am sure I wish the old major had been alive again to plague me, rather than have left fifty pounds to be used for such a purpose. It would have taken a good many years, and no common luck, for Pierce to have *saved* enough to purchase his discharge.' And as he spoke, he dashed down his hat with a very undignified demonstration of ill temper.

'What, I wonder, could have induced him,' rejoined the lady, 'to leave such a legacy to a common soldier! If he had remembered one of the children, now, I could have understood it.'

'Oh, there is some story of Pierce having caught his horse almost at the moment it had thrown the major, and when he would inevitably have been dragged by the stirrup, and killed perhaps. It was a year or two ago, and I forget the particulars; but the major always took notice of him afterwards.'

'Then, I suppose, he is not a coward, as one would think he must be from his wishing to leave the army,' exclaimed Laura Simmonds, a young lady who had received only a superficial and class education—a misfortune not uncommon to the children of officers, who are constantly moving their families about with their regiments. In truth, her nature was as largely compounded of silliness and pertness as seemed compatible with the position of a gentlewoman. Hers, too, was that excessive pride of station which attaches itself, in a remarkable degree, to the families of military men, and shows how corroding to the best impulses of the heart, and to the dictates of common sense, must be those strong prejudices which, early implanted, petrify themselves into the character with the encouragement of years. She thought the greatest person in the world was a soldier, and the next degree of rank was to be the daughter of one.

Walter Pierce was one of those handsome, athletic, noble-looking men, of whose imposing appearance as a 'bold dragoon' the recruiting-sergeant is well aware. As a mere youth—which he was when he enlisted—he promised to be such. I do not know precisely under what circumstances the 'persuasive' sergeant succeeded in his endeavour. I never heard that at that early age Pierce had been driven to desperation by a disappointment in love; and as he has always been of temperate habits, it is not likely he enlisted in a fit of intoxication. Thus two of the story-tellers' favourite excuses are at once rejected. Probably he embraced a profession which, to his cost, he found bitterly unsuitable and uncongenial to his tastes and inclinations, from feelings and circumstances common enough. A fine character is seldom that which

is early developed; and, moreover, in youth it is often fatally ignorant of its own nature. At eighteen he might have been dazzled by the vain word 'glory,' and not have known how to distinguish between the false and the real; and he might not have surmised that he possessed energies and aspirations which could by no means be satisfied in the life he was adopting. Walter Pierce had been seven or eight years in the army at the time he is introduced to the reader; but though he bore the highest character, and had always been remarkably attentive to his duties, it is certain that, for a long time, he had cherished beyond every other earthly hope that of one day obtaining his discharge. Fortunately for his own peace, he had had the discretion to keep his wishes to himself, or he would soon have become equally unpopular both with his officers and comrades. Perhaps the 'old major' might have guessed something of the kind, for sympathy gives us great powers of discernment. At any rate, Pierce had agreed with avidity to the proposal his colonel had made some time back, that he should undertake certain duties of a servant—an arrangement common enough—for the sake of the additional money he should be able to save.

In more respects than one, this partial domestication of Pierce in the colonel's family had not been without its results. There was a certain waiting-maid, Fanny Brownlow by name, whose arch beauty and lively manners had made no slight impression on the heart of the soldier. Now Fanny was as useful to the ladies as Pierce had been to the colonel; and the silliest people, when urged by selfishness, become cunning. Accordingly, Miss Simmonds, entertaining a wholesome terror that the most tasteful dresser of hair, and skilful fashioner of dresses, might be lured from her to share the fortunes of Walter Pierce, seized with avidity the opportunity for ridiculing him, which his withdrawal from the army afforded; divining, perhaps by instinct, that even serious accusations, made in a straightforward manner, are generally less injurious to the party attacked than the shafts of ridicule, if ably directed. Events must show the result.

Although Walter Pierce had procured his discharge, and gone through all the formalities attending it, he lingered for several days in the neighbourhood of S——, where his regiment was quartered — and this notwithstanding his express determination of going to London without delay, that he might push his fortune in the metropolis. For three consecutive evenings he might have been seen sauntering up and down a certain shady lane, and pausing occasionally at a substantial stile, which had often been used as a seat by the weary. A stranger might have guessed he was expecting to meet some one there, and would not have been wrong. It was on the third evening, just as the August sun seemed gathering all the glory of the day towards the crimson and golden west, that the pretty Fanny walked leisurely down the lane, and gave Walter Pierce the meeting of which he was again almost despairing. He sprang eagerly forward the moment she came in sight, and all the warmth of the greeting was on his side. Fanny had dressed herself in some cast-off finery of her young mistress; for though she came to discard a some-time lover, her vanity prompted her to summon all her powers of fascination on the occasion. To tell the truth, however, the faded but smart bonnet, and the soiled silk dress, became her as little as did the affectation of manner she also assumed.

'I declare I did not know you, Mr Pierce,' she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand coldly and decidedly from his lingering grasp; 'you look so different in plain clothes.' And she scanned him from head to foot with a glance that seemed to say, 'It was the red coat after all; I wonder I could have seen anything in the man himself!'

'But my heart is the same, Fanny,' he replied, 'under the soldier's coat or the civilian's;' and his words had a more mournful tone than would have been prompted a few minutes before. Her altered manner had already begun its work.

'It is a very faint heart, at any rate,' said the pert girl with a sneer.

'It thought itself very bold just now,' sighed Walter; 'but I am afraid you are right. I have scarcely the courage left to speak the words I wished you to hear—or the pride,' he added after a moment's pause—'the pride to hide how much you have wounded me.'

Either really a *little* touched, or fearful she had bent the bow too much for her purpose, the coquette relaxed sufficiently to draw on the disclosure she desired; and Walter Pierce poured out his story with the natural eloquence of a true heart.

'I do not ask you,' he exclaimed, after confessing his attachment, 'to share my uncertain fortunes; I do not even ask you to pledge yourself to be mine. But I know that I have energies which, if properly directed, may raise me to some certain position. Then—then—if a year hence you still are free, and I have a prospect of competence from any honest employment, will you, Fanny, dear Fanny—will you give me some hope to lead me on, and cheer me through all my struggles?'

'I thought you had something of this kind to say,' replied she, withdrawing the hand which he had foolishly taken again. 'Honest employment indeed! I suppose you will turn a tailor or a tinker?'

'Well, theirs are both at least as useful, and therefore as honourable, occupations as that of the soldier. But I don't think it likely I shall become either.'

'However, it doesn't signify to me a bit,' continued the girl; 'I wouldn't marry any but a soldier—no, not for the world. And I can tell you I am not the only person you know who has a contempt for all others. Miss Laura says just the same.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Walter; 'and sorry at—at the mistake I have made.' There was a bitterness in his tone which, but for the sadness which mingled with it, might have seemed contemptuous. The vain and heartless girl felt that she was not altogether a conqueror; and when saying something about the lateness of the hour, and that she must return home, he made no objection to their walking in that direction, it is possible she would have given—what precious thing shall I say?—her smart bonnet to recall the past hour. To such characters as hers, either in high life or low, the repentance for having been deficient in tact is of a very keen sort.

I hope Walter Pierce is the most interesting person introduced to the reader; and yet we must not track his fortunes for a while so narrowly as those of the pretty waiting-maid and her mistress. He journeyed to London we know; and fortunately he was possessed of a little money, which enabled him to look about him, and not plunge, as so many have done from desperation, into an utterly unsuitable occupation. The discipline of the army had to a certain extent unfitted him for any very sedentary employment; but to a much greater degree did it disincline employers from engaging him. Yet he was aided in his career by high principle, and by that moral courage which would dare all things rather than betray it. It might be, too, that the taunts which had reached him in consequence of his withdrawal from the army, had caused him to examine his own heart, till well he knew there was no 'cowardice' there, no deficiency in the power alike of action and endurance—a power which would increase in proportion to the strength of the governing motive. That only is true courage which, seeing and understanding a danger, yet calmly braves it for the achievement of some noble object. How different from the meaner impulse which is often called by its name, but which only arises from ignorance and insensibility, in combination with selfish or angry feelings!

Surely there was some employment in London for which Walter Pierce was eminently fitted. Let us leave him to seek it.

The military predilections of the pretty Fanny induced her, a few months after Walter's departure, to bestow herself upon a 'dashing sergeant,' and enter upon all the honours and some of the trials of 'a soldier's wife.' And not long after this, her young mistress consoled herself for the loss of an efficient waiting-maid, skilful in hairdressing and divers toilet arrangements, by marrying a certain Captain Dormer, an officer belonging to a good

family, and the heir to a large property. Circumstances, however, were destined to bring mistress and servant again into something like their former relative positions, in a manner they had never expected.

Fanny's husband proved bad in the superlative degree; indulging in the curious variations of conduct and treatment by which a bad husband can make utterly miserable the woman he has sworn to love and cherish. Now, there are some natures—not the highest perhaps—which absolutely require a course of suffering to bring out the latent good of their characters, and poor Fanny belonged to this class. Vain, frivolous, and selfish, not till she had suffered herself did she learn to feel for others, and look at human life as it really is. She became a mother too, and this event developed yet more the better feelings of her heart; yet so completely did ill usage wear out any affection she might have entertained for her husband, that the circumstance of his being ordered to India, about two years after their marriage, was a source of rejoicing to her. She absolutely refused to accompany him, preferring to earn a subsistence in England in any capacity which might offer itself. Her old mistress, who had never lost sight of her favourite, was now in want of a servant for her child; and though Fanny's infant was somewhat of an obstacle to her taking a situation as domestic servant, it was one of those obstacles which strong inclination will overcome. It was arranged that Fanny's little one should be placed with a relative; while Mrs Dormer's attachment to her servant, the knowledge of her sorrows, and recollections of their early life, combined to procure her far more indulgence in respect to seeing her child frequently, than she could have expected from a stranger.

Mrs Dormer was scarcely less improved in heart and mind than her humble friend, though she had learned from a gentler teacher than suffering. Hers had been the great good fortune to marry a man of superior mind, who had had the penetration to discover the better qualities of her nature beneath the layer of prejudices and false impressions produced by a neglected education. After all, there is always great hope of correcting the errors of youth, which, I firmly believe, except in cases of natural incapacity or innate depravity, struggles towards the right, and only needs a helping hand to lead it on, instead of what it too often finds, the evil influence of sordid minds and narrow intellects, to lure it into the by-paths of selfish worldliness. In truth, it would not have been very easy to recognise, in the sobered minds and enlarged sympathies of the two young mothers, the selfish, thoughtless girls we first introduced.

Years passed swiftly away; news came often from the East; but, unfortunately, neither gunpowder nor a tropical sun has respect for persons, nor a discretionary power to spare valuable lives and sweep off the worthless. Fanny was still bound to a husband whom she hoped beyond all things never to see again. It might be that sometimes the thought would rise to her mind of how different her fate would have proved had she wedded her early lover; but fortune never threw him in her path, and she was completely ignorant of his fate.

The hitherto happy career of Mrs Dormer was not destined to remain unchequered. On the death of an aged relative, her husband prepared to take possession of a large landed property, to which he was heir, when, to his great dismay, a rival claimant appeared in the field. All the miseries, anxieties, and perplexities of litigation followed; and, in asserting their just rights, the Dormers became cruelly impoverished. Their establishment was reduced as much as possible; but Fanny, true to the better impulses of her heart, remained faithful through all, performing tripled duties upon reduced wages, as many an attached servant—to the honour of the class be it said—has done under similar circumstances. Touched by her fidelity and affection, Mrs Dormer proposed, after a while, receiving her child into the house. Among several children, she said, one other little mouth was not much to feed; but Fanny felt grateful, nevertheless, and with all her manifold labours, she was happier at this period than she had ever been.

After a struggle of three years' duration, the right triumphed, and Captain Dormer was put into possession of certain documents which secured to him the rich estates of his kinsman. With lightened hearts the family paid a visit to London, chiefly that Captain Dormer might arrange legal business, to do which his presence was indispensable. They drove to one of those sumptuous hotels where every comfort and luxury is to be obtained for money, intending the next day to seek a more permanent residence. Wearied by a fatiguing journey, the whole party retired early to rest; but their rest was to be fearfully broken. Just at that dead hour of the night when the sounds of revelry are over, and those of early labour have not commenced, they were aroused by a cry which, of all others, brings with it the greatest terror. 'Fire! fire!' burst upon their half-awakened senses; and starting simultaneously from their beds, they saw a lurid glare from the opposite wing of the building, and felt the suffocating smoke, which was rolling in huge waves towards them!

In a moment of awful agony like this, life, dear life, is the one thing thought of. Seizing the elder children by the hand, Mrs Dormer succeeded in making her way down stairs to a place of safety, whence kind-hearted strangers conducted them to a neighbouring house; and seeing that these dear ones were safe, Captain Dormer burst the door of his servant's room with one blow, and exclaiming, 'My child, my child!—follow me, and save yourself!' he snatched his own youngest one from the cot where it slept by Fanny's side. Fanny attempted to follow with her own child, now a girl of five or six years old, in her arms. But, alas! terror had paralysed her for a moment, and in that moment a wreath of smoke hid Captain Dormer from her sight. Strange as it may seem, the increased danger appeared to sharpen her faculties. She remembered having heard that in an extremity of this sort there is often a stratum of clear air near the ground, though even a few inches above it suffocation would be inevitable. Accordingly, she dragged herself and her child to the floor, and found that, by crawling on hands and knees, it was possible to breathe. The ascending smoke even permitted her to see the feet of chairs and tables, and a portion of the furniture, by which means she made some little advance towards the staircase, her piercing shrieks being heard the whole time above the din of the crowd and the blessed sound of the pouring water; for engines had arrived, and the ever-ready, all-helpful fire brigade!

The period of Fanny's absolute danger might be counted by seconds rather than minutes; and yet did it seem to her an eternity of agony; but at the moment when lingering hope was yielding to frantic despair, she saw a man's strongly-shod feet moving rapidly towards her, and the next instant felt herself and her child caught up by what seemed the arms of a Hercules! As he neared the street with his burden, the cheers of the crowd rose with a deafening shout; but her rescuer tottered on the steps; for, despite his 'smoke-proof' head-gear, he had suffered much; and as some of the bystanders almost tore it off him to afford him air, while others supported Fanny and her child, she recognised in her deliverer the not-to-be-forgotten features of Walter Pierce! He had indeed found an occupation for which, by his noble heart and dauntless courage, he was peculiarly fitted. High in the service of the fire-brigade, it was his to save instead of to slay, and to brave the most frightful death in endeavours to aid the helpless. Oh these true heroes—these brave-hearted men! Every thoughtful heart warms at the contemplation of their doings.

The first violence of the fire abated, and the lapping tongues of flame stayed in their devouring, there was time between thanksgiving for life spared to recognise and bewail the loss of property. Captain Dormer remembered with indescribable agony that a tin box, containing the papers which secured to him his inheritance, was either already consumed, or awaiting certain destruction. Once more Walter Pierce came to the rescue. He heard the description of the box, and was himself the one to draw Captain Dormer back when he was on the point of

rushing into the burning house; for he was a brave man as well as a doting father.

'I must do it,' he exclaimed, struggling with Pierce, 'or my children are beggars.'

'I will go, sir,' replied the other; 'I am a father, and can feel for you. But we are used to these scenes, and heed not the danger.'

So saying, he disappeared from Captain Dormer's sight; but all made way for one of the brigade; and a few minutes afterwards, a moment before the roof fell in, the cheers, not so loud as when life had been rescued, but still hearty cheers, announced that our hero was once more safe and successful.

It was a curious scene which took place the following day, when, in consequence of Captain Dormer's intreaty, Walter Pierce waited upon him at his temporary residence. As was natural, the conversation began by inquiries connected with the catastrophe (though nothing was known with regard to the origin of the fire beyond vague conjecture and imputed carelessness); but in a few minutes Mrs Dormer entered the room, anxious to join with her husband in grateful acknowledgments—having heard from Fanny to *whom* it was they were so much indebted. Though Walter Pierce was somewhat disfigured by the recent singeing of his hair, and a wide scar upon his cheek—the result of a wound received by a falling beam some months before—she recognised him in an instant, sooner even than he remembered her; and she felt that it was not enough to thank him with every expression that could emanate from deep-feeling for his heroic conduct, but to ask pardon for the slights she had put upon him in her girlish days. Prompted by her better feeling, she shook his hand warmly, and acknowledged her early faults, adding, 'There is another who is anxious to see you—one whom, with her only child, you saved last night. Fanny, come in,' she continued; for the trembling woman still paused at the door.

'Fanny! is it possible!' exclaimed Pierce. 'And it was you I saved! This is indeed happiness.'

Poor Fanny would have sunk to the ground, had not Mrs Dormer placed her in a chair.

'Yes, Fanny—dear Fanny, great happiness; for though we both are married—and I only hope you are as happy as I am—I have always thought of you with kindness and interest, and wished that we might meet again. I assure you I have often talked to my wife about my first love.'

'Your wife! And whom have you married!' exclaimed Fanny with some naïveté, and finding it impossible to repress the large amount of feminine curiosity she possessed.

'Why, mine is rather a romantic story,' replied Pierce; 'and if I should not be intruding it on the company, I will tell it as briefly as I can.'

A sign from Mrs Dormer, and exclamations from all, intreated him to proceed.

'I came to London an adventurer, as I think you know; and but a few weeks afterwards, while wandering about the streets one night—for my mind was too restless for me to be still—I had the opportunity of assisting to rescue the inmates of a house in which fire had suddenly burst forth. This put it into my thoughts to offer myself as a recruit for the brigade; and being neither faint of heart nor weak of limb, as I had proved, I was gladly accepted. I was promoted as rapidly as possible; and have, for the last three years, held an office of considerable trust in the corps. With regard to my marriage, it came about thus: I was happy enough to save the life of a tradesman's daughter, a beautiful young woman, and one who unites to a clear and cultivated intellect one of those gentle natures which are usually the greatest admirers of anything like daring courage. You see it was just an accident my saving her—nothing but in the routine of my duty—yet somehow neither she nor her father ever felt it so, nor can I to this day make them understand it. Well, it was what the world would call a match above a poor man; and had I not loved her very dearly—for you see they would invite me constantly, and give me the opportunity of falling in love—I never could have mastered my pride enough to woo her. But you guess the end of the story. We are the happiest couple in the world. I do not think the whole earth contains such another dear little wife; and she thinks, I believe, that the meanest man in the fire-brigade is greater than the generalissimo of the British army. But this perhaps is natural to one who well nigh perished in the smoke of a burning house.'

Perhaps the brave and somewhat blunt Walter Pierce did not think at the moment how peculiarly capable his 'first love' was just then of echoing the sentiments of his wife.

Pierce resolutely refused the roll of bank-notes Dormer strove to press upon him; but the captain managed, a week afterwards, to invest double the sum in the funds for the benefit of a little chubby infant, who took the name of Dormer Pierce.

MR BROOKE IN BORNEO.

MADE RAJAH OF SARĀWAK.

In a former article, we traced the progress of Mr Brooke from the time he entertained the idea of carrying commerce and civilisation into Borneo, to the conclusion of his first visit to Sarāwak, during which he had surveyed a considerable portion of the adjacent country, and acquired a knowledge of its produce and capabilities. We shall now follow him through his second and subsequent visits, which were signalised by the suppression of rebellion and piracy, and finally by his installation as rajah of Sarāwak, with a mixed community of Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese as his subjects.

In August 1840 Mr Brooke landed a second time at Sarāwak, and found his friend Muda Hassim still lingering there, while his forces were endeavouring to quell a rebellion among the Dyak tribes of the interior. The rajah's cause being just, and Mr Brooke feeling that no security could be given to commercial pursuits while the natives were in this distracted state, readily volunteered his assistance, and proceeded to the seat of war with part of his crew, properly equipped for the occasion. This rebellion, although it had continued for more than a year, seems to have been a very paltry affair, and one which a troop of British soldiers would have brought to an issue in a couple of days. The native tribes, though not destitute of personal courage, could never be brought to open conflict, their tactics consisting in taking each other rather by surprise than by valour, and in endeavouring to reduce to a capitulation by threats and blockade. For these purposes, they were continually planting stockade after stockade, and striving to cut off each other from supplies of food and water. Here is a graphic picture of their procedure:—'Dawn found us on the advance to our proper position. A thick fog concealed us, and in half an hour the people were on shore busy re-erecting our fort, less than a mile from two forts of the enemy, but concealed from them by a point of the river. No opposition was offered to us; and in a few hours a neat defence was completed from the debris of the former. The ground was cleared of jungle; piles driven in a square, about fifteen yards to each face, and the earth from the centre, scooped out and intermixed with layers of reeds, was heaped up about five feet high inside the piles. At the four corners were small watch-towers, and along the parapet of earth a narrow walk connecting them. In the centre space was a house crowded by the Chinese garrison, a few of whose harmless gingalls were stuck up at the angles, to intimidate rather than to wound. Whilst they laboured at the body of the defence, the Dyaks surrounded it by an outer-work, made of slight sticks run into the ground, with cross-binding of split bamboo, and bristling with a *chevaux de frise* (if it may be so styled) of sharpened bamboos about breast-high. The fastenings of the entire work were of rattan, which is found in plenty. It was commenced at 7 A.M., and finished about 3 P.M., showing how the fellows can get through business when they choose. This stockade, varying in

strength according to circumstances, is the usual defence of the Sambas Chinese. The Malays erect a simple and quicker-constructed protection by a few double uprights, filled in between with timber laid lengthwise, and supported by the uprights. Directly they are under cover, they begin to form the ranjows or sudas, which are formidable to naked feet, and stick them about their position. Above our station was a hill which entirely commanded both it and the river; to the top of which I mounted, and obtained an excellent view of the country around, including the enemy's forts and the town of Siniawan. A company of military might finish the war in a few hours, as these defences are most paltry, the strongest being the fort of Balidah, against which our *formidable* assault was to be levelled. It was situated at the water's edge, on a slight eminence on the right bank of the river, and a large house with a thatched roof, and a look-out house on the summit; a few swivels and a gun or two were in it, and around it a breastwork of wood—judging from a distance, about six or seven feet high. The other defences were more insignificant even than this; and the enemy's artillery amounted, by account, to three six-pounders and numerous swivels; from three hundred and fifty to five hundred men, about half of whom were armed with muskets, whilst the rest carried swords and spears. They were scattered in many forts, and had a town to defend, all of which increased their weakness. Their principal arm, however, consisted in the ranjows, which were stated to be stuck in every direction. These ranjows are made of bamboo, pointed fine, and stuck in the ground; and there are, besides, holes about three feet deep, filled with these spikes, and afterwards lightly covered, which are called patobong. Another obstacle consists of a spring formed by bending back a stiff cane with a sharp bamboo attached to it, which, fastened by a slight twine, flies forcibly against any object passing through the bush and brushing against it: they resemble the mole-traps of England. The Borneons have a great dread of these various snares, and the way they deal with them is by sending out parties of Dyaks during the night to clear the paths from such dangers.'

In this way the opposing parties went on stockading, till they were within parley, and then, like the heroes of old, they bullied each other. 'We are coming, we are coming,' exclaimed the rebels; 'lay aside your muskets, and fight us with swords.' 'Come on,' was the reply; 'we are building a stockade, and want to fight you.' And so the heroes ceased to talk, but forgot to fight, except that the rebels opened a fire from Balidah with swivels, all of which went over the tops of the trees. This mode of bullying and stockading at length exhausted the patience of Mr Brooke, who was, in reality, the commander-in-chief of the grand army, and he therefore insisted on carrying the town by storm. This, however, the native leaders regarded as little short of insanity: one talked of the loss of heads which such rashness would occasion, though only one man had yet fallen in the campaign; another talked of erecting forts in the surrounding trees, and 'puff, puffing' down into Balidah, accompanying the words 'puff, puff,' with expressive gestures of firing. None of them, however, would budge; and so Mr Brooke collected his artillery, and dropped down the river to Sarāwak. The rajah was so alarmed at this loss, that he offered a large tract of his territory if the English would only stay and assist him in this difficulty; he would accompany them in person, and see that Balidah was carried by assault, even should he fall in the attempt. Mr Brooke was thus induced again to equip part of his crew, and re-ascend the river—the rajah's brother, and not himself, accompanying the party. It was now a couple of months since he had left the seat of war, and when he arrived again, he found the grand army in a state of torpor—eating, drinking, and walking up to the forts daily; but having erected these imposing structures, and their appearance not driving the enemy away, they were at a loss what to do next, or how to proceed. On his arrival, he once more insisted on mounting the guns in their former positions, and assaulting Balidah under their fire—a measure which was only carried into effect under the overawing presence of the rajah's brother. By this means the enemy were driven from their citadel, and in a few days from the whole of their surrounding stockades; upon which they capitulated, in hopes of being spared through the interference of the English. And in this the reader will be glad to learn that Mr Brooke was successful, though not before he had actually made preparations to leave Sarāwak, and threatened to bid the reluctant rajah a final farewell.

Having thus put an end to the rebellion—which, paltry as it may appear to us, was in reality a source of great misery to the parties concerned, as their tedious tactics interrupt trade, and reduce all to a state of starvation—Mr Brooke next directed his attention to commercial negotiations with Muda Hassim. In these, after a visit with the Royalist to the sultan of Borneo, and a further survey of the country, he was eminently successful; so much so, indeed, that he obtained a right of free trading not only for the English and other people, but was offered the government of Sarāwak and surrounding district, the rajah contending that commerce could not be better carried on than under the superintendence of the individual who had made the proposal. Waiving the latter offer in the meantime, Mr Brooke set sail for Sincapore, with the view of obtaining a cargo of such wares as would be acceptable to the Borneons—expecting antimony ore, birds' nests, rattans, and other native produce in exchange. For this purpose he freighted the Swift, a small schooner of ninety tons, which, in company with the Royalist, entered the waters of the Sarāwak in May 1841. Here, however, his difficulties commenced—difficulties, disappointments, and breaches of faith which would have damped the ardour of any one less honest and cordial in his intentions. A house and wareroom had been promised him on his return: this was not even commenced: antimony ore, to the amount of 6000 peculs, was to be in readiness: scarcely a pound, however, was collected. This was unjust and ungenerous on the part of the rajah—naturally an indolent and weak-minded man, who had been tampered with by several of his pangerans. Nothing daunted, Mr Brooke landed his cargo, overhauled his vessels, and in the meantime urged his suit. He had brought to a happy conclusion a war that had baffled the rajah, and devastated the country for four years; he had, moreover, elevated him in the respect of his people; had reinstated him in favour (by the successful issue of the war) with his uncle, the sultan of Borneo; and for all this, was he to be duped and cheated? Besides, he had been assured of the rajah's protection and encouragement to commerce; had been promised a residence and cargo; nay, had been offered the government of the country—an offer which he rejected, seeing that it was made under the pressure of the war, and might have been thus regarded as other than a free and voluntary concession. To this reasoning Muda Hassim was all attention; admitted it in full; urged the disaffection of some of his pangerans; but promised immediate redress. Mr Brooke's residence was accordingly built, and part of the ore collected and shipped. But his cargo, which had been handed over to the rajah, and divided among his followers, was not yet one-fourth reimbursed; and what, under these circumstances, was he to do?

In this juncture, one cannot help admiring the patience, the fortitude, and knowledge of human nature which our hero displays. He resolves to despatch the Swift to Sincapore with what cargo she had obtained; to send off the Royalist, and dispose of her; and himself, with three or four faithful followers, to await the issue, trusting to reason and example over Muda Hassim, and willing to sacrifice all for the regeneration of a people not naturally evil-disposed, and of a country one of the most fertile in the world. But the services of the Royalist are required: pirate tribes threaten to

ascend the Sarāwak, and these must be repulsed. News reach him that the crews of certain shipwrecked English vessels are at Borneo in great distress, and that others are dispersed in slavery along the coast: these, God willing, must be released. The Royalist is therefore despatched on these missions of mercy, and Mr Brooke directs, encourages, and reforms at Sarāwak—the rajah and he having become sworn friends and brothers. During the absence of the Royalist Mr Brooke ascends several of the rivers, examines the country, hunts, makes the acquaintance of the native tribes, listens to their tales of distress, intercedes for them with Muda Hassim, and in almost every case is successful. At length the Royalist arrives, having released the shipwrecked captives—Sarāwak is visited by a steamer from Sincapore—and everything tends favourably to strengthen the position of our philanthropic countryman. Passing, therefore, over many interesting visits to the interior, and descriptions of native customs, as well as over much preliminary diplomacy, we come at last to the cessation of Sarāwak—a district sixty miles coastwise, and about fifty in average breadth—in perpetuity to Mr Brooke, who was consequently installed 'rajah,' with the customary native ceremonies, on the 1st of August 1842.

Our space will not permit us to detail the wise and benevolent laws which Mr Brooke promulgated on the occasion; suffice it to state that, respecting as far as possible the native customs, his endeavour was to establish liberty to all, free right to labour and its produce, equal justice to the poorest Dyak and most powerful Malay, and a fixed taxation instead of arbitrary and overreaching avarice. Under these circumstances, he thus journalises on the 1st of January 1843:—'Another year past and gone; a year, with all its anxieties, its troubles, its dangers, upon which I can look back with satisfaction—a year in which I have been usefully employed in doing good to others. Since I last wrote, the Dyaks have been quiet, settled, and improving; the Chinese advancing towards prosperity; and the Sarāwak people wonderfully contented and industrious, relieved from oppression, and fields of labour allowed them. Justice I have executed with an unflinching hand; and the amount of crime is certainly small—the petty swindling very great.

'I have nothing to say about the country, except that I have given Pangeran Macota orders to leave, which he is obeying in as far as preparing his boat; and I hope that in six weeks we shall be rid of his cunning and diabolically-intriguing presence. The Rajah Muda Hassim, his brothers, and the tag-rag following, I also hope soon to be rid of; for although they behave far better than they did at first, it is an evil to have wheel within wheel; and these young rajahs of course expect, and are accustomed to, a license which I will not allow. Budrudeen is an exception—a striking and wonderful instance of the force of good sense over evil education. The rest of the people go on well; the time revolves quietly; and the Dyaks, as well as the Malays and Chinese, enjoy the inestimable blessings of peace and security. At intervals a cloud threatens the serenity of our political atmosphere; but it speedily blows over. However, all is well and safe; so safe, that I have resolved to proceed in person to Sincapore.

'My motives for going are various; but I hope to do good, to excite interest, and make friends; and I can find no season like the present for my absence. It is now two years since I left Sincapore, "the boundary of civilisation." I have been out of the civilised world, living in a demi-civilised state, peaceably, innocently, and usefully.'

Having visited Sincapore in the spring of 1843—where, no doubt, he represented the capabilities of his acquired country, and the commercial advantages likely to accrue from it, as well as the difficulties which would be experienced so long as piracy was suffered to prevail in the Indian Archipelago—we find him returning to Sarāwak on board her majesty's ship Dido, commanded by the Hon. Captain Keppel. This vessel had been ordered to visit Borneo and the adjacent islands, for the suppression of piracy—a mission which, in the course of a few months, she had so far fulfilled, that every piratical stronghold on the north coast was annihilated, and the ruffianly hordes dispersed. We cannot follow Captain Keppel in his spirited account of his rencontres with the pirates; but the following extract from Mr Brooke's journal will afford some idea of the nature and character of a piratical fleet; for in the East piracy is not a single effort, but a system of sea-life not unlike that of the old Scandinavian rovers:—'In the evening I pulled through the fleet, and inspected several of the largest prahus. The entire force consisted of eighteen boats; namely, three Malukus and fifteen Illanuns: the smallest of these boats carried thirty men, the largest (they are mostly large) upwards of a hundred; so that, at a moderate computation, the number of fighting men might be reckoned at from five to six hundred. The Illanun expedition had been absent from Magindano upwards of three years, during which time they had cruised amongst the Moluccas and islands to the eastward, had haunted Boni Bay and Celebes, and beat up the Straits of Makassar. Many of their boats, however, being worn out, they had fitted out Bugis prize prahus, and were now on their return home. They had recently attacked one of the Tambelan islands, and had been repulsed; and report said they intended a descent upon Sirhassan, one of the southern Natunas group. These large prahus are too heavy to pull well, though they carry thirty, forty, and even fifty oars: their armament is one or two six-pounders in the bow, one four-pounder stern-chaser, and a number of swivels, besides musketry, spears, and swords. The boat is divided into three sections, and fortified with strong planks, one behind the bow, one amidships, and one astern, to protect the steersman. The women and children are crammed down below, where the unhappy prisoners are likewise stowed away during an action. Their principal plan is boarding a vessel, if possible, and carrying her by numbers; and certainly if a merchantman fired ill, she would inevitably be taken; but with grape and canister fairly directed, the slaughter would be so great, that they would be glad to sheer off before they neared a vessel. This is, of course, supposing a calm; for in a breeze they would never have the hardihood to venture far from land with a ship in sight, and would be sorry to be caught at a distance. Their internal constitution is as follows:—One chief, a man usually of rank, commands the whole fleet; each boat has her captain, and generally from five to ten of his relations, free men; the rest, amounting to above four-fifths, are slaves, more or less forced to pursue this course of life. They have, however, the right of plunder, which is indiscriminate, with certain exceptions; namely, slaves, guns, money, or any other heavy articles, together with the very finest description of silks and cloths, belonging to the chiefs and free men; and the rest obey the rule of "first come, first served." No doubt the slaves become attached to this predatory course of life: but it must always be remembered that they are slaves, and have no option; and it appears to me that, in the operation of our laws, some distinction ought to be drawn on this account, to suit the circumstances of the case. The datus, or chiefs, are incorrigible; for they are pirates by descent, robbers from pride as well as taste, and they look upon the occupation as the most honourable hereditary pursuit. They are indifferent to blood, fond of plunder, but fondest of slaves: they despise trade, though its profits be greater; and, as I have said, they look upon this as their "calling," and the noblest occupation of chiefs and free men. Their swords they show with boasts, as having belonged to their ancestors, who were pirates, renowned and terrible in their day; and they always speak of their ancestral heir-loom as decayed from its pristine vigour, but still the wielding of it as the highest of earthly existences. That it is, in

reality, the most accursed, there can be no doubt; for its chief support are slaves they capture on the different coasts. If they attack an island, the women and children, and as many of the young men as they require, are carried off. Every boat they take furnishes its quota of slaves; and when they have a *full cargo*, they quit that coast or country, and visit another, in order to dispose of their human spoil to the best advantage.'

Since the expedition of the Dido, other war-vessels have cruised in the Asiatic Archipelago—all tending to suppress piracy, and encourage native trade and commerce. The island of Labuan, off Borneo, has been ceded to England, and Mr Brooke appointed agent for the British government—an appointment which confers on him additional power and influence. Thus, in the course of five short years, has a complete revolution been worked in one of the fairest portions of our globe, and a new and better system of things been established, all through the enlightened and philanthropic energy of a single individual—showing how much can really be accomplished when an honest, cordial, and unselfish nature is engaged in a holy cause. We regard the proceedings of Mr Brooke as the commencement of a new era in the history of the Indian Archipelago—an era which, under the favour of more enlightened views at home, is yet destined to realise all that was planned and propounded by his model and prototype, Sir Stamford Raffles.

JOTTINGS FROM HUME'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

A work in two large volumes on the life of an eminent philosopher, is not fit subject for treatment in these pages. We merely propose—with a general acknowledgment of the industry, judgment, and good taste of the author—to run trippingly over a few of the more lively and appreciable points of his work, aiming rather to amuse an idle half hour for our readers, than to afford them an insight into the recesses of a profound subject.

It will be new to the public at large, that David Hume was ever in love, or ever wrote poetry; but Mr Burton brings forward evidence for both conclusions. The following is a specimen of his verses—written to a lady who expressed a suspicion that the friendship of men to her sex always concealed a more dangerous passion:—

'Hang, my lyre, upon the willow,
Sigh to winds thy notes forlorn,
Or along the foaming billow,
Float, the wrecking tempest's scorn.

Airs no more thy warbling raises,
Such as Laura deigns approve;
Laura scorns her poet's praises;
Artless friendship—calls it love.

Impious love, that, spurning duty,
Spurning nature's chastest ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports with fallen virtue's sighs.

Call it love no more, profaning
Truth with dark suspicion's wound;
Or, if still the term retaining,
Change the sense, preserve the sound.

Yes, 'tis love, that name is given,
Angels, to your purest flames;
Such a love as merits heaven,
Heaven's divinest image claims.'

Perhaps the love of Mr Hume rarely or never exceeded these very spiritual limits. As not irrelevant to the subject, we may cite a passage from a letter, written in 1748, in which he gives an account of the love affair of another intellectual person—*Pope's* Earl of Marchmont.

'Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was at the play, where he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, air, and manner, made such a powerful and wonderful effect upon him, as was visible to every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that everybody took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crompton, a linen-draper's daughter, that had been bankrupt last year, and had not been able to pay above five shillings in the pound. The fair nymph herself was about sixteen or seventeen, and being supported by some relations, appeared in every public place, and had fatigued every eye but that of his lordship, which, being entirely employed in the severer studies, had never till that fatal moment opened upon her charms. Such and so powerful was their effect, as to be able to justify all the Pharamonds and Cyruses in their utmost extravagances. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring leave to visit his daughter on honourable terms; and in a few days she will be Countess of Marchmont.* All this is certainly true. They say many small fevers prevent a great one. Heaven be praised that I have always liked the persons and company of the fair sex! for by that means I hope to escape such ridiculous passions. But could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Artamenes, an Oroondates?'

Somewhat later (1751), he has to tell a lady friend (Mrs Dysart) that his elder brother, the laird of Ninewells, is married, and that he and his sister will consequently have to quit the paternal mansion. We give some droll passages of the letter:—'Our friend at last plucked up a resolution, and has ventured on that dangerous encounter. He went off on Monday morning; and this is the first action of his life wherein he has engaged himself, without being able to compute exactly the consequences. But what arithmetic will serve to fix the proportion between good and bad wives, and rate the different classes of each? Sir Isaac Newton himself, who could measure the course of the planets, and weigh the earth as in a pair of scales—even he had not algebra enough to reduce that amiable part of our species to a just equation; and they are the only heavenly bodies whose orbits are as yet uncertain. * * Since my brother's departure, Katty and I have been computing in our turn, and the result of our deliberation is, that we are to take up house in Berwick; where, if arithmetic and frugality don't deceive us (and they are pretty certain arts), we shall be able, after providing for hunger, warmth, and cleanliness, to keep a stock in reserve, which we may afterwards turn either to the purposes of hoarding, luxury, or charity. * * My compliments to his solicitorship.† Unfortunately I have not a horse at present to carry my fat carcase to pay its respects to his superior obesity. But if he finds travelling requisite either for his health or the captain's, we shall be glad to entertain him here, as long as we can do it at another's expense; in hopes we shall soon be able to do it at our own.

'Pray tell the solicitor that I have been reading lately, in an old author called Strabo, that in some cities of ancient Gaul there was a fixed legal standard established for corpulency; and that the senate kept a measure, beyond which, if any belly presumed to increase, the proprietor of that belly was obliged to pay a fine to the public, proportionable to its rotundity. Ill would it fare with his worship and I if such a law should pass our parliament; for I am afraid we are already got beyond the statute.

'I wonder, indeed, no harpy of the treasury has ever thought of this method of raising money. Taxes on luxury are always most approved of; and no one will say that the carrying about a portly belly is of any use

* Life and Correspondence of David Hume, from the papers bequeathed by his nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other original sources. By John Hill Burton, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Tait. 1846.

* The marriage took place accordingly on the day following the date of the letter; namely, 30th January. She was the second wife of Lord Marchmont; his first countess, whose name was Western, having died on 9th May of the previous year.

† Alexander Home, solicitor-general for Scotland.

or necessity. 'Tis a mere superfluous ornament; and is a proof, too, that its proprietor enjoys greater plenty than he puts to a good use; and therefore 'tis fit to reduce him to a level with his fellow-subjects, by taxes and impositions.

'As the lean people are the most active, unquiet, and ambitious, they everywhere govern the world, and may certainly oppress their antagonists whenever they please. Heaven forbid that Whig and Tory should ever be abolished; for then the nation might be split into fat and lean; and our faction, I am afraid, would be in piteous taking. The only comfort is, if they oppressed us very much, we should at last change sides with them.'

It appears that his housekeeping, after all, began two years later in Edinburgh, where he had procured the situation of keeper of the Advocates' Library, with a salary of forty pounds a-year. 'I shall exult and triumph to you a little,' he says to Dr Clephane, 'that I have now at last—being turned of forty, to my own honour, to that of learning, and to that of the present age—arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family; consisting of a head, namely, myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you have more? Independence?—I have it in a supreme degree. Honour?—that is not altogether wanting. Grace?—that will come in time. A wife?—that is none of the indispensable requisites of life. Books?—that *is* one of them, and I have more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of, in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied.' The scene of this singular contentment was 'Riddel's Land, Lawnmarket,' probably a portion of a floor of one of those lofty composite houses which abound in Edinburgh. But Hume was more than an easily-satisfied man. He had a true independence of spirit, directing him, in narrow circumstances, to be a burden to no one; and though needful of means, and possessed of talents for many profitable drudgeries, he so loved letters, that for their sake he could endure any degree of poverty.

When our philosopher had a thousand pounds, he thought himself independent. In 1756, when forty-five years of age, and after the first volume of his history of England had appeared, he plumed himself on having a fortune of L.1600, producing, at five per cent., the pay of two French captains. But these traits of scholarly simplicity are nothing to what we hear of his friend Wilkie, a clerical poet, who, when assistant minister of Ratho, had twenty pounds a-year, and 'could not conceive what article, either of human conveniency or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money.' This man, who was immensely erudite, had originally been a farmer. 'Two or three years ago,' says Hume, 'Jemmy Russel put a very pleasant trick on an English physician, one Dr Roebuck, who was travelling in this country. Russel carried him out one day on horseback to see the outlets of the town, and purposely led him by Wilkie's farm. He saw the bard at a small distance, sowing his corn, with a sheet about him, all besmeared with dirt and sweat, with a coat and visage entirely proportioned to his occupation. Russel says to his companion, "Here is a fellow, a peasant, with whom I have some business: let us call him." He made a sign, and Wilkie came to them. Some questions were asked him with regard to the season, to his farm and husbandry, which he readily answered; but soon took an opportunity of digressing to the Greek poets, and enlarging on that branch of literature. Dr Roebuck, who had scarce understood his rustic English, or rather his broad Scotch, immediately comprehended him, for his Greek was admirable; and on leaving him, he could not forbear expressing the highest admiration to Russel, that a clown, a rustic, a mere hind—such as he saw this fellow was—should be possessed of so much erudition. "Is it usual," says he, "for your peasants in Scotland to read the Greek poets?" "Oh yes," replies Russel very coolly; "we have long winter evenings; and in what can they employ themselves better than in reading the Greek poets?" Roebuck left the country in a full persuasion that there are at least a dozen farmers in every parish who read Homer, Hesiod, and Sophocles every winter evening to their families; and if ever he writes an account of his travels, it is likely he will not omit so curious a circumstance.'

It is interesting to find Hume, after several blazing years of *lionization* at Paris, and acting there for a time as the British ambassador, returning (1769) to his little mansion in James's Court, Edinburgh, and joining once more in the homely and familiar society of his old friends. He thus addresses his friend Adam Smith, who was then composing his treatise on the Wealth of Nations in an equally humble mansion at Kirkaldy. The letter gives an odd idea of the difficulties which then beset a ferry, now traversed hourly by well-appointed steamers. 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkaldy from my windows; but as I wish also to be within speaking terms of you, I wish we could concert measures for that purpose. I am mortally sick at sea, and regard with horror, and a kind of hydrophobia, the great gulf* that lies between us. I am also tired of travelling, as much as you ought naturally to be of staying at home. I therefore propose to you to come hither and pass some days with me in this solitude. I want to know what you have been doing; and propose to exact a rigorous account of the method in which you have employed yourself during your retreat. I am positive you are in the wrong in many of your speculations, especially where you have the misfortune to differ from me. All these are reasons for our meeting, and I wish you would make me some reasonable proposal for that purpose. There is no habitation on the island of Inchkeith, otherwise I should challenge you to meet me on that spot, and neither of us ever to leave the place till we were fully agreed on all points of controversy. I expect General Conway here to-morrow, whom I shall attend to Roseneath, and I shall remain there a few days. On my return, I expect to find a letter from you, containing a bold acceptance of this defiance.'

To Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, grandfather of the present Earl of Minto, he thus playfully details some of his studies at this time:—'I have been settled here two months, and am here body and soul, without casting the least thought of regret to London, or even to Paris. I think it improbable that I shall ever in my life cross the Tweed, except, perhaps, a jaunt to the north of England for health or amusement. I live still, and must for a twelvemonth, in my old house in James's Court, which is very cheerful, and even elegant, but too small to display my great talent for cookery, the science to which I intend to addict the remaining years of my life! I have just now lying on the table before me a receipt for making *soupe à la reine*, copied with my own hand: for beef and cabbage (a charming dish), and old mutton, and old claret, nobody excels me. I make also sheep-head broth in a manner that Mr Keith speaks of it for eight days after; and the Duc de Nivernois would bind himself apprentice to my lass to learn it. I have already sent a challenge to David Moncreif: you will see that in a twelvemonth he will take to the writing of history, the field I have deserted; for, as to the giving of dinners, he can now have no further pretensions. I should have made a very bad use of my abode in Paris, if I could not get the better of a mere provincial like him. All my friends encourage me in this ambition, as thinking it will redound very much to my honour.'

Here it may be pertinent to introduce the following remarks of the author:—'The impression of Hume's

* The Firth of Forth.

character, acquired by one who has sought it in the tenor of his works, and the history of his literary career, is quite different from that which we derive from those who knew him, and were connected with the social circle in which he lived. The former is solitary, self-relying, and unimpressible even to sternness; the latter is good, easy, simple, social, and amenable to the sway of gentle impulses. These two representations are not without a harmony of principle. In all serious matters, in his projects of literary ambition, in the philosophy he taught mankind, in all that was to connect him with posterity and the intellectual destiny of the human race, he was resolute and uncompromising. But the exhibition of his strength was reserved for the arena of his triumphs; and in domestic and social intercourse he put aside his helmet, with its nodding plumes; feeling that the intellectual exhibitions suited for *that* sphere, should spring from whatever Nature had bestowed on him of sweet, and peaceful, and kind—whatever was fitted to drive rancour or angry emulation from the bosom, and to render life delightful. Hence to appear in the social circle as an intellectual gladiator, does not appear to have been his wish; he was content if he gave himself and others pleasure.' On the same point we have some memoranda from the late Chief Commissioner Adam, who had known Hume in his boyhood:—'In all the intercourse of life, and in all he said, and wrote, and did, when not employed in his unnecessary metaphysical scepticism (well-named by a friend of mine intellectual rope-dancing), he was innocent, playful, and moral, and most natural in his conversation: equally pleasing and instructive to the young and old of both sexes. He could bring himself down, without effort, to the most familiar playfulness with young persons; and particularly delighted in the conversation of youthful females.

'Mr Hume was one of our constant visitors, making, as was the custom of those days, tea-time the hour of calling. In the summer he would often stroll to my father's beautiful villa of North Merchiston. On one occasion—I was then a boy of thirteen—he, missing my mother, made his tea-drinking good with two or three young ladies of eighteen or nineteen (his acquaintances), who were my mother's guests. I recollect perfectly how agreeably he talked to them; and my recollection has been rendered permanent by an occurrence which caused some mirth and no mischief. When the philosopher was amusing himself in conversation with the young ladies, the chair began to give way under him, and gradually brought him to the floor. The damsels were both alarmed and amused, when Mr Hume, recovering himself, and getting upon his legs, said in his broad Scotch tone, but in English words (for he never used Scotch), "Young ladies, you must tell Mr Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers."'

SUMNER'S PEACE ORATION.

The 4th of July has been set apart by the people of the United States as a national holiday, in commemoration of the achievement of their political independence, and is in some parts of the country signalised by public assemblages, at which an oration of a patriotic kind is delivered. On the last occasion of this anniversary in the city of Boston, the customary oration was delivered to a large audience by Charles Sumner, an American-born citizen; and, to the surprise of all present, it consisted of a fearless denunciation of war, on general grounds, as well as in special reference to its fatal encouragement by the citizens of the United States. The satisfaction with which the address inspired the local authorities having led to its publication, under the title of the 'True Grandeur of Nations,' copies have reached England, and a pamphlet, purporting to be extracts from the original, has been just issued by the committee of the Liverpool Peace Society.

Those living remote from large towns in Great Britain, are probably not aware that latterly, in various places, there has been a considerable, though not obtrusive movement, against the principle and practice of war, and in favour of universal peace. Observing with pleasure the daily progress of humane sentiment, we can have little hesitation in saying that this anti-war movement is likely to increase in volume and power, and, in the long run, to be effectual for its object. To all who feel interested in the great destinies of our race, such a movement will be cheering in no ordinary degree, and everything which marks its progress must be to them a matter of the deepest concern. Desirous of aiding, however feebly, a cause so grand and momentous, we beg to make our readers acquainted with the oration of Mr Sumner, which for taste, eloquence, and scholarship, as well as for fearless intrepidity, has been rarely equalled in modern harangues. Mr Sumner states, in commencing, that he does not propose to pass judgment on the wars in which his country has already been engaged. On each occasion the people acted in accordance with the notions in which they had been educated; but now they are able to recognise the supremacy of the moral faculties, and to despise an appeal to brute force for the settlement of their quarrels. 'In *our* age,' he proceeds, 'there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable. The true honour of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment, vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor, and alone worthy of honour, who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honour in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honour, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, "The world does not know its greatest men;" for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing. It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the honours of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax, the images of war; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories; and selected for his playthings the plume and the sword. The child is father to the man; and who can weigh the influence of these early impressions on the opinions of later years? The mind which trains the child is like the hand which commands the end of a long lever; a gentle effort at that time suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth, he is fed, like Achilles, not only on honey and milk, but on bear's flesh and lion's marrow. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields have been moistened by human blood. And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the highest prizes of honour. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul swells at the thought that he also is a soldier; that his name shall be entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country;

and perhaps he dreams that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave.'

With regard to the character of war, it is clearly an attempt, on the part of two nations, to overpower each other by force. 'Reason, and the divine part of our nature, in which alone we differ from the beasts; in which alone we approach the Divinity; in which alone are the elements of justice, the professed object of war, are dethroned. It is, in short, a temporary adoption, by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion's paw, to hold an asserted right. This character of war is somewhat disguised, in more recent days, by the skill and knowledge which it employs; it is, however, still the same, made more destructive by the genius and intellect which have been degraded to its servants. The early poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened, in their rage, to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection.' Modern literature is full of many such allusions.

The orator considers the consequences of a resort to this brute force in the pursuit of justice. 'The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations, and every individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries—the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace—would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes, to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse, which have become woven into a thick web, would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters which each fortnight are speeded from this port alone across the sea, could no longer be sent; and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation?' But this is nothing in comparison to the scenes of horror caused by war. 'At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, gray hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called "a glorious exploit." This was a conquest by the French. At a later day, Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued, in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated, the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged, fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city, and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored; and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced [by Alison] "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian [Napier]: "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled! The wounded were then looked to—the dead disposed of."'

After some further illustrations of the same kind, Mr Sumner refers to the terrific sufferings of Genoa at the close of last century. 'In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French Republic, which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled, with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian general on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbour, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbour is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce, scarcity sharpens into want, till full famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinnys. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noonday—the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas, and almonds, are ground by hand-mills into flour; and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for 32 cents [1s. 4d.]; a pound of bran for 30 cents [1s. 3d.]; a pound of flour, 1 dollar 75 cents [about 6s. 6d.]. A single bean is soon sold for four cents [2d.]; and a biscuit of three ounces for 2 dollars 25 cents [about 10s. 6d.]; and finally none are to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats, and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still, from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs—monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain, enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese, and a few vegetables, are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded—those sacred stipendiaries upon human charity. Men and women in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions, and contortions, gasping their last breath on the unpitying stones of the streets. Alas! not more unpitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to protect—the orphans of an hour—with piercing cries seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes, and devour the leather of their pouches; and the horror of human flesh has so far abated, that numbers feed, like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead. At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honours of war;" but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy.'

Our next extract will refer to a branch of the subject which may be said to lie at the basis of the whole question. We allude to a selfish or exaggerated love of country. Exclusive love for the land of our birth is

not less irrational than immoral. 'It has been a part of the policy of rulers to encourage this exclusive patriotism; and the people of modern times have each inherited the feeling of antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is in a condition to reproach the other with this patriotic selfishness. All are selfish. Among us, the sentiment has become active, while it has derived new force from the point with which it has been expressed. An officer of our navy, one of the so-called heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, has gone beyond all Greek, all Roman example. "Our country, *be she right or wrong!*" was his exclamation; a sentiment dethroning God, and enthroning the devil, whose flagitious character should be rebuked by every honest heart. "Our country, our whole country, and *nothing but our country!*" are other words, which have often been painted on banners, and echoed by the voices of innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish, would be this life, if *nothing but our country* occupied our souls; if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that spot of earth where we have been placed by the accident of birth.

'I do not inculcate an indifference to country. We incline, by a natural sentiment, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes, in indelible colours, all these things upon the heart of man; so that, in the dread extremities of death, he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its nature, and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb the whole character. In the moral night which has enveloped the world, each nation thus far has lived ignorant and careless, to much extent, of the interests of others, which it imperfectly saw; but this thick darkness has now been scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are other nations, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

'Viewing, then, the different people on the globe as all deriving their blood from a common source, and separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers, and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country, we must regard all the children of the earth as members of the great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than civil war. It will be in vain that we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single state. The muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy which has been profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce *all war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.*'

Having employed various arguments to show the folly and crime of war, he observes that there is still one more consideration, yielding to none of the others in importance—that of the enormous cost of actual warfare, as well as of the preparations for war in time of peace. The summary which he presents on this head is exceedingly striking; but instructive as it is, we must necessarily give it in a condensed form; and, for the sake of clearness, shall turn his calculations by dollars into sterling money.

'According to the most recent tables, the public debt of the different European states amounts to *one billion three hundred and thirty millions six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds*—all the growth of war. It is said that there are, throughout these states, seventeen millions nine hundred thousand paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them L.78, 2s. 6d.—a sum which would place all above want.'

Excessive as are the burdens imposed on European nations by war debts and current war expenditure, it appears that the proportion of outlay on war is much greater in the United States—a fact which will astonish a number of our readers. 'Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States in the scale of the nations for military preparations in time of peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of government: in Austria, as 33 per cent.; in France, as 38 per cent.; in Prussia, as 44 per cent.; in Great Britain, as 74 per cent.; in the United States, as 80 per cent.!

'By a table of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the public debt, it appears that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present government in 1789 down to 1843, there has been spent the enormous sum of *seventeen hundred and thirty-five millions* of dollars (L.361,458,333)—a sum beyond the conception of human faculties—sunk, under the sanction of the government of the United States, in mere *peaceful preparations for war;* more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever!'

Mr Sumner seems to be very properly aware, that of such statements the mind fails to take any adequate grasp. The idea of hundreds of millions of money is apparently beyond ordinary comprehension; and to this fact is perhaps, in no small degree, owing the heedlessness as to war expenses. In order, therefore, to bring the matter more clearly before his auditors, the orator refers to the comparative cost of certain venerable and useful institutions, and that of a war-vessel lying at anchor in the harbour of Boston. He refers first to the Harvard university, the oldest institution of the kind in the states, 'the most important seat of learning in the land; possessing the oldest and most valuable library, one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history; a school of law, which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names have become among the most valuable possessions of the land; a school of divinity, the nurse of true learning and piety; one of the largest and most flourishing schools of medicine in the country: besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe where science, learning, and taste are cherished. It appears, from the last report of the treasurer, that the whole available property of the university—the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity—amounts to 703,175 dollars (L.152,354, 4s. 2d.). There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbour, a ship of the line—the Ohio—carrying ninety guns, costing, with its armament, 834,845 dollars (L.180,049, 15s.); more than 100,000 dollars beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land.

'Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the university during the last year, for the general purposes of the college, the instruction of the under-graduates, and for the schools of law and divinity, amounts to 45,949 dollars (L.9535, 9s.). The cost of the Ohio for one year in service—in salaries, wages, and provisions—is 220,000 dollars (L.47,666, 13s.), being 175,000 dollars (L.38,131, 4s.) more than the annual expenditures of the university; more than *four times* as much. In other words, for the annual sum which is lavished on one ship of the line,

four institutions like Harvard university might be sustained throughout the country! Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the captain of a ship like the Ohio is 4500 dollars (L.970) when in service, 3500 dollars (L.753, 6s. 8d.) when on leave of absence or off duty. The salary of the president of the Harvard university is 2205 dollars (L.477, 15s.), without leave of absence, and never being off duty.'

Passing over numerous arguments proving the unchristian character of war, we arrive at the orator's exposition of the remedy for this universal disease. 'In nearly every instance, war fails to secure the rights for which arms were taken up. Each party, as the war proceeds, becomes tired of the contest; and the affair generally ends by leaving the matter in dispute where it stood at the outset. Thus, the last war with the United States and Britain was utterly fruitless in any result but loss on both sides. It being impossible to obtain justice by war, what is the alternative? The various modes which have been proposed for the termination of disputes between nations, are negotiation, arbitration, mediation, and a congress of nations; all of them practicable, and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a necessity: and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations!'

We heartily wish that Mr Sumner may be able to impress these considerations on the minds of his countrymen, who at the present moment seem little disposed to consign national disputes to just and peaceful arbitration.

FUNERAL-FANCYING DOG.

My attention was recently taken up by reading in *Chambers's Miscellany* a very interesting article, entitled 'Anecdotes of Dogs;' and the instances adduced by the writer of the personal attachment, fidelity, educability, sagacity, benevolence, and eccentricities of dogs, are highly amusing and surprising. I was particularly struck with an account given of a dog which, a few years ago, attended all the fires that occurred in London, as forming a very close resemblance to a dog which I knew, a few years ago, belonging to Mr Henderson, late post-master, Fort-William, which attended every funeral that took place in that village and neighbourhood. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance. He was a rough, thick-set, stout little animal—a cross between a cocker and a terrier. His master taught him nothing, nor seemed to take much notice of him. Gilliemor was his name, and a sulky, surly little fellow he was, as all the urchins who used to play about the post-office could testify; for he had a mortal hatred to their noise, as he had also to beggars, at whom he would bark and snap furiously. He did not seem to be particularly attached to any person, nor did he care much about being caressed; neither did he associate with other dogs. The only remarkable feature in his character was his predilection for attending funerals. Whenever a funeral happened, although it were ten miles distant, and although he had to cross ferries, rivers, and often arms of the sea, the moment the coffin appeared, Gilliemor appeared also, and never left its side until it reached the burying-ground. There he would look anxiously on while the body was being interred; and that melancholy duty over, he would immediately trot away home, or set off to attend some other funeral. He has been known to attend many funerals in different parts of the country in one day. When any person died near his master's residence, on the day of the funeral Gilliemor, as usual, employed himself in driving away the noisy children and beggars, till within a few minutes of the hour specified in the funeral letters, when he would shake himself, as if dressing, and trudge away to join in the mournful procession. This was so well known in the place, and people became so much accustomed to it, that it excited very little surprise; and scarcely any notice was taken of Gilliemor, unless among the ignorant and superstitious, who looked upon him as an indispensable chief mourner, and always wished the favour of his company to the place of interment.—*Correspondent of Courant.*

A GREEK ALLEGORY.

Deep in a forest lay the shepherd Mysius,
Where the thick boughs made twilight dim all day;
And the pressed hyacinths, in scent delicious,
Beside him breathed their frail pure lives away;
He, evermore, through the wood's stillness crying,
'Echo, sweet echo, listen to my sighing.'

'Echo, sweet echo, oft I hear low voices
Stirring the leaves and whispering in the grass,
And my sick heart leaps up in wild rejoices,
To think it may be thou who near dost pass;
I, who have heard thee once, must ever pine,
Until I look upon thy form divine.

Nymph, goddess, shade, whiche'er thou art, oh never
Will this mad longing from my spirit flee;
Nor seeking, will I shrink from the endeavour,
Until I clasp grim death itself—or thee!'
Death came; but never in the haunted shade
Did Mysius gaze upon the phantom-maid.

And many a young heart, in after ages,
Has formed, like him, some idol for its shrine—
Fame, poesy, or love—which all engages
Its powers, and with its every thought does twine;
A voice is heard, a shadow glads the eyes;
The soul's ideal ever onwards flies.

Yet life has treasures rich to give, love-worthy
And beautiful, oh foolish shepherd boy;
Hadst thou but seen the fair things that bloomed for thee,
The woods, the skies, the flowers all breathing joy,
Thou hadst not pined away in lone unrest,
But drank of nature's fulness, and been blest.

D. M. M.

CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplation is the peculiar attribute of man, who alone dives into the causes and effects of things. Without it, memory and observation are in great part useless; for we can profit but little by what we see and remember, unless we rightly think. It forms facts into systems, even as the architect erects with his materials, and reduces into harmony and order, the discordant and confused. It especially distinguishes great minds, and separates them from the herd of the superficial and the shallow. Because some men neglect it, they are passively moulded into any form which chance or fortune in its caprice may choose for them, and, like straws upon the stream, they are carried onwards by the current of opinion. Did you contemplate oftener, you would no longer complain that your studies are laborious in pursuit, but sterile in their consequences: you would glean more knowledge with less toil. The mind should view the subject it considers in all its phases, and should divide it into its elements, even as the prism acts upon the light. It should search for theories to explain details, and for details to illustrate and confirm theories. It should be perpetually on the wing—arranging, comparing, analysing, deducing. Do you know a man superior to all the rest of your acquaintance, be sure he is habituated to contemplation; it is this which has given such strength to his reason, such depth to his judgment.—*Self-Culture.*

HOW TO BE LOVED.

To be really loved, we should cultivate, by all our language and conduct, a certain reverence in others towards us; even in those between whom and ourselves familiarity has been longest established. At the same time we should take care to excite no apprehension, either by ill-natured exhibitions of wit (if we have it), or by displaying any species of power or superiority. Genuine attachment naturally allies itself with respectful deportment; and the most rooted dislike is the offspring of dread. To express all in a distich—

True love to win, live so that men revere you;
To gain their hatred, live to make them fear you.

—*Literary Florets*, 1846.

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POETRY IN ALL THINGS.

It is easy to ring the changes upon a set of words, but unless our words express distinct ideas, we may as well exercise our ingenuity upon a peal of bells; in either case our sense of melody may be gratified, but we shall make small progress in the one great purpose of human intelligence—the development and application of truth. Let us then endeavour to understand clearly what we mean by 'poetry.'

Often as the question has been repeated, it does not as yet appear to have been answered satisfactorily. Indeed the replies are as various as the minds which have put them forth; and almost as vague as the celebrated conundrums of Delphos. But must we therefore suppose that poetry has no clear and definable character? Is it conceivable that a power which has in all ages exercised so mighty and so direct an influence upon men's minds, is in its own nature so vague, or so uncertain, that it cannot be brought within the grasp of human intelligence; or that its essential qualities cannot be expressed in the compass of a definition? Surely not. How then is it that, with so much wondrous and soul-thrilling poetry in the world, men should be so little agreed about what is essential to its nature? It is because poetry is the voice of the Infinite, and can accommodate itself to the capacities of all. Man's conception of Deity has ever been influenced by his ideal of perfection; and his feeling for poetry, whether consciously or not, must always be regulated by that which constitutes his ruling love. Whatever a man most loves, will be to him the poetry of his life. Thus men have judged of poetry from their own experience; and their opinions have been as various as their feelings have been different. But the attributes of Deity are not dependent upon the conceptions of man; and the essential nature of poetry is not based upon human imaginations. The highest poetry is a living reality—universal and immutable: it is coeval with creation; for it is the likeness of God, reflected in his works. The truest poet is not creative, as some have imagined; he merely sees and feels more deeply than others. He looks around upon the wonders of the universe; he penetrates the recesses of the human heart; and every good thing speaks to him of a wondrous Intelligence and an exhaustless Love. The true poet has been not inaptly described as one who is ever striving after the pure and perfect; and what can be purer than Infinite Love, or what more perfect than Infinite Wisdom? This is the 'divine idea' of all true philosophy: God in all things; not as a vague abstraction, but as the creator and upholder of the universe.

This high order of poetry, hitherto, has been but feebly developed. We have caught a glimpse of the eternal truth; but we have yet to learn its practical value. There is, however, another order of poetry, which has yielded a more abundant harvest. Less divine in its character, and perhaps more evident in its significance, it has been better suited to that lower condition of humanity from which we are gradually progressing. Instead of seeing in every object of creation an infinite intelligence and a boundless love, poets have been content to trace throughout nature merely human attributes and utterances. And this, although not the highest that nature is capable of revealing, is nevertheless real truthful poetry. Thus men have felt their joys and sorrows, their struggles and their triumphs, shared or reflected by the living or senseless objects by which they are surrounded. Instead of nature being a mere convenience, by which they are to supply their material wants, she is felt to be a living companion, sympathising with every emotion, and speaking in tones that can touch the heart, or animate the soul to exertion. This consociating with nature is more or less the characteristic of all poets; and he has been indeed a true poet who has made men feel that the whole created universe is knit together in one eternal bond of harmony and companionship.

Perhaps of all men, Shakspeare and Burns have been in this respect the most successful; not because they have *asserted* this relationship more definitely than any others—this may be, and often has been done, with small aid from poetry—but because they have actually *manifested* this universal sympathy, as the experience of their own hearts. In this point of view, it would be difficult to establish the poetic superiority of either one over the other. This assertion may appear rash to some, even of Burns's most ardent admirers; while to the true believers in the divinity of England's bard, it may seem little short of poetic heresy: nevertheless, it is not made without due consideration, as we will presently endeavour to show. Notwithstanding the admitted disparity between the wide-surveying intellect, the human omniscience of the great dramatist, and the more limited, yet not less clear-sighted vision of the humble minstrel, in poetic genius they are twin brothers. Though the one is to the other as the sweet and simple lute to the full band of instrumental harmony, yet is it the same universal melody, the same heartfelt strain, that finds utterance in each. Although, in intellectual capacity, they are as distinct and wide asunder as the lowly hawthorn and the giant oak, in poetic endowment they are identical. The question involved in this statement, is not whether they have given to the world an equal amount of genuine poetry, but rather whether we can find examples of truer poetry in the one than may be found in the other? In order to determine this with any degree of clearness, it will be necessary to understand what it is that constitutes them poets.

We have already said that a poet is essentially one

who sees and feels more deeply than others. Let us endeavour to explain this more fully. To be a poet, a man must not rest contented with conventionalities and outward shows; with mere arbitrary distinctions of right and wrong, however specious they may appear: he must have that directness and clearness of vision which can at once discriminate between the essential and the accidental; between that which exists in the very nature of things, and that which is merely of artificial growth. An intellectual discrimination, however, is not all that is required. A man may be very acute in detecting fallacies, and even in discerning truth, and yet have but a small claim to the character of a poet. To be a poet, he must not only see beneath the surface of things, but he must feel as deeply as he sees: he must not only see that a thing is true, but he must also feel that it is true; else whatever it may be in itself, or to others, it can be no poetry to him. Let a man possess these two requisites, and if he is but true to himself, if he will but give scope to his own nature, and not fritter away his life and talents by striving to cramp them into some artificial mould prescribed by custom, he will be a poet in the truest sense; if he does not write poetry, he yet cannot fail in that which is often better, for his life will be a real poem, doubtless sadly chequered in its course, but ever eloquent in its significance; ever earnestly striving after the real and immutable. To the mere conventionalist, such a life may often seem a vain, perhaps even impious struggle. But why should he venture to rebuke that which he cannot comprehend? Shall the barn-door fowl measure the flight of the eagle? Shall the pert sparrow prescribe limits to the wing or the warbling of the lark?

To the mere prose-thinking mind, a beautiful tree is a certain well-contrived ornament, or perhaps a very useful and ornamental production, showing a perfect skill in the adaptation of means to a given end. But to the poet it is all this, and far more than this: it is a living companion. That unconscious tree has for him a thousand sympathies, ever speaking to his heart. Will it be said that this is all 'imagination,' a beautiful fiction? that poetry is but a comely garment, hiding, rather than revealing, the truth of nature? Away with the godless thought! Are we then to believe that creation is but a dumb show, a mere mechanical contrivance, and that all the beautiful and soul-thrilling poetry that has so often kindled and delighted the world is really an invention of man's? Do we generally find more to admire, more to awaken our sympathies with truth, in proportion as we depart from nature, or as we unfold her hidden loveliness? Truly the greatest poet is he who sees the deepest beneath the surface of things, and who feels the truth of what he thus discovers. No one who really feels the beauty of a poetic thought, but must also feel that it would degenerate to a mere elegant conceit, if it did not convey some truth to his mind. And it may be well here to remark that we cannot, in any strict sense of the term, be said to 'invent' that which is solely a development, or an application of truth: we may invent errors, or fallacies, but we cannot invent what is true. Truth is essentially *that which exists;* and proximately, the laws by which things exist, or are related to each other. It must be clear, then, that the most we can do is to discover truth, and apply it. To discern it, to see its various applications, is simply an intellectual operation; but it requires a deeper and more vital principle to develop it in its power, or in anyway to make it our own; to do this, it must be felt, it must be conjoined with our very life: and this is the source of all poetry, whether developed in action or in words.

The quality of any given poetry (or the nature and application of the truths thus developed) must, then, evidently depend upon the quality of the heart from which it sprung; whether it be the awful and selfish daring of a Lady Macbeth, or the sweet simplicity and generous affection of an Imogen. Thus even selfishness may be manifested poetically; and although it can never be genuine, rightful poetry, inasmuch as it is based upon a perversion of truth, yet is it the only poetry that the utterly selfish could appreciate. All truth, however, being essentially of divine origin, to be truly and rightly felt, must appeal to, and be recognised by, the diviner principles of our nature. Now, the feelings by which we may be brought into the closest communion with the divine, are evidently reverence and love. Truth, then, to be vitally received, must appeal to at least one of these sympathies; and to do so, it must be felt to be either beautiful or sublime. That which we can cling to with a deep and exhaustless love, we instinctively regard as beautiful; while that which we revere, and which fills the mind with a feeling of immensity and of power, we speak of as sublime. Beauty is the innate loveliness of truth; sublimity its immeasurable grandeur, its immutable strength. There is, however, a factitious beauty and sublimity, as well as a genuine. To the selfish, that will ever be felt as beautiful which harmonises with his self-love; and that will be felt as sublime which overawes him by an appearance of resistless strength.

Poetry, then, may be defined to be truth inspired by feeling, and breathed into forms of beauty or sublimity. This definition seems to express the essential characteristics of poetry, in all its manifestations; whether the inspired thought be developed in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, in music, in language, or in action: they all range themselves under the same formula; for they are but various modes of expressing the same divine principle. Of this we shall speak more fully hereafter. Let us now apply the foregoing observations to the elucidation of the supposed identity of poetic genius in Shakspeare and Burns.

If the view here taken of poetry be correct, the question for us to consider is—what was the nature and depth of their poetic insight? It evidently consisted in a clear and intuitive perception of the social relations of man. They are pre-eminently the poets of social life. The most obvious and superficial view that we can take of the great family of mankind, is that which embraces only their conventional, and merely arbitrary relations; and this is the standard by which men are usually judged. Society has ever had its own special standard of morals, of rank, of human worth; the same being an embodiment of the changing spirit of the times. But besides this fluctuating and partial standard, there is another, founded on the intrinsic nature of man, which is universal and eternal, and thus applicable to every form and condition of society. It is only by this latter standard that we can appreciate the true worth of any given character or custom; and it is this power that especially belongs to Shakspeare and Burns. They saw mankind not merely as they were connected by the customs and regulations of society, but in their actual relation one to another. They saw not merely the arbitrary relation of outward rank, but also the sterling value, and genuine relation of heart and of intellect. This is what they developed more clearly than others; and this they saw with equal distinctness, and

felt with equal power. This appears to be the first definite advance in genuine poetry: it raises man above mere sensual enjoyment, to the higher poetry of social life: it does not reveal the deeper mysteries of our being; it does not show the great purpose of life as consisting in conquering self, and striving after conjunction with the All-perfect. This is the highest of human poetry; and it has yet to find a poet to give it utterance. Alas! how much easier is it to see the want, than to supply it!

It is an old remark, that the most astonishing characteristic of Shakspeare's writings is not the depth or the intensity of the poetry which they contain, but the comprehensive, all-surveying intellect which they manifest. It is necessary to keep this in view in forming an estimate of their actual value, for in this respect they are altogether without parallel. This comprehensiveness of intellect is, however, essentially distinct from the poetic power; indeed it may exist in connexion with the veriest prose; but it is not, on that account, of little value even to the poet; it affords the mind a wider range of thought, although it does not enable it to penetrate deeper into the mystery of existence. We can imagine that Shakspeare's capacious intellect would have been equally well adapted to the production of a set treatise on the various workings of the human mind; he could doubtless have been as unparalleled in the character of a prose philosopher, as he is now in that of a dramatist. In this respect the genius of Burns is far more limited. He has the same poetic insight, but not the same intellectual capacity. They are equally remarkable for the sterling truths which they educe from their subject—truths which strike home to the heart; but they are widely different in their treatment of the subject itself. Shakspeare sketches a complete character, while Burns gives only a few, or but one of its phases. Yet they both penetrate to the heart of the subject; they both develop the same poetry of social life. In short, the one is a dramatist, the other a minstrel.

There is the same coincidence, and the same difference, in their mirth. Their very laughter has poetry in it; for it is instinct with truth, and it comes directly from the heart. The mirth of Shakspeare is not more genial or more truthful than that of Burns; but it is broader and more varied—in one word, more comprehensive. The laughter of the one beams from the whole visage, the laughter of the other may be best seen sparkling in the eye. The one delights in broad jests and many-sided wit, the other in quaint simplicity and sly humour; but the mirth of both is equally suggestive of glowing thoughts, of social poetry.

With Shakspeare, poetic insight forms but one element of his wondrous mind; with Burns, it is that which has rendered him remarkable; he is essentially and almost solely a poet. He does not present a comprehensive view of the details of his subject; but he seizes at once upon that which gives it vitality, which imparts to it a living and eternal interest. Witness his 'Bannockburn.' Shakspeare has nothing that surpasses it. Even Coriolanus, as a poetic conception, can only rank by its side. And why is this? Simply because he has spoken the very truth of the matter in tones coming from the heart. Many have confessed their inability to discover the poetry of this glorious ode. Alas! they looked for 'figures of speech,' personifications, comparisons, and other technical abstractions, deeming these, however cold and truthless, the essentials of poetry. These, indeed, may 'seem,' like Hamlet's 'customary suits of solemn black;' they are, however, but the 'trappings' of that within which too often passeth show.

Shakspeare and Burns, we repeat, are pre-eminently the poets of social life. No wonder, then, that their poetry should be welcomed and appreciated wherever the human heart beats in sympathy and affection; no wonder that their memories should be loved and associated with the most hallowed of our household gods. But while we freely and gratefully accord all honour to these—the brightest stars in the social firmament—we must not forget that there is a higher poetry than even they disclose to our hearts. The further development of this higher order of poetry, however, will probably form the subject of a future paper.

THE TWO MOTTOS.

Two young men were standing in the booking-office of the Cernay diligences, having taken places in one that was about to start for Kaysersberg. They were apparently of the same age—perhaps four-and-twenty; but there was a striking difference in their persons, and in the expression of their countenances. The shorter of the two was slightly made, pale, and dark, betraying his southern origin at a glance, by his quick movements and impatient gestures. His companion, tall, fair, and blooming, was a good specimen of that mixed race of Alsace, in which the vivacity of the French is tempered by the equanimity and good-humour of the Germans. At their feet were two small portmanteaus, to which the addresses were affixed by sealing-wax. On one might be read, Henri Fortin of Marseilles; and on the seals were the words 'My right.' On the other was written, Joseph Mulzen of Strasburg; and the motto on the seals was 'Charity.'

The clerk had inscribed their names on his list, and was adding the quantity of luggage belonging to each, when Henri asked to have it weighed. The man replied that it would be done at Kaysersberg; but the Marseillais objected, alleging the inconvenience of such a formality amid all the bustle of arriving, and insisted upon its being done at once, saying he had a right to require it. The office-keeper, with equal obstinacy, refused to comply, and a warm and angry discussion ensued. Joseph tried to put an end to it by observing that they had barely time to dine before the diligence started; but Henri, who prided himself upon acting up to his motto, never would yield when he thought himself in the right; and unfortunately he seldom thought otherwise. At length the man, tired of the debate, quitted the office, and as his assistant spoke nothing but German, Henri decided upon following his cousin, on whom he vented his ill-humour.

'You would make a saint swear at your indifference,' cried he as soon as they were alone. 'Not even to support me against that obstinate fellow.'

'I thought he needed support more than you,' said Joseph laughing; 'for you piled up arguments against him, as though your fortune or your honour depended on the result.'

'Then you think it would be better not to assert one's rights?'

'When those rights are not worth asserting.'

'That is like you,' interrupted Henri with warmth; 'you are always ready to give up to every one: you would be trampled on before you would dream of defending yourself. Instead of looking upon the world as a field of battle, you seem to consider it as a drawing-room, where civilities are exchanged.'

'Not so,' said Joseph; 'but as a ship full of passengers, who ought to show mutual kindness and forbearance. Every man is my friend until he declares himself my enemy.'

'And I think every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend. I have always found this sort of prudence the most successful; and I would advise you to adopt the same when we arrive at Kaysersberg. We shall meet there with the other heirs to our uncle's fortune, and depend upon it they will do all in their power to secure the best share; for my part I am resolved not to make the slightest concession.'

The young travellers had now reached the inn where they intended dining. On entering, they found the public room empty; but at the farther end was a table laid for three persons. Henri desired the landlady to bring plates for Joseph and himself.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the woman; 'but you cannot be served here.'

'Why not?' asked the young man.

'Because the persons for whom the table is laid have requested to dine alone.'

'Then let them stay in their own room,' returned Henri sharply; 'this is the public room and the public table, and surely every traveller has an equal right to enter and to be served here?

'What does it signify whether we dine here or in another room?' asked Joseph.

'And what is it to those persons if we choose to remain here?'

'They came before you, sir,' remonstrated the landlady.

'Then it is the first come who give the law in your house?'

'They are known to us besides.

'Their money is not better than ours, is it?'

'It is our interest to oblige our customers.'

'And all other travellers must obey their caprices?'

'You can be waited on in another apartment.

'With the remnants from the table of your privileged guests, I suppose?'

The landlady seemed hurt, and said, 'If monsieur thinks he cannot have a good dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns in Cernay.'

'Very true,' replied Henri, taking his hat and walking out, regardless of his cousin's attempts to detain him.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best way to act with his cousin was to leave him to himself until the fit was over, for every attempt at reasoning only added fuel to the fire. He decided, therefore, upon remaining where he was, and requested to have dinner served immediately in another room. He was about to go thither, when the persons who were expected made their appearance; they were an old lady with her niece, and an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be their protector. The landlady was giving them an account of what had passed, but perceiving Joseph, she left off abruptly. The latter bowed, and was leaving the room, when the old gentleman stopped him.

'I am very sorry,' said he in a friendly tone, 'for the dispute that has taken place. We had requested to dine alone, to avoid the company of certain individuals whose free manners and conversation might be disagreeable to these ladies, but not to drive other travellers away, as your friend seems to have supposed; and as a proof of it, I hope you will oblige me by sitting down to table with us?'

Joseph thanked him, and endeavoured to excuse himself, saying, that far from feeling offended at their desire to be alone, he thought it a very natural and proper precaution; but M. Rosman, which was the name given by the ladies to their protector, insisted in so frank and good-humoured a manner, that Joseph thought it best to comply. The old lady, who seemed little used to travelling, sat down opposite to him with her niece, and gave utterance to a deep groan.

'Are you very tired, Charlotte?' asked M. Rosman.

'Am I tired!' repeated the old woman; 'is that a question, after being shaken all day in that swinging diligence, eating out of my regular hours, running all manner of risks; for I am sure it is a wonder we were not upset fifty times; the diligence was always leaning to one side. I would give a good year of my life for this journey to be at an end.'

'Happily for us, dear aunt, you cannot make such a bargain,' said the young lady, smiling affectionately at her.

'Yes, yes, you may laugh,' returned Madame Charlotte, trying to look displeased; 'young girls are afraid of nothing now-a-days! They travel by railway, by steamboat—they would go by balloon if they could! It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before the Revolution, the most courageous were content to travel in a cart or on a donkey—and then not unless it was absolutely necessary. I have often heard my dear departed mother say that she had never travelled otherwise than on foot.'

'But then she never went farther than the chief town of the department,' observed M. Rosman.

'She was not the less a worthy and a happy woman,' replied Madame Charlotte: 'when a bird has built its nest, it remains in it. The present fashion of being always on the move, diminishes the love of fireside enjoyments: people get so used to be away from their homes, that they cease to care for them, and find a home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society, but it makes individuals less happy and contented.'

'Come, come, Charlotte—you have quite a spite against travelling, because of the jolts,' said M. Rosman smiling. 'I hope this soup will dispel some of your prejudices; it could not be better even at Fontaines. I appeal to your impartiality.'

The conversation was continued in the same unembarrassed and cheerful manner; and Mulzen, who at first had discreetly kept silent, soon felt quite at home. M. Rosman frequently addressed himself to him; and they were talking like old friends, when it was announced that the diligence would start in a few minutes. They quickly settled with the landlady, and hastened to the office.

As Joseph arrived, he saw his cousin hurrying towards the same place. Whilst he had partaken of an excellent dinner, Henri had been running from one inn to another, without finding anything prepared; and as the time was gone, he had been forced to purchase a small loaf and some fruit to appease his hunger. This anchorite's repast had by no means improved his temper; which Joseph perceiving, forbore to make any remark; nor had he time, for the other passengers had already taken their places. As the cousins were preparing to follow, they were stopped by the office-keeper, who said he had made a mistake in booking them, for the diligence was already full.

'Full!' cried Henri; 'but you have taken our fare?'

'I am going to return it to you, sir.'

'Not at all!' said the Marseillais; 'when you took my money, you engaged to convey me to Kaysersberg. I have a right to go, and go I will.' And thus saying, he took hold of the leathern strap, and mounting to the top of the diligence, took possession of the only seat that was not yet occupied. The person to whom it belonged requested him to give it up; but Henri refused decidedly, saying that no one had a right to make him come down, and that if force were attempted, he also would use force. In vain did Joseph remonstrate, and urge him to give up the contested place—the contradiction he had met with, added to his frugal meal, had completely soured him, and he persisted in his refusal.

'Let each have his right!' cried he; 'that is my motto—yours is charity. Be as charitable as you like; for my part I only pretend to be just. I have paid for this place; I have a right to it; and I mean to keep it.'

The dispossessed traveller urged priority of possession; but Henri, who was a lawyer, answered him with scraps of law; and thus they continued exchanging angry explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Madame Charlotte, who heard all from the coupée, groaned audibly, and began to exclaim against travelling in general, and public conveyances in particular. At length Joseph, seeing the disputants becoming more violent, proposed to the office-keeper to hire a cabriolet, in which he and the ejected traveller might follow the diligence. The expedient was adopted, and they all set off.

It was November: the air, already cold and damp when they quitted Cernay, became freezing at the approach of night. In vain Henri, accustomed to the sun of Provence, buttoned his coat up to his chin: he trembled from head to foot in the chilling night fog. His face became almost blue; his teeth chattered; and, to add to his discomfort, a small drizzling rain began to

beat in his face, and soon penetrated his garments. His next neighbour, who was well sheltered under an ample and warmly-lined cloak, might have given him a share of it, without inconvenience to himself; but he was a stout elderly shopkeeper, very careful of himself, and very indifferent about others. When Henri had taken such forcible possession of another's place, he applauded him, saying that each travelled for himself. The young man then thought his maxim perfectly just—now he had a practical illustration of it. Once during the journey his corpulent companion turned to look at him, and observing his miserable condition, said, 'You look as if you were cold, sir?'

'I am wet to the very bones,' replied Henri, scarcely able to speak.

The shopkeeper drew his warm cloak more tightly round him, as if he enjoyed it the more from the contrast, and remarked philosophically, 'It is very injurious to get wet: when you travel again, I would advise you to get a cloak like mine; it is warm, and not dear;' and having delivered himself of this sage advice, he again buried his chin in the warm folds of his cravat, and resumed his comfortable doze.

It had long been dark when they arrived at Kaysersberg. Henri, half dead with cold, hastened to the kitchen of the inn, where a fire was blazing brightly. Among the travellers who surrounded it he perceived Joseph Mulzen and the stranger whose place he had taken: the cabriolet had brought them a nearer way across the country, and they had arrived full an hour before the diligence. Joseph, seeing the state his cousin was in, gave him his place near the fire; but as for his companion, he could not refrain from laughing heartily. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'I ought to be very much obliged to the gentleman. Without his usurpation, I should have been frozen like him, instead of being here warm and comfortable.' The Marseillais, too much out of temper to make any reply, sat down and warmed himself as well as he was able. As soon as he had in some measure recovered himself, he asked for a room and a bed; but there had been a fair at Kaysersberg, and the inn was full of persons, who intended leaving the town the following day. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived earlier, had only found one very indifferent bed, which the former, with his usual good-nature, had given up to the stranger. After a great deal of bustling and searching, however, it was found that there was still one bed disengaged; but it was in a room already occupied by four pedlars, who declared they would not admit any one else.

'Have they engaged the room for themselves alone?' asked Henri.

'No,' said the innkeeper; 'each pays for his bed.'

'Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit another?'

'None at all; but as they seem to be quarrelsome fellows, no one wishes to interfere with them.'

'For my part,' said Henri, 'I shall not sit here all night because those insolent fellows choose to monopolise more beds than they can use. Show me to their room, and let them oppose me if they dare.'

'Take care, Henri,' said Mulzen; 'they are low, vicious men, and will probably insult you.'

'And is it because of their vices that I must lose my rest?' he asked angrily. 'Not I, faith! I shall go to bed in defiance of them.' And taking his travelling-cap, he was leaving the room, when M. Rosman, who had come to look after his luggage, and had heard the words exchanged between the cousins, accosted them in his usual pleasant and friendly manner.

'You are at a loss for beds, I perceive, gentlemen?' he said.

'I shall not be so long,' replied Henri, going towards the door.

'Stop a moment,' said M. Rosman; 'those men may handle you more roughly than you would like. You will find it difficult to convince them that you have an equal right with them. If you will accept a bed at my house, it is at your service. I reside only a few doors from here, and shall feel pleasure in accommodating you.'

The young men bowed, and thanked him; but there was a marked difference in their manner of doing so. Joseph looked pleased and grateful; whilst Henri, who had not forgotten that M. Rosman was the cause of his having lost his dinner at Cernay, was constrained, though polite.

'You are very obliging, sir,' said he, softening his tone; 'but I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience; besides, I think it will not be amiss to give those fellows a lesson, and teach them to respect the rights of other travellers.' And bidding them good-night, he left the room.

Joseph, fearing the consequences, followed his cousin; but whether they were drowsy, or that the resolute air of the Marsellais deterred them, the pedlars only muttered a little; and Henri took undisturbed possession of his bed. Seeing there was nothing to fear, Joseph returned to the kitchen, where M. Rosman was waiting for him.

On reaching the house of the latter, they found Madame Charlotte and Louise preparing tea before a bright fire of pine cones. M. Rosman said a few words in a whisper to the ladies, who received Joseph with courtesy, and made him sit down to table with them. Louise poured out the tea, and Madame Charlotte, seating herself in her easy-chair, complained that she still felt the motion of the diligence, and that the bubbling of the kettle reminded her of the noise of the wheels. She asked Joseph what had become of the young man who had taken an outside place by assault; and M. Rosman answered by relating what had passed at the inn.

'He seems determined to have wars and contestations wherever he goes,' observed the old lady; 'if he continue, he will be feared by everybody.'

'A better heart than his could scarcely be met with, said Joseph; 'but, unfortunately, he is determined to act up to his favourite motto—"Let each have his right."'

'Whilst yours is—Charity,' said the old woman smiling; 'we heard it all at Cernay.'

'Do you travel together?' asked M. Rosman.

'We are cousins,' replied Joseph, 'and have come to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow morning.'

'A will?' repeated Madame Charlotte in surprise.

'That of our late uncle, Dr Harver.'

The two ladies and M. Rosman exchanged looks.

'So you are the doctor's relatives?' said the latter; 'well, chance could not have directed you better. I have long been your uncle's most intimate friend.'

This species of recognition served as an introduction to speak of the departed. Mulzen had never seen his uncle, but he had felt for him that respectful affection that nature seldom fails to establish between distant members of the same family. He listened with deep interest and emotion to the details of his life, and the particulars of his last moments; and after one of those long, unreserved conversations, from which all restraint is banished, and in which hearts are laid open without disguise, Joseph retired to his chamber, delighted with his new friends, who on their part were equally pleased with the young man.

It was late when he rose the next morning, the fatigue of the previous day having made him oversleep himself. He dressed in haste, intending to call on his cousin, that they might go together to their uncle's lawyer; but on descending to the parlour, he found the latter there, together with Henri, who had been sent for, and M. Rosman. Madame Charlotte and Louise soon joined them; and when all were assembled, M. Rosman, addressing himself to the young men, said—'No one here is ignorant of what brings you to Kaysersberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, Madame Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louise Armand, whose guardian I am, are also come to be present at the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr Harver.'

The young men bowed to Madame Charlotte and Louise, who returned their salute.

'I thought,' continued M. Rosman, 'that as chance had brought hither the parties interested, the doctor's last directions might be read at my house.'

Henri bowed his assent: they all sat down; and the notary was about to break the seal, when he stopped and said—'This will is already of an old date, and during the few last months of Dr Harver's life, he frequently expressed his intention of destroying it, so as to leave to each of his heirs the share assigned them by law. I can only attribute his not having done so to the suddenness of his removal. I thought it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the parties interested, who are here present, if they are willing, with one accord, to destroy this will, without knowing which of them is enriched or set aside by it?'

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

'For my part,' said he modestly, 'having no special claim to my uncle's regard, I cannot think it any sacrifice to accept of an equal share, and I willingly agree to the proposal.'

'As far as I am concerned,' said Madame Charlotte, 'I have not the slightest objection.'

'And I consent to it in my ward's name,' added M. Rosman.

'There remains only this gentleman, then,' said the notary, turning to Henri, who seemed somewhat embarrassed.

'Like my cousin,' said he, 'I have no reason to expect a decision in my favour, but on that very account I withhold my consent. Whatever may have been my uncle's intentions, his will should be regarded as sacred. To alter it would neither be just to the testator nor to the unknown legatee.'

'In that case let us say no more about it,' said the notary; 'unanimity could alone legitimise such a proceeding. Let each have his right, as the gentleman requires, and be so good as listen:'—

'Of the four individuals who have any claim to my fortune, I am only acquainted with two—my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louise Armand; but as these two have long had but one interest and one heart, and in reality form but one person, there is only Louise Armand to inherit on that side. It was my first intention to leave all I possess to her; but of my two unknown nephews, one may be equally worthy of my regard: the difficulty is to distinguish between them.

'Not being able to do it myself, and knowing the tact and intelligence of my niece Louise, I leave it to her judgment, and declare my sole heir whichever of her cousins she chooses for her husband.'

A long pause followed the reading of this singular will. The young men seemed embarrassed, and Louise's eyes were fixed on the ground.

'The doctor has given my niece a difficult task,' said Madame Charlotte at length.

'Not so difficult as you imagine, my sister,' said M. Rosman smiling. 'I have long known the contents of Harver's will; and the inquiries I made in consequence, have satisfied me that, however she may choose, she has nothing to fear.'

'Then let the young lady decide,' said the notary laughing; 'since it is in all safety, it can only be a matter of inspiration.'

'You must decide for me, aunt,' said Louise in a low tone, hiding her face in Madame Charlotte's bosom.

'My dear child,' said the latter, 'it is very embarrassing. I really do not know——'

Pronouncing these words, with a look of uncertainty she glanced at Mulzen. Henri perceived it, and exclaimed, 'I see your choice is made, madame; and though I must regret it, I cannot but approve of it. Mademoiselle,' he added, taking Joseph's hand, and leading him to the young lady, 'your aunt has seen and judged aright: my cousin is more worthy than I.'

'What you say proves the contrary,' said Madame Charlotte with emotion; 'but we already knew M. Mulzen; and — you deserve that I should be candid with you.'

'Say on,' interrupted Henri.

'Well, then, his motto gives me confidence—yours makes me fear: he promises indulgence—and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for the angels, but we poor mortals need charity.'

'Perhaps you are right, madame,' said Henri pensively; 'since yesterday, it seems as if everything had conspired to teach me this lesson. My determination to defend my rights has, in every instance, turned against me, whilst my cousin's generous behaviour has always been to his advantage. Yes, Joseph is right; his motto is better than mine, for it comes nearer to the divine precept. Christ did not say—Let each have his right; but "Love your neighbour as yourself."'

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON IN RUSSIA.

THIS distinguished geologist, knighted a few weeks ago by our queen, produced in 1840 a splendid book on the lowest rocks which contain memorials of life — the Silurian System. The field of observation in that case was a portion of the west of England. He has now laid claim to even brighter laurels, by presenting an equally important work on the geology of Russia in Europe. The summers of the years 1840–4 were devoted by Sir Roderick, in company with two continental gentlemen of kindred taste, to a geological exploration of that mighty region, where, owing to the comparative rarity of disturbances occasioned by mountain ranges, particular formations (seen in little stripes in England) are developed in tracts equal to the whole surface of our island. In this undertaking he met the cordial approbation and assistance of the czar, who naturally is glad to be informed of the mineral wealth which the crust of the earth contains within his dominions, and perhaps has a love of science besides—a taste which has not hitherto been found incompatible with despotism.

In this superb publication—which seems designed to show that the age of great books is not yet past—we have many details of journeyings and explorings; on the shores of the White Sea, along the banks of the Dwina, throughout the great Ural range, and in the southern provinces; in the steppes of the Kalmucks, and on the sea of Azof; next in Poland; and finally in Scandinavia. The labour appears to have been immense, the adventures often painful and perilous. Mines were dived into, forests and mountainous tracts penetrated, and hyperborean oceans defied—all for the sake of science alone; for the whole of the party were men who could live at home at ease if they chose. Such things are, we think, worthy of particular notice; for they show the gifts of fortune not enervating the possessor, but only enabling him to render the more important services to his fellow-creatures. Finally, he prepares an elaborate book, not only giving us a history of what he did and saw, but containing a vast number of plates, illustrating the additions which he has thus made to the store of human knowledge.

Before the appearance of this work, it was known that the deposits formerly described by Sir Roderick (the Silurian) are developed in America and other distant portions of the earth, containing kindred fossils, and thus showing that the seas of that epoch were everywhere inhabited by a similar set of tenants. Here he brings forward Russia and Scandinavia to attest the same fact. So it is with higher formations, amongst which he devotes particular attention to those connected with the lower New Red Sandstone—a group

so amply and so interestingly developed in the province of Permia, that he now raises it to a distinct place in the geological scale, under the name of the Permian System. This system lying unconformably upon the coal formation, we become aware that 'disturbances' took place just before its deposition. The fossils, nevertheless, experience no violent change. We only see here a continued decline in their numbers. Strange to say, however, the next higher strata—the Lias—though lying quite conformable to the Permian, exhibit shells which are held by geologists as new. 'This,' says our author, 'is an important fact, and we dwell upon it as a proof that the most marked distinctions between the fossils of succeeding formations cannot always be referred to violent physical revolutions of the surface, by which, as it has been supposed, one class of animals was annihilated anterior to the creation of another.'

Leaving scientific results, as scarcely suitable at any extent for our pages, we feel tempted to accompany the enterprising travellers on their journey to the Ural mountains, the great mineral region of Russia. First explored in the days of the Czar Peter, the produce of these mines now contributes to the most important branch of the industry of the empire. A marked contrast exists between the inhabitants of these districts and those of the agricultural portions of the country; the former being much more active and intelligent than the latter. During this part of their journey the travellers entered Asia, and obtained a 'peep' into the dreary wilds of Siberia. Everywhere they found the name and authority of the emperor secure them an hospitable reception, and the readiest means of transit.

A large portion of the Ural tract is covered 'with dense forests and impassable marshes—diversified solely by occasional stony peaks, lifting their heads through monotonous and silent woodlands, which would to this day have been peopled by a few wild Voguls only, had not the precious ores led the Russians to colonise and clear them. . . . In these districts all difficulties have, in truth, vanished before the perseverance and energy of the Russian miners, whose labours have thinned the forests, erected commodious and often splendid buildings, drained the marshes, filled the gorges with lakes (for water is their great mining power), and rendered the tracts around their zavods, or mines, the residence of a population more advanced in knowledge than any with which it was our lot to meet in the greater part of the Russian empire. Yet in no work of geography or statistics can the general reader acquire an adequate conception of the highly flourishing condition of these centres of industry, each more populous and thriving than many towns which are marked on maps in large letters; and though it is not our object on this occasion to enter into economical details, we cannot avoid stating that these establishments, both imperial and private, often contain many thousand industrious workmen, whose houses and essential comforts we have seldom seen surpassed in the manufacturing towns of Europe. The town of Zlatàust, or "gold-mouth," situated at the foot of Mount Taganai, an elevation which, from its form, the Bashkirs call the "tripod of the moon," has become the great imperial workshop of the chain. Under the direction of the able engineer and metallurgist General Anàsoff, this establishment, whether for the superiority of its blades of damasked steel, or its richly-embossed ornaments, may truly be called the Sheffield and Birmingham of Eastern Russia.'

From Ekaterineburg, the capital of the Ural, the party descended the river Issetz to Kaltchedansk in Siberia, with a view to the examination of the rocky strata on its shores. Every facility was offered by the local authorities for their advance: the inhabitants of the villages on the banks of the stream were forewarned to hold themselves in readiness to assist with canoes. 'Looking back from Ekaterineburg to the Ural, the traveller can scarcely recognise the chain he has passed, so imperceptible is the slope; the gay spires and towers of the town itself, 850 feet above the sea, seeming simply to rise out of a slightly-inclined woody region. We travelled rapidly in our "tarantasses"—the carriages of Eastern Russia, which have the body of a calèche on long elastic poles, that serve as springs—and joined the Issetz near the station of Laginof, forty-seven verstes from Ekaterineburg, and where the river becomes deep enough, even in dry weather, for the navigation of small boats. Here, taking to the canoes, we soon learned to how much trouble we had exposed a whole population in order to satisfy our geological inquiry. Flowing with some rapidity from the eastern slopes of the Ural, and through a thickly-peopled tract, well covered with grain, the inhabitants naturally avail themselves of this stream to grind their corn, damming it up to establish the necessary mill-races. At each village, therefore, often not more than a mile asunder, we were compelled to disembark and walk round the dam, whilst the boats were lifted over by numerous peasants, assembled at each station for the purpose.'

The descendants of Demidoff, the agent employed by Peter the Great to explore the mineral resources of the region, are still living at some of the mining establishments. At Neviansk they keep up a large and commodious house for the entertainment of all strangers, free of expense.

Nijny Tagilsk is described as 'the chief zavod of the Demidoff family. With a population of 22,000 souls, it is truly a well-ordered town, in which the comfortable dwellings of the workmen, the capacious hospitals for their relief, the schools for the education of youth, the elegance of the public buildings and houses of the chief managers, and, above all, the skill with which the machinery, forges, and works are conducted, would reflect the highest credit upon any European establishment.'

On all convenient occasions the travellers availed themselves of water conveyance, as the banks of the streams afforded the best sections of the strata through which they flowed. On arriving at the Screbrianka, they found to their disappointment that 'the river beneath the water-works was nearly dry. The imperial instructions, however, for the fulfilment of our wishes were not to be slighted; and by daybreak after the evening of our arrival at Serebriansk, the worthy director of the establishment, M. Moskvin, having let off a large body of water from the upper reservoirs or lakes, had in one night created a river for our use, on which a few canoes and a larger boat were already afloat and manned!

'In this little flotilla we descended the wild and uninhabited gorge, though not with facility. The body of water was insufficient for our larger boat, laden with provisions and baggage; and even in the smaller canoes, it was difficult to avoid the rocks; so that, after descending for some hours, one of them was upset, and the geologists were well drenched in the rapid stream. The large boat, often lifted through the rapids by our hardy and cheerful boatmen, was at length worn through by the rough treatment of the projecting rocks. When within two miles of the mouth of the river, we were compelled to abandon the flotilla, and endeavour to force our way by night along the edges of the wild, untrodden, and virgin forest on the banks of the Serebrianka, not reaching the warm and dry huts of the peasants at Ust-Serebriansk until two in the morning.'

In crossing the Ural by the Katchkanar, the party took a road which had not been used for many years; workmen were therefore sent in advance to prepare the way. 'The director of the mines of Chresto-vodsvisgensk, M. Graube, a most intelligent Saxon miner, made every arrangement for this expedition, consisting of twenty horsemen, and also accompanied us to the Katchkanar, and bivouacked with us for the night in an open shed ("balagan") constructed on the moment, and roofed in by our handy Russian attendants, having taken care to send forward, according to hospitable Uralian custom, a supply of food and beverage. . . . Lying in the balagan before-mentioned, with our feet towards a large fire, we may remark that scarcely could

the smoke defend us from the myriads of mosquitoes of these northern forests, which, in the height of the summer, overpower the strongest man, and render geological observation difficult even in such gauze masks as we wore. . . . In a few minutes the broken and jagged outline of the Katchkanar burst upon the sight under a fine bright sun, and amid the merry song of birds. The dull, wet, and marshy woodlands were now exchanged for sunshine, rocks, and gorgeous vegetation. At length, then, we had found out a true mountain in the Ural; and leaving our horses at the first buttress which rises above the forest, we ascended the impending crags. Accustomed as we have been to the wildest features of the western Highlands of Scotland and the Alps, we are unacquainted with any scene presenting a finer foreground of abruptly-broken rocks; and never, certainly, had we looked over so grand and solitary a trackless forest as that which lay around us, and from which some straggling distant peaks reared their solitary heads.'

The aspect of the southern Ural is described as far more cheerful than that of the northern regions. Vegetation is rich and abundant. 'Light-running waters have access to beauteous glades, which, peopled by picturesquely-clad Bashkirs, cheer the sight of the traveller, who contrasts them with the gloomy and unpeopled thickets of the north.'

From the peak of Sugomac 'the panoramic prospect is very striking. To the west is a vast rolling surface of mountains, made up of ridges separated from each other by dark depressions, and all, with the exception of the distant stony crest, or "Ural Tan," covered with the densest forest. On the east, Siberia lies absolutely at your feet, and minor inequalities of the surface being merged, looks like one vast plain. The lake and zavod of Kishtymsk, with rich meadows around them, are in the middle ground, and the distance is composed of a woody and partially-pastoral tract, inhabited by Bashkirs, in which, as we were informed, at least a hundred lakes exist, ninety of which belong to the proprietor of Kishtymsk.' A view is given of the dreary and boundless plains, which the travellers describe as one of their most striking 'peeps into Siberia.'

'We spent a night amid the peaks of Irendyk, in the tents of the Bashkir chief, Mohammed John, who was encamped here for the summer pastures of his herds of mares and flocks of sheep. . . . In his tent, where we slept upon fresh-chopped fir-leaves, we were refreshed with excellent tea, whilst surrounded by numerous black skins filled with kumiss, or mare's milk, and ornamented chests, from which one of his wives unpacked his best crockery. The small horses of the Bashkirs are unequal to heavy labour, and eight of them, sometimes nine, with four riders, were deemed essential to conduct our "tarantass" along this "*commerzi tract!*"* Our *attelage* measured forty-five feet from the leading-horse to the carriage—with such long cords do these wild people fasten on one little pair of horses before the other! The relays of horses, boys, and men, were usually stationed in the glade at some ferry or natural boundary upon our route.'

It is a remarkable fact, that the metallic deposits of the Ural follow generally a meridian line, a course, indeed, that is taken by the whole mountain range. Relics of the mammoth and rhinoceros have been found in great quantities in the superficial deposits of the mineral region. These fossilised bones were regarded with great veneration by the Bashkirs, who said to the earliest Russian miners—'Take from us our gold if you will, but for heaven's sake leave us the bones of our ancestors.' So abundant is the produce of gold from this region, that it threatens, at no distant day, to cause a general reduction in the value of the precious metals. The mines near Ekaterineburg have yielded, in ninety-six years, 52,000,000 of poods of ore, or 679 poods of gold. In eleven years the Peshanka mines yielded 10,000 Russian pounds* of the metal; while near Miask, where the richest deposits lie, the gold has been found in solid lumps, one of which, discovered in 1843, weighs about 78 English pounds. Gold, in smaller quantities, is also dug with the iron ore: the mines around Kishtymsk produce 250,000 poods of iron and 17 poods of gold annually. The chromate of iron, so extensively used in dye-works at Manchester, is supplied from the mines at the foot of the Ural: one establishment sends 20,000 poods to Moscow every year.

Though the volumes before us are barren of incidents of travel, we occasionally catch a hint of the difficulties attendant on locomotion in remote and wild regions. At one time, on the Cossack frontier, when the party had travelled far beyond the limits of civilisation, their escort consisted of Kirghis, armed with bows and arrows. Even here, at Troïsk, a town of 5000 inhabitants, they found an annual fair. 'Four to five hundred Bokharians, a few Persians, and not less than 20,000 Kirghis, are said to frequent it annually with their various goods.' These, principally silk and cotton, are sold to the amount of 3,000,000 of rubles. A great source of discomfort was experienced in the swarms of mosquitoes, which are said to have been more numerous than the drops of rain. 'They constitute the chief impediment to geological research during the hot summer months in all these high latitudes, and particularly where wood and water abound. The hardy natives are even compelled to work in cowls, like those of Capuchin friars, through which their eyes, nose, and mouth only are seen; and we were driven to the use of masks and veils.'

An attempt is made to account for the changes of surface which Russia has undergone, and which are going on at the present day: the gradual filling up of her inland seas—the drift of loose rocks and stones from the Baltic to the White Sea, a distance of 2000 miles—and the 'black earth,' which, possessed of the most fertile properties, overspreads so large a portion of the country. The limestone of the boundless steppes is supposed to be the relic of a great inland sea, now shrunk down to the narrow limits of the present Caspian. The mountains of the Hindoo Koosh and Chinese Tartary formed its boundary in one direction, while in the other it reached to the Ural chain. Researches in every part of the vast region favour the supposition, that here flowed a sea exceeding 'in size the present Mediterranean. No one, in truth, can have stood upon the promontories of the Volga and the Sarpa, and have observed their salient and re-entering angles, so like the worn coasts of the sea, nor have gazed, as we have done, over the vast expanse of lower steppe at his feet, covered with marine exuviæ, some of them identical with the forms now living in the Caspian, and others closely allied to them, without being convinced that there was a period—and at no very distant period of time in the history of the planet—when the waves of a former Caspian washed against these shores.'

Before the party returned, they mounted to the summit of one of the loftiest peaks of the mountain range—Uralskaya-Sopka—where, 2500 feet above the level of the sea, with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe, they sang 'God save the emperor!' They speak highly of 'the hearty hospitality and generous support of all classes of Russians;' and remark that, with regard to that distinctive trait of national Muscovite character—a will which admits of no obstacle—they are bound to record that their own impatient 'forward' was ever cheerfully responded to by the *mōjna*† of the natives. With this talismanic word, the Russian has indeed raised monuments on the Moskwa and the Neva that rival the grandest efforts of ancient and modern times.

Amidst such a people no real difficulty could be experienced. If a bridge were broken, it seemed rebuilt

* Commercial road.

* A Russian pound is 14 oz. 7 dr.

† Literally, 'it is possible'—equivalent to the sailors' 'Ay, ay, sir.'

by magic; though a river-bed was dry, the travellers beheld it converted, as if miraculously, into a navigable stream; was the water too shallow—then did the athletic peasants cheerfully lift the boats over rocks, enlivening their progress with a merry carol. Wet or dry, hot or cold, no murmur escaped these resolute men; and *môjna* was their only cry.

MRS KIRKLAND'S 'WESTERN CLEARINGS.'

Mrs Kirkland is the same lady who, a few years ago, under the name of Clavers, presented a lively, descriptive volume on the *far-west*, wherein, it appears, she is a settler. A new volume, called 'Western Clearings,' consisting of a series of brief tales and sketches, is another gathering from the same field. The perfect originality and freshness of life, as it exists in the back states, insures that almost any account of it should be worth listening to; but in the present case, we have it handled by one of the acuter class of female minds, one with much literary dexterity, and an unusually keen eye for the ludicrous, so that the 'Western Clearings' is really a very presentable treatise. The fêtes, dancing meetings, and other hospitalities of the clusters of half-civilised, yet not unkindly people of these wildernesses, are sketched with a particularly free and lively pencil.

There is one paper, to us most attractive, but hardly fit to make any impression in detached passages, on 'Idle People,' treating the backwoodsman form of that passion of us all to be busy with anything which is not *work*. Industrious application is in vogue there; but still there are people who like it not, and these are forced, in their saunterings, to do something which will at least appear as having some solid result in view. They fish, gather whortleberries or plums, or take to bee-hunting.

'Baiting for wild bees,' says our authoress, 'beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch, and many a lost day. This is a most fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the very spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some, who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness, cannot withstand a bee-hunt. A man whose arms and axe are all-sufficient to insure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family, is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood, where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper, and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the only sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset. He feels lonely and listless; and as noon draws on, he ceases from his hot toil, and seating himself on the tree which has just fallen beneath his axe, he takes out his lunch of bread and butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is, and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it. His eye wanders through the thick forest, and follows, with a feeling of envy, the winged inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes among the singing throng some half-dozen of bees.

'The lunch is soon despatched; a honey-tree must be near; and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavouring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight plods homeward, laying plans for their destruction.

'The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the horizon, finds the bee-hunter burning honey-comb and old honey near the scene of yesterday's inkling. Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sated with the luscious feast sets off in a "bee-line"—"like arrow darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate. This is enough. The spoiler asks no more; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hoard transferred to his cottage, where it sometimes serves, almost unaided, as food for the whole family, until the last drop is consumed. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree; and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whole cost and consequences be counted. To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment, is, after all, the characteristic rather of the brute than of the man; and a family accustomed to this view of life will grow more and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almost proverbial among farmers that bee-hunters are always behind-hand.'

Another paper, styled 'Ambuscades,' relates the efforts made by a village belle, Miss Celestina, or Teeny Pye, to entrap a dashing young hunter, yclept Tom Oliver. She was the niece and protegée of Mrs Purfle, a lady possessing a small competency; so the villagers were much cap-in-hand to her. Tom, however, was not to be caught. After many plans had failed, 'Mr Ashdod Cockles came amongst us in the character of an artist, having his wagon loaded with wax-figures, puppets, magic-lanterns, and all those temptations which the pockets of western people, lank as they are, always find irresistible—including a hand-organ of course.' Being a nephew of Mrs Purfle, he puts up at her house. 'Most exhilarating were the preparations. The village ball-room was to be the scene of the grand exhibition of Mr Cockles's glory, and the stairs which led to that honoured chamber were well worn during that day of ceaseless bustle and excitement. Not that the common eye was permitted to get even a glimpse of the mysteries within; for a thick curtain was suspended inside, so that the assistants could pass in and out a hundred times without one's getting a single peep. But the boys and idlers still thought they *should* see something; so there they stayed from morning till night, scarcely taking time to eat.

'But while all promised so fair for the multitude, what was the surprise and grief of Mr Ashdod Cockles to find that one of his wax-figures, nay, the one of all others that he could worst spare, had been completely crushed by the superincumbent weight of the hand-organ. The Sleeping Beauty! That *she* should have been lost! What is a wax-work without a Sleeping Beauty? Dire was the disappointment of Mr Cockles, and loud his lamentations (in private), and much did he try to make his factotum acknowledge that he had erred in the packing. Nick knew his business too well for that; but he nevertheless condescended to suggest a remedy; namely, that Mr Cockles should induce some pretty girl of the village to be dressed in the glittering drapery of the crushed nymph, and perform the part for that night only. This seemed the more feasible, that the figure was to be covered up in bed, and the performance would thus involve no fatigue. So it only remained to obtain the handsome face; and, touching this delicate point, Mr Cockles consulted Mrs Purfle.'

The lady communicated in a whisper her belief that Celestina would undertake the part, if properly requested. The reader will appreciate the value of the hint, when he knows that Miss Pye was thick and short, with the complexion of a stewed oyster, and a mouth so pursed up, that it seemed at first glance as if she must always have been fed through a quill. '"Ahem!" said Mr Ashdod Cockles, who was troubled with a cold—"ahem! yes, ma'am—but it would be asking quite too much of your niece. I think we had better——"

"Not at all, not at all!" insisted the lady; "Teeny is so obliging, she'll not think anything of it. I'll ask her at once."

"But," persisted Mr Cockles, fidgetting a good deal, "she is really quite too short for the character. A taller figure——"

"Oh, you forget she is to be conveyed under the quilt!

I'll manage all that," said the zealous diplomatist; "I'll dress her, and everything."

'And she left the room, and returned in a very short time with Miss Pye's unhesitating consent. So Mr Cockles could not but be very much obliged; and Mrs Purfle, in the highest spirits, sent Brim off at once to Mr Oliver's, to tell him he must be sure to come to the exhibition. "And, Brim," she added, "if you tell him a word about you know what, I'll skin ye!" A favourite figure of speech of Mrs Purfle's.

"What exhibition?" said Tom, who had but just returned from the woods.

"Oh, everything in the world!" said Brim, who was as much excited as anybody; "and Miss Teeny——" But here he thought of his skin, and no persuasions of Tom could extort another word on that point, though he was fluent on the main subject.

'The evening came at last, and the weather chanced to be pleasanter than it generally is on great occasions. The ball-room was elegantly fitted up, with suspended crosses of wood stuck with tallow candles—rather drippy, but you must keep out of their way—(I have seen gentlemen's coats completely iced with spermaceti, which, if more genteel, is also more destructive). Instead of glass-cases, a screen or medium of dark-coloured gauze was interposed between the eye and the wax-figures, in order to produce the requisite illusion. The puppets and the magic-lantern came first in order; and so great was the delight of the spectators, that it would seem that any after-show must have been an anti-climax; but the experienced Mr Cockles knew better. It was not until all this was done, that he ordered Nick to draw aside the baize which had veiled the grand attraction. Great clapping and rapping ensued, and it was some time before Mr Cockles could venture to begin; this being a part of the exhibition in which he expected to shine personally.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he began at the upper end of the room, "this is the New Orleans beauty. She was engaged to be married to two gentlemen at once; and, to avoid the torments of jealousy, they settled it between 'em, and first shot her and then each other through the heart! And they're all buried in one tomb; and I should have had the tomb too, only it was rather heavy to carry." Everybody crowded to this interesting sight.

"This," continued the exhibiter in a high-toned and theatrical voice, waving at the same time a gilded wand, which excited much admiration—"is the celebrated Miss M'Crea and her murderers, from likenesses taken on the spot by an eye-witness."

'A shudder ran through the throng at this announcement, and the grinning Indians were closely scrutinised, and the fierceness and many evil qualities of their race commented on in an under-tone.

"Here is a revolutionary character, ladies and gentlemen," Mr Cockles went on, as his familiar edged him along on his wheel-chair; and he pointed to a stumpy old man in a blue coat faced with red, who brandished a wooden sword as high as the ceiling would allow. "This was one of my forefathers," observed the orator with no little swell; "my great-great-grandfather, or some such relation. He was a man by the name of Horatio Cockles, who cut away the bridge at Rome just as the British was coming across it. You've all heard of Rome I suppose?"

'A murmur of assent went round; and one man observed, "I was born and brought up within five *mile* of it, but I never heard tell o' that 'ere feller!"

"Ay—yes—maybe not," said Mr Cockles, quite undisturbed; "but do you understand history?"

'The objector was posed, and the orator proceeded.

"This is Lay Fyett; and this is Bonypart, with a man's head that he has just cut off with his sword. He used to do that whenever he got mad."

'A shudder, with various exclamations.

"But here," said Mr Cockles, drawing aside with a flourishing air a mysterious-looking curtain, which had excited a good deal of curiosity during the evening, "this here is the Sleeping Beauty. Her infant daughter got broke a-coming."

'And there lay a female figure, in whose well-rouged cheeks and dyed ringlets no one recognised the heiress of Mrs Purfle's worldly substance. Even the eyebrows, which nature had left white, were entirely altered by the experienced skill of the artist, who had felt himself at liberty to put them on where he thought they would look best, the original ones being invisible by candle-light. A very elegant cap, full-trimmed with artificial flowers, had been arranged by Mrs Purfle; and the sky-blue pillow fringed with gold, and the purple quilt which belonged to the character, made altogether a very magnificent affair; though Mr Ashdod Cockles had not thought it prudent to suspend more than a single candle within the chintz curtains and the gauze blind.

'Just as the concealing screen had been withdrawn, and while a buzz of admiration was still in circulation, Tom Oliver, who had been in no haste to obey Mrs Purfle's hint, made his way into the room. He took a momentary glance at the attractions which lined the walls, and then sought the object which now fixed the eager crowd. It took a good look to satisfy him; but with the help of Brim's hint, and certain potent recollections, the truth came upon him at once; and with a very audible "Pshaw!" he turned on his heel and made for the door. The string by which the Sleeping Beauty's candle was suspended passing along near the ceiling, caught Tom's cap in his hasty retreat, and ruin ensued. In an instant Miss Teeny's gay head-dress was all in a blaze, and one whole side of her curls was burnt off before the cruel flames could be smothered. Tom was among the most active in endeavouring to repair the mischief he had done, and then, much mortified, darted out of the room.' The story ends by Tom marrying another young lady.

In 1835 a fever of speculation took place in the far-west, land being the matter dealt in. Both the speculators, and the 'land-lookers' who helped them in the business of their purchases, were odious to the actual settlers, because, by thus buying up land, they threatened to maintain a wilderness round the clearings for years—a serious disadvantage to these already too-solitary men. So much being premised, and with the additional knowledge that the backwoodsmen are generally very hospitable, the reader will apprehend the humour of the following sketch. It was at the height of the fever that a respectable-looking middle-aged man, riding a jaded horse, and carrying with him blankets, valise, saddle-bags, and holsters, stopped in front of a rough log-house, and accosted its tall and meagre tenant.

'This individual and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half-filled in with clay; its "looped-and-windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend——" civilly began Mr Willoughby.

"Oh! *friend!*" interrupted the settler; "who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetched you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Jist as you like," said the other, turning on his heel and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr Willoughby, stalking after the nonchalant son of the forest, "whether this is Mr Pepper's land?"

"How do you know it aint mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present, it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen—— Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news? You aint the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop!" screamed a white-headed urchin from the house—"mam says supper's ready."

"So aint I," replied the papa; "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pig-sty on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squalling multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

'Mr Willoughby looked at the western sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch; and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament—on the whole an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Ledyard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

'He naturally looked at the lady as he approached the door; but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children; and Mr Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband—as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malvina Jane!" she exclaimed in no dulcet treble, "be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll——"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess," was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look you'll see!" responded Miss Malvina coolly as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

'The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer: "with *my* will, we'll lodge nobody."

'This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered; and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

'And, in truth, he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fireplace, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster (it was his week) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally when the children cried *too* loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger; for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation, or the longing for whisky, to degrade himself by labour. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favourite ditty of the west—

> "All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,
> All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;"

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

'The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterwards a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy: plates and knives dropped in afterwards at the discretion of the company.'

The traveller having received a cloudy assent from the settler to put up his horse in the shed, supper commenced. 'The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney-corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

'To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"Aint my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh, the potatoes are excellent; but I am very fond of tea."

"So be I; but I can't have everything I want—can you?"

'This produced a laugh from the shoemaker, who seemed to think his patron very witty; while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then, reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

'The rain, which now poured violently, not only outside, but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccup, he withdrew from the table, and seating himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

'Two double-beds and the long cradle seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder, which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well-stored with the usual articles, among which a teapot and canister shone conspicuous; so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.'

The question of bed accommodation for the traveller by and by came forward. 'The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys. Mr Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well, just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon

sleeps there—and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than *I* should."

'This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr Willoughby once more cast woful glances towards the ladder. But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest; who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

'The storm continued throughout the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

'But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse; and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word. His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar. Mr Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look towards the hearth, and perceiving the preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr Pepper," he began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh—"if this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you——"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for! My name isn't Pepper no more than yours is! Maybe that *is* your name: you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray what is it then?"

"Ah, there's the thing now. You land-hunters ought to know sich things without asking."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter."

"Well, you're a land-shark then—swallowin' up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr Willoughby, who waxed warm; "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole state for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for then?"

'And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And, to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.' A good breakfast restored all to harmony, and Mr Willoughby parted with his entertainers on the best of terms.

Mrs Kirkland, in extenuation of the coarseness of things in the west, says, 'Those to whose apprehension sympathy and sincerity have a pre-eminent and independent charm, prefer the kindly warmth of the untaught to the icy chill of the half-taught, and would rather be welcomed by the woodsman to his log-cabin, with its rough hearth, than make one of a crowd who feed the ostentation of a *millionaire*, or gaze with sated eyes upon costly feasts which it would be a mockery to dignify with the name of hospitality.' This may be true; but we cannot doubt that, when a people exchange the roughness of the early settlement for the refinement, and, it may be, greater coldness of a higher civilisation, they do it by free choice; and therefore, it may be presumed, from finding that, upon the whole, the latter is productive of greater happiness.

CHADWICK ON RAILWAY LABOURERS.

Mr Chadwick, the indefatigable enunciator of enlarged views on many subjects of social economy, has just laid before the public some papers of startling interest on the demoralisation, loss of life, and injuries occasioned by the present system of railway excavation. The facts which he produces are contained in statements from members of the statistical society of Manchester, and appear to be the result of careful inquiry: in all particulars they so essentially correspond with what we hear daily of railway workings, that they can admit of no debate, and demand the most careful consideration.

The digging of large masses of earth, and the blasting and removal of rocks, for the railways lately formed, and now in course of construction, have called into operation a class of labourers almost new in the country. First employed in cutting canals for inland navigation, these men received the appellation of 'navigators,' or 'naveys,' as the word has been abbreviated. Collected principally from the hills of Lancashire and Yorkshire, they display the strong Anglo-Saxon type: in point of physical stamina, they are altogether unequalled by any other race; while, under a rough exterior, are good mental qualities, susceptible of a high moral cultivation. Being reared without education, like the peasantry of England generally, they are valuable alone—to speak commercially—as engines of physical labour, and are drawn together in vast numbers by the temptation of high wages from railway contractors. Latterly, as railway digging has increased, they have become blended with hosts of miscellaneous labourers, and with Irish in still greater numbers—in all cases the groups being composed of men unprepared by culture for an absence of discipline and supervision.

Such are the operatives employed in the stupendous public works now advancing to maturity throughout the British islands—in England much more than elsewhere. Unfortunately, the execution of these works is seldom in the hands of the actual proprietaries. Railway directors are usually gentlemen connected with city life, who know nothing of engineering or manual-labour operations; and if it were otherwise, they cannot overlook the progress of the works nominally under their charge. It is found to be the best policy to let out portions of a line to a contractor, who engages to complete the excavations, bankings, &c. at a specified price. Contracting for railways has thus become a great business; so great, that there are men who will now undertake the whole works on a line—earth, stone, and iron work—all together; they again letting out portions to sub-contractors, and these sub-contractors letting lesser bits to what may be called sub-sub-contractors. In such arrangements, it will be observed, the proprietors or directors of the railway lose all connexion with the progress of the works: all they look to is having the contracts fulfilled by a stipulated day. Down and down through all the subordinate contractors there is the same disregard of everything but the completion of engagements; and hence the operatives—the men who are the real railway-makers—are at the mercy of a set of persons very little, if at all, removed above them in station, and who, from their very obscurity, are removed from any chance of obloquy.

The consequences may be anticipated; a state of demoralisation, crimes, riots, and confusion, fearful to contemplate in their present aspect, but still more so in what they are likely to become. Should the sanction of parliament be given to any considerable proportion of the new railway works presented for its consideration, and if no new precautions be taken in respect to

the mode in which they are conducted, some eight, ten, or twelve millions per annum, or as much as the annual expenditure for the whole of the effective and non-effective naval and military force of the country, will shortly be expended as wages for the payment of manual labour in railway undertakings. To aggravate the dangers to be apprehended, masses of untrained and inferior workmen will be congregated; while the superintendence, by competent engineers and superior officers of practical experience, must be diminished. Yet it would be difficult to conceive anything worse than what now is observable on various lines in progress.

Mr Robertson, a correspondent of Mr Chadwick, relates the following particulars of what he saw last June on the Sheffield, Ashton-under-Line, and Manchester railway. At the highest part of the country which the railway has to cross, the line is carried through a tunnel the longest in the kingdom, extending to five thousand one hundred and ninety-two yards, or nearly three miles. Here, as in most instances of railway workings, there is no town or village in which the labourers may reside; and rude hovels have been erected for their accommodation near the mouths of the shafts which penetrate the surface of the bleak moor, and at the two terminations of the tunnel. 'The huts are a curiosity. They are mostly of stones without mortar, the roof of thatch or flags, erected by the men for their own temporary use; one man building a hut in which he lives with his family, and lodges also a number of his fellow-workmen. In some instances as many as fourteen or fifteen men, we were told, lodged in the same hut; and this at best containing two apartments, an outer and an inner, the former alone having a fireplace. Many of the huts were filthy dens; while some were whitewashed, and more cleanly.' In these wretched hamlets, far removed from civilisation, from nine to fifteen hundred men had been crowded for the space of six years. Living almost like brutes, they were described as depraved, degraded, and reckless. Drunkenness and dissoluteness of morals prevailed. There were many women, but few wives; loathsome forms of disease were universal. Work went on in the tunnel without intermission, on Sundays as well as other days. No provision had been made at any period in reference to religious instruction, public worship, or visitation of the sick or wounded, by any of those having a pecuniary interest in the works. There appears, however, to have been a surgeon. A school for children, supported by the men, had been discontinued. The list of accidents reported to Mr Robertson embraced 32 fatal, and 140 severe cases—fractures, burns from blasts, contusions, lacerations, dislocations, eyes blown out, &c. A large proportion of these injuries were caused by the men *going to work more or less in a state of intoxication.*

The wages paid to joiners were 5s. per day, masons 6s., miners from 4s. to 5s. Such wages seem fair, if not what would be called excellent; but the whole thing is practically a delusion. Here we arrive at the execrable practices of the sub-contractors. The wages we allude to were paid only once in *nine* weeks, and the payment took place at a public-house—a beer-selling hovel. Think of a working man waiting nine weeks for his earnings, and getting from L.8 to L.10 in a lump! However, few or none have much to receive when the pay-day arrives. The great object of the contractors in thus staving off payment, is to drive the men either to take goods on credit at certain shops—technically called 'tally shops'—with which they are connected, or to accept of tickets, which, like cash in hand, they can exchange for articles at these establishments. The high prices charged for every article, and the frequent exchange of tickets for beer, absorb all the poor men's wages; and the nominal 5s. a-day is not worth perhaps two or three shillings in ordinary circumstances.

The practice of paying wages by orders on shops for goods, or, as it is called, the truck system, is contrary to law; but, in the present state of things, it seems impossible to prevent it. 'The labourer,' observes Mr Chadwick, 'who might want employment, has found that he could only get it on the recommendation of the beer shopkeeper, or the tally shopkeeper; the labourer has also found that, somehow or other, he could not retain his employment unless he took a certain quantity of beer from the beer-shop, or of goods from the tally-shop.' Supposing, however, that truck could be reached and put down, what is to prevent the sub-contractors from keeping tally and beer-shops, and only employing those men who would spend their wages at these establishments? Such has actually taken place in making the Rouen and Havre line. The wages are paid in money, but they are only transferred to the hands of sub-contractors, who keep chandlery-shops.

In Ireland, as we observe by an article in the Freeman's Journal (March 14), the mode of paying railway labourers is fully worse than anything we have heard of in England. It appears that it is a practice on the Mulingar line to pay wages monthly *by bill*, the bills being liable to a discount before the money can be realised. Many of these bills are for so low a sum as *one shilling*, and are made payable from twenty to thirty days after date, at an office in Dublin. The prevalence of practices of this sort is a scandal to the country, and ought by all means to be checked. Railway directors should be compelled to be more careful in the selection of their contractors. 'Their contracts for the execution of railway works,' says Mr Chadwick, 'are often undertaken at prices which their engineer, if he be a competent and honest person, must know cannot pay the contractors. I have been informed of one piece of work undertaken by a few contractors, who will lose by the work itself, but who will make upwards of L.7000 by the truck of beer and inferior provisions to the workmen. Here the interests of the contractors in the sale of beer were greater than in the good execution of the work, and men under their arrangements were often at work in a state of intoxication.'

One result, as already shown, of the intemperance which prevails at these works, is the number of fatal and severe bodily injuries which are constantly occurring. Another unhappy consequence of the general debauchery is deterioration of race. The children, born and bred up in the crowded hovels, are physically inferior to the parents, and are still more depraved morally. As long as the works are going on, these and other evils are not very observable by the public; for the hordes of labourers are living considerably apart from the rest of the community; but when the period of disbanding arrives, it is to be feared that predatory hosts of vagrants will be created, whom it will be difficult, as well as expensive, to repress. Of the present course of demoralisation to which these really useful men are exposed, perhaps enough has been said; but the few facts presented fall far short of the truth. The railway workers form a daily accumulating mass of savagery, with the worst vices of civilisation. They realise within the bounds of the United Kingdom a specimen of habits common only in the most barbarous tribes. Among them Christian and surnames disappear, and they become known and are entered in the contractors' books by the same species of cognomens as are fancifully adopted by roving Indians and other wild races.

As the condition of affairs we have been faintly picturing is neither creditable nor safe, the question naturally arises—how is it to be effectually remedied? Nearly the whole of the mischief may be said to be traceable to two things—the method of paying, and the method of lodging the men. Mr Chadwick suggests express legislative interference. Railway directors should be made responsible for the good behaviour of the labourers, as also the injuries which they may suffer by improper methods of working. The directors must bind their engineer to overlook and pay for the work of the contractors weekly: because, unless the contractors get their money weekly, they cannot be expected to pay it out

to their operatives at these intervals. The men should be paid in detachments—so many on Monday, so many on Tuesday, and so on; never all in a mass, and never at longer intervals than a week. The payment must be made in cash on the spot, not in a public-house. Moveable wooden habitations, each with at least two apartments, weather-tight, and well ventilated, must be provided in sufficient abundance to accommodate families in decency and health. Means for moral supervision and instruction are also called for, and might be provided in various ways. As to shops, it is exceedingly likely that, if the men were paid promptly in cash, every well-regulated colony would be provided with such establishments by ordinary competition. This, however, and all other matters, would be unavailing; laws of the most stringent order would go pretty much for nothing, and the present horrors would remain unabated, unless the supervision of such works were placed under an authoritative officer appointed by government. Properly qualified functionaries would require to move about among the lines in course of construction, everywhere seeing that the legal provisions were obeyed, and acting as magistrates to settle all petty disputes between workers and contractors on the spot. We agree with Mr Chadwick in thinking that all the degradation, iniquity, and misery which have been alluded to, is no more a necessary consequence of public works, than plague was to past populations, or than fever is now; and that if the means we speak of be adopted, there can be little doubt that railway labourers will become as orderly as any other portion of the community.

USAGES OF SOCIETY.

A CORRESPONDENT, a great stickler for etiquette, hands us the following hints; a knowledge of which, however commonplace, he thinks may be useful to those not up to the mark in this weighty subject.

'I shall begin with calls. When you call at the house of an acquaintance, or indeed call anywhere, and do not happen to find the party at home, you should leave your card. Leaving your name will not do; because names left verbally are seldom correctly delivered, if delivered at all, and your call may be said to go for nothing. Your card is the enduring evidence of your visit. The card is one of the most useful things in modern society. All are supposed to carry a small stock of these pasteboard representatives about with them, and the giving of one is very handy on many occasions. For example, in visiting, instead of sending in your name by a servant, hand in one of your cards, and then you may be sure there will be no mistake.

'Having either seen your acquaintance, or left your card, it is now the duty of your acquaintance (supposing it is a call of ceremonial intercourse) to return the call within a reasonable time. If he do not call, you do not repeat your visit. And why so? Because it may be his wish to drop your acquaintance, and your continuing to call on him may be disagreeable. Knowing that such is the rule, a second call from you seems like forcing yourself on his notice—a determination that he shall not rid himself of you. The rule of call for call, therefore, is on the whole not a bad one. It affords every one an opportunity of dropping an acquaintance when his society is no longer wanted. In good society, no one ever complains that an acquaintance has not returned a call—the thing is silently dropped.

'Calls of ceremony, which are not usually performed till past one or two o'clock, are seldom expected to last more than ten or fifteen minutes, and, as everybody knows, are performed in a plain walking-dress. Gentlemen, in making forenoon calls, or attending soirées, do not lay down their hat in the lobby, but carry it in their hand into the room, and never let it go, however long they stay. This is a very odd piece of etiquette, that has often amused me. I frequently see gentlemen walking about a drawing-room for hours, each cuddling his hat below his arm, as if it were a crime to part with it even for a moment. A man might as conveniently carry about a child's drum under his arm; yet he cannot well escape from the annoyance. If left in the hall at large parties, and worth the stealing, the unfortunate hat will in all probability be never more seen by its owner; for there appears to be nothing like conscientiousness in the matter of hats. How far the dread of losing the hat led to the practice of parading about with it under the arm, is of little consequence. The modern custom of keeping fast hold of it during short or extempore visits, is considered to indicate that you do not intend to stay any great length of time, nor expect an invitation to remain to dinner, or any other meal; in short, that it is your design to vanish after a little friendly chit-chat. Thus, laughable as it seems, there is really a meaning, and not a bad meaning either, in the practice. A host who wishes you to remain, or at least not to go in a hurry, will beg to relieve you of your incumbrance.

'Next as to invitations. When you ask a person to dinner, let it, if possible, be done a week or ten days in advance; because, to ask a person only a day or two days before, looks as if you had been disappointed of somebody else, and had asked him as a mere stop-gap. A short invitation is only allowable for off-hand parties, or with strangers who are passing through a town.

'When you invite a person to dinner, or any other party at your house, specify only one day. Don't say you will be glad to see him on either of two days, as Tuesday or Wednesday next. And why? Because this person may not wish to dine with or visit you at all; and so far from a choice of days being thought an act of kindness, it may be considered one of servility, if not rudeness. Always state only one day; and let the invitation, like the answer, be unequivocal.

'Invitations for several weeks in advance are almost as bad as invitations for alternative days; because long invitations convey the impression that the inviter is desperately ill off for guests, and wishes to insure a number at all risks. The person invited is also apt to feel that it is not *his* pleasure or convenience that is consulted; and to raise a feeling of this kind is anything but consistent with true politeness.

'The receiver of an invitation has a duty to perform as well as its giver. It is incumbent on him to say *yes* or *no* at once—not to allow a post or a day to elapse before answering. The reason is obvious: a delay on his part looks as if he were waiting for a better invitation before he made up his mind. Not to send a speedy reply, therefore, is one of the worst pieces of breeding of which a man can be guilty. It is also not using the inviter well: for a dinner-party usually consists only of a certain number; and if you cannot accept the invitation, say so, in order that time may be allowed to invite another person in your place. Let the answer also be distinct: no uncertainty is allowable: and if the invitation be accepted, let it be kept.

'The answer to an invitation should be directed to the lady of the house.

'I now come to the fulfilment of the engagement. Some time ago it was fashionable to be rather late—twenty minutes after the hour being considered a fair thing. Now, prompt to the hour is the rule, which is a great improvement. In attending two or three dinners lately, I found that all had assembled within the space of ten minutes.

'A drawing-room is the domain of ladies, and on entering, you first make your obeisances to the lady of the mansion, who is of course ready to receive you. Leading the ladies down stairs to the dining-room is a simple affair; yet one may be a novice in this as well as in everything else. The rule is, for the lady you take down to sit on your right hand, if that can be managed conveniently. But when you take down the lady of the house, you sit on her right hand—that is, you have the seat of honour. It will not do for any guest to rush forward to offer his arm to the lady of the house. The honour of leading her down, if not assigned by the host to a favoured guest, is taken by the most

elderly gentleman, or by the party of highest rank present. To save all doubt on this point, the host almost always asks one of the party to be so good as take Mrs So-and-so down stairs. Where the party are generally strangers to each other, it is customary for the host to make a similar request to the other gentlemen as respects the other ladies. The host selects the lady of greatest consequence, and leads her off first. The hostess waits to go down last—sees all go down before her.

'In going down stairs, the lady should have the widest side, supposing the stair to have a narrow and a wide side, as is the case with winding-stairs. Better, however, take the wrong side, than make any fuss about correcting so small an error.

'A custom, lately come in, seems to be deservedly gaining ground: instead of sitting at the top and bottom of the table, the host and hostess sit opposite each other at the middle; by which means they are more at ease, more in the centre of their guests, and better able to communicate with each other. George IV. adopted this practice twenty years ago: it is followed by the present queen. According to this arrangement, two persons can be accommodated at each end of the table—not a bad point where there is limited accommodation.

'A dinner-party usually lasts four hours. If you go at six, you may order your carriage at ten; if at seven, it may come at eleven; and so on. What dinner hours are by and by to come to, I cannot tell. Not many years ago, dinner at five o'clock was thought mighty genteel; then we had half-past five; next came six, and six and a-half—both of which are now general; but seven is also far from uncommon. That the fashionable dinner hour will be pushed on to eight, to nine, or to ten, is what we may reasonably expect. When it comes to this pass, will dinner bound back to its ancient hours, or will it be extinguished as a formal meal?

'So much for dinners: now for a little about personal decoration: and here I address myself chiefly to ladies. In giving a dinner or evening party, take care to dress somewhat less elegantly than any of your expected guests; because, were you to dress much more elegantly, it might be supposed that you invited the party only to astonish them with your finery, or at least to show them that you could afford to dress better than they—a thing not likely to be agreeable to their feelings. As under-dressing may be considered disrespectful to guests, it is equally to be avoided with over-decoration. Good taste will suggest the proper medium.

'I must say a word on tokens of sympathy. "If you wish me to weep, you must weep with me," says the Roman poet. Quite reasonable this. If you wish to condole with a friend, you must at least employ the emblems of wo. In calling on an acquaintance who is in mourning, put on a little mourning also—don't go in flashy attire, out of character with the occasion. If your correspondent seals his letters with black, seal your replies with black also. These may be trifles, but if they tend to give any one gratification, why not practise them? A thousand comforts in life depend on what are intrinsically trifles.

'The prompt answering of letters is considered an unequivocal mark of a gentleman and a man of business. Why is delay the reverse? Because not to answer a letter (supposing it deserves to be answered) is the same thing as not answering when you are spoken to; and everybody knows that that is bad enough. Yet some people, who mean nothing wrong, but are only ignorant of what is due to the feelings of others, are most remiss in the answering of letters, and will allow days and weeks to elapse before despatching a reply. When letters are conceived in an impertinent or intrusive spirit, it is of course allowable and reasonable to let them remain unanswered. Persons of notoriety, for example, who are pestered with letters on all sorts of frivolous subjects, frequently for no other purpose than to get hold of their autograph, may very excusably take some latitude in regard to this rule.

'In asking after the health of a person's relations, give each his or her proper name and title, unless it be a child. Ask for Mrs ——, or Miss ——, and so on: never say, "How is your wife?" "I hope your daughter is well?" &c. Any such mode of address is intolerably over-familiar, and is almost certain to give offence. Calling persons "My dear sir," or "My good fellow," in speaking to them; also holding them by the button—an offence denounced by Chesterfield—are, for the same reason, objectionable.'

NOTES.

SAVINGS' BANKS.

A correspondent, signing himself 'An Englishman,' makes a few remarks on the paper on Savings' Banks which appeared in the Journal of January 17, being chiefly an abridgment of a paper by Dr Chalmers in the *North British Review*. This gentleman laments that, in that paper, the view of advantages from little accumulations to the working man should be so much limited to provision against sickness and old age. He contemplates, and it appears to us with justice, benefits gilding and improving the general current of the labouring man's existence, as a possible result of saving. In many circumstances 'a labourer,' he says, 'having realised a few pounds out of his wages, may rent an acre or so of land, buy an additional pig, take advantage of a right of common for a cow or a sheep: as he goes on, he may add field to field, till he has almost a farm. Such things are done; and undoubtedly not only is a better style of living so attained, but even greater security is made against evil days of every kind, than by continuing to board in a savings' bank. In other circumstances men may improve their condition by similar means. Hundreds of suitable expedients suggest themselves to the frugal and vigilant man who possesses a little money. I remember some remarkable instances of colliers advancing themselves, by dint of little savings, from the common working situation to that of renters of levels, and that while they were still young men. I know an instance of a young man who, from an occupation yielding one pound a-week, raised himself to one bringing in five hundred per annum; and what were the means for effecting such a change? A lady gave him L.15 to rent a level in the railway construction; which was speedily repaid with gratitude. So serviceable may a little accumulation prove even in the humblest walks of life!' We are content that these remarks should speak for themselves; only deeming it necessary to add, that there may be virtue and happiness in the homes of the labouring classes without such an employment of savings; but yet it is undoubted that, in the present constitution of society, we generally see both improved in proportion as absolute poverty is left behind.

THE GREGORY FAMILY.

With reference to a paper in No. 102—*Does Talent go in the Male Line?*—a correspondent strengthens our argument for a so-far favourable answer to that question, by telling us that the series of Gregories holding professional chairs in Edinburgh during the last hundred years, is of the same family with the equally celebrated mathematicians of the preceding century. As this family history may be regarded as a curious natural fact, showing the long descent of certain characters of mind, we give some of the details of our correspondent's letter.

'The first man of any note in the family was John Gregory, minister of Drumoak, son of a burgess of Aberdeen, whose father or grandfather was a M'Gregor from Glenlyon, a younger son of M'Gregor of Roro in that valley. The minister of Drumoak lived during the civil wars, and seems to have been "gay canny," for, like the vicar of Bray, he stuck in through all the troubles, and bought a good estate—Kinairdy in Banffshire. He married a lady named Anderson, the daughter of a man possessing remarkable mechanical abilities, and herself a woman of superior intellect. She it was who is supposed to have brought the talent into the family. Of the minister's eldest son, it is only recorded that he was stabbed in a fray by Crichton of Frendraught. The second, David, the eldest of Miss Anderson's children, succeeded to the estate. He was taught mathematics by his mother, and was considered a good geometrician, though only as an amateur. David had twenty-nine children, who of course ate up his estate; but three of them were professors of mathematics at one time; namely, David, first of Edinburgh, afterwards of Oxford, a friend of Newton, and a first-rate mathematician; James, and Charles. The son of David became professor of history at Oxford, and dean of Christchurch. He had three sons, who, being by their mother connected with the English aristocracy, took to horses and dogs, and soon died out. The dean's fine library was bequeathed to the late Dr James Gregory of Edinburgh; but somehow was neglected at Oxford, and, I believe, finally lost and embezzled. Either James or Charles, the brothers of the first David, had a son Charles, also a professor of mathematics. It is also worthy of note, that from two daughters of the first David Gregory came two other professors; namely, Professor Irvine of Marischal College, and the celebrated Dr Thomas Reid, author of the Inquiry into the Human Mind; both of whom were mathematicians.

'It is well known that Dr Reid was originally a clergyman, though, his faculties not lying that way, he never acquired any reputation in the profession. The following (original) anecdote of

the great metaphysician, strikingly proves the inapplicability of his powers to the pulpit. In a parish close to Old Aberdeen lived a kind of half idiot, who had an amazing memory, insomuch that he could repeat any sermon which he heard even after years had elapsed; and his great pleasure was in listening to sermons and repeating them. When Reid, as an elderly man, visited his old university of King's College, he heard of this man, and was anxious to see him. He went accordingly with the man's laird, who introduced Reid, and requested the man to give a specimen of his powers by repeating the sermon of the preceding Sunday. "I dinna ken," says the man, "if I can do that; but I'll tell ye what I can do; I'll let ye hear the sermon that your freend here preached in our kirk mony years syne. Atweel he was a puir hand." Reid did not much relish the proposal; but when he heard the fellow begin and repeat correctly a sermon which he had actually preached there about twenty years before, and which was really a miserable production, he turned on his heel without waiting for the conclusion of this remarkable proof of memory.

'I have now to go back to James, the third son of the old minister, and the younger brother of David. This was the inventor of the reflecting telescope. He was professor of mathematics first in Aberdeen, afterwards in Edinburgh, where he died early of apoplexy, following a sudden attack of amaurosis, which is said to have come on while he was showing his pupils the planets of Jupiter through that tube by which he had so much increased the power of vision to the rest of mankind. He was, as well as his nephew David above-mentioned, the friend and correspondent of Newton, many of whose letters continue in the possession of James's descendants. In fact these Gregories were among the first to adopt and teach Newton's views; they did so long before those views were admitted at Cambridge. His son James became professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, holding the very same chair which, a hundred years later, was occupied by one of his descendants. He was a man of strong sound practical sense, and is still remembered locally as the author of many improvements. He planted, in 1726, the *Mediciner's Glebe* with the fine trees now ornamenting it; and a dike on the Don is still called after him *Gregory's Dike*. He acquired a fishing on that river, which now belongs to one of his descendants. He had two sons—James, who at one time held the same medical chair; and John, who also held that chair, but was invited to Edinburgh, and there distinguished himself. He wrote a "Father's Legacy to his Daughters," an often-printed book, and "A Comparative View of Man and the Animal World," one full of common sense, and which has contributed most powerfully to the introduction of rational habits among our ladies, in reference to the nursing and physical education of their children. He also published "Lectures on the Duties and Qualifications of a Physician," a work distinguished by a high strain of morality, and still looked upon as a standard.

'Dr John Gregory had two sons—James, professor of the institutes of medicine in the Edinburgh university, and who stood at the head of his profession in that city, author of the well-known "Conspectus Medicinæ;" and William, who entered the English church, and had a stall in Canterbury cathedral. Of Dr James's family, one is the present professor of chemistry in Edinburgh; another, Donald, who died in 1836, was a profound and accurate antiquary, and author of a book of extraordinary research, entitled "A History of the Western Highlands and Islands;" a third, David, died in youth, but not before acquiring the character of a first-rate mathematician at Cambridge, where he had established and conducted a mathematical journal. In him the original talent of the family might be said to have blazed out in all its pristine lustre; for the two intermediate generations, although entitled to be called good mathematicians, had not distinguished themselves in this line. Finally, it ought not to be forgotten that one of the daughters of Dr John Gregory was the mother of Dr W. P. Alison, who succeeded his uncle in the chair of the institutes of medicine; and of Archibald Alison, author of the History of the French Revolution.'

It thus appears that from the clever Miss Anderson, who lived in the time of Cromwell, have proceeded *fourteen professors*, some of them men of extraordinary ability, and one of them a great inventor; besides other men of eminence in literature and philosophy. As talent has thus descended, ever since the first generation, from male to male, it would appear that the favourite theory of its descending invariably through mothers is inconsistent with facts. One particular in the history of the Gregories is peculiarly striking—the sudden outbreak of the original mathematical talent, after having had only a subdued existence through three generations. We are forcibly reminded by it of what Washington Irving tells of the revival of family features in great-great-grandchildren.

It is also somewhat curious to reflect on this long list of eminent men having had their remoter origin in the solitudes of Glenlyon, amongst the wild clan Gregor. This reminds us of an anecdote which Sir Walter Scott gave in the final edition of his novel of Rob Roy, and which cannot be the worse of being here reprinted. Rob was, it seems, sent by the Earl of Mar in 1715 to raise the armbearing men of a portion of the clan seated near Aberdeen. 'While in this city, he met a relation of a very different class and character from those whom he was sent to summon to arms. This was Dr James Gregory (by descent a Macgregor), the patriarch of a dynasty of professors distinguished for literary and scientific talent, and the grandfather of the late eminent physician and accomplished scholar, Professor Gregory of Edinburgh. This gentleman was at the time professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and son of Dr James Gregory, distinguished in science as the inventor of the reflecting telescope. With such a family it may seem our friend Rob could have had little communion. But civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange bedfellows. Dr Gregory thought it a point of prudence to claim kindred at so critical a period with a man so formidable and influential. He invited Rob Roy to his house, and treated him with so much kindness, that he produced in his generous bosom a degree of gratitude which seemed likely to occasion very inconvenient effects.

'The professor had a son about eight or nine years old, a lively stout boy of his age, with whose appearance our Highland Robin Hood was much taken. On the day before his departure from the house of his learned relative, Rob Roy, who had pondered deeply how he might requite his cousin's kindness, took Dr Gregory aside, and addressed him to this purport:—"My dear kinsman, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, here you have a fine-spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning; and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great good-will to you and yours, to take him with me, and make a man of him." The learned professor was utterly overwhelmed when his warlike kinsman announced his kind purpose, in language which implied no doubt of its being a proposal which would be, and ought to be, accepted with the utmost gratitude. The task of apology or explanation was of a most delicate description; and there might have been considerable danger in suffering Rob Roy to perceive that the promotion with which he threatened the son was, in the father's eyes, the ready road to the gallows. Indeed every excuse which he could at first think of—such as regret for putting his friend to trouble with a youth who had been educated in the Lowlands, and so on—only strengthened the chieftain's inclination to patronise his young kinsman, as he supposed they arose entirely from the modesty of the father. He would for a long time take no apology, and even spoke of carrying off the youth by a certain degree of kindly violence, whether his father consented or not. At length the perplexed professor pleaded that his son was very young, and in an infirm state of health, and not yet able to endure the hardships of a mountain life; but that, in another year or two, he hoped his health would be firmly established, and he would be in a fitting condition to attend on his brave kinsman, and follow out the splendid destinies to which he opened the way. This agreement being made, the cousins parted, Rob Roy pledging his honour to carry his young relation to the hills with him on his next return to Aberdeenshire, and Dr Gregory doubtless praying in his secret soul that he might never see Rob's Highland face again.

'James Gregory, who thus escaped being his kinsman's recruit, and in all probability his henchman, was afterwards professor of medicine in the college, and, like most of his family, distinguished by his scientific acquirements. He was rather of an irritable and pertinacious disposition; and his friends were wont to remark, when he showed any symptom of these foibles, "Ah, this comes of not having been educated by Rob Roy!"'

SONNET.

THE mirthful spring hath come to us at last:
Down her bright brow she shakes the sparkling dew,
And from her leafy screen peeps laughing through,
Coaxing to distant climes the nipping blast!
The mossy buds spring proudly up and fast;
For her white arm and robe of wavy blue
Daintily o'er their tender shoots she threw,
Till the fierce Wind King should have ridden past.
Now, undisturbed, we feel her dear caresses,
Now from the rainbow-foam strange music sending,
Now, as her graceful foot the green earth presses,
The forest minstrels their soft tones are blending;
And the rich incense from her amber tresses
Comes from her golden throne in clouds descending.

F. B. S.

IMPORTANCE OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

In Great Britain a very large proportion of the imports consists of raw produce, obtained from the vegetable kingdom. Thus in the year 1836, the net-produce of the custom-house duties amounted to L.22,774,991. Of this large sum not less than L.21,127,455 was collected upon vegetable, L.1,177,091 upon animal, and only L.72,323 upon mineral substances. These sums are certainly not in proportion to the importance to the country of the three kingdoms of nature, as the exports consist chiefly of manufactured articles, both of mineral and animal products, as well as of the vegetable substances previously imported; but they very strikingly confirm the commercial importance of the vegetable kingdom.—*Dr Royle.*

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MY FATHER THE LAIRD.

[It may be well to state that this piece—the first of a short series in which, as it appears to us, domestic life is sketched with singular spirit and fidelity of pencil—is really what it appears to be, the composition of a lady advanced in life, the daughter of a Highland proprietor of ancient name. This first paper depicts the north-country gentleman of the conclusion of what we may call the age of old-world things—the time when there was no systematic agriculture, no struggling activity, and only a simple and antiquated kind of refinement. A second paper shows a transition state of things in the middle of the last war; and a third, we believe, will set forth the contrast afforded by the present stage of society.]

It must be above a hundred years since my father was born, for he did not marry early, and I, his youngest child, am now something past seventy. I have always heard that he was near his fiftieth year at my birth. My first recollection of him is as an elderly man, grave, yet kind in manner, passing through the quiet routine of his life with the dignity befitting the laird of the wild Highland glen that was his heritage. Of his youth I know little. In those days children held but distant intercourse with their parents; they seldom shared their confidence, either as to memories of the past or plans for the present or the future. Orders were given and obeyed, with a little sternness on the one hand, and extreme submission on the other; and thus was preserved the distance in position then considered essential to good family government. I learned, however, that he had been partly educated at Aberdeen, that he had made one or two journeys to Edinburgh, had even been in London, and, upon some particular occasion, had gone from thence as far as Dover, where he had had a peep of the French coast.

My mother was not a Highlander, on account of which defect she had never been thoroughly popular among her husband's vassals, whom, perhaps, she did not sufficiently understand to be enabled to conciliate. She was of an ancient border race, descended from some of those moonlight riders whose fame has hardly passed away with their rude age, yet who were so little accounted of by the proud clans of the Highlands, that, despite her beauty, her grace, her unwearied benevolence, my mother never, in their eyes, filled the place of her predecessor, my grandmother, the Lady Rachel, a termagant of a woman, who ruled her whole household by the help of a good stick, and fed ever so many rebels in the caves and woods in the very face of the government.

The beautiful glen appropriated by my ancestors several long ages ago, when 'might' made 'right' all over the 'north countrie,' runs deep up into the chain of hills which stretches across the central Highlands, lost in a pine forest at the upper end, and at the other expanding towards one of the many considerable lakes intersecting these solitudes. A small river, frequently interrupted in its course by rocky birchen-wooded banks, falls within a mile of the lake, over so steep a precipice, as to entitle it to the reputation it has long maintained, of being one of the finest bits of scenery in the district. About the middle of its descent the stream is broken by a high, black angular rock, dividing the water into two diverging cataracts. On a sort of natural terrace raised from the meadow, backed by the gray mountains, the lake in front, the stream at hand, the waterfall in full view, stood, in my father's day, the ruins of an old massive tower, with the usual long, high, narrow steep-roofed house attached to it. It was the ancient seat of the family; but my father, since his marriage, had never lived there, my grandmother, the much-revered Lady Rachel before-mentioned, having demurred as to the necessity of removal from the place she was used to. My gentle mother, therefore, had prevailed on him to occupy, in the meanwhile, what had been the jointure house on the property, a mile or two farther up the glen; and when, in the course of years, the castle became vacant, they had grown unwilling to leave this their humbler dwelling-place. They found, too, it would be cheaper to add to it than to repair the more chieftainly-looking residence. They therefore built two heavy square wings to the lowly centre, with what was called a back 'jamb' for kitchens; walled in a bit of ground behind for a garden; set the barn, the poultry-house, the forge, and a labourer's hut or two, down in full view on one side; the stables and cow-sheds in an equally conspicuous situation on the other; with a duck-pond in front, and a sun-dial before the door, to watch over it; and the whole premises being at a most respectful distance from every appearance of a tree, it was altogether the only ugly spot in the neighbourhood.

Within, the arrangements quite corresponded to the taste displayed without. I almost forget now how all the different rooms were connected; but I know that half the family lived on the ground-floor, the remainder up in the garrets, leaving the first floor entirely for company. My father and mother occupied a small parlour, with a sleeping-closet adjoining it, in one wing; my French governess and I had the same extent of accommodation in the other; the old but-and-ben were turned into rather a handsome entrance-hall, and what would have been really a fine dining-room, had the ceiling been higher. There was a good staircase too, leading up to a long, narrow drawing-room, and the bed-chambers for visitors. My four brothers, with their tutor and the servants, were all packed away in the garrets, as were the apples, the feathers, and the onions.

The furniture was for the most part plain enough. In the dining-room I remember neither curtains nor carpet; yet I think there must have been a bit of carpet, French fashion, round the long table. There was

a sort of beaufet at the end of the room, well filled with plate and glass upon occasion; silver mugs, and jugs, and horns deeply tipt; a large waiter or two, and a couple of vases, with plenty of long-stalked, though very small glasses, some of them with spiral stems curiously embossed or fluted; and three different-sized real china punch-bowls, and a great quantity of small silver-edged horn ladles. My mother's parlour, where we always breakfasted when alone, had, in the winter, a home-made carpet, diced black, yellow stuff curtains, and a high-backed couch. In a closet near the fire, she was in the habit of putting all such delicacies as she reserved for our private entertainment; or rather for hers and my father's, as we children seldom came in for more than the plainest fare. The mantelpiece was covered with snuff-boxes, of every sort of shape and value, amongst which were a few foreign shells. Over it hung, crossed, my father's two swords in dirty red bags. The drawing-room was more magnificent. The curtains were of silk, fringed the same as the bed-hangings and the curtains of the best bedroom, which opened out of it. The carpet, though not quite covering the room, was a purchased one, and handsome; the tall chairs, ranged in rows against the walls, were covered with my mother's own needlework; the walls themselves were hung with family portraits—the Lady Rachel figuring there in dishevelled hair and a flame-coloured gown; and on the mantelpiece was a large glass-case, filled with white paper flowers, manufactured by my French governess, who had also made a filigree basket, inlaid with what we children called sheep silver, gathered from the granite stones by me, her pupil. It stood on a small table near a harpsichord, opposite to a neat cabinet. There was also a round table, on which was set a tray of tea china—the cups hardly bigger than those of the doll sets of this age—made of the clear egg-shell china, and really used, as I have seen, in an afternoon by my mother and such lady guests as occasionally occupied the state bedroom. Tea was not at that time a daily luxury with us. As a meal, my mother never got reconciled to it; her own usual breakfast was soup, and wheaten bread baked on the girdle, with a very small glass of brandy after it. Meat, fish, wine, spirits, bread, milk, sometimes chocolate, were served before the guests. I think my father generally took porridge. The breakfast was late—so was the dinner; but my recollections of these very early days are confused, as I mixed but little with the company.

When alone, my mother's usual morning dress was a chintz bed-gown over a quilted petticoat, and on her head a square handkerchief of cambric, trimmed with lace, placed straight across her forehead, and pinned at the back beneath its extra drapery, which, hanging down behind, formed a high ear on either side, something like the *coiffure* of the old Rochelle fisherwomen, or the prints of our Henry of Bolingbroke. By the middle of the day she was dressed in her dark silk full-skirted gown, or her Joseph of warm cloth in winter; a lace handkerchief, or a thick shawl over her bosom, according to the season; her hair slightly powdered, and pulled oddly up from her forehead to the crown of her head, supporting a flat muslin cap, with a deep flapping frill, and long ends of ribbon dangling from it. In fuller dress there was more cap, and more lace, and more powder; and I remember once or twice a little hat, with puffs of ribbon and feathers; to honour which, her long diamond ear-rings were added, and a single string of pearls, or a black velvet band with a diamond clasp, fixed round her throat. Her brooch in full dress was my father's picture set in brilliants, altogether about the size of a modern card-case. She had one dress which I do not remember to have ever seen her wear, and which I have now beside me, among other venerable curiosities. The petticoat was white quilted satin, covered with a silver net, looped up by silver tassels; the gown was open, edged with silver fringe, and composed of white watered lutestring, embroidered in silver. It was probably her wedding-dress, from the care that was taken of it. Her occupations were all quiet, for her health was indifferent; yet I always remember her as busy and cheerful. She rose early, gave her orders in the family, heard me read my 'chapter,' read herself for a short time in some serious book, took a turn in the garden, gathered herbs, prepared her confectionary, or her sirups, or her infusions—for she was both head cook and head apothecary—and then she worked chair covers, and stools, and rugs, like her great-grandchildren. She seldom moved from home; neither had she often ceremonious company to entertain; but a chance visitor was a very frequent occurrence, as my father's was a house where the passing guest was always welcome.

My father's time was less fully occupied, as in his day the care of property was a very simple matter. The little crofts, stolen from the thick birchwood that clustered upon every bank throughout the glen, were let in small patches to innumerable tenants, who paid their trifling rent in kind or labour—so many days' work, so much corn, so many peats, so much poultry: our own farm supplied the rest; and all the money he ever looked upon was what his large flock of sheep produced him. His pipe was therefore of some importance; he opened his red-flapped gold-laced waistcoat after dinner, reclined in one of those corner chairs with a low circular back, which presented its lozenge-set seat to the curious in antique comfort, and holding the long pipe lightly across the fingers of his beautiful hand, he indulged in a reverie no one ventured to disturb. I have him now before me—calm, serene, placidly enjoying the quiet he loved. His wig was short-tailed, slightly powdered, off his forehead, and the strings of stiffened hair that fell from it nearly reached his shoulders; the wide long-skirted coat possessed no collar, nor did the shirt; and the deep cuff of the coat-sleeve did not reach down within an inch or two of the full shirt-sleeve, which was finished by a double ruffle, that showed to much advantage the shape and colour of his hand. I don't think he was handsome; there were no features of particular beauty, no expression but serenity; yet there are moments when my early-formed taste, shocked by the bustle of modern manners, has reverted with regret to the gentlemanly repose of my father.

He had two brothers, one of whom he had long lost sight of; for, by some strange accident, very uncommon in that age, he had gone in his youth with his regiment to India. The other, my uncle the captain—for, as a matter of course, he also had been a soldier—had seen some service in various parts of Europe; he had, however, retired early from his profession, owing to some disgust he had received in it, and he had lived for many years at a small farm not very distant from our own. The captain being a bachelor, passed much of his time at my father's; he had his long pipe too, and he sat at the opposite side of the fire to the laird, keeping him silent company. They were very unlike. The laird, negligent in air and in dress, seemed to play with his whiffs of tobacco; while it was quite a matter of business with the captain, who, stiff, erect, with plaited stock and ribboned queue, and short decisive manner, smoked in good earnest so many puffs to the minute.

My uncle's home was a mere cottage; a parlour with the usual sleeping-closet adjoining it, a spare room for a friend, and the kitchen. Very scanty was the furniture, very few the servants, very simple the fare; but they suited both the habits and the finances of the captain, with the help of the laird's fireside. My brothers and I liked to visit the captain. Besides the bowl of broken milk, the cranberry jam, the cheese and thickly-buttered oatmeal bread his old housekeeper gave us, my uncle had stories of the wars which we were always glad to listen to—long histories of his few campaigns, tales of his dull or gay garrison life, frightful sea-storms he had encountered in his transports, and the usual degree of injustice his merits had been requited with. Over his fireplace hung a very martial

array of swords, daggers, pistols, and carbines, with a military sash festooned around them. He had a small garden, in which, besides the common vegetables then cultivated, was a hedge of gooseberries never pruned—so full of hairy fruit, small of course, but so sweet, so highly-flavoured, I would give all the gigantic insipidities of these gardening-days for one Scotch pint of my uncle the captain's black gooseberries. He took some pride in them himself, and had particular pleasure in observing them to ripen by my mother's birthday—a gala-day duly celebrated. Our nearer relations, when they could be reached, were always invited to it, with many of their retainers, and all our own people, from every corner of the glen. There was a dinner in the long dining-room, and a dinner in the barn, which was afterwards cleared for dancing—gentle and simple meeting in perfect fellowship.

Upon this occasion the captain invariably wore his uniform. It was a little tight—for his regular habits, and his native air combined, had rather encouraged an inclination in his figure to rotundity—yet it suited him well; the long queue figuring almost as an upright, while his head was bending low before my mother, with whom the etiquette of years had established that he was to open the ball. The chapeau bras pressed tightly under one arm, the other was extended resolutely to touch with its single-fingered point the gently-raised hand of his partner. Quietly and gracefully I remember my mother moving through the slow strathspey in her long, rich full gown, her stately head and diamond drops; while my uncle's busy feet—in the neatest of low-quartered shoes, where sparkled most brilliant buckles—worked merrily away in double time to the family 'rant.'

I had two aunts, both of them younger than my father, and both married long before I had any recollection of them. They were settled in different directions, each more than what was then a good day's journey from us. They had married well—lairds suited to such ladies. My uncles-in-law were 'well connected and well descended,' and for their means they had acres enough, whatever they made of them. One attribute of wealth they possessed in abundance—overwhelming families. My Aunt Grace had latterly brought five sons and two daughters to the family gatherings—her stock; while my more discreet Aunt Penuel selected for inspection only a few specimens from the eight or ten sturdy urchins that enlivened her home.

I wish I could call to mind more accurately the habits of those long-past days; but, as will be seen, my connexion with this dearly-loved home of my childhood was early severed; and thus deprived of any assistance in recalling what has left so few traces of what was once existing, my young memory proved faithless to many of its first impressions.

My brothers were studiously kept as much apart from me as possible: the only meal we shared together was dinner. It was my mother's wish that her daughter should be educated in advance of the age; and this she thought would be effected by in-door employments, instead of healthy romping without. My governess had no delight in exercise. A French novel, her coffee, her embroidery—these were her recreations. She particularly disliked the tutor, who was too young for a lover, too unpolished for a companion. What he taught my brothers I never knew. They seemed to be mostly occupied in fishing, rowing, riding, and, in the proper season, shooting and deer-stalking. They certainly passed a few hours daily in their attics, when whatever studies they pursued there, must have been considerably entertaining, were we to have judged from the loud bursts of merriment which issued from their apartments. My mother sometimes ventured to remark, in her gentle way, that she doubted whether my brothers were making much progress. My father replied in his, that the boys looked healthy, and seemed happy; and the captain added, that in the army a good constitution was of much more consequence to an officer than any amount of learning; so that matters proceeded with them as usual.

We had no neighbours: the wide moors on either hand were all my father's; the lake was broad enough to form a barrier between our retired glen and the more fully-inhabited opposite shore. We were therefore little disturbed by its population. A bridle road only led on some twenty miles to the military highway, for which General Wade had to be venerated. We were therefore thrown upon ourselves for our occupations, and upon our humbler retainers for our general companions. They were not few: old servants, some still capable of their duties, others retired on trifling pensions to small turf-huts erected for them; old tenants of various degrees, from the humble tiller of a few acres, to the distant relation with a larger farm, and perhaps the half-pay of a lieutenant in addition to it; and the young of all, with whom we habitually mixed—none of any rank ever for a moment losing sight of our relative positions; for there is an indescribable superiority of manner, I believe I may say of character, among the Highlanders as a people, which raises the humblest of them completely above the rank of modern peasantry. They were then quite unskilled in the ways of life beyond their mountains—unacquainted with any of the refinements of luxury, even with many of the arts necessary to decent comfort; full of old prejudices, bigoted to old habits, devoted to old attachments, not over-cleanly in house or person, idle, irritable, and upon some points impracticable. Yet there was a dignity of mind common to them—a self-possessed deportment, springing from their peculiar condition, which made them no unfit associates for the higher members of the clan with whom they felt themselves to be connected.

My father had a 'grieve'—a Donald Dhu, or Black Donald—whose father, grandfather, and, for all I know, great-grandfather, had been grieves before him. He lived in one of the many dwellings close at hand, and his wife tended the cows and the poultry for my mother; in fact this wife—a pretty and a stirring woman—was the real head of the whole establishment, for she had the most perfect control over Donald; Donald was all-powerful with my father; and my father's slightest wish was law to my mother. Donald and Eppie were careful creatures, honestly guiding their master's business as they would have done their own—badly enough, I believe, but to the best of their ability. They were far from being overworked; they had leisure-time to fill our young heads with the grandeur of our ancestors, the pride of feeling requisite in our important station, and such other topics of feudal principle as suited the haughty spirit of the Highlanders. Towards nightfall of a winter afternoon my brothers and I, when we could escape from our respective superintendents, were happy to gather round Eppie's neatly-swept hearth, which she would render more cheerful by setting a small torch of bog-fir on a stone slab, left purposely for it in the chimney; and there she would entertain us not only with tales of the clans, or anecdotes of our own family, or stories of the late rebellion, but with legends of the goblin inhabitants of every spot of note in the country. Some of these long-descended superstitions were beautiful in their imagery, poetical in every sense, with generally a moral tendency even in the few instances of retributory horrors occasionally inserted among the lighter fictions. The Highland fairy is not a sanguinary avenging demon; there is nothing of the gloom of the Goth among the supernatural agents of our traditions, at least rarely. Puck, with his frolic fun, is more akin to the mischievous revels of our fays and brownies, which, for the most part, rather aided than impeded the affairs of the race with which they were connected. I recollect, however, that when an Allister Mhore—literally Muckle Sandy, or the Big Shepherd, as his name had been translated for my mother's southron ignorance—joined our fireside party, the legends of men and fairies assumed a much more harrowing form.

Allister's employment necessitating, for the greater part of the year, a solitary life, a gloom had crept over his mind. Following his flock up to the hollows among the bare hills, inhabiting for weeks his lonely bothie, or sleeping in his plaid beneath a stone, tracking the stragglers through the heath and forest, or to the silent corries near the rocks, he came to imagine voices in the storm, shapes in the mist, the graves of the murdered near every cairn, or the wail of the drowned by every torrent, and along the shores of the lonely lake. There was a very aged cowherd, or bowman, as in those days they named him—his office having, in olden times, obliged him to protect his cattle with a cloth-yard shaft—almost in his dotage from the weight of years, who had himself, in his youth, been spirited away to fairy-land; and though after a while restored to his lamenting relations, he had never thoroughly recovered from the effects of the spells then thrown round him. An ugly red shock-headed fox-hunter, a great ally of my elder brother's, had had his experiences of these deceptive associates—having danced a whole twelvemonth with them with a sack of meal upon his back, the cords supporting which had worn through the skin to the bone, from the weight he had borne on his shoulders through this long reel; for it was on Hogmanay night that he had been persuaded, by a little group of merry folk in green, to enter a bothie with them, and join their revels, he being on his way home at the time with this provision for his family; and it was on Hogmanay again, a twelvemonth after, that, on the ending of the reel, he took his leave of his pleasant entertainers; without an offer of refreshment, however, which accounted for his spectre-like appearance on his return to mortal society. An old 'Bell,' too, had in her youth seen many wonders, and heard of more, so that our stores of such learning quickly accumulated; and though all these legends were in a manner discouraged in the parlour, my father and my mother, and even the captain, had each heard of one or two extraordinary facts, so strangely authenticated, that they confessed they hardly dared to doubt them—the mysteries of nature being acknowledged by them to be unfathomable. We fathomed them all by the help of our numerous humble acquaintance; for we knew all, each and all, by name and calling, and felt an interest in their fortunes fully reciprocated.

Several times a-year my father collected his followers around him. On my mother's birthday there was always, as I have mentioned, a dinner and a ball; at harvest-home another; on Christmas-day—old Christmas-day, for in our glen we knew nothing about the new style—there was a ba'-playing in the morning, a supper and a dance at night; and in summer, in the clipping season, when every one was collected at the sheep-cote, high up towards the hills, this most serious business of the year was finished with perhaps the merriest of all his entertainments; for it was in the bright June weather, out in the fresh air, all that was beautiful in mountain scenery around us. These were happy times: at least I was a happy child, finding, like others of my age, amusement in the objects around me; and if there be truth in the importance of early impressions, receiving on a ductile imagination such as tended to nourish a wild poetry of feeling, which, like other human associations, was fruitful both of good and evil. Educated in our youth my brothers and I were not: to avoid such habits as were considered beneath the dignity of a son or daughter of our race, was the extent of our moral training. We had the example, too, of the naturally high-bred manner of our parents; and so far as these causes could influence tempers, ours were regulated. Our 'princely' position taught us to know that on our affability depended the ease of all with whom we associated: neglect would have been painfully felt; any want of courtesy would have been looked on as unkindness. It was therefore of necessity that politeness grew with us; it was not condescending, impertinently-condescending politeness, neither was it haughty: it was simple. It was the noble, neither jealous of his rights, nor arrogant in their exercise towards the vassal, too secure in self-respect to refuse the homage due to his chieftain. My father was indeed the father of his clan. Accessible to all, interested in all, he was everything in every way to all his people. I have a pleasant recollection of my father, he was so thoroughly the gentleman. In his rude dwelling, with his simple habits, unlearned, unrefined, he was the head of an ancient race unmistakeably.

I must not forget, among these sketches of the olden time, the minister, as his ballad lore made his company of some consequence in our quiet home. Yet there was little to mark him by: he was neither a rigid disciplinarian, nor a moving preacher, nor a busy, meddling censurer of foibles he was himself exempt from. He was 'just an honest man,' as Miss Nelly, another affectionate friend of my childhood, described him; taken up with the care of his little glebe, and the value of his bolls of victual, and the decent bestowal of his only son, and of his several industrious daughters, in some suitable employments. The wife I don't at all remember; yet she was there, in the kirk on Sunday, at the manse when called on, and once or twice in the year at the house by invitation: still I cannot recollect her in the least. The minister I well remember—a short, rosy man, in his well-worn suit; the best maker of punch in the parish, and always the life of the company.

Miss Nelly was a distant relation; from what particular dell, or haugh, or mountain-side she came, I know not; neither am I clear as to whom among our numerous cousins she was descended from. The purpose for which she came to us was to 'keep the keys,' when my mother's increasing delicacy of health made the management of her family too great an exertion for her. Miss Nelly, though of a good height, and what the Highlanders call handsome—that is, well-shaped—was far from being a beauty; indeed her face was plain, without one good feature, a little pitted with the small-pox, and freckled; her complexion suiting the light sandy hair, she wore unpowdered, neatly twisted round a high comb at the back, and kept in order by the snood, that was bound rather low on her forehead. But who that knew her worth ever thought about the beauty of Miss Nelly? She was like an abiding gleam of sunshine in the house, so gay, so active, so kind, so good; cheerfully, faithfully doing her own duty, encouraging rather than commanding all around her to do theirs. After her arrival, all had to bestir themselves; even Black Donald had to look about him, for the keen eye of Miss Nelly penetrated far and near. What churnings and yernings followed her care of the dairy; such baskets of eggs, such fat fowl, such well-reared calves, had never been seen about the place before; and how the wheels birred of an evening in the kitchen! Such webs of linen, and woollen, and linsey, as filled the old chests on the garret landing. In my mother's quiet reign, as much was not spun in a dozen years as Miss Nelly had off to the weaver, the result of one winter's labours. Yet the whole household liked her. Then she sang with a voice of such sweetness, and power too, when she chose to exert it, a few good merry songs and several plaintive ballads, as the 'Ewe Bughts,' which I well remember. But she shone in her Gaelic airs, the lilts known to the shepherds and the dairy-maids, and the boat-songs of the western isles. They were beautiful in themselves, most beautiful as she sang them. Then for family history she was as good as a chronicle. She had every incident of the rebellion off by heart, though she was only born as it burst forth; but she was christened with a white cockade on her cap, taken by Prince Charles from his own breast, and thus made his devoted adherent for ever. She kept the precious relic in a box, almost her only valuable, and she sometimes allowed us to have a peep of it. She also showed us many places where his followers had found shelter in the glen, among the rocks and caves by the river side, and in the woods; and she took us often to the old

tower, down near the lake, and pointed out the back window in the lower storey out of which my grandmother, the Lady Rachel, used to sally with her confidential maids to carry provision to their hiding-places.

It is like a dream to me now these recollections of my childhood. The world we live in is so unlike this time long past. I often think of it to sadness, for the marked character of the scenery and the people made impressions never to be removed from a partaker in all the associations of a chieftain's state. We were rude in those distant Highlands, for we were removed from the course of civilisation, which was even then polishing away the peculiarities of distinctive races; and we were proud, for we had never seen our superiors, and we had but little intercourse with our equals. Have we gained by the change of habits which the progress of 'improvement' has produced? I am too old to feel myself sufficiently unprejudiced to answer this wide-spreading question. I have undertaken to give my grandchildren my impressions of their Highland ancestry, and I will leave to them the comments on my simple facts.

ST HELENS AND ITS GLASS-WORKS.

THERE is no county in England to whose importance manufactures have so much contributed as that of Lancaster. Nature has denied to it the charms which arise from a rich soil or a variegated surface, but has given instead rich beds of coal, and two important navigable rivers. When, therefore, machinery began to be commonly used, and America sent large quantities of raw cotton, to be spun by English skill into clothing, the great resources of Lancashire became available. Steam machinery was established where it would be nearest to its requisite food —coal; and cotton-mills sprung up in that district which was nearest to the great port that communicated with America. Population was attracted to the county, and almost every village that had a favourable situation grew apace into a large and wealthy town. An attempt will be made, in the following sketch, to give a picture of one of these, which, though now containing a population of about eighteen thousand, was, twenty years ago, but a small and insignificant place.

The town of St Helens is situated about eighteen miles to the west of Manchester, and is reached by a branch railway, three miles in length, communicating with the line between Liverpool and Manchester. It is in the centre of a rich coal district, and has, by means of railways and canals, the most easy communication with the port of Liverpool and other parts of Lancashire and Cheshire. So plentiful is coal in its neighbourhood, that, from an eminence near it, the country is seen for miles around thickly studded with collieries; and while that mineral is selling in Liverpool at fifteen shillings and sixpence per ton, it can be purchased at St Helens for seven shillings and sixpence, at the mouth of the pit. In a few places the coal-beds crop out in the soil, and in passing over one or two fields, the attention of the visitor is directed to what appears to be a quantity of coal-dross scattered about, but which, in reality, is the edge of the coal-seam. This excellent supply of fuel renders St Helens an admirable site for those manufacturing processes which require a powerful heat; and this consideration, together with its vicinity to the extensive salt-mines of Chester, have made it one of the most important seats of the glass manufacture in England.

The first view of St Helens, as of most other manufacturing towns, is not very prepossessing. It lies on a piece of level ground, surrounded by a few gentle eminences, and seldom on any week-day is it without its overhanging cloud of smoke. Through this the visitor sees irregular masses of brick houses, two or three churches with square towers, tall chimneys vomiting smoke, and conical glass-houses giving out occasional bright flashes of flame. The clank of hammers ringing against iron is heard from many a forge and foundry, and a strange compound of smells proceeds from a chemical work which rears its head close by the railway station, and in the suburbs of the town. The streets have apparently been laid out without any plan, as chance or interest might direct, and the houses, which are chiefly of two storeys, are as plain as a combination of lime and bricks can well be. In many of the streets only one side has been built up, and there are therefore various vacant spaces of ground, which, in rainy weather, contain pools of water, and prove anything but conducive to health. Like many other manufacturing places, St Helens seems to have been built in a hurry, the attention of the inhabitants being so much absorbed in advancing manufactures, that they would care little about the kind of houses they should provide for themselves. There is much truth in a remark which was once made, that 'our manufacturing towns too much resemble the hasty encampment of settlers in a new country, anxious to avail themselves as speedily as possible of its natural advantages.' And yet it is to such towns that Britain owes its greatness as a manufacturing country; and it is out of St Helens that we obtain that clear, pellucid, and most transparent of all substances—glass; which is of such vast importance to man, and which is daily used, in some way or other, by almost every human creature.

Manufactured glass is of three kinds—plate, crown, and flint. The first is used for mirrors, shop-fronts, &c.; the second for glazing ordinary windows; and the third embraces all such vessels as tumblers, decanters, &c. In St Helens all these kinds are manufactured. There are two establishments for making plate-glass, two for flint-glass, two for crown-glass, and one where bottles (green glass) are made. The most important of these is situated on a gentle eminence in the neighbourhood of the town, and called Ravenhead, the road to which is strikingly characteristic of the present age. The visitor walks for some distance along the banks of a canal which connects St Helens with the Mersey river. On each side of this canal are seen various manufactories, with their tall 'steeple chimneys' clouding the air with smoke. On the water various vessels, called flats, are seen loading and unloading with glass, coal, and other articles. The canal terminates at a large establishment for the smelting of copper, and near it is a confused heap of sandy-looking refuse, cast out from some manufactory. The road then ascends to Ravenhead—the largest plate-glass work in the kingdom. It was established in 1773, at a time when foreign nations were so much more skilled in manufactures than the British, that the first workmen had to be procured from France. It was carried on by its original founders at a pecuniary loss: in 1798 it changed hands, and came into the possession of a company called the 'British Plate-glass Company,' by whom the manufacture has ever since been conducted. The establishment at Ravenhead occupies more than thirty acres of ground; the original cost of the buildings was L.30,000, and upwards of three hundred hands are regularly employed. The cottages of many of the workpeople surround the works, and the whole establishment is like a little colony. The various stages of plate-glassmaking may be thus described:—It is well known that glass is obtained by the fusion of sand. To enable the sand to fuse, it has to be combined with what chemists call an alkali, or a body which combines with an acid, and produces salts. The alkali used at the works in St Helens is soda, obtained from common salt. The sand employed is procured from the sea-shore at Lynn, in the county of Norfolk, near the estuary of the sea called The Wash. Various other chemical ingredients are used, and the proportions of each substance necessary to form a good plate are thus given by the chemist, Mr Parkes:—

Siliceous sand, washed and sifted,	720 lbs.
Alkaline salt, or soda,	450 ...
Quicklime, slacked and sifted,	80 ...
Nitre,	25 ...
Broken plate-glass,	425 ...
	1700 lbs.

This mixture, which will yield, on an average, 1200 lbs. of good glass, is put into pots, and then placed in the furnaces. It is carefully examined while the smelting

process is going on, and gradually refined until it is found to be in a fit state for casting.

The house at Ravenhead in which this process is performed is remarkable for its extent and appearance. It is nearly 350 feet long and 150 broad. On entering, the visitor sees two gloomy passages extending the whole length of the building, and lighted only by the bright glow proceeding from apertures in some of the furnaces. In the centre are the furnaces containing the prepared mixture, and at each side are what are called the 'annealing ovens.' These are chambers in which the glass, after it has been cast, is subjected to a slow and gradually-decreasing heat, until it is quite cool. In these ovens, plate-glass usually remains about fifteen days. Glass which is not subjected to this process is sure to fall into fragments when exposed to any change of temperature. The well-known experiment of the Rupert drops, which, after being held in the hand for some time, suddenly explode, and become a mere mass of sand, is performed with pieces of glass which have never undergone the annealing process, but been allowed to fall among water. There are upwards of forty of these ovens at Ravenhead. Each is sixteen feet in width, and extends forty feet back. Various groups of workmen are seen moving about in the most strange and striking costumes. Some have the eyes protected from the heat by a piece of transparent cloth or gauze, which hangs in a curious fashion from the cap on to the shoulder. Their dress is very scanty, and of course not at all clean. The face and hands are streaked with black, caused by the perspiration and coal-dust. At each end is seen a massive iron table, on which the glass is cast. These tables rest on a framework, and are heated by a quantity of hot coal placed in a pan underneath their entire length. They are on a level with the surface of the annealing ovens, and are supported on wheels, by which they are moved on a railway from one end of the building to the other. They are composed entirely of cast-iron, and are fifteen feet long, nine broad, and six inches in thickness. Across each is seen a heavy cylindrical roller, and alongside is a massive crane, and other apparatus for lifting the metal.

When the composition, or 'metal,' as it is usually called, is in a fit state for being cast, the pot containing it is hoisted out of the furnace by means of the crane, and suspended over one of the tables, which is carefully swept down, so that no specks of sand or dust may rest on its surface. Small iron slips, of the same height as the thickness of the required sheet of glass, are placed all around. The pot is then inverted, and the metal allowed to run gradually over the surface of the table, reaching no higher than the shallow borders of iron. The heavy cylinder is then rolled over its surface, to smooth it down into proper shape. The whole of the operation is conducted in perfect silence, and the glare of the red-hot metal cast on the grim attentive features of the workmen, gives a fearful, as well as picturesque appearance to the scene. The glass, as the roller passes over its surface, displays, like the dying dolphin, a great variety of brilliant colours. The process requires to be conducted most carefully; for, should any air-bubbles be produced, they will cause blisters to appear on the surface of the plate, which must consequently be cut across at the place where they are seen. 'The casting' usually takes place once each day, and the quantity cast daily at Ravenhead is generally eight tables, or about one thousand square feet of glass.

The surface of the plate being left rough by the casting, it has to undergo various other processes before it can be used. After lying a sufficient time in the annealing ovens, and after the rough edges have been cut away, it is conveyed in large quantities, by means of a railway, to the grinding-sheds. The appearance of these is entirely different from that of the building where the casting process is performed. The casting-house is gloomy and silent; the grinding-shed is full of light and noise. Plates of glass are here cemented to large stone-flags, which are placed on supports at regular intervals. Other plates are cemented to frames above. The surfaces of the upper plates are placed on the surfaces of those attached to the stone, and the frames are connected by an iron rod with machinery, which causes them to revolve. The one surface of glass is thus made to grind the other. These frames are attended by boys, who throw fine sand and water alternately on the surface of the lower piece of glass, and who chant a rude kind of song, to keep time with the screeching noise of the machinery and the grating of the plates of glass against the sand and each other. When one side of the plate has been ground enough, it is reversed, and the same process is adopted with the other side. The glass, on being removed from this shed, presents a dim, obscure appearance; the surface is rough and scratched, and it is not yet fit for use. It is then conveyed to another shed, where it undergoes a similar but finer process of grinding. Here the upper plates of glass are fastened to a frame, which is moved by women. If the plate is small, one woman only works at it; but if large, two or more are necessary. The glass is then taken to be polished—one of the most delicate processes of all. This is done by small wooden-blocks, covered with cloth where they come in contact with the glass, and working in frames, which push them backwards and forwards over the surface of the glass, on which is strewn a reddish kind of polishing-paste. By the constant action of these polishers, the plate is at last brought to a beautifully smooth and transparent state, and is then quite fit for use.

Those plates which are intended for mirrors are taken to another house, where they are 'silvered.' This is accomplished by laying down a sheet of tinfoil on a stone slab; on this some mercury is poured, in a quantity regulated by the size of the plate. The glass is then carefully pressed down on the mercury, the pressure being equal in every direction. In a day or two the mercury combines with the tinfoil, and both adhere to the back of the glass, thus forming a mirror. This process is likely ere long to be superseded by the cheaper and more simple process of Mr Drayton, described in No. 96 of our present series.

All these processes are performed on a great scale at Ravenhead. Different houses and different workmen are appropriated to the different processes; and so distinct are the various operations, that a workman who has a perfect knowledge of one is often very ill-informed about all the rest. Since the abolition of the duty on glass, the demand has become very great, and the quantity of plate-glass now used is enormous. Its effect on the appearance of the shop-fronts in our large towns is particularly striking. The great aim now is, to have only one pane of glass in one window; and thus shopkeepers are enabled to display their goods to more advantage, and to produce a more pleasing effect than could be done under the old system of numerous panes.

The manufacture of crown-glass is a process quite different from that which has just been described. The 'metal' is prepared in a similar manner; and as soon as it is ready for use, the workman inserts a tube into the melting-pot (which still remains in the furnace), and gathers on the end of it such a quantity of the metal as, from long experience, he knows is sufficient to form a circular piece of glass. The metal adheres readily to the iron, and is kept from falling off by the tube being turned rapidly round. It is then rolled on an iron slab, and, by a little blowing, is made to expand and assume a long pear-like form. At this stage the tube is handed to another workman, who blows it still more, and heats it at other furnaces, until it expands into a nearly globular form. When this is accomplished, the blower rests the tube in a horizontal position, and another workman gathers a small portion of metal on the end of an iron rod, by means of which he attaches the original globular mass to his rod. The tube is then withdrawn, and the globe conveyed to the mouth of another furnace, before which it is made to revolve. It is beautiful to see how the glass then gradually expands centrifugally, until, in a few minutes, it acquires a perfectly circular form of about five feet in diameter. It is then carried away, the edges glowing of a bright-red colour, and placed on a soft cushion, where the tube is detached, leaving on the surface of the glass that mark which is usually called a

'bull's eye.' The piece is instantly lifted and placed in a perpendicular position in the annealing oven, where it remains about two days, after which it is ready for use.

There is another kind of glass made in St Helens, called sheet-glass. It was first manufactured in Germany, and the principal workmen engaged in it here are foreigners. The process in some respects resembles that by which crown-glass is made; the difference being, that the glass is blown into a cylinder, circular at one end and convex at the other. As may be imagined, it is very difficult to make the glass assume this form. After the workman has blown it into a long oval shape, he stops the end of the tube, and heats the opposite end of the glass at the furnace. The air is thus made to expand, and to break, for its escape, an aperture at the end of the glass, which, by heating and turning, is enlarged until it is precisely of the same diameter as the whole mass. The convex end is made to fly off by causing it to be heated and then suddenly cooled. A hollow glass cylinder then remains. A diamond is drawn across this from top to bottom, and it is removed to an oven, where it is placed in a horizontal position. The action of the heat causes it to divide where the diamond has been drawn, and the workman, by means of a piece of burnt wood, smooths it down to a plane surface. It is then placed upright in the annealing oven. None but those who have felt it, can form any idea of the intense heat which has to be endured in many of these establishments. The visitor, unaccustomed to it, is, soon after entering the glass-house, bathed in perspiration; and there are few who can look for more than a few seconds on the fearfully-bright white glow of some of the furnaces.

Besides these glass-works, St Helens contains five foundries—three for brass, and two for iron; several manufactories of earthenware; and various other works. Indeed, from the quantity of coal used in these establishments, and the elaborate scientific processes which are there carried on from day to day, this town may be regarded as a great laboratory, where the coarsest and rudest materials are, amid smoke, rubbish, and intense heat, changed by the skill of man into beautiful articles to minister to the wants and luxuries of life.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Some years ago, when the American fur company and the Hudson Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition to each other in the wild and rocky territory of the Oregon, several little forts were erected in the interior, whence the commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, to which our tale refers, was planted in a green and secluded valley, where pasture for cattle and comfort for man were as much as possible combined with security and safety. A little stream, bordered with cotton-wood and aspens, afforded a constant supply of water; while in the grand and magnificent valley of the Bayou Salade, at no great distance, pastured, in inexhaustible thousands, the buffalo and the elk; its rivers abounding, moreover, with the beaver, whose skins principally induce the hunters to tempt the dangers of the great American wilderness. In this spot, known as Spokan Fort, dwelt James M'Pherson, the owner and governor of the wild locality. M'Pherson was a Scotchman, who in early days had left his native country a poor lad, and now, by the exercise of that perseverance characteristic of his countrymen, had attained the position of a well-to-do merchant. Of an enterprising disposition, he had penetrated into the interior in search of further wealth; and having for some two years settled himself at Spokan, had there driven a thriving trade with the Indians, despite the impediments thrown in his way by his rivals. Nothing can equal the excitement of this precarious commerce. It is the constant effort on the part of opposition companies and traders to out-general the other, to mutually blind their opponents as to their destination and plans, as well as to be ever in the field first. These efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertions, and tend to sharpen the wits of all parties in a very sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of the haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of the time to move and the time to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the most successful campaign. M'Pherson was shrewd and acute, and these qualities serving him in good stead, his affairs advanced in a very satisfactory manner.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a young Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and travelling the whole distance from New Orleans, had convoyed a cargo of merchandise for the use of the company. In addition to this, he had taken up, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson and a female attendant. So peculiar and so long a journey had thrown the young people much together, and without any reflection with regard to their difference of position, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Under these circumstances the voyage up the Mississippi and across the vast interior plains was of a most agreeable character. Both lingered upon deck to admire the bluffs and grassy plains, the vast interminable prairies; and never wearied of their gaze. The desert even had charms; and when the Rocky Mountains burst upon them in all their sublimity, their pleasure was complete. At length, however, they arrived at their journey's end. Ray became a clerk, and Miss M'Pherson presided over the establishment, as the daughter of the owner was in duty bound to do. Whatever might have been the lady's feelings, the poor clerk sought not to learn. He felt the difference of station, and, shrinking from any manifestation of his aspiring hopes, attended to his business honestly and diligently, but without ever showing the slightest enthusiasm for the avocation. Under these circumstances he was considered useful in his way, but failed to excite that notice which might have led to his advancement. Reserved and taciturn, even his mistress thought herself deceived in him. With the excitement of their happy journey, all his energies appeared to have departed. The truth was, that Ray, who was not of a sanguine disposition, saw no means of rising to a level with his master, and allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit.

About three months after his arrival, the time approached when the annual interview with the various Indians took place: a meeting of much importance, as then the whole fortunes of the year were decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to camp with their beaver and other skins, where the rival traders then repaired, and whoever offered the best price, obtained a ready and profitable market. About two days before the time appointed, the heads of the fort were seated at their evening meal. Plenty and variety made up for delicacies and seasonings. Buffalo, deer meat, trout, salmon, wild-fowl, all abounded on the board—round which sat M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks. The whole party were engaged in discussing the good things before them, when a bustle was heard without, and, after the pause of a moment, a half-bred hunter appeared on the threshold.

'What news, Nick?' said M'Pherson, who recognised in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

'Bad,' said Nick, advancing. 'Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan. The Indians all at camp already, with plenty beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some; then smoke, and buy all the beaver.'

'Why, that is good news,' said M'Pherson laughing; 'if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin until he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men,' he continued, addressing his clerks; 'you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed.'

'All very fine,' said Nick with a knowing jerk of his

head; 'but Sublette him know a trick worth two of that. A hundred Blackfeet are outlying in the woods, and not a soul will reach the market until they are gone.'

'The Blackfeet!' cried M'Pherson; 'then we are defeated surely. What is to be done?'

'How many bales will suffice?' said Ray quietly.

'If Johnson, our agent, had but one,' replied the trader despondingly, 'all would be right. It is impossible, however; and this year is lost to me.'

'By no means,' said the clerk, rising, with all his native energy and fire beaming in his eye; 'Johnson *shall* have the bale, or my scalp shall hang in a Blackfoot lodge before morning!'

'Edward!' exclaimed the daughter with an alarmed glance, which opened the father's eyes to what hitherto had been a profound secret.

'Are you in earnest, Mr Ray?' said M'Pherson gravely, and even sternly.

'I am, sir: give me Wild Polly' (a favourite mare), 'and trust to me for accomplishing your wishes.'

'You will go alone then?'

'I will.'

M'Pherson ordered the mare he valued so much to be saddled, and in half an hour Edward Ray, with two bales of tobacco behind him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan amid the plaudits of the whole party, whose astonishment regarded less the perilousness of the adventure, than the character of the man who undertook it. Miss M'Pherson, conscious of the interest she had betrayed in her father's clerk, hastily retired to her chamber; while the father, after carefully fastening the gates, and posting proper sentinels, lit his pipe and seated himself, absorbed in reflection, by the huge fireplace in the principal apartment. Great smokers are your Indian traders, who in more things than one resemble the men with whom they have to deal.

Meanwhile Edward Ray, after leaving the fort, rode slowly down the valley, reflecting on the wisest course to pursue. Before him was a journey of seventy miles, with a hundred wild Indians thirsting for a pale face victim; the no less welcome that he owned a horse, and carried a rare prize in the shape of two bales of tobacco. Ray felt that he had rashly ventured on a wild and doubtful enterprise, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have soon turned back; but he knew the opinion his fellows had of him, and felt with pride that no one had offered even to accompany him. Besides, in the presence of her he loved, he had undertaken his bold task, and was determined that she should not think him indifferent and timid. A ride of half an hour brought him out of the valley, and upon the skirt of a plain of some extent. Here Ray halted, and gazing upon the prairie that lay at his feet, endeavoured to discover some sign of the Blackfeet. The moon shone brightly upon the waters and woods, and not a sound disturbed the stillness of an American night in the wilderness. Ray felt the influence of the hour and the place; and forgetting all but the delight of travelling by the moonlight over that plain, removed thousands of miles from civilisation, set spurs to his mare, and trotted swiftly along the path leading in the direction of the Indian mart. It was some time ere the young clerk paused, and then a sudden hesitation on the part of his mare brought him back to consciousness. Raising his eyes, he found himself close upon a wood, between which and a somewhat broad river he had now to pass. A single glance told him that Indians were near, as a light smoke rose from amid the trees: whether they had yet discovered him, was a matter of uncertainty. Ray therefore determined to make a bold dash; and, trusting to his beast, rode at a hard gallop along the skirt of the forest. The moment he neared the trees, his hand upon his rifle, he listened with the most anxious attention. Not a sound, save the clatter of his unshod mare, was heard, until he had half-cleared the dangerous cover. Then came the sound of horses in pursuit, and then the Blackfeet war-whoop, with the crack of rifles. His enemies were in full chase. Now it was that the gallant steed put forth her energy, and now it was that Ray's spirit rose, and that he felt himself a man, with all a man's energies, and also with all a man's love of life. Looking back, he saw the wild Indian warriors coming fast towards him, but still not gaining ground; and he felt sure, did he loosen his precious merchandise, and give it up to the pursuers, that he could with ease outstrip them. But he was resolved to serve his master's interests, and he urged his laden steed to her utmost. An hour passed in this manner. The howling, whooping Indians, half a hundred in number, gallopped madly after him, their long spears waving in the moonlight, and their black hair streaming to the wind.

Before him lay a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet, dry, parched, and crackling. Through this lay the path of the fugitive. Ray looked forward to the welcome shelter, determined to make a stand; and there, at the very entrance, stood, mounted on a tall horse, an opposing foe. Clutching a pistol, the clerk clenched his teeth, and rode madly against this new opponent, who, just in time to save himself, cried, 'All right—Saucy Nick!' There was no time for greeting, and away they scampered through the cane-brake; not before, however, the half-bred had cast a brand amid the reeds. They had not proceeded a hundred yards ere a wall of fire rose between them and their pursuers. Magnificent was the scene which now greeted the admiring eyes of Edward Ray as he halted on the other side of the brake. The reeds, scorched by the summer sun, were as inflammable as straw, and the flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the right and left. The poor birds that sheltered in the morass below, alarmed, rose on the wing, and flying a few hundred yards, halted to gaze at the fire, which seemed to fascinate them; the wild animals, too, clinging to their lairs until the fire touched their very nostrils, would then unwillingly rise, and, leaping over it, scour over the black plain of cinders in the rear of the flames. As the two fugitives retreated, the scene became more magnificent, for the blaze was then seen in the distance creeping to the right and left in sparkling and brilliant chains. Then, as the wind arose, it hurried after them: as the roar of a distant cataract it was heard; while the heavens were overcast with the dense volumes of smoke that ascended.

'Away!' cried Nick, urging his steed to the utmost; 'the Fire-spirit is awake; he rides in yonder cloud! Away, or our bones will be mingled with those of the red men upon this plain.'

'But, Nick,' said Ray, as side by side they dashed across the prairie, 'how met we? I left you at the fort?'

'No! Nick start half an hour before. Wouldn't let brave warrior go by himself. Found him chased by Indians—Blackfeet; but Indian no take Master Ray. Nick know trick worth two of that. But hush!' he added, as they gained the entrance of a valley; 'the hoofs of our horses have waked the great Fire-spirit; but we are not yet free. Blackfeet in valley.'

At this intimation of their being again about to meet a party of their enemies, Ray prepared his arms once more, and then patting the neck of his gallant steed, urged her at a rattling pace through the valley. A flash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was not mistaken; but giving a volley in reply, and without pausing to discover its effect, the pair gallopped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick now led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they followed slowly for some time. At length, satisfied that he had baffled pursuit, the half-bred once more entered upon the usual track, and, before daylight, reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents with a view to traffic with the rival white men.

To the right were the wagons of Sublette; to the left those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent. They found the latter in very bad spirits, as his rival was expected to

receive the necessary supply of tobacco in the course of the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would have been over. As, however, Ray detailed the object of his journey, and the success which had attended it, the agent's eyes glistened, and at length he exclaimed with a chuckle, 'Bravo, Mr Ray; I should just like to be in your shoes; for if you haven't made old Mac's fortune, my name is not Johnson. Such prime beavers you never saw. By the immortal head of General Jackson but you are a lucky dog!' Ray expressed his satisfaction at having been of such great service; and after a hasty meal, the traders began their day's work. First the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to the consternation of Sublette, with a liberal and plentiful smoke. Seated round the agent's tent, the Spokan, Kamloops, Chaudieves, Sinapoil, and other Indians, enjoyed with unmixed satisfaction what to them is a most precious luxury. The agent was most liberal of the weed: not a single Indian was forgotten: and when the barter commenced, the gratified aborigines testified their delight by disposing of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such, indeed, was the activity of the Spokan agent, and of his assistant Ray, that when Sublette received at length his supply of tobacco, not a beaver nor even a skunk-skin remained for which he could trade. Well aware that the Blackfeet, when once discovered, would draw off, Ray, after a brief hour of repose, borrowed a fresh horse, and hurried back towards the fort. His journey was tedious in the extreme, for the smouldering grass rendered it as unsafe as it was disagreeable. At length, however, the young clerk, to whom had returned much of his former despondent feeling, came once more in sight of Spokan, where he was received with open arms, as was Nick, who accompanied him.

M'Pherson, eager to learn the result of the young man's journey, drew him to his counting-house, and motioning him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray began his story, and, to the evident surprise of the merchant, related the dangers which had befallen him, and the manner in which he had escaped. At length he came to that part of his story which referred to the extraordinary quantity and excellence of the beavers which had been obtained by means of his bold undertaking.

'Know, lad,' said old M'Pherson, quite delighted, 'that you have brought me the best year's trade I have had yet. Besides, man, I count it no small thing to have beat Captain Sublette—the most cunning trader on the frontier.'

'I am very much gratified,' said Ray, 'that I have been anyway instrumental in serving you.'

'Ah, that is all very well,' interrupted M'Pherson, pushing his spectacles from their proper position to one above his eyes; 'but just tell me frankly, Mr Ray, why you, who are generally so slow and cold, should all of a sudden take so much trouble to do me a service?'

'It was the first time,' replied Ray, 'that I ever had an opportunity of doing what others would not do.'

'Oh,' said the trader, still more enlightened, 'and do you not expect any share in the great advantage of last night's adventure?'

'That I leave to you, sir.'

'Now, Mr Ray,' said the trader with a smile, 'I wish you would be thoroughly frank with me. I can see plainly enough that you have had some reason for your constant lack of energy, and some equally good reason for suddenly, when you could really serve me, risking your life to do so. I say again, speak out. Have you any conduct of mine of which to complain? Is your salary too small? Your chances of promotion—do they seem too remote? You have doubled my fortune; let me do you some service in return.'

Ray determined to be plain. He saw that the worthy merchant was still in part in the dark, and he resolved to enlighten him. 'My ambition, sir, has been to share your good fortune; and did my hopes extend as far as my wishes, I might say I have hoped one day to possess all you now hold.' This was said with a lurking smile that still more puzzled M'Pherson.

'What! would you be a partner, young man? The idea is a bold one; but, after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it.'

'Sir,' said Ray hurriedly, 'I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter, without whom wealth would be contemptible, and poverty insufferable.'

'Wheugh!' cried the astonished merchant; 'sits the wind in that quarter? And pray, sir, does my daughter know of this?'

'She does. You will recollect our long journey, when we were inseparable companions?'

'Oh, I recollect all; and pray, does my daughter encourage you?'

'She will speak for herself, dear father,' exclaimed the young girl, who, entering, had caught the import of their conversation. 'I did encourage him, because I thought he deserved to be your son. Of late, Mr Ray had almost induced me to regret my resolution; but his recent devotion in your service convinced me that he was still the Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans.'

'And so,' said the old man pettishly, 'you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice or will?'

'We have arranged nothing, dear father, and leave it all to you.'

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary M'Pherson had no great difficulty in talking over the kind-hearted trader. In a few weeks after, Ray was not only son-in-law, but partner at Spokan; and I believe that none of the parties has had yet any cause to regret the 'midnight ride' over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE RAGE FOR CROMWELL.

We shall now probably have a rage for Cromwell, to last some time, as a make-up for the injustice with which his memory has been treated during the past two centuries. Mr Carlyle has set the fashion, and already Cromwell ribbons are sported at many inferior lapells. No one can now be suffered to say a word against this celebrated personage, under pain of an imputation of Dryasdustism, flunkeyism, and many other *isms* terrible to weak brains. What perfect folly, nevertheless, is all this! The man who slaughtered thousands of defenceless people, in order to terrify a nation into submission—a very pretty example, truly, of the principle of 'doing evil that good might follow'—who, finding parliaments troublesome, made his council ordinances pass as laws—who, having overthrown a monarchy, professedly for the benefit of the people, was not unwilling to take the crown to himself and his own family—this man to be an object of undivided worship! Surely nothing but the hatred of something else could make men love Cromwell so much—like Hazlitt lauding Napoleon because he was so detested by the legitimatists. What on earth is there to object to in the good old plan of viewing a human being's errors in connexion with his glories—mixing his shades with his lights? Why should we not see and acknowledge that Cromwell was only one of the class of warrior tyrants, although comparatively a well-meaning one. Surely nothing but a ridiculous truckling dread of that to which he stood in opposition, could dictate an exclusivism of panegyric so utterly absurd.

THE FREQUENT BREAKING OF LARGE BELLS.

An ingenious mechanical correspondent suggests that the frequent breaking of large bells, by which so much expense is occasionally incurred by corporations, cathedral chapters, vestries, and other bodies, is very probably owing to the partial manner in which the striking

of them takes place. The hammer for the hours impinges on one place alone, where it generally forms a deep hollow. The tongue hits two places almost as determinedly. The necessary consequences are a wearing and hardening of the metal at certain parts of the bell, thus introducing into its constitution an inequality, which will make it less able to resist powerful vibrations than it would otherwise be. The obvious remedy is to hang the bell in such a manner that it could be shifted round a small space each week or month, and thus exposed in every part alike to the action of the hammer and tongue.

AUTHORCRAFT.

Sir Lytton Bulwer thus speaks of authors by profession, in his generous biography of Laman Blanchard, lately published:—'For the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his deathbed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler! And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might, and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place amongst his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure in which "the something to verify promise was to be completed." No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve. All the struggle, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus, generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked-for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement.'

We believe this to be, in the main, a true picture of the life of one who makes literature his profession in London, a few brilliant cases excepted. It is nevertheless true that successful authorship is a recognised means of advancing men in the world, and that there really is a considerable number of persons who, by their pens, and what their pens have done for them in political and social life, occupy enviable positions. While such is the case, there always will be many toiling with little success, as there are in other professions. It is also true that the profession of literature shows us many who have come into it on account of narrow circumstances, and who would be poor although they had never become men of letters at all. We thoroughly believe, however, that the great cause of the personal disasters which we hear of in connexion with the names of literary men, is their being contented to live in the manner of the great bulk of the industrious classes—making the daily effort supply the daily bread, and never providing against the contingencies which embarrass, impoverish, and lead to misery. In a struggling world like this, they have no chance, unless they can make themselves in some measure propertied men. Could they but retain one productive copyright, or keep a little reserve-fund at the banker's, their independence would be comparatively secured. They could choose their task and their taskmasters. They might even come to be the employers of publishers—their natural position—instead of the slaves of that trade, which is the prevalent, and, as we hold, the false one. Were this the case, we should hear but little of the woes attendant on authorcraft.

'It is impossible,' cries some one; 'authors begin poor, and never can they emancipate themselves from that state.' We deny the impossibility. Means have been reserved and stored in far less favourable circumstances; and were there a true will, there would soon be a way. We fear that here lies the real evil. Literary men appear to hug their poverty as a kind of honourable badge of the spirituality of their trade. The common tone amongst them is contemptuous towards the prudential virtues which other men see to be the sure basis of so many others. The very supposition that poverty and literature are necessarily connected, must tend to establish the connexion, and make it indissoluble. We can imagine nothing more contemptible than a whining submission to such an adage.

One example, however, of respectable authorship rising above poverty, is worth pages of discourse upon the subject; and we therefore conclude with a notice which lately appeared in the *Sun* newspaper respecting the celebrated Peter Parley:—

'Fancy a pretty and picturesque suburb of a large city, and that in this village there is one of the most charming cottages in the world, shadowed by graceful American elms, and surrounded by ælanthus, chestnut, and dogwood trees. Enter the door, around the trellis-work of whose portico luxuriant creepers twine, and you will find yourselves, after passing through an entrance-hall, in an apartment, every article of furniture in which, whether for use or ornament, displays the perfect taste of its owner. Pictures by the best English, European, and American masters, adorn the walls, and articles of *vertu* are scattered about in various parts of the room. From the windows we have a charming view of the surrounding country. Away to the right rises the capitol-crowned city of Boston. A hot summer day, even so far north as Boston, is no joke; and that it is unusually warm, is proved by a green and golden humming-bird, which (a rare thing in the neighbourhood) is busy in the bell of a trumpet-vine just outside of the window.

"Will you walk into the library, sir?" says a servant; and, following her, we were ushered into a small room, adorned with

"Statues, books, and pictures fair;"

and a gentleman cordially welcomes us. It is Peter Parley himself—the beloved of boys, and the glory of girls. He is tall, and rather slightly made: for a moment he has laid aside a large pair of smoked-glass spectacles, and we observe that he has a pair of very bright, small, intellectual eyes, and soft and kindly in their expression. I had imagined him an elderly, bald-headed, venerable-looking man: he was quite the reverse of the picture of him which I had hung up in my own private and particular image-chamber. Over a beautifully-shaped head grew short, crisp, curly, dark hair, and his features were rather more youthful in cast than might be supposed in those belonging to a man of some half-a-century old—for that I take to be about his age. He was about the best-dressed man I had met in America; and the whole appearance and bearing of Peter Parley was that of the perfect and high-bred gentleman. Of his mental qualifications, which are not, as they ought to be, appreciated in this country, I shall speak presently.

'Peter Parley's real name is Samuel Griswold Goodrich. He is the son of a clergyman of Connecticut—a state which has sent forth more literary men than any other in America. Mr Goodrich was educated in the common school of his native home; and soon after attaining the age of twenty-one, he became engaged in the business of publishing at Hertford, where he resided for

several years. In the year 1824, he was compelled by ill health to travel, and he visited Europe, and travelled over England, France, Germany, and Holland, devoting his attention particularly to the institutions for education; and on his return, having determined to attempt an improvement in books for the young, established himself in Boston, and commenced the trade, or profession, as it is more genteelly called, of authorship. Since that time he has produced some thirty and odd volumes under the signature of "Peter Parley," which have passed through a great number of editions in America and in this country, and many of them have been translated into foreign languages. Mr Goodrich informed me that a friend of his had actually met with one of his books "done" into Persian; and I have seen a Constantinople edition of one of the earliest of the "Parley" series.

'Of some of these works, more than 50,000 copies are circulated annually. In 1824 Mr Goodrich published "The Token," the first annual which ever appeared in America; and for fourteen years he continued to edit it, during which time he contributed most of the poems, of which he is known to be the author. His "Fireside Education" was composed in sixty days, whilst he was discharging his duties as a member of the Massachusetts senate, and superintending his publishing establishment.

'He told me, in the course of a conversation, that he had adopted the name of "Peter Parley," as he wished the tales he told children to be related by a gossiping old gentleman, who could talk and "parley" with them. "When I first used it, I little thought," said he, "that before long it would be better known than my own."

'During the disastrous panic which occurred some years ago in the American money-market, Mr Goodrich, in common with hundreds of others, was a sufferer to a very serious extent. Previously to the calamity he had built himself a beautiful mansion at Roxbury, near Boston, and near it a lodge of very elegant design. Here he had fondly hoped to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment of competence, and even of affluence. But the crash came; and one dreary day Peter Parley, after all his hard work, found himself stripped of every dollar; and, instead of being independent in circumstances, ten thousand dollars in debt. But he was not the man to despair; and, acting upon the principles of perseverance and industry he had so often inculcated, he "never gave up," but set his shoulders once more to the wheel, and, with a willing heart and cheerful hope, commenced life anew. He was not so young as when he first wrote books; but the mine was yet inexhausted; his arm was still vigorous, and he recommenced working in the veins of knowledge. He was a prudent man, and so he sold his large house, and, with his accomplished wife and young family, removed to the lodge, which his taste soon converted into a charming home; "and," said Mrs Goodrich to me, when I visited them a few months ago, "we are just as happy as we were there." Day and night toiled Peter Parley, flinging off book after book with unexampled rapidity, until fortune smiled on her patient wooer, and partially restored him that of which chance had deprived him. Still he is toiling for the children, and, I am happy to say, not without earning his just wages.

'Mr Goodrich's eyesight obliges him to seek the aid of his wife's pen; and it is not impossible that a certain indescribable charm which pervades Peter's later works may be ascribed to this circumstance.'

Talk with interest of a literary life spent in garrets and prisons! How infinitely more interesting this picture of prudential authorship, practised amidst the unostentatious comforts which make a rational man's sufficiency!

HUME AND SCOTT.

To a common being of this world, one almost inevitable (fortunately not invariable) result of being patrimonially exalted above his fellow-creatures, and the necessity of applying to any useful employment, is the creation of a peculiar selfishness. He comes to think of the world as made for him and his grade alone; the other classes appear as mere servile appendages, whose merits are to be estimated only by the flattery they give and the services they render—too well off if they make a tolerable living, and by no means entitled to complain if they be occasionally cheated out of the fruits of their labours. Against such a spirit it would apparently require all the efforts of a high principle to make head. It is perhaps the most dangerous particular in the position of an exalted class, however otherwise circumstanced, for it galls the very soul of all beneath them.

It is curious to see two men so identified with old cavalier principles as Walter Scott and David Hume allowing their natural feelings on this point to escape them, as we find in their respective biographies. The former does so in speaking of his father as an agent for landed men. 'Most attorneys,' says he, 'have been suspected, more or less justly, of making their own fortune at the expense of their clients: my father's fate was to vindicate his calling from the stain in one instance, for in many cases his clients contrived to ease him of considerable sums. Many worshipful and beknighted names occur to my memory, who did him the honour to run in his debt to the amount of thousands, and to pay him with a lawsuit, or a commission of bankruptcy, as the case happened. But they are gone to a different accounting, and it would be ungenerous to visit their disgrace upon their descendants.'

We have an escapade of Hume's feelings in reference to a gentleman of noble family (the brother of an earl), who chose to make up to him when he thought he could be of service to him, albeit he had previously overlooked the philosopher. The circumstance occurred when Hume was secretary to the embassy, and in the blaze of distinction, at Paris in 1764. We may imagine with what feelings his friend Dr Blair read the following, in reply to a letter in which he had requested Hume to introduce Colonel L—— 'to the good company where you are,' and 'put him on the best methods of enjoying and improving himself at Paris:'—'Before I was favoured with yours, I had seen Colonel L——, who waited on me, as is usual with the British who come to Paris. I returned his visit, and introduced him to the ambassador, who asked him to dinner among seven or eight of his countrymen. You will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that this is the utmost of the civilities which it will ever be possible for me to show Mr L——. For as to the ridiculous idea of foreigners, that I might introduce him to the good company at Paris, nothing can be more impracticable. I know not one family to which I could present such a man—silent, grave, awkward, speaking ill the language; not distinguished by any exploit, or science, or art. . . . Your recommendations have great weight with me; but if I am not mistaken, I have often seen Colonel L——'s face in Edinburgh. It is a little late he has bethought himself of being *ambitious*, as you say, of being introduced to my acquaintance. The only favour I can do him is to advise him, as soon as he has seen Paris, to go to a provincial town, where people are less shy of admitting new acquaintance, and are less delicate judges of behaviour.'

No one can reasonably doubt that both Scott and Hume were alive, where necessary, to the selfishness so besetting, as we have said, with those whom, as a class, these men worshipped. Both men, too, manifested in life a hardy spirit of practical independence, which seems totally at variance with their feelings respecting artificial distinctions of ancient date. Does not this tend to make more and more clear the principle we lately endeavoured to illustrate, that men sometimes embrace and profess obnoxious theories, because of the very purity of their own hearts from all that these theories imply? With the great minstrel and the great philosopher alike, the ancient ranks and other institutions were favourites of the imagination, not the reason. They gave them

qualities out of the riches of their fancy, as men do their mistresses, and then fell down and worshipped them. But all this was quite compatible with dispositions on their own part most humble and kindly, in every respect the reverse of those which an undue exaltation tends to create; and such, we know, really were the predominant moral qualities of both men.

SUMMARY OF SAVINGS' BANKS.

A SUMMARY of the collective accounts of the savings' banks distributed over Great Britain and Ireland, has recently been drawn up and published by Mr John Tidd Pratt, the barrister appointed to certify the rules of friendly societies and savings' banks. The account is closed to the 20th of November 1844, and presents data for reflections and deductions of an extremely gratifying and interesting character.

It would be rash to conclude that the amount of deposits in these provident institutions is an indication of universal prosperity; because two sections of the community do not share in their advantages—namely, those who are too poor to have money to save, and those who, being too rich, make use of banks of higher pretensions. There is, however, a third section of the nation—happily far from a small one—consisting of frugal and industrious individuals in the humbler ranks of society, who may be designated the savings'-bank class. They are the working part of the community—its sinews; and, in so eminently-productive and manufacturing a country as ours, unquestionably the most important part of the nation. The inference, therefore, is as inevitable as it is pleasing, that the larger the capital in savings' banks, the more healthy the condition of the nation at large. Keeping these considerations in view, all must be gratified to learn that at the end of the year 1844, the deposits in the 577 savings' banks existing in the three kingdoms amounted to the amazing sum of L.31,275,636, accruing from 1,012,475 separate accounts;* the average amount of each account being L.27, 18s. Since 1844, twelve additional savings' banks have been established—a circumstance which leads to the anticipation that, when the 1845 account comes to be made up, it will be found greatly to exceed its immediate predecessor.

By the rules of regularly-appointed savings' banks, no depositor can invest more than L.30 in any one year, ending on the 20th November; nor more than L.150 altogether. Should the maximum sum be permitted to lie and accumulate at interest, no interest is allowed after it has risen to L.200. The rate of interest payable to the trustees and managers by the government is L.3, 5s. per cent., whilst that payable to depositors must not exceed L.3, 0s. 10d. per cent. per annum. The difference in these rates of interest provides a fund for office expenses.†

When we look into the particulars of the summary, we find a few facts which speak for themselves, and others which admit of interesting comment. To begin with England:—At the end of 1844 it had 445 banks, in which 813,601 single depositors had placed L.23,469,371. More than half of them (namely, 461,195) were creditors for sums not exceeding L.20. Besides individuals, 18,689 friendly and charitable societies had placed in the English savings' banks L.1,643,494; so that the total of accounts was 832,290, and of deposits L.25,112,865.

Taking these facts as a data for England, we find that, contrary to general expectation, the English are more provident than their neighbours; for, as the single depositors amount to 813,601, out of a population of more than fifteen millions, it follows that one individual out of 18½ was in 1844 a savings' bank depositor. The average amount of each deposit was L.28.

In turning to Scotland, it is natural to expect evidences of that frugality for which the people of the north are celebrated brought out by the savings' bank returns. But the very reverse is the fact. In Scotland (population in 1841 about 2,600,000), there were, at the end of the savings' bank year, thirty-six savings' banks, containing L.966,149, arising from 68,791 single depositors, three-fourths—namely, 52,442—of whose accounts were for sums not exceeding L.20; whilst 1033 charitable and friendly societies were creditors to the amount of L.77,034 more, making a total of 69,824, and L.1,043,183 sterling. Thus we find that only one person in about every 38½ was in 1844 a depositor; whilst the average amount of each deposit, as well as the proportionate number of depositors to the gross population, was half that of England; being only L.14. These figures might be apt, without explanation, to overturn the current notions of the frugality and hoarding habits of the Scotch. The fact is, that the excellence and general efficiency of the local banking-system of Scotland offers so many advantages to persons possessing small accumulations, that it draws away the better class of depositors from the savings' banks. A small tradesman will, for example, go on making use of the latter till he has accumulated from L.10 to L.20, and then withdraw it to establish a credit at a bank of issue. Although such banks allow him about one per cent. less interest than the savings' banks, yet his capital in their hands is more current and pliable; he can draw and pay in when it suits him; he can get accommodation in loans and discounts; and, in short, render his little stock of cash of infinitely more use, and therefore of more value to him, than if it were locked up in a savings' bank. For these reasons, the line which separates the savings' bank class from that which deals with issue banks, must be drawn much lower in reference to Scotland than in England, and we must expect it to cut off a vast proportion of the more affluent amongst the savings' bank depositors. And thus it happens that, while in England not much above half the depositors before referred to were in possession of sums not exceeding L.20, the proportion of that rate of depositors to the whole of the savings' banks contributors was in Scotland above three-fourths.

In Wales, there were, at the period so often referred to, 18,007 single depositors, whose accounts united to make up L.518,348; and adding 683 friendly and charitable societies' deposits, which came to L.81,448, there was a total in Wales of 18,690 accounts, and L.599,796. The Welsh, who have no superior facilities of general banking, or perceptible cause to remove them from the rule we have laid down, appear to be either poorer or less provident than the English; for, out of their population of about 911,000, they had only 18,007 depositors; and it follows that, according to this calculation, one person in fifty only contributes to the twenty-three savings' banks distributed over the principality.

Ireland, when brought to this test, bears out its unfortunate character for poverty and improvidence; for in it only one individual in about 90½ had dealings with the savings' banks (of which there were 73) in 1844; there having been 90,144 single depositors to a population of more than eight millions. Their united capital was L.2,685,698; to which, when we add 1099 societies, with a deposited capital of L.63,319, we obtain a total for Ireland of 91,243 accounts, and L.2,749,017 in deposits. The average of each deposit was L.29. The proportion of persons whose savings did not exceed L.20, was below that of the others we have instanced, being less than half, or 41,546.

In regarding the savings' banks of Great Britain and

* The number of depositors greatly exceeds the number of accounts, inasmuch as 10,631 of the latter are those of friendly societies, each made up of at least twenty times the number of members. It may therefore be reasonably computed, that the number of persons in immediate and indirect communication with savings' banks—including the workmen in various manufactories who club together a single account—is not much under one million and a half.

† The last of the acts of parliament by which savings' banks are regulated, was passed in August 1844. It is the 7th and 8th of Victoria, cap. 83.

Ireland through the medium of Mr Pratt's comprehensive summary, one of the most interesting points of view from which to observe them, is in reference to their local situation. The topography of savings' banks forms a study, by which we arrive at a knowledge of the comparative providence of people in various localities. We naturally turn to the English manufacturing districts to seek for the most extensive employment of these institutions. Though not the largest, the most populous county in England is Lancashire; and here we find that, to a population (in 1841) of 1,667,064, there are 67,159 accounts in thirty-five banks (only one less than all Scotland can boast of), yielding L.2,150,766, making an average of L.30 for each account. Yorkshire presents a more flourishing state of things; for although the population is lower in number than that of Lancashire (having, in 1841, been 1,591,584), the savings' banks accounts were larger in 1844. They stand thus:—35 banks, 71,114 accounts, and L.2,256,843 sterling. Warwickshire, which, though it includes Birmingham, is partly an agricultural county, had, with a population of 402,121, seven savings' banks, and 21,684 accounts, from which an accumulation arose of L.502,389. The amount of deposits in the great commercial and manufacturing towns was as follows:—Manchester, the highest in the empire, L.568,313; Liverpool, L.474,452; Newcastle, L.264,077; Leeds, L.262,908; Birmingham, L.250,080; Sheffield, L.182,838. In Staffordshire, the seat of the pottery trade (population 510,206), there were L.520,470 accumulated from 15,953 accounts.

The mining districts make a very respectable show in this summary for 1844. Cornwall, with its 341,269 inhabitants, had ten savings' banks, and 13,167 accounts, amounting to L.525,922. In Cumberland (population 177,912), there were seven establishments, 7638 accounts, and L.219,457. Durham had 7467 accounts, and an accumulation of L.209,988, to a population of 324,277. Northumberland, with a population of 250,268, contained seven banks, holding 13,114 accounts, and L.477,476 in deposits.

Amongst the agricultural and sea-board districts, Devonshire appears to stand foremost for thrift, in reference to dealings with the banks for savings, even when we consider its large population. Plymouth, including Devonport and its dockyard, had, in four banks, 15,962 open accounts, the total of which was L.565,999. In the quiet city of Exeter, the surprising sum of one million three thousand pounds had found its way into one bank!

In Scotland, the greatest amount of wealth, and perhaps of prudence, appears to prevail in the capital. In the three savings' banks (two in Edinburgh, and one in Leith), 23,479 accounts remained open in November 1844, amounting to L.350,197. The other savings' bank in this county is in Dalkeith, which quiet little place contributed 668 accounts, and L.5356 deposits to its bank. In Glasgow, with a vast excess of population over Edinburgh and Leith, there were only 20,118 accounts, and L.322,144.

The highest accounts in Ireland are those made up in the north, over which a large proportion of prudent Scotch blood is diffused. Antrim contains three savings' banks, which do business with 6209 depositors, and hold L.131,993. The population of the county is 276,188. The noisy county of Tipperary, in the south, with double the population, has only 3567 accounts, and L.116,000, in five savings' banks. In the city of Dublin there are two banks, containing L.568,947, belonging to 23,542 depositors.

Few materials for considering savings' banks with reference to the occupations of depositors exist. Those, however, to which we have had access, prove that the most frequent depositors are domestic servants; next come clerks, shopmen, and porters; after them operatives; and last of all, persons employed in agriculture. One class, much in need of saving habits, have recently been afforded the opportunity of putting by the very small spare sums they may have: we mean soldiers. By a warrant issued in October 1843, regimental banks for savings were established. They have succeeded beyond expectation. From the date of their commencement to the 31st March 1844 (scarcely six months), there had been L.15,069, 3s. 2d. placed at interest by 1890 depositors.

Besides the banks to which we have referred, a few are set on foot by individuals—chiefly with the aim of encouraging prudent habits amongst such poor as they happen to possess any influence over. These are private concerns, not in communication with the authorities, and from which, consequently, no official accounts can be obtained. Though existing in England and Scotland, they abound most in Ireland. While giving the originators of these concerns credit for the best intentions, we must lament that they should keep aloof from the great national system; thus depriving depositors of the broad security which that system offers, and also contributing to defeat an important end—the realisation of exact statistics as to general savings. In some instances, there is reason to believe these private savings' banks are illegal, in consequence of not having their rules certified by the author of the summary before us. For various considerations, we earnestly press on the managers of these concerns the necessity and propriety of uniting them with the national system.

THE GONDOLIERS OF VENICE.

The well-known peculiar arrangement of Venice, as a city planted on a cluster of islands, with the intermediate stripes of water, or canals, serving as streets, has given occasion, in all ages of its history, for boats and boatmen as a means of conveyance. There are, it is true, some land passages through Venice, by means of narrow alleys connected with bridges; but these are inconvenient and circuitous compared with the water communication; and, accordingly, boating has ever been in requisition, and the gondolas and gondoliers continue to this day to be amongst the most characteristic things connected with

> 'The pleasant place of all festivity,
> The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.'

Reduced as Venice now is from her ancient dignity and affluence—a mere appendage to Austria—the remains of former magnificence, and the number of persons of fortune still residing in it, render it an interesting city. About two thousand public gondolas are required to serve the ferries, and convey passengers from one part of the city to another. These ferries, we may remark, are farmed by little associations of gondoliers from the government. It is now proposed to reduce them, by the erection of another bridge across the Grand Canal; and if this measure be carried, a serious blow will be given to the gondolier interest, already much damaged by the erection of a bridge to the mainland, in connexion with the Milan railway. A few years hence, we may see, indeed, but the ghost of that maritime intercourse which was once the most characteristic feature of the 'sea Cybele.'

While this likelihood is pending, we may be the more curious to know how the gondolas of Venice were constructed and conducted, and what sort of persons were their conductors—a race coeval, we believe, with the city. The gondola, then, may be described as a species of canoe, with a long projecting swan-like neck, and in general having a place fitted up in the centre, much like a carriage or fly, for the accommodation of passengers. The general form is so long and narrow, that a stranger, at the first glance, would suppose the shape to be grossly improper; and a northern would be induced to believe that the mode of propelling boats to which he has been accustomed, would be much more efficient than the method of the gondoliers, who manage their long-shafted oars by pushing them out, and not by drawing them in. The fact, however, is, that the Vene-

tian canals, especially at ebb tide, are so narrow, that boats of the ordinary breadth would be unable to pass each other; and the water being often not more than twelve inches deep, the vessels are in consequence made flat-bottomed. With a load of eight or nine hundred pounds, these vessels draw not more than ten inches. But this trifling draught, combined with the requisite narrowness, is only attainable by means of excessive length. With regard to the manner of rowing, the employment of two men for short distances is regarded as a luxury of the rich. One rower is the usual thing; and it is necessary that his eyes should be directed forwards, that he may turn on one side or the other at any instant. Moreover, he has to shout out at every angle, to avoid coming in contact with the iron prows of boats going in a contrary direction, and not yet in sight. It requires a good deal of practice to manage these long gondolas properly with a single oar.

In a particular class of gondolas, not the least graceful, the place for the accommodation of passengers is without a roof, or covered merely by a light awning of striped linen. Such is the fashion of a great number of the public gondolas, as it is found conducive to cheerfulness; and in these instances there are usually gay-coloured cushions and green-painted seats, for the sake of greater liveliness. But the leading kind of gondola, and that to which all the private conveyances belong, present a receptacle like a close carriage, of a sombre appearance; being not only painted black in the sides, but covered with black cloth, and trimmed with cords and tassels of the same colour, the door-handle and window-sliders being of bronze or gilt. This mournful uniformity has its origin from an old edict which still influences the custom. Under the Doge Barbarigo (1486 to 1500), commerce had expanded to such an extent, that the net income of the state was rated at twelve millions of ducats. Notwithstanding that from that period there was a gradual decline of prosperity, luxury continued to spread itself so much, that government deemed it expedient to impose sumptuary laws. The nobles strove to emulate each other in the decoration of their gondolas; and this was a source of so much extravagance, that an edict was issued commanding gondolas thenceforward to be of one uniform black colour. Previously, the variety in the hues, and the richness of the materials, must have had a beautiful effect. The bridges occasioned the shape of the low round roofs; but the small space assigned for seats is not so readily explained; for, strictly speaking, sitting-room is only provided for two persons. A third person must push himself through the little narrow doorway backwards, and must take some pains to avoid treading or falling upon the two others. When he has, by good luck, accomplished his entrance, he finds a miserable little stool close by the door, where he may indulge himself by sitting *almost* upright, provided he take his hat off.

The motion of a standing oarsman is pleasing and graceful. How beautiful must the gondoliers have looked in their old picturesque costume! Now-a-days, they are tastelessly habited as livery-servants, in coat and round laced hat. Even the gondoliers proper (Barcarolen) have nothing peculiar in their attire save a red or black girdle, to distinguish the party to which they belong. They are all either Castellani or Nicolotti, and warm adherents to their colour. Just see what a sensation you will excite by calling out, as you pass another gondola, *Castellano?* He to whom the question is addressed will either reply eagerly, *Si, si, signor; Castellano!*—(Yes, yes, sir; a Castellano!), or morosely grumble to himself as he passes on; whilst such gondoliers as happen to be thereabouts will sing out, *No, signor; è un Nicolotto!*—(No, sir; he is a Nicolotto!), usually adding some irritating nickname. A stranger who feels inclined to amuse himself with this party-spirit, will do well to have a little money in readiness, either to restore peace, or to prove the interest implied in his inquiries. It is strange that the people themselves do not seem to know anything positive of the origin of this division. If you ask any questions on this head, they reply that it has always been so, and that the Nicolotti had earlier possession of one side of the Grand Canal than their opponents. Whether there is any truth in this statement, I do not know; but certainly the Castello stands on the east, and the church of St Nicholas on the west of the city. The abodes of the boatmen are now no longer kept in distinct quarters, according to their party. The profession of a gondolier is hereditary; and there are some families amongst them who may contend, in point of antiquity, with many noble houses. I myself have seen a book in the possession of a gondolier which had belonged to his family for three hundred years. Thus the feud, whatever may have been its origin, is tenaciously preserved like an heir-loom. The regatta, which takes place yearly, has its share in keeping the strife alive; and the quarrel sometimes waxes so warm, that acts of open violence are perpetrated. A few years since, one of the clan Castellani, who bore the well-known name of Morosino, had carried off the prize, in spite of some trickery on the part of the Nicolotti, and was, in consequence, so severely handled, that the authorities determined to suppress the regatta for the future. For a year or two nothing of the kind took place; but latterly, it has been revived. The boats used on this occasion are built expressly for the purpose. They are slender and fragile; even the weight of a single rower would double them up, were the edges not kept apart by means of cross-bars. I was much surprised to see only black girdles taking part in the training for the regatta; and I inquired if it were pride that restrained the Castellani from preparing themselves for the contest like their opponents. The Nicolotti are a good deal employed in smuggling, and thus acquiring great expertness in managing their boats, one would suppose that it was rather the Castellani who stand in need of a training. Indeed the latter have the reputation of being a proud set. They form the aristocratic party; enter, when young, into the service of the more distinguished nobles; pay a greater regard to a respectable appearance, and still more to a good name, than their rivals; and look upon smuggling as something beneath them. After many inquiries, I was unable to learn any further particulars touching the origin of the quarrel upon which I can place reliance; nevertheless I may mention, that one day as I was passing the Tiepolo Palace, on the Grand Canal, my old boatman, who was a Castellano, told me the dissension between his clan and the Nicolotti had its rise in the political contests which, in the time of the Doge Tiepolo, divided the city into two contending parties. Without treating this tradition as an historical fact, it is interesting to see how the popular tales connect the present state of things with past times. On this account I may be permitted, perhaps, to bestow a few words upon the political contests alluded to.

Two of the Tiepolo family were called to the dignity of doge not long after one another. Jacopo Tiepolo reigned from 1229 to 1249, and Lorenzo Tiepolo from 1268 to 1274, succeeding Raniero Zeno, under whom a new and intricate law of election was promulged. This law had its rise from the apprehensions felt by the Great Council, in consequence of new schisms amongst the nobility, who sided either with the Tiepolos or the Dandolos. These families had been in open feud since 1228, when, at the election that followed Pietro Ziani's death, Jacopo Tiepolo and Raniero Dandolo had an equal number of votes. No other way of getting over the difficulty offered itself except the having recourse to lots; and in this appeal to chance, Tiepolo was the winner. At that time the dignity had real power attached to it, and it was commonly made a source of wealth to the holder. Ambitious men aimed at the rank, and covetous men at the means of acquiring a large fortune. At the death of Raniero Zeno in 1268, there was a great scarcity of food in Venice, and the people grew clamorous. This discontented feeling against the old houses was encouraged by the ambitious patricians, especially those of

newly-ennobled family, who desired to turn the popular humour to their own advantage, and pit the people against the ancient aristocracy. To this aristocracy the Dandolos belonged; for they traced their descent from one of the twelve who chose the first doge, Anafesto, in 697. Lorenzo Tiepolo, however, was placed at the head of the other party; and the Dandolos were exasperated at the result of the election to such a degree, that Lorenzo and Giovanni Dandolo lost all command over themselves, and publicly insulted the doge in St Mark's Square. At this unheard-of act of violence the dissensions became more general. For some time all intercourse between the two parts of the city ceased, and it was debated whether or not the bridge of the Rialto should not be removed. At length the doge succeeded in putting an end to the famine by commercial treaties with Greece, Tunis, and England.

We ought to have adverted sooner to the songs of the gondoliers, as these have served, more perhaps than anything else, to give them celebrity. Who has not felt delight in the homage, presumably paid to genius, in the singing of Tasso's poetry by the Venetian gondoliers? There is, we believe, no doubt that these men had learned by heart, and handed down amongst themselves, favourite passages of both Tasso's and Ariosto's poetry, which they sang in alternate stanzas, in the manner of the Greek chorus, though much corrupted in the course of transmission. The custom, of late years, has died almost out.

> 'In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier,'

says Byron; who nevertheless tells us, as it were privately, in a note, that he met a man who could sing three hundred stanzas. The present writer can say, for his own part, that he has frequently, at a more recent period, heard the gondoliers singing verses which were partly improvised, partly repeated from memory; and amongst the latter he recognised stanzas of Tasso. Mr D'Israeli, whose acquaintance with Venice was in an earlier age, describes the singing of the gondoliers as harsh and screaming when heard near, but beautiful at a little distance. Offended by the noise, while shut up in the gondola, he was induced to go ashore, leaving one of the singers in the boat, and sending the other to the distance of some hundred paces. To pursue his own narrative: 'They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still, and hearkened to the one or the other.

'Here,' he says, 'the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from afar, and called forth the attention; the quickly-succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved, like spirits, hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

'It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel, at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare; the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and, as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashings of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

'At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard, as he heard the other. By a tacit convention, they alternate verse for verse. Though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.'*

Such are—perhaps we should rather say were—the gondoliers of Venice.

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

Near the close of the last century, a tailor, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by a person who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards eloped without paying for them. The account was placed on the poor man's books, and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to his mind. Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

'I'll try an experiment,' said he to himself; 'perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue, and getting my money.'

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—'If J—— C——, who was in Philadelphia about the month of ——, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighbouring states are requested to copy.' The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the debtor, if he should call, but to request him to leave his address, the tailor patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed, by a note from the printer, that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the debtor. The constable was instructed to stand off at a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The tailor now rang the bell; and when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

'How do you do?' kindly inquired the tailor. 'Perhaps you do not know me?'

'I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance,' politely answered our hero.

'Do you remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor, and forgetting to pay for them?'

'Oh no,' said the gentleman, blushing slightly; 'you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me that you wished to find.'

'There is no mistake; you are the very man I wished to see. You have on at this moment the very waistcoat that I made for you; and you will acknowledge it was of good stuff, otherwise it could not have lasted so long?'

'Oh yes,' said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; 'I *do* remember now the circumstances to which you allude. Yes, yes; I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my good fortune.'

Here he handed the tailor a New York paper, containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The tailor looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and said—'Yes, I see you are in good luck; but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before you come into possession of your property.'

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

'What!' exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone, 'you surely haven't sued me?'

'Yes I have,' replied the tailor; 'and you should be thankful that nothing worse has happened to you.'

'Come in then,' said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; 'come in, and I will pay you, if I must.'

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of the

* Quoted in Notes to Childe Harold from Curiosities of Literature (edit. 1807), ii. 156.

late creditor with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it, and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was '*for advertising*,' when he broke forth—'Halloo! what's this? "*For advertising?*" That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!'

'Oh no,' coolly replied the tailor; 'that is all right. I have charged you the cost of publishing the advertisement which you have just now showed me.'

Here the swindler demanded, 'Do you mean to say that *you* caused the publication of that advertisement?'

'Truly I did,' replied the tailor with most provoking coolness.

'Then you told me a falsehood in it,' quickly retorted the rogue.

'Convince me of that,' said the tailor, 'and you will find me ready to confess the fault.'

'You said I should hear something to my advantage if I would come here.'

'You are mistaken,' immediately responded the tailor; 'I only promised that you should hear of "something to advantage;" and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?'

'If I can catch you in the street,' said the swindler in the deepest rage, 'I'll give you such a cow-hiding as will not leave the breath in your body.'

'Nonsense now,' said the tailor; 'if you really intend to do anything of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard, and finish the business at once.'

The rogue was completely nonplussed by the coolness of the tailor, and stood speechless, and almost petrified.

'Now,' said the tailor good-naturedly, 'let me give you a piece of advice. When next you have occasion to get a suit of clothes, you had better not attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly; for then will your conscience not disturb you, and your sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!'*

JOHN BULL'S HOUSEKEEPING ACCOUNT—1844 AND 1845.

THE question of comparative prosperity is one of which people have a much more distinct idea in its private than in its public application. Any one with that very usual degree of resources expressed by the term 'a limited income,' understands clearly enough what is meant by being a little better off one year than another. We appeal to a small tradesman, or a small clergyman, or any other small person, with not a small family. Suppose he has got on in the world, and is not quite so pinched as he was; the difference is this—he has two or three joints a week instead of only one. He sometimes sees a sirloin on his table. Once a month or so fish is substituted or prefixed. Instead of the everlasting 'light' dumplings, and suet dumplings, and batter puddings, with which he was compelled to satisfy or deaden the hunger of his children, he can afford an occasional plumpudding; and is not deterred from rice or fruit tarts by the expensive appendage of sugar. The batter betrays a little more of the egg; and winter is beguiled with jam and preserves. Cheese comes in after dinner, notwithstanding the old housewife's saying, evidently a tradition of the revolutionary war, that 'cheese stands in no stead.' After that also now and then there is a dessert. Oranges, almonds and raisins, figs and prunes, are either spread out in state, or made the subject of an agreeable surprise at some less solemn hour of the day. The young gentlemen and ladies are earlier delivered from the bondage of milk and water, and made free of tea and coffee. It is no longer a rule that the third cup shall be without sugar; and the presiding matron has not quite so anxious an eye on the butter pot. There are two candles instead of one on the table; and if any of the family should be discovered reading, or talking, or playing by candle-light in another room, it is not thought as bad as schism or rebellion. Then the children do not go so long out at the elbows, or knees, or toes, or heels, or other salient points of their structure. New kid gloves, and new silk pocket handkerchiefs, oftener remind the elders of their first infantine delight at 'new clothes.' When the family becomes a little too large for the house, and the crowded population of the nursery begins to emigrate into separate bedrooms, the father either himself builds another 'room below and room above,' or gets his landlord to build them with a rise of rent. As the furniture has then to be re-arranged, the mistress of the house takes the opportunity of dignifying herself with a new mahogany wardrobe, and perhaps a new drawing-room table.

There is something very intelligible, and not at all low-minded, or utilitarian, or irreligious, or otherwise offensive, to those at least who are themselves the subject of this happy change. It is what the master of the house has toiled for, and denied himself many a pleasure to obtain. He has slaved at his counter or his desk, or, worse than either, in his school-room; he has taken no holidays, no summer excursions; he has drunk no wine, mounted no horse, kept no dog, gone to no parties, had no friends—of a convivial sort at least; indulged in no tastes, had no hobbies, built no castles; has, in a word, been that slave of slaves, that king of drudges—a family man; merely that he might have the means of increasing all these poor creature-comforts to his wife and children, together with the further comfort of a better education, concerning which we will not now speak more particularly. And who will gainsay, who will censure, or who will deride this sort of prosperity? The man who wilfully flies from banquets that he may play the Spartan, or the hermit, on black bread, acquires a right, which we will not dispute or envy him, to laugh at this smug felicity. But the ninety-nine men out of a hundred who get or enjoy whatever they can, have no right to do anything but be thankful that others share with themselves the favours of a beneficent Providence, and the fruits of honest exertion.

But take only a still more numerous family, the elders still more hard-worked, their income still more limited, their hardships, and labours, and denials still more considerable, their children still more numerous, craving, and wasteful—take the great family of the nation—and though the case is really just the same, an absurd affectation prevents many people from recognising the elements of its prosperity. Better trade, busier ports, more ships, give them no idea than so much selfish mercantile hubbub. They think only of a few speculators, or a few manufacturers making their fortunes. But it is evident that, if there is a larger introduction of the gifts of Providence, there is more for every one to enjoy; and though some poor creatures are so utterly destitute and deserted that nothing will alleviate their condition, a very great proportion of the people must experience that increase of comforts of which we have given above a particular illustration.—*Times*.

* We find the above piece of drollery in a periodical entitled 'The Spectator,' published at Rochdale—one of those small country papers which it is pleasing to see starting up in different parts of England and Scotland. We have taken the liberty of altering some of the expressions.

THE TROUBADOUR AND HIS SWALLOW.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

THE warm breath of summer
Has burst the frost's chain;
The earth is all blossom;
But the bird of my bosom,
My beautiful swallow, returns not again.

I hear its gay fellows—
More faithful, alas!—
The bright dawn saluting;
With rapid wing shooting,
I see them across the blue lake's surface pass.

Long known—long beloved!
When wilt thou return
To cheer me, heart-weary?
In absence so dreary
From thee, O my swallow! I linger and mourn.

None other can give thee
A life half so fair;
Like thine was my nature,
Thou bright joyous creature;
The same food and shelter with me thou didst share.

For thee does my window
Half open remain:
What hinders thee, dearest?
Can it be that thou fearest
In me a harsh tyrant with prison and chain?

The flower in the wild-wood
Gives place to the fruit:
The summer on stealeth;
And each day revealeth
My hope of thy coming grown fainter and mute.

My strain, once so gleesome,
Is now a sad song:
Art thou faithful no longer?
Has death proved the stronger?
No matter; thy minstrel will pine for thee long.

D. M. M.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*Sir W. Scott.*

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MY BROTHER THE LAIRD.

I was very young when I left the Highlands, and I was many years absent from the wildly-beautiful glen in which had been passed my happy infancy. When, almost as a stranger, I returned to it, my brother was the laird—not my noble-spirited elder brother, the first in the chase, the foremost in every 'ploy' of daring, the friend of the shock-headed fox-hunter. He had fallen in the battle-field, far from all those who so proudly gloried in him. Nor was it my second, handsome, light-hearted brother, the gay promoter of all the mirth we had enjoyed. He must 'serve' too. There was no other profession but that of arms then thought of in the Highlands, and the transport he was embarked in was lost on its way with troops to America. My third brother, a small, delicate child, quiet in all his plays, solitary in all his habits, thoughtful, serious, the embryo student rather than the worthy descendant of Highland chieftain or of Border moss-trooper—he it was who was destined to wear and to transmit the honours of his line. He had been latterly educated in England with our younger brother and myself, who, at the death of our parents, had been left to the care of our Indian uncle.

The colonel had brought back with him from the East an English wife, a handsome fortune, and the same warm Highland heart he had taken out with him, which prompted him to visit my father with the least possible delay after his return. He had no children of his own, which perhaps made him take so fondly to us; and when, as orphans, we became entirely dependent on him, his affectionate solicitude for our welfare appeared to redouble. His wife did her part to repair the loss of our parents, as far as was then understood to be the requisite attention to the young. She was always kind in manner to us; provided us amply with the necessaries befitting our station; and encouraged my uncle in various little plans for our amusement. They lived in London, in a good house in Lower Brook Street, and we were placed at school. My brothers were sent to a clergyman near Henley, who took a limited number of pupils. I went to Queen Square, in common with most young ladies of our station. My holidays, in winter, were spent in my aunt's drawing-room; in summer at some watering-place. My more fortunate brothers passed their summer holidays in the Highlands, under the care of our uncle the captain. I therefore saw little of them; and we were soon entirely separated; for they went to college in Glasgow, from whence my younger brother proceeded to India—my uncle, the colonel, having influence enough to procure a writership for him. The laird went to travel with a college friend, an Irishman, who took him over to his own green isle. There he married. He had been settled for some time on his Highland property, with his handsome Irish wife, more years than there is need to mention, before circumstances enabled me to fulfil the treasured wish of my heart—a visit to him.

My husband and I travelled from Edinburgh in a way I cannot now look back on without smiling. The same horses took us on from Perth by very easy stages, getting through but two in a day, at five miles an hour, or thereabouts. When I quitted the Highlands, I had ridden from home down the bridle-road for near twenty miles to a small inn or rather clachan; for there were several black huts collected near a small stream, a short distance from the military road. The principal hovel was then of turf, like the rest, but much larger, with an open chimney-top over one gable, and a stone-and-lime chimney-stalk at the other. Of the many smaller black huts round, some were barns, and some were stables, and some were sheds for cows and poultry; a few were merely peat-stacks; while a few more were the habitations of human beings, as was known by the hole in the roof, through which the smoke issued. All had troops of half-naked children playing in the mud, and dirt, and duck-pools before their untidy doors, looking, with their sun-burnt skins and sun-bleached hair, like nothing human. Now, amidst such of the old black huts as still remained, there were several stone-built cottages, windowed and chimneyed, deserving of better care than they had met with; for the old dirt about the doors remained, with the addition of dung-heaps under the windows. I looked in vain towards the burn for the humble black 'public.' In its place stood a three-storey-high stone building, full of good-sized windows, with a good square of offices behind, and upon the flight of steps leading up to the door was a smart little Englishwoman, the wife of the Highland landlord. The old bridle-road was gone. No horses waited at the clachan for the guests of the laird of the glen. Our carriage rolled on over a fine well-engineered road, which at this spot turned off into the mountains. It followed the course of the stream for some miles through the dreary moor, enlivened only by a few wandering sheep, and a few scattered turf hovels, each with its patch of corn; then winding up a hill, we left all that was bare behind us, and at our feet lay the wide lake, with its fertile shores and its distant walls of mountains, its further extremity lost beneath the high-peaked hill on which the beacon-fires of our clan had in former days been lighted.

On descending this rising ground, the road divided—a branch diverged to each side of the lake. A dozen miles of beautiful scenery, and of somewhat perilous travel in those rocky parts, where we journeyed along galleries cut from the bank high above the water, brought us 'home.' We were expected, and I had hoped to have met at the march some of our many humble friends to give me welcome; but we crossed the burn

which divided my brother's property from the little kingdom of the neighbouring noble, without one voice to greet us. We passed on among the birch thickets; and I was bending forward to catch the first look of the old tower of my fathers, when a shout, perfectly astounding, rent the air. The carriage had emerged from the wood upon a plain of meadow land stretching across all the lower part of the glen, where the stream which almost dashed through the upper end of the valley, after falling from the rocky ledge, wandered quietly forward to the lake. A little back stood the old castle on its terrace, and between it and the river had been, in my faher's day, a marsh, constantly overflowed in the Lammas floods and winter speats, where my brothers had spent many a long day duck-shooting. It was now dry, firm, and level, and, at the moment we entered on it, covered with troops, by whom, it was clear, I was to be received with military honours. I had never thought of the volunteers; but there they were—several companies of well-appointed men, in the belted plaid, with plumed bonnets and glittering arms; and when manœuvring in measured step with the firm and springy tread of their race, the chequered hose and tasselled garter on every handsome leg, a degree of effect was given to their marchings and counter-marchings not to be approached by a regiment less picturesquely accoutred. Several mounted officers were galloping over the field, and every here and there flag-staffs were erected on it. Near one of these more marked stations was a group of ladies and gentlemen on horseback—one of the ladies in regimentals, as nearly as they could be affected. She wore a scarlet jacket with gold facings, a tartan petticoat, and the blue bonnet with feathers. Her gay and graceful air, with a certain habitual assumption of authority in her manner, showed her at a glance to be 'the lady.' The officer in command had given some orders to his troops; for, on ceasing their shout of welcome, part left the lines, and bounding on without order towards the hill we were descending, the military mob in a few moments surrounded and seized the carriage, unharnessed the horses, and, with another wild hurrah, they bore us along the plain and through the river to the foot of the terrace, my London man-of-business husband fully as much amazed as pleased with the theatrical grandeur of our reception. At the castle, all the rest of the people were collected. Women, girls, old men, and children—all eagerly watching our triumphal progress, and rushing forward with the warm shake of the hand, the blessing, and the smile of real love, that so truly welcomed home the child nurtured amongst them.

I was several days in recovering from the agitation of my arrival. When my feelings had leisure to comprehend what was passing around me, how everyway changed appeared the habits of the once quiet abode of my father's retired family!

My brother had never lived at the new house. He had, before his marriage, repaired the old castle, very much altered its interior arrangements, added some kitchen offices, laid out a garden, and was now occupied in building a second tower—not exactly resembling the ancient gray building from which the Lady Rachel and her maids had issued, but modernised upon the same idea, and erected at the other end of the long steep-roofed house, the side wall of which he had battlemented. He had also filled up all the old ill-matched windows, substituting correct ranges of Gothic lattices opening from stone mullions. He had been his own architect, and he had done his business well, though probably not very economically; and there was some confusion among the various crooked passages within, leading to the additional apartments, which would have been avoided by an experienced professional man. None of the furniture I remembered was anywhere to be seen. The whole house had been fitted up by a London upholsterer in the classical style of the day. In the drawing-room countless yards of chintz were festooned over the windows by the help of Roman battle-axes at one side, Danish spears at the other, and Turkish crescents in the centre. Uncomfortable chairs, with the slenderest supports compatible with safety, thinly lined the walls—a few plain, high, naked tables among them. A Grecian couch stood on each side of an Egyptian fireplace, where two heavy sphinxes seemed to weigh down the ends of the fender, while headachy caryatides upheld the ponderous front of the grate. My sister-in-law not being musical, there was no instrument; and not being literary, there were no books; and not liking her needle, there was no work. Nicknacks had not come into fashion. A large Indian box for cards and counters, a pair of glass girandoles on the mantelpiece, and a small basket made of pasteboard, ribbon, and gilt paper, into which notes were thrown, comprised the ornamental details of her reception-room. The bedrooms, uncarpeted, and some of them uncurtained, contained little beside the heavy-draperied beds; no extra tables, no easy-chairs, and a scanty washing apparatus. I can't look back on the skeleton rooms of that day without a shudder. There were only two parts of the house I had any pleasure in entering: the nursery, at the top of the old tower, filled with healthy, happy children, presided over by the kindest of Irish nurses—an old family-piece imported with her handsome lady, who, whatever was doing below, managed to keep all right in her own territories; and my brother's study, where, besides the books, plans, prints, maps, and instruments necessary for his own pursuits, stood the only memorial of the past I could discover at the time—the cornered chair in which my father reclined with his pipe after dinner. The dining-room had a prim-looking side-board in lieu of the old beaufet, and a well-covered side-table remained in it the livelong day; for eating went on almost without interruption during all the waking hours. Every guest of every degree was offered refreshment. It was etiquette to decline at first; but, on being pressed, all fell to, beginning with a dram, whatever might be the hour of the day, and generally ending with one, ladies and gentlemen and all—none of the elders of either sex ever tasting breakfast, at any rate, without this provocative to appetite. This being the custom in the parlour, the fashion was of course fully followed in the hall, where bread, cheese, and whisky were served to all comers—two large bottles of spirits per day being the usual allowance. There was a constant coming and going of the family followers, each native of the glen seeming to think it incumbent on him to visit the castle unceasingly, whether he had business to carry him there or not.

It was much the same up stairs. My sister-in-law delighted in company. She welcomed all. The minister, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the better rank of tenant farmers, the half-pay officers, the poor relations, the cousinhood of higher degree—all were welcomed with a warmth of manner which made her peculiarly a favourite among them, and which had contributed, as much as her liveliness and beauty, to atone in their eyes for her foreign extraction. She was unrivalled in her reception of company, putting the most timid at ease, seeming to know by intuition the topics of conversation most suited to her visitors, and the proper distance each rank required her to attend them on their departure. She pressed them to stay, heaped their plates, showed them to advantage, all so easily, that she threw a cheerfulness over her heterogeneous society which her exquisite tact alone could have insured. Add to this no small skill in matters of cookery, and an admirable taste in dress, and who could desire a fitter 'lady' when she was in good-humour. When her temper failed, it was for want of amusement; and as she was at those moments alone, this defect had hardly then been discovered by her many admirers.

My brother and his wife lived in a crowd of company. Besides the unceasing visits of the numerous family retainers, the new roads, opened all through the country, brought them into contact with a large circle of neighbours. Distance is merely comparative; and the High-

land lairds of those days, insulated in a degree by the extent of their properties, thought little of a journey of from ten to fifty miles to visit agreeable acquaintance. Other lairds had conformed to the times as well as the laird of the glen; gay parties were constantly going forward among them. My sister-in-law's heavy coach, drawn by four large horses, driven by a little old man and a smart boy, in jackets and jockey-caps, as postilions, and followed by two outriders, often conveyed us to places which, as a child, I had hardly heard of, where the same extent of hospitality seemed to prevail as in our own modernised castle. In due time these visits were returned: equally heavy coaches, with the same attendance of servants, drove to my brother's open door, setting down in quick succession company most cordially welcomed. Our extending roads had also brought the far-off world upon us. War having closed the continent to the rambling English, they were obliged to wander nearer home; and crowds began to turn their steps towards the then almost unknown Highlands. With introductions, or without, all made their ready way from one hospitable roof to another; not always, by the by, requiting the attentions paid them; for although some of the most valued associates of my after-life date, with me, our mutual regard from the accident of our thus meeting, many a lively companion of our long mountain rambles showed, by their cool recognition of such acquaintance, that the scenes they had so much enjoyed while among them, had left very faint impressions upon their memory.

They were merry days too that were thus easily forgotten. Mornings passed out of doors in exploring the thousand beautiful recesses of our mountain solitudes—pony rides in groups or parties—boating, fishing, climbing steep hill-sides—always surrounded by humble attendants full of anecdote, full of enthusiasm, ready to succour in little difficulties, familiar, yet courteously respectful; for there was a simple dignity in the manner of the Highlander of that day, to be deeply felt, yet not described, which made the society of the merest peasant agreeable to the most polished gentlewoman. Our evenings were mostly spent in dancing, even after all the fatigues of the day: dancing which began in the parlour often ended in the hall, most of the men-servants playing the violin. We were at no loss, therefore, for both a first and second fiddle, and my brother's valet could play a tolerable bass. The periodical balls, too, were never neglected: indeed my brother had added to their number—his wedding-day and the young laird's birth being both duly celebrated. My sister-in-law was the life of all these parties—the boldest in our morning rides, the keenest in the pursuit of all our varied out-of-door amusements: she was the gayest in the dance at night; she had caught, as by inspiration, the flings, and cuts, and shuffles of the Highlanders, cracked her fingers with the best of them, and had taught her own jigs to a set of her peculiar favourites, and encouraged the merry laugh with which the performance of them was greeted. Some of the older people looked back with a grave sigh to the quiet dignity of my mother's slow strathspey with the captain; but the young race growing up half-worshipped her gay successor, who, amid all her fun, never for one instant forgot that she was the Lady. She was taller than my dear mother, slighter made, with dark hair and eyes, and skin of snow, and teeth of pearl. She was quick in all her movements, yet not ungraceful, not even when at her merriest. Her usual morning-dress was a habit which particularly became her style of figure, and her uncapped head of wavy dark-brown hair. For the evenings she had an endless variety of Indian muslin, gauze, and other light materials for dresses, which were the fashion of the day—crossed in full folds over her fine bust, and stretching out in a long train half over the floor behind her.

My brother evidently admired her exceedingly: he permitted her to do whatever she liked: he seemed to be pleased with whatever pleased her, and to agree without reluctance to every plan that she proposed. Yet he was little with her; and I never thought the sort of life they led suited to his natural inclinations. He might be almost said to act the solitary in his crowded house, remaining much in his own study, or wandering alone, or with his different overseers, about those parts of his property he was engaged in improving. He had one constant companion—his little son. The child was seldom absent from his father's rambles: sometimes capering across a stick beside him, sometimes on his Shetland pony, sometimes hand in hand, they would wander the summer's day; and, strange to say, he was appealed to for his opinion on any points at issue between the master and the workmen; and the boy answered readily, and was listened to, and attended to—the factor, forester, and grieve, uniting in deference to him. My brother's pursuits were all tranquil, equally unlike the habits of the baron of old or the modern fine gentleman. Yet, *odd* as the laird was undoubtedly considered, I question whether one of his race ever lived more truly in the hearts of his people. In person he had no resemblance to my father, except that, like him, he was fair. He was extremely polished in manner, and very exact in dress. Being high Tory in politics, he wore powder till long after it had been discarded from the toilets of all but footmen; and he long preserved his queue, tied with broad black ribbon. He always wore stocking pantaloons, Hessian boots, and the red Pitt waistcoat, except in full dress, or when lounging about among his plantations, when he sported a sort of woodman's gray frock, full of pockets, and covered with straps, from which hung an axe, a saw, a large knife, and a hatchet. He took his own levels, laid out his own drains, engineered his own roads, marked out his own plantations, pruned his own trees, built his own house, planned all his cottages, managed his farm, and trained his volunteers. There never was a busier or a happier man. He had no turn for field-sports, yet he had good dogs for his friends, and the proper array of keepers required by the extent of his moors. He cared little for horses, though he rode a handsome charger, and had a creditably-filled stable. His house was rather over than under-servanted, although his independent habits made him personally indifferent to much attendance.

He had introduced many judicious reforms among his people: he employed his own hired labourers, instead of requiring the ancient rent-service; he abolished all rent in kind, with the exception of the kain or duty fowl, which, being also an Irish custom, and considered to be very convenient in such an hospitable household, my sister-in-law had prevailed on him to continue; he had reclaimed a good deal of waste land, and encouraged his tenants to do so likewise; he had also assisted them to drain and fence: in short, he was for his day an improving landlord—a shining light in his darker neighbourhood. His home-occupations were also numerous; for he could draw his plans on rainy days, and when weary of business, he read, or arranged a good library he had collected, or wrote acrostics on his wife's pretty Irish name, which he also Italianised in sonnets to her beauty. He had his soldiers too—a little box of well-arranged battalions, with their attendant flags, officers, and fuglemen, which he placed in different positions by rules laid down for the guidance of such improviso commandants; for he was much interested in the training of his volunteers, and very proud of the inspecting-general's annual praise of the fine body of men he had taken such pains to discipline, without any aid from the captain, who, regarding the whole affair as child's play, hardly even worth smiling at, looked down on the volunteers from the heights of his 'line' recollections with very contemptuous indifference.

I have always heard my brother say that he considered the calling out of these volunteers as the first step in the civilisation of our countrymen: it trained them to habits of order, and cleanliness, and obedience; and roused them from the sort of lethargic indifference to their condition which had so long contributed to their

poverty. The people themselves delighted in the soldiering; it was as second nature to them. They did not take so kindly to all other innovations, conforming to them a little against the grain, 'to please the laird.' Donald Dhu, who was still the grieve, often shook his head over the new modes of management; while Eppie very openly grumbled at the extra cares imposed upon her. With old Bell times had rather improved. The foreign lady—knowing little about yarn, whether of linen or woollen—never failed to praise the finished webs when they happened to fall in her way; but as to the number of yards they had stretched to, or the cuts yielded, or the hanks spun, she left it all to Bell, who therefore guided the wheels at her own pleasure. I had found most of the old family retainers in their places: all who were still left, remained where my father had fixed them. They appeared to me to have improved in many of their habits. My brother, as I have mentioned, attributed much of this to the volunteers, and a little to the roads; and perhaps with reason. But after I had lived for some time his inmate, I determined that he had himself contributed in no slight degree to their advancement. Poetically attached to the past, he was tenderly careful of old prejudices, while insinuating rather than enforcing the practically-useful changes he felt to be necessary. He mixed much with them, listening to every petition, assisting every one in need of help, receiving every application affably, granting cheerfully, denying kindly. He was courteous to all. And though failing in some of his many projects, mistaken in several of his intentions, and unsteady in a few of his undertakings, he was so good-humoured when jested with upon such subjects, that he was rather the better loved for being fallible. There was much of my father's character revived in my brother the laird, and a curious mixture in his manner of my father and the captain.

I am glad to speak again of my uncle the captain. It was one of the sincerest pleasures awaiting me in my native glen to find our good old uncle living, healthy and active as before, and much more happy; for he was married. He had not lived for so long the intimate companion of the worthy Miss Nelly, without discovering how admirably she was fitted to enliven the declining years of an elderly gentleman. Desolate indeed would have been his latter days, after losing the laird's fireside, if he had not bethought himself of the wise plan of contriving a cheerful chimney-corner of his own. The captain and Miss Nelly had therefore made common cause of it after the family break-up. They had settled down where they were, in the big house; first remaining there in care of the place for the young laird—the captain's valuables arriving in detachments from the cottage, as year by year he felt more secure in his new possession, till at last it was formally ceded to him, or my brother determining to fix his own residence at the castle. I found them where I had left them, and almost as I had left them—in the little parlour my mother had always lived in, which was unchanged in all things but the want of the cornered-chair, and the addition to the two swords over the mantelpiece of all the other warlike family weapons which had formerly figured upon the walls of the cottage. My uncle was much less changed in appearance than could have been expected—a little shrunk, not quite so brisk, but hale and hearty, and hospitable as in his less affluent days; for my brother had not been unmindful of the good captain's comfort, and had taken the occasion of the marriage considerably to increase his worldly means. Miss Nelly had changed as little. She even looked better as the captain's lady than she had done as the elderly maiden cousin; for she had imperceptibly acquired a higher composure of manner, befitting her advance in station, while the certainty of her provision had added to the contented expression of her homely features. She continued her thrifty housewifery, storing up gear never to be of use either to herself or to her carefully-attended husband, but which early busy habits had made a necessary exercise of her activity. They seldom entered the upper part of their large house, finding the ground-floor more than sufficient for their accommodation, with help from the garrets. The drawing-room, therefore, remained much as my mother had left it. The bedrooms adjoining had been stript of some little furniture, to add to the capabilities of the castle; but the deserted chambers still retained the look of the old times—a melancholy air of the past to me, but on which the captain commented very gaily, giving, in his comparisons, all the advantages to the present. Happy in his home, looked up to by the people, always welcome at the castle, the evening of life was closing cheerfully on the captain. My brother the laird treated him with the most studious respect. My sister-in-law the Lady liked him above all her new connexions; for, besides that the high tone of his gallantry both amused and flattered her, 'he played,' she said, 'a most capital good game at whist, and he had no objection to bragge or loo when the loo was limited.'

The captain's lady did not exactly follow the times with equal confidence. She never said a word in disparagement of aught pertaining to the family; but there was a certain little nod, followed by a raising of the head, and a screwing of the mouth, which very plainly indicated that, though it was not her part to condemn, she did not by any means approve. She had a dry habit of repeating any remark she did not think it proper to answer; which I never heard without uneasiness, and which years after recurred to me as prophetical warnings of all that her sound common sense enabled her to foresee. 'My brother has such fine children, dear aunt'—'Such fine children, niece.' 'What a large meadow he has drained, aunt'—'Drained, niece.' 'This unexpected demand for wood will make his fortune; so many sawmills; such a felling of timber'—'Such a felling of timber.' 'He is so happy with his young gay wife'—'Young gay wife.' She almost provoked me with her perpetual wet blanket thrown over those brilliant days. The captain's lady and the laird's lady hardly got on well together; yet there was no open variance. The aunt bore with the niece; and the niece, in spite of herself, looked up to the aunt, and in manner treated her with particular deference. Indeed there was an infinity of ceremony between them. At their visits the one rose and advanced to receive the other, placed the honoured chair, made the greatest parade of refreshments; and on the leave-taking, there was such conducting and reconducting, that I have known them pace the same bit of the road for half an hour before politeness permitted them formally to separate. My sister-in-law would then skip gaily back, as if for the day relieved from duty; while the captain's lady, with the mouth well screwed up, moved stately home without a glance on either side.

The cottage deserted by the captain had been given to the factor, a person whom the increasing business of the property had rendered a necessary assistant to the laird. This responsible agent united the employments of factor and head forester—the manufacture of the fir timber growing in the upper part of the glen having then just risen into a very important branch of the economy of Highland estates. He was chosen for the management of my brother's affairs for a thoroughly Highland reason—the having been particularly unfortunate in the care of his own. He was one of the far-away cousins with whom nothing had ever prospered; and having an equally ill-managing wife, with a large family of children, it was matter of necessity for the head of the house to provide for them. A second cottage, at a little distance from the first, was built for the children; a distant maiden cousin, an inferior Miss Nelly, provided to look after them; and, with a little plenishing, gathered among the better-off family connexions, the factor settled down for life, in thorough happiness, on one of the prettiest of the many lovely nests stolen, as it were, from the birchwoods. His principal merit was his very beautiful playing upon the

violin, being little inferior to old Niel Gow himself in the tones he drew from the instrument, and the expression he gave to the more melancholy airs. It was no small treat to hear such music. The only person insensible to his genius was his wife, who had little patience for any kind of harmony, for she passed her days regretting the tea and card parties of the provincial town in which her husband's mercantile speculations had failed. His most devoted admirer was the under-forester, also a new acquaintance to me. He was a stranger, brought from some wood-cutting district to set my brother's saw-mills properly agoing—a little handsome Highlander, the best dancer, the best ba' player, the stoutest walker in the country—he gained all the men's hearts, and broke half the lasses', making great impression even on mine; for I liked no one so well to guide my pony's steps on our excursions as the handsome forester, who, child of nature as he was, had the tastes of the highest order of minds. His enjoyment of scenery was intense; his descriptions, as he translated them from the original Gaelic of his thoughts, quite poetical; his observations on the world without, and on the little world around—more interesting to him—were those of the acute, feeling philosopher; the results of a little good reading and much reflection, his half-solitary life throwing his mind back upon itself, except when casually encouraged to open its stores to another. I have often since, when most interested in the go-ahead progress of our awakening age, thought of what my brother's forester would have said on passing events—what shrewd remark of his would have penetrated the perplexities encompassing the new lights which are shining on us. And I have always felt that I never passed hours of higher enjoyment than when—wandering through the forest on a long summer's day, my pony's certain foot crushing the fragrant heather, the burnie dancing along its rocky bed, the straight pines now enclosing us from the day, now opening on some sunny croft or glade—I had for my chief companion this nature's gentleman, a character in that day by no means rare in the Highlands.

I love to remember the glen as it then was in its rude beauty. Miles and miles away from any market-town; its own resources almost sufficient for its few wants; news very scanty; the post but twice a-week, and sent for to the clachan; not a bridge over the many streams which flowed along the thousand sequestered dells—beyond a plank, often without a hand-rail—for foot-passengers; bolts, and bars, and locks unknown, even to the castle doors and windows; and the people so dependent on, yet independent of, their chief, coming to him as to a father, paying him the respect of children without any of the submission of servants. I particularly liked the Sunday, for it was a day of cheerful rest at that period among the Highlanders, when all gathered in the barn-like kirk, oddly enough situated on a promontory running out into the lake—the most far-away point at the southern extremity of the estate. Yet, distant as it was from the upper end of the glen, few failed to attend the service: not from any particular veneration for the preacher, who, worthy man, troubled himself but little about doctrinal matters in his addresses to them. It was more a family reunion, which all assisted at in their best attire, with their happiest faces. The laird's large pew was opposite the pulpit—his servants all behind him. The captain and his lady on the one hand—the factor with his town-dressed wife and dozen rosy children on the other. The grandees being thus disposed of, the rest of the congregation fell into suitable places without much pre-arrangement. It was a beautiful assemblage. There was the old white-headed man, the rugged lines of whose countenance seemed softened by his flowing silvery locks; there was the dark, gray-sprinkled, middle-aged head near him, the thoughtful features beginning to contract into the furrows lengthened years would deepen; and there was the young, gay, joyous face, where the bright eye flashed, and the raven curls waved as in triumph over the quiet-looking sandy-haired rival at its side. The plaid enveloped all; really wrapping the aged, it decorated the young, being thrown across the shoulder with a jaunty air, the peculiar fling of which seemed to have been caught from my friend the forester; for much male coquetry was displayed in its arrangement. No wonder; for how many modest eyes stole a glance at by moments towards the smartly-belted plaid. The young Highland girls were particularly comely: their fine skin, their healthy colour, their neatly-dressed hair, smooth and bright, braided over the forehead, bound by the snood, and turned up *à la grecque* behind; with the homespun gown, neat kerchief, bright scarlet plaid, and a string of glass beads, or a narrow band of black velvet tightened round each fair throat, made perfect pictures of these mountain beauties, who seldom shackled their well-developed feet with either shoes or stockings. The matrons, however young they married, all wore high-crowned caps: snow-white muslin steeples, almost vying in height with the Norman peasant woman's cap, filled the kirk; deep lace borders, shading features which, though bonny enough in the bride, family cares, hard work, and exposure to weather, soon rendered sufficiently homely. To the high cap the wives added an outer shawl over the kerchief, and the universal plaid; which became graver in its many colours as the wearer advanced in years, till it looked little better than a chequered blanket with the very aged. It was a curious scene, but not a quiet one; for the dogs had their part in it—these faithful attendants never in any circumstances deserting their post beside their masters.

The minister was not my old friend with the good stories, but a tall, spare man, absent in manner, confused in ideas, and who frequently, for lack of higher matter, interlarded his sermons with the current news of the day. Every door in the glen was open to him; for all the people loved a quiet chat with the worthy man, who was equally welcome at the castle as at the cottage, both my brother and my sister-in-law really liking his society. The number of cups of tea he could swallow was his most remarkable peculiarity. I have seen my wicked sister-in-law offer him, in succession, near a dozen, prefacing each with the remark that he always liked a *third*. The only part of his clerical duties which much interested him was the school my brother had established, and which, being left to the master's sole guidance, who educated boys and girls together, was far from working out as much good as was intended. The Bible and the Latin language occupied the poor children taught in it nine or ten years of their young lives. Seven hours a day of toil, unmixed with play, but plentifully seasoned with birch, by help of which it turned out several very fair scholars, to whom my brother gave Goldsmith's works as prizes.

The only remaining subject connected with the glen in my brother's time was his arrangements for the sick. My mother's skill in medicines not having descended on her successor, he had agreed with the garrison surgeon of the neighbouring fort to visit once a-week at the castle, where a room had been fitted up as a dispensary. Thither all who were able came to consult the doctor, and to those who could not leave their home, one of the laird's horses carried him. A dinner and bed on these occasions, and L.10 a-year, fully remunerated this clever entertaining man for his day's work, as he had the chance of practice among the rich by the way. By his directions my brother administered the necessary medicines, and the equally necessary nourishment during his absence, till he grew to great skill in most of the diseases incident to his people; nay, was considered by many of them to be much more successful in his mode of treatment—the old feudal feelings inclining them to favour the laird.

I must mention my aunts before taking leave of the glen, as I saw them both during this visit. Their lairds were gone, and they were widows. My Aunt Penuel had left her son's house, and taken up her residence in the provincial town, where she sent me word she should

be very happy to receive me, if I had time to spare, but that she was too infirm herself to undertake journeys, though she was some years younger than my Aunt Grace, who crossed the lake the first week of my arrival, bringing her eldest grandson with her, the head of another hopeful flock. Her own family were all dispersed about the world, with the exception of one daughter, who she said remained to nurse her. She lived on in the old place with her son the laird, whose wife she spoke of as a sort of angel—her own kind heart inclining her to see but good in every one. My Aunt Penuel's family had all been settled much more brilliantly. The eldest son had married nobly, the second richly, and the third was in high military employment; the daughters had been bestowed on the greatest houses in the neighbouring north. But our connexion with them seemed to have been broken, as I hardly saw any of them during this gay summer; while those of my Aunt Grace's family, who had continued near at hand, came and went perpetually, as still belonging to their mother's race. It is all like a dream to look back on, so different from the ways of the world we live in were the habits of those days in that distant glen. What a revolution in manners, even there, has one life of ordinary length witnessed! But the completion of this series of contrasts must be the subject of another paper.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF FRANCE.

Judicial statistics have recently excited much attention in Britain, and deservedly so, as it is now clearly perceived that a large accumulation of facts is an indispensable preliminary to the satisfactory solution of many social problems, and to safe and satisfactory legislation. It is interesting to inquire whether some of the conclusions already arrived at are corroborated by the experience of investigators in other countries than our own; and to none can we turn with more expectation of profit than to those of France, where inquiries of this description have been pursued for a considerable period with diligence and success. A valuable document was issued by the government of that country at the beginning of the present year; namely, 'A Statement of the Administration of Criminal Justice in France during the year 1843.' It is an immense quarto volume, which, like so many of the 'blue-books' in our own country, would deter, by its very bulk, any but persons fully impressed with the importance of the subject from approaching it. Professor Michael Levy has, however, furnished to a French periodical an analysis of the more interesting conclusions, some of which, with a few of the remarks which accompany them, we proceed to submit to the notice of our readers.

1. *Age of the persons accused.*—In each annual report this is observed to be remarkably similar, a fact whose explanation appertains as much to the domain of the physiologist as to that of the statesman. The ages of the 7226 persons tried in 1843 were as follows:—66 were less than sixteen; 1170 between sixteen and twenty-one; 1122 between twenty-one and twenty-five; 1171 between twenty-five and thirty; 1048 between thirty and thirty-five; 819 between thirty-five and forty; 1165 between forty and fifty; 433 between fifty and sixty; 186 between sixty and seventy; 44 were septuagenarians; and 2 were octogenarians. Of 100 persons accused of crimes against the person, only 13 were of less than twenty-one years of age; while the proportion of such accused of crimes against property was but 10 per cent. More aged persons are likewise accused of crimes against the person than against property. It is during the reign of the passions, and the perfection of his physical organisation, that man tends to transgress the limits of justice and honesty. A sad lesson it is, that during the most flourishing period of the exertion of his free-will, man most frequently violates the laws of society, and is subjected to the greatest number of fatal errors.

2. *Sex.*—The proportion of the sexes among the accused is remarkably uniform. From the year 1826, the number of women accused has never exceeded 20 per cent., nor been less than 16. The crimes most frequently committed by them are infanticide, concealment of birth, abortion, and then poisoning. With respect to this last, M. Levy observes—'It would be interesting if we could ascertain to what degree *imitation*, so active among women, has contributed to augment the annual total of poisonings. It cannot be denied that the publicity given to certain trials, and the almost flattering curiosity exhibited towards some of the heroines of the assize courts, have acted upon many an imagination, exalted the secret passions, and excited wicked ideas in minds ill-contented with their position, or the subjects of conjugal hatred.'

It is a curious fact, that in the country where the social emancipation of woman has least advanced, the smallest number of female criminals is found. In Corsica—where the wife does not even sit at table without the permission of her husband, and where she is subjected to severe rural and household labour, obliged to receive the law from her husband, and only remotely participating in the benefits of civilisation—there is annually a smaller proportion of women sent to the assizes for trial than elsewhere. Thus, in 1843, of 112 prisoners, not one was a woman. A Christian resignation to the sufferings of their condition, a great purity of mind, pride of character, fidelity to legitimate affections, and a deep sentiment of duty, are traits which an impartial pen cannot refuse to these noble Corsican women, and which render the rarity of their appearance before the tribunals nowise surprising. Among the other departments which exhibit few women in their criminal returns, are the Pyrenees Orientales, La Haute Marne, Maine et Loire, and the Puy de Dome; while other provinces, which are at the head of the national civilisation, as La Moselle, La Meurthe, Les Vosges, &c. present a much larger proportion. In the department of the Seine, there are always 17 per cent., which is the mean number of the entire kingdom.

3. *Marriage.*—As women commit fewer crimes than men, we might conclude, *à priori*, that the living together of the two sexes in the state of marriage must exert a favourable influence upon the morality of men; and the statistics prove the justice of this opinion. Of 100 male persons tried in 1843, 57 were bachelors, 40 married men, and 3 widowers. Of 100 females, 52 were unmarried, 36 married, and 12 widows. It has been elsewhere shown that unmarried persons also offer the greatest amount of mortality, suicides, and insanity. It is always in those departments which contain the most populous towns that the proportion of unmarried criminals is found greatest. Among the accused persons, those who have been born out of wedlock, and those who have had natural children, form a large proportion. The dreadful mortality of very early life chiefly occurs among these unfortunate illegitimate children; while of those who survive, a large proportion go to swell the calendars of crime.

4. *Instruction.*—Of the 7226 persons who were tried in 1843, 3719 were completely illiterate; 2316 could read and write imperfectly; 955 derived some advantage from these accomplishments; and 236 had received a superior education. Upon this table M. Levy remarks—'We observe, then, how few persons really instructed are upon the lists of criminal justice. A superior education acts preservatively by multiplying the resources of existence, and rendering it needless to resort to unlawful means, as also by elevating morality proportionately to information, and producing a salutary reaction of the intellect upon the conscience. Let there be an end of blaspheming the intellect, and of doubting the result of cultivating the understanding. When the culture is complete, it produces excellent fruits. Ignorance is a near neighbour to crime, and seems to induce it; for if we place in one category the illiterate persons, and such as had only an imperfect

notion of reading and writing, we find it alone represents 83 per cent. of the entire number of criminals.'

5. *Occupations.*—Of the 7226 persons, 6102 exercised some calling, or possessed means of living. 'This result conveys an important lesson to those whose ideas on the reformation and amelioration of the condition of the masses are limited to providing for their material wellbeing. The certainty of provision for to-morrow does not seem to be a preponderating element of the moral manifestations of man; for five-sixths of these persons belonged to the class of persons gaining a livelihood by their occupations, or whose condition in the world was such as enabled them to dispense with labour. The nature of the occupation exerts considerable influence. Thus the manufacturing classes, taken generally, furnish 33-hundredths of the entire number; persons engaged in the sale or transport of goods, 12·; the united classes of inn and coffee-house keepers, lodging-house keepers, and domestic servants, 10·. But the manufacturing population is surpassed in number in the criminal tables by persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, which of all classes commits the greatest amount of crime, and whose numbers amount to 35·.'

6. *Seasons.*—The social system, as well as that of individuals, seems subjected to a law of periodicity. The regularity, almost the fatality, of the variation of the amount of births and deaths, is remarkable amid a variety of causes which would seem to dispose to the greatest fluctuations. And even crimes seem to observe a certain order in their distribution over the year. In winter and autumn, those against property increase in number; while, during summer and spring, those against the person preponderate.

7. *Locality.*—It is in the southern departments [the most rural] that crimes against the person prevail, and in the central, eastern, &c. departments [where there are most commerce and manufacturing industry] that those against property predominate. Two departments always stand at the head of the melancholy list; namely, Corsica and the Seine; the first in the department of crimes against the person, which are as 90 to 10; the second for crimes against property, which are nearly in the same proportion; namely, as 89 to 11. Respect for human life is undoubtedly the best measure of the civilisation of a country. If property be seldom attacked in Corsica, it is because the soil is fertile, the population small and of temperate habits, pauperism almost unknown, wants limited, tastes simple, and luxury confined to the towns on the coast; but the lower passions, such as hate and vengeance, disturb these fiery natures; and an island that seems to enclose within its shores a race of geniuses and heroes, is horribly saturated with the blood of her children, who slay each other in part from habit, and in part from a false notion of honour. On the other hand, in a large city, such as Paris, where wealth and poverty are brought together, the leading temptations have reference to property.

8. *Relapses.*—This is the most important of all the questions connected with these statistical tables. In 1843, as in 1842, one-fourth of the persons tried at the assize courts were relapsed criminals. Of these, 166 had been formerly condemned to hard labour; 90 to seclusion; 607 to a year or more of imprisonment; 911 to less than a year; and 40 to a fine only. The number of relapses has progressively increased from 1826, when it was 11 per cent., to 1843, when it was 25 per cent. Women have, however, only furnished 8 per cent. Crimes against property are always followed by a greater number of relapses than crimes against the person. It is important to determine the influence of the central prisons (*maisons centrales*) and the hulks (*bagnes*) upon the number of relapses. An examination shows, that of 6841 convicts who quitted the three bagnes of Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, during ten years (1830–9), 1753 —26 per cent.—were tried for new crimes within five years of their liberation; while of 54,192 persons discharged from the central prisons, 15,881—more than 29 per cent.—were apprehended again within the same space of time. In both cases the number of relapses has increased from year to year. Two facts are worthy of notice—1st, That more than three-fourths of the relapses in those discharged from the central prisons—as also from the bagnes—occurred within the two first years of their liberation; and 2d, The relapses were rather more frequent among those discharged from the central prisons—who had sums of money exceeding 200 francs in their possession—than in those who, when discharged, received less than twenty francs. 'If the relapses had occurred at a more remote epoch, we might have attributed them to the intervention of new causes powerful enough to destroy the work of moral redemption, which had been attempted to be produced during the detention. But the early period of their occurrence testifies not only to the uselessness of the detention as a means of reformation, but even also to the increase of the moral perversity by the contagion to which it has been exposed, and which only seeks occasions for breaking out into new crimes. In the same manner, the savings from wages during imprisonment—which should, on the discharge of the prisoners, be a means of obtaining employment for them, and the recovery of their position in society—are dissipated in orgies which are but the preludes to new crimes. Nothing is better proved than the endemic moral pestilence of these central prisons and bagnes. Their only effect is to sequestrate and deprive the criminals of their liberty. But should our efforts at repression be confined to this? Is the external and apparent expiation of the crime to be our only objects? Has society no other duty than that of striking, without correcting? Far be it from us to recommend the mere conversion of places of legal expiation into schools of instruction in morals and labour, where more care would be lavished on the education of criminals than upon that of the poor children of the people; where, fed, lodged, clothed, warmed, provided with books, and surrounded by masters and consolers, they would only require a little patience to pass through their period of sequestration. Neither the one nor the other is desirable! Chastisement alone does not meet the wants of society; the progress of civilisation alone would change the character of prisons, and soften the vindictiveness of the laws. Let us unite the two conditions. Do not allow legal vengeance to annihilate the moral being in the prisoner. Instruct, ameliorate the condition of the man who has violated human and divine laws; but let him never forget whence he has come, and the expiation which his crimes have rendered necessary.'

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

It is surprising how little the general reader is acquainted with the peculiar beauties of a poem whose title is as familiar as a household word—the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of Tasso. The unlearned lover of poetry takes alarm at the formidable appearance of a voluminous translation in blank verse—certainly an unwise mode of conveying a just idea of a poet whose chief beauty consists in the liquid softness and imitative harmony of his rhyming stanza. The commonplace Italian scholar is often disinclined to resume the study of the twenty long cantos through which he wearily toiled in the days of his noviciate, in search of beauties which were then unappreciated. The *Gerusalemme*, like Spenser and Chaucer, is scarcely suited for continuous study; a few dazzlingly-beautiful passages, and some touching episodes, are succeeded by lengthy and tiresome descriptions; even the sweet rhythm of the verses adds to their wearisomeness. To interest the every-day reader, these gems with which the poem is studded require to be pointed out, and the thread of a story followed from canto to canto, where it has been discontinued and then resumed, so as to make a perfect whole. Begin we then with the first episode introduced, and nearly, if not quite, the most beautiful—the story of Sophronia and

Olindo—giving the substance of the less interesting passages, and translating almost literally the stanzas which are richest in the charms of poetry.

The army of the Crusaders is leagued round the Holy City, within which are besieged a mixed population of Christians and Mohammedans. The Mussulman king is advised by Ismeno, an apostate Christian and magician, to carry away from the Christian church the veiled image of the Virgin Mary. 'Then, O king!' says he, 'place it with thine own hand in the mosque. I afterwards will work so strong an enchantment, that while the image remains, thy city will be secure.' The tyrant was persuaded. Impatiently he rushed into the house of God, and irreverently snatched thence the image, and bore it to the mosque, where, over it, Ismeno muttered his charms. But when day broke, the statue had disappeared: they sought it in every place, but in vain. The enraged king imagined that some one of the Nazarenes had stolen and hid it. 'But,' adds the poet, 'whether the deed was the work of a faithful hand, or whether Heaven exerted its power to snatch the sacred image from pollution, is still unknown: faith and piety ascribe the mystery to God.' The tyrant searched the houses and churches of the Christians, offered rewards, and threatened punishments—the truth remained unrevealed. Then he ordered that the faithful should be pursued with fire and sword; that, innocent or guilty, they might meet an equal death. Fearfully the Christians heard; the terror of death fell upon them; they attempted neither defence nor flight, neither prayers nor courageous opposition. But in their utmost peril a deliverer arose—a maiden of their own faith.

She was a virgin in ripe womanhood;
Rich in high thoughts and noble, very fair;
But from herself the loveliness all viewed,
Unseen, or else unheeded, won no care
Save modest pride; within the solitude
Of her close home she hid her beauty rare;
Flying from idle gaze and flattering tone,
She sheltered there, unworshipped and alone.

But never yet was earthly wall or prison
Of power such loveliness unwon to hide:
Forbid it, Love! who gav'st her to the vision
Of one who for this fairest maid long sighed;
Love—who now blind, now Argus-eyed—thy mission
Perform'st with glances veiled or darting wide,
Who through a thousand guards that would thee slay,
Unto a maiden's bower canst pierce alway.

Sophronia she, and he Olindo was;
Both of one city, both one faith: the youth
Modest, as she in beauty did surpass;
Wished much, hoped little, nothing asked, in truth:
Doubt, fear, restrained his tongue; and she, alas!
Saw not his love, or else with hard unruth
Despised it; so his hopeless passion burned
Unnoticed, or contemned, or unreturned.

The virgin hears the murderous command, and resolves to devote herself for her people. Timidity and maiden shame strive with noble courage: at last the latter triumphs.

The maiden from the crowd went forth alone;
She showed not her meek beauty, nor concealed;
Her eyes bent down, her veil around her thrown,
She moved in noble purity revealed;
Whether adorned or careless, none had known,
If art or nature did the victory yield;
Her negligence was artifice divine,
Given by nature, love, and Heaven benign.

Winning all eyes, herself regarding none,
The noble virgin passed unto the king;
Nor shrank back, though she saw his wrath begun,
But an undaunted heart did thither bring.
'I come, sire, to reveal the guilty one,'
She cried; 'I pray thee cease from punishing,
And rein a while thy people's frantic rage,
Till on one head thou mayst thy wrath assuage.'

At such unwonted boldness, and yet mild,
At the swift lightning of such dazzling charms,
The king, confused, half-conquered, and beguiled,
Restrains his wrath, his angry frown disarms.
Had the severe and cold proud virgin smiled,
His tyrant soul had felt love's soft alarms;
But beauty, cold, charms not a heart so rude,
And tender graces are love's sweetest food.

It was not love; 'twas wonder and delight
That moved a while the tyrant's bosom stern.
'Declare the whole,' he cried; 'my vengeful might
Against thy Christian nation shall not burn.'
Then she—'The guilty one is in thy sight;
The work is mine; this hand thou dost discern
Stole the fair image, hallowed and most dear!
Thou seek'st the guilty—punish! I am here!'

So unto death she bowed her noble head,
And wished alone her people's doom to bear.
Oh virtuous falsehood, to such motives wed,
That may with beauteous truth itself compare!
The king remained aghast, astonished,
Nor yielded to his wrath so quickly there
As he was wont, but softly bade the maid
Reveal who counselled her, and gave her aid.

'I would not share the glory of the deed
With any one,' she answered; 'I alone
Conceived the work, which Heaven made succeed;
The thought and the performance all mine own.'
Cried the fierce king, 'On thee, thy nation freed,
Shall fall my wrath, and for such guilt atone:'
She spake, 'Tis just; as I with none did share
The honour, I alone the doom should bear.'

Then hotter grew the furious monarch's ire;
'Where hast thou hid thy theft?' he fiercely said.
'I hid it not; I burned it up with fire,
Rejoicing, as the holy flames outspread,
That unbeliever's hand might ne'er come nigher,
Or with vile touch pollute that sainted head.
Seek'st thou the robber? Lo, king, I am she!
The sacred theft on earth thou'lt never see.

And yet no theft it was—no thief am I;
I but restored what by foul wrong ye took.'
The intrepid maiden spake, and wrathfully
The tyrant all restraint from passion shook.
Ah! hope no more to find a pitying eye,
Thou modest heart, high soul, and angel look!
While of thy peerless beauty all revealed,
Vainly love tries to frame a powerless shield.

The gentle maid they seize; the ruthless king
Dooms her to perish on the raging pyre.
Already her chaste veil they from her fling;
Her arms they chain, which no such bonds require:
Fearless, though mute, she stands, unmurmuring.
A little is the strong heart moved as nigher
Steals the dread hour, and the sweet face does wear
A hue which scarce is pale, but purely fair.

The wondrous rumour grows; the people throng
Unto the scene, Olindo 'mongst the rest.
The deed was known—the doer uncertain long:
Little he deemed 'twas she he loved the best.
He saw the beauteous captive bound among
Her guards, her doom on every face expressed:
Darting, he madly dashed the crowd aside,
And rushed before the monarch's throne of pride.

'O king, this maid is innocent,' he cries;
'The deed she madly boasts is not her own:
How could a feeble girl the theft devise,
Or execute, unaided and alone?
Or how elude the guards' unwearied eyes,
And steal the image? Let the deed be shown:
If true—I, only I, the work have done.'
Alas, so well he loved the unloving one!

Olindo then repeats a feigned tale of how he, at dead of night, climbed in by the opening which admitted light and air into the mosque, and secretly conveyed away the image. He concludes by passionately claiming, as his just due, the chains and the burning pile which threatened his beloved. At these wild exclamations of her lover—

Sophronia raised her head, and on him bent,
Compassionately, her sweet gentle eyes:
'Why art thou here? for thou art innocent:
Whose counsel sends thee in such frantic guise?
Can I not without thee in this fate blent,
Endure whatever man's fierce anger tries?
I also have a fearless heart and brave,
Alone to dare the torture and the grave.'

So spake she to her lover, heeding not
If he replied, or silence did maintain.
Oh noble sight! when for such bitter lot
Virtue and love contending strive in vain!
The victor's meed, to be in death forgot,
And safety, held the vanquished utmost bane.
But fiercest raves the tyrant as he sees
How each, assuming guilt, the other frees.

The king, imagining that by this noble strife between the two young Christians his authority is contemned,

orders both to be united in one fate. The youth is bound to the same stake as his beautiful mistress, being tied so that face is hidden from face.

Around them does the fatal pyre arise,
Already creep the stealing flames above,
When the sad youth broke forth in mournful cries,
And said to her he loved, with such deep love,
'Is this then the sweet bond—are these the ties
With which, entwined with thee, I hoped to move
Through life? Is this the ever-burning fire
That once I thought would our twin hearts inspire?

Love promised other flames and bonds than these,
To which most cruel fortune makes us bow;
Too much she severed once our destinies,
And mournfully at last unites them now.
My soul in this one thought some comfort sees,
In death, if not in life, my spouse art thou;
Beloved! only for thy fate I sigh,
Not for mine own, since at thy side I die.

And oh! how fortunate my death would be,
How blissful all these burning tortures were,
If I, close fettered, face to face with thee,
Might breathe my spirit on thy lips so fair;
And thy sweet soul could likewise mingled be
With mine, together our last sigh to share!'
Weeping he spoke; she answered mild and sweet,
And in these words she gave him counsel meet:

'Friend, other thoughts thy last sad moments claim;
Other laments than these to thee are meet;
Think on thy sins, with meek and contrite shame,
Remembering Heaven's promised guerdon sweet:
Pain will be light, if suffered in God's name,
And joyful thou shalt reach thy heavenly seat.
Look on the glorious sun, the shining sky,
They welcome thee to immortality.'

At these words even the Pagans wept aloud: the Christians dared not show their grief. The tyrant's heart was strangely moved: he would not yield, but turned away from the scene. Sophronia, alone the object of so many tears, wept not. Suddenly there appeared at a distance Clorinda, the maiden warrior, who had borne victorious arms from her earliest youth. She, seeing the preparations for death, and curious to know the cause, spurred on her courser to the scene.

The warrior-virgin pierced the yielding crowd,
Nearer to view the twain together bound;
One silent, calm; the other groaning loud;
And in the feebler sex most courage found.
She sees the youth in helpless anguish bowed,
In pitying love all selfish error drowned;
And fixed on heaven the maiden's saint-like eyes,
She seeming half celestial ere she dies.

Clorinda's woman-heart was melted with compassion; a few unwonted tears fell from her eyes—tears shed for the one who herself did not weep; for silence moved her more than lamentations. Without delay she turned to an aged man who stood by, and inquired the reason of such a punishment. All was declared: and immediately Clorinda guessed that both the lovers were innocent. She boldly extinguished the rising flames, and ordered that the fate of the condemned should be deferred until she had spoken to the king. The guards, struck with her regal port, silently obeyed, and the Amazon advanced to the king. 'I am Clorinda,' she said; 'thou mayst have heard my name: I come to defend thy kingdom and our common faith against the Christians.' Courteously and gladly the king received the noble warrior, whose fame had spread everywhere; and she, as the reward of her promised aid, asked of him the life of the innocent condemned ones. The monarch wished to conciliate her, and her prayer was granted. 'Let them have life and liberty,' he said; 'I can deny nothing to such an intercessor. Be it justice or clemency, I free them if innocent—I pardon them if guilty.'

So they were freed. Adventurous, in sooth,
Olindo's fortune was, that showed through pain
His love; and in a bosom full of truth
And noble thoughts, awakened love again.
From pyre to marriage-altar went the youth
With his fair spouse, no longer loved in vain:
For her he feared not death itself to dare,
Therefore with him she willed her life to share.

So ends this beautiful episode of courageous virtue and devoted love. It is said that Tasso, under the guise of Sophronia, portrayed his own mistress, the Princess Leonora, in person and mind; and himself as the hopeless Olindo. Critics often discover recondite meanings, of which the author himself never dreamt; yet it is pleasant to believe that so lovely an image of womanhood came from the poet's own heart—the hidden source of all true poetry, however it may be interwoven and disguised from the world's eye. Sophronia, in her perfect purity, her fearless self-devotion, and her pious faith, forms a beautiful contrast to the wars and tumults in which the poem abounds. D. M. M.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. VI.

They talk of public monuments, titles, and other weighty matters.

Stukely.—I have just come from a walk through Westminster Abbey. What a glorious old pile that is—what a number of heart-stirring monuments to great men!

Gilaroo.—Some of the monuments are deserved; nearly all may be considered fine workmanship, with here and there instances of a poor taste; but a great many, both there and in St Paul's, are intended to preserve the memories of men who are either lost to fame, or had better be forgotten.

Stuke.—Forgotten! Why, if they are in any danger of being forgotten, the monuments serve to keep them in remembrance. This is just the purpose of monuments. Is it not a fine thing to see a people thus taking a pledge, as it were, never wholly to cease being grateful for the merits of its great men?

Gil.—If the subjects of the monuments were, in general, real benefactors to their race, there might be little to say against them. But in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, public monuments are commemorative either of men who have done nothing to deserve lasting gratitude, or of persons whose lives were positively disreputable. Kings are put into brass or marble, no matter whether good, bad, or indifferent. There are as many, I believe, of Charles II. and George IV., two selfish sensualists, as of any better monarchs. The next class in frequency are the successful commanders. Few are those designed to honour the quiet triumphs of literature or philosophy. But it is needless to complain of the selection of personages; for it is not made by anything like a deliberate choice of the nation. A set of persons club their funds to celebrate by these means a king or minister whom, as party politicians, they admire. Another set raise a statue to *their* favourite hero. This is the way that monuments are usually got up. As an expression of the public voice, they are nearly useless, and the public has no responsibility about them.

Stuke.—Well, however erected, are they not calculated to be of use in stimulating men to worthy deeds, conveying, as they do, the impression that no extraordinary doings in the public service will be overlooked by one party or another?

Gil.—I am loath to sanction such a principle, because the love of such distinctions is a motive of only a secondary class, and the persons most susceptible of such an influence are not the most worth having as public servants. A truly great and worthy man needs no such bribe to make him perform meritorious deeds; while a bad man is certainly undeserving of any mark of remembrance.

Stuke.—That is as good as saying there is no need of monuments at all?

Gil.—Very nearly so, as matters stand. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the erection of public monuments is good in principle, the way to proceed would be to poll the intelligence of the nation as to the propriety of all existing monuments, and also as to supplying monumental deficiencies. We might then expect to see all monuments to bad men removed as a national scandal, and numerous new monuments erected as a national honour. At present, the whole thing, I

say, is a burlesque—a jumble of principle and no-principle. Monuments to men of worth erected within a stone's throw of monuments to men whose reputations are the pollution of history.

Stuke.—At all events they are generally ornamental. A statue erected on the top of a fine Corinthian column is a handsome decoration to a street or square.

Gil.—So, I daresay, was the golden calf which the Hebrews took a fancy to set up as an object of worship—a very handsome piece of workmanship, a fine specimen of the arts, really a pretty-looking thing. But handsomeness is no reason for adoration. A monument may be elegant and ornamental; but if it be the impersonation of a vicious or discommendable principle, it is worse than buffoonery to set it up—its exaltation is demoralising. I believe, however, that monuments are generally of little consequence one way or other. After the novelty of looking at them is worn off, they appear to be unheeded, and are of no more account than so many stocks and stones; which they in reality are. Of the myriads who daily stream past Charing Cross, how few look at or think of the equestrian monument which has there been for ages erected! It is thus that the ordinary pursuits of mankind, the obliterating effects of time, and the novelties of the passing hour, render all our schemes of perpetuity abortive.

Stuke.—You would not, however, say the same thing of the private and well-kept monuments in churchyards?

Gil.—Alas! yes, and much more. I grant that it is an amiable feeling in the main which prompts people to raise stones over the remains of their deceased relatives. It gratifies a yearning of the heart; and we must not be too severe in scanning and estimating such foibles. But it often seems to me as if more pain were incurred by seeing the neglect into which all such monuments fall in a little time, than there can be pleasure in erecting them. In no churchyard have I ever seen a tombstone three hundred years old: seldom do they reach two hundred; and often, in fifty or sixty years, they are mutilated, thrown down, or altogether removed. This tells me such a tale of the fleeting nature of human feelings, and perhaps, I may add, of the vicissitudes attending the fortunes of families, that I could almost wish that no such 'frail memorials' were erected over the dust of the dead. I sometimes think that a churchyard may be compared to an inn, which is constantly receiving new guests. The last comers banish all traces and recollection of their predecessors.

Stuke.—I have been told that Quakers never erect tombstones or monuments of any kind?

Gil.—Such is the case; and this is not the only thing in which that orderly and intelligent body, the Society of Friends, have got the start of the public generally. They protested against war, with all its wickedness and misery, more than a century before the rest of the world. They took the lead in meliorating the condition of prisoners and lunatics. They have been earnest and consistent opponents of negro slavery. They have had the courage to do that which other people have not yet begun to think of—disused personal titles.

Stuke.—A mere crotchet; as much a piece of pride as anything else—the pride of being singular.

Gil.—That is scarcely charitable. We must not, you know, employ sweeping condemnations. But be this as it may, the circumstance of a respectable body of men disclaiming the use of any appellation beyond their own proper names, is curious and suggestive. I believe it is the first time that such a thing has been carried out permanently since the beginning of the world; it could only, I apprehend, take place among a people of reflection and deep moral qualities. Among a rude or impassioned people, it might be attempted, but not successfully. The French, in their revolutionary paroxysm, threw down titles; but, morally unprepared for such a step, they took them up again; and everybody knows that titles, and orders, and bits of ribbon, are now to them almost necessaries of existence.

Stuke.—You speak as if titles were worthless—things not to be respected.

Gil.—I speak of them as they are likely to be spoken of in a century hence; very silly additions to our ordinary names—as useless as would be the wearing of gold lace on the clothes, in order to dazzle children. The worth of a man should not be estimated by a title, a feather, or a piece of lace.

Stuke.—True; but do not forget that what all view with respect and admiration is worthy of being supported, however valueless in the abstract. Titles, therefore, as I apprehend, serve a useful purpose in society; and if so, why abandon them?

Gil.—But I anticipate more enlarged and correct views.

Stuke.—A dream! The love of title seems to be inherent in mankind; and so far from cooling down, it is increasing in fervour. The Americans, a professedly go-a-head nation, seem to be fond of titles, although they have neither a king nor an aristocracy. Great crowds of them, on visiting England, hunt up family coats of arms, crests, and mottos, at the herald's college. As politicians, they may pretend to lay aside things of this sort; but as men, they cling to them. Next, look at the mass of our own people. In my young days, workmen took nothing but their own plain names; now, they generally give each other the title of *Mister*. The title of *Esquire* is now becoming so common, percolating so fast down through the mass of the middle classes, that I imagine it will soon reach the manual operatives. According to your notion, this is advancing backwards.

Gil.—I account for it in this way. The working-classes observe others employing titles, and they see no reason why they should not employ them also. In one sense, the adoption of the practice by them arises from a commendable motive—a wish to rise and be respected. But let society advance to the point already attained by the Friends, let the higher classes quietly relinquish, or cease to care for titles, let us hear gentlemen speaking of each other respectfully by their Christian or surnames, and then the operative classes, having no factitious example before their eyes, will abandon what, as far as their respectability was concerned, it was quite unnecessary for them to assume.

Stuke.—'Let the higher classes relinquish titles, and so will the lower.' That is your proposition. But I dispute that they will ever come to this point. The thing is an entire supposition on your part, unwarranted by facts. We see no evidence of any class being likely to relinquish titles—we in truth see the reverse. We see a growing love of titles everywhere, and yet society is said to be advancing. I cannot understand how you are to reconcile these inconsistencies.

Gil.—I think I observe symptoms of a growing disregard of titles among the more reflecting portion of society; and were the higher classes better educated, which they will be by and by, we should see this disregard much more extensively manifested. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the day is not far distant when members of the aristocracy will pray to be relieved of titles and privileges which not only injure their usefulness, but mar their fortunes. Without them, however, there will be a progress towards greater simplicity of address, as there has already been towards simplicity of attire. If any man a hundred years ago had said that, in a century hence, gentlemen would not wear powdered wigs, queues, laced coats, swords, and buckles, he would perhaps have been set down as the kind of visionary which you are pleased to think I am. Yet the whole has come to pass. On the same principle of advancement, why may we not predict the finish of name-ornaments—titles? There may be a silly craze at present for adopting *Esquire*, but I overlook that in the many greater symptoms of a contrary tendency.

Stuke.—Still, I do not readily abandon the idea of titular honours. As rewards for important public services, they are matters of some consequence in our social policy.

Gil.—Unfortunately, they are as indefensible on this score as on any other. It has been too long the practice to hold out rewards of various kinds for meritorious actions; so long, that disinterested services of any kind are considered Quixotic, and are, in fact, not believed in. Society is so much accustomed to think that everything is, or ought to be, done for a selfish purpose, that faith in purity of sentiment is become one of the rarest virtues. I cannot but think this a hardship. When a man performs a benevolent or heroic action for the pleasure it is calculated to impart, or because it is his duty to do so, he cannot but feel hurt that his motives are misinterpreted, that every one imputes to him the hope of some paltry reward.

Stuke.—I cannot exactly see what all that has to do with the spontaneous distribution of honours?

Gil.—Only that the distribution, as you call it, establishes a sort of coin in payment of what it was quite unnecessary to pay. Then what mischief is not done by the capriciousness of the distribution—what vanities are pampered, what mortifications are created! There is as little principle in the bestowing of honours as in the erecting of public monuments. With some few exceptions, the rule in England seems to consist in giving honours only to soldiers. By a false mode of speech, it is inferred that no one *serves* his country except by fighting in its cause. The educator, the lawyer, the philosopher, the divine, the man of letters, the merchant—none of these serves his country, or is worthy of so much as thanks for a whole lifetime of usefulness. The only man considered deserving of public approbation, honours, rewards, is the fighter. The world yells in acclamation of a well-fought field, and courts hasten to load its hero with favours. In France, there is a little more liberality in this respect: honours are there distributed in nauseous profusion, to meet the national appetite, and often with little regard to decency. I observe by the newspapers that the king of the French the other day graciously entertained at his table a butcher, who had made a present of a fat ox, to walk in a religious procession in Paris—a cheap way of getting admitted to court. Ridiculous as this is, it is not more so than the origin of many titles in England. Sir Richard Arkwright was not knighted for his valuable inventions in machinery, which one could have understood, but for presenting a corporation address to the reigning monarch—a mere piece of ceremony. Such things cast a species of odium over titles. Like our public monuments, they teach no truth, promote no virtue. The Friends are quite right in having nothing to do with them.

Stuke.—Back again to the Quakers! Among your commendations of these personages, I wonder you do not mention their odd sort of dress?

Gil.—Because I do not think it deserves commendation; yet it is not unworthy of notice, if only for the purpose of showing how men with generally clear understandings may sometimes fall into petty errors. I do not know why the Friends have chosen to adhere so closely to a garb prevalent in the seventeenth century in England. I should think it is not from religious principle; certainly not from any attachment to old costumes. The dress is more probably worn for the sake of distinction, and in disregard, perhaps contempt, of current changes of fashion. From whatever cause, the usage is anything but philosophical. A principle, to be sound, must be susceptible of being carried out consistently in all ages, and in all climes and countries. What is right in principle in England, must be right in principle in Timbuctoo, where the garments we are talking of would assuredly never answer. Thus we see that fixedness in dress is a ridiculous notion. Costume must always less or more depend on degrees of latitude, and should be left to alter according as new lights break in upon mankind. A person may dress in the fashion of the day without being chargeable with vanity. I rather think that the best way of showing that dress occupies no part of our thoughts, is to adopt exactly that form of attire which happens to prevail: leave the whole affair to the tailor, as unworthy of serious consideration. I am sorry that the Friends have not viewed the matter in this light. They have made themselves singular for no good purpose that I can see; and the sooner they glide—as I perceive some of them are already beginning to do—into the ordinary stream of society, as regards such trifles, the better.

VISIT TO THE CROCODILE CAVES.*

On a fine sunny morning, with a light wind, my boat floated quietly down the Nile, its broad waters reflecting village after village, and grove after grove of date-trees. Long lines of pelicans edged the sand-banks: they did not move for us. I mused on the same, with my constant friend by my side—my pipe: all was tranquillity. I could but lament that, in a few short weeks, I must bid adieu to a country which had so much interested me; and with deep regret I contemplated the time when, in sketches and recollections, I must try and conjure up the magic scenes by which I had been so many months surrounded. I had revelled in temples (pardon the expression), I had lived in tombs, I had boiled my tea-kettle with mummies' bones, descended into labyrinths of passages—poking up from their long-hidden places birds and beasts; in short, I had become artist, naturalist, and half-Arab. I had ridden a camel, and I had shot at—but never *killed*—a crocodile. Here my train of musing was at once cut short by the remembrance that I had never been in the crocodile pits—so graphically described to me by my French companions at Thebes. True, they said it was a dangerous undertaking—that few accomplished it; nay, they had a story of some traveller having either lost himself, or some of his people: but what of that? If one never attempts a difficulty, he can never experience the pleasure of overcoming one. So with this reflection I filled my pipe, took up my map, just to see whereabouts the place might be; and to my no small pleasure discovered that by to-morrow morning we should arrive at the spot—*Manfalout* . . . . bene—my mind was made up. The rest of the day I teased the Arabs with questions and cross-questions, to see if I could procure any information; and in the evening, when joined by my fellow-travellers—Mr G., an English gentleman, with an abundant stock of good-nature, and my French friend, Monsieur D., with a violin—it was settled to make a party.

About five in the morning we awoke by the keel grating on the sand, and the lullaby of the Arab sailors ceasing with their rowing. They make a rascally noise, but travellers praise it—like Tasso's songs by the gondoliers in Venice. I've heard them both, and when I've not been in a *very* poetical mood, wished both the Arab sailors and Venetian gondoliers at . . . . I wont say where. Alleck was despatched to the town to inquire for a guide, and procure eggs. We commenced washing—that is to say, myself and my English friend; but Monsieur D. forestalled his morning's labours by a tune on that diabolical fiddle. It was found broken one day, and right glad was I of it—it put an end to the *music* for a time. In half an hour, just as the sun began to peep over the sand-hills of the desert, as if 'twas a novelty to him, our breakfast was announced—boiled rice, dates, figs, coffee, eggs, and new bread—and we did justice to it. Shortly after, our guides made their appearance, and informed us that the pits were on the other side of the river, at Amabdi. This was soon obviated. We cast loose, and got into the stream, and a few minutes took us to the other side, where we found the boat of an English gentleman, who was returning from India, but, by an injury to his arm, from a fall from his camel at Thebes, had been an invalid—had put himself under an Arab doctor, been cupped with a cow-horn, and martyred with certain little insects which make the acquaintance of strangers with great pertinacity. He was a

* This sketch is slightly altered from the Art-Union of March, in which it appears, with illustrations from the pencil of its lamented author—the late William Muller. 'It is,' says the editor of that elegant journal, 'a graphic description of a most extraordinary scene; and a striking record of one of the many perils the accomplished writer underwent in his search after knowledge. It was written by Mr Muller for the Art-Union many months ago; he had previously furnished us with the sketches, which we immediately engraved. We were, however, for some time under the impression that the descriptive matter had not been prepared; fortunately, it was found entire, and ready for the printer, among his papers, and was kindly transmitted to us by his brother.'

gentleman of considerable information, and fond of pursuits of a much higher nature than ordinary travellers. In geology and botany he had made considerable advance; and many pleasant evenings I had spent with him in Upper Egypt, generally gaining much valuable information. Our meeting was a pleasure; and, on his hearing our intention of visiting the crocodile pits, he requested permission to join our party: of course we were most happy.

The guides informed us it was necessary to take arms, as in the desert there were some very bad men; and soon the inhabitants of Amabdi saw us loading guns, flourishing sabres, &c. But now came the most difficult part—as to the reward of our swarthy servitors. After much banter, noise, and gesture, we agreed to give them thirty piastres; so, forming a line of march, our party advanced, consisting of about fifteen persons, with guides, boatmen, ourselves, &c. Our way lay along the plain, through beautiful clover-fields, the fragrance of which was most grateful; its luxuriant growth astonishing. Half an hour brought us to the margin of the desert; and it is curious to see what a positive line vegetation makes with the sand: just as far as the waters rise during the inundation, you have rich fertility; but past that, eternal sand.

Our path lay by a ruined convent, long deserted; and then we began to ascend the hills, which are here of considerable height—some thousand feet. We found abundance of shells in the rocks: the echinus was common. We kept on loading our guides, and should have had a very pretty museum, if the cunning rascals had not kept throwing away in nearly the same proportion as we gave them. Having crossed the hills, we came once more into the sandy plain, bounded by hills in the distance—the peculiar character of most deserts. Our guides now pointed to a small spot in the wide expanse; this was the mouth of the pit, and the object of our search. On arriving at it, I found a perpendicular hole, or shaft, of perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet, partly covered by a large block of stone, and the entrance surrounded by numbers of fragments of crocodiles, as also a great number of small pebbles, which that animal at times swallows—I believe to assist digestion. Amongst these, I was informed by a Jew at Cairo, they sometimes find stones of value, that must have been washed from the mountains of Abyssinia, and carried down by the Nile.

Our party made a halt, our guides threw off their clothes, and, with the assistance of the sash worn round the waist, I descended, and was followed by a guide. On arriving, however, at the bottom, I could not discover, at the first instant, where in the name of fortune our direction would be; but as the eye became accustomed to the change of light, I observed a small hole, just large enough to admit a person to enter by lying flat on his chest. The place had a disagreeable smell, different from any mummy-pit I remember; and what did not enhance its general appearance, was a number of large black insects crawling about. The Arab lit some wax candles, motioned to me, and at once placing himself flat on the ground, extending his arm with the candle, commenced to enter this mysterious abode of silence. I followed, and then there was room for the rest of my friends to come down. Mr N. declined the attempt, as his arm was far from well. We proceeded; the passages being tortuous, and the bats most numerous, insomuch that at times we feared they would extinguish the lights. We soon, however, arrived at a small chamber, when we left off practising our lizard-like exercise, and began to look at one another, and to rest for a second; but *en avant*. We now changed our previous order: my stout friend G. went before: the passage became narrower, insomuch that more than one or two bats that were hanging to the roof came to an untimely end by being squeezed to death by the backs of the foremost of our party; and poor G., who was much the stoutest of our 'set,' in one place stuck fast and firm. My laugh was unavoidable; but it sounded strange to the ear, as it echoed through the long passage. By dint of much exertion he got free; and once more we came to a chamber of rather large dimensions, the roof ornamented with hieroglyphics. Several small holes surrounded it: our guides fixed on one, and again we continued our route. The heat was tremendous; and it was with no small pleasure we found ourselves in a vast cavern, the roof of which I could not well see with our small means of lighting it. We sat down on some large blocks of stone, and began to take breath, for our exertions had been great. The guides, who looked like two fiends from the infernal regions, began to undo a piece of wood (made from the fibre of the date); this they tied to a large stone, then commenced searching about for the entrance to the next passage. All this caused a suspicion on my mind, and I determined to mark the passages as we entered and as we left them. I think, in the sequel, I, as well as my companions, had much reason to be thankful for this precaution.

We went once more creeping, the last Arab taking in his hand the cord, and came to chamber No. 4. Here large blocks of stone formed the ground, until a chasm, the depth of which I know not, presented itself. We summoned our courage and our strength to jump it, and all gained the other side: it was a place, to use the words of a favourite author of mine (Forsyth), 'that *curiosity* might stand appalled to gaze within.' We entered another passage which led us to the largest chamber we had yet been in. Here it was discovered that the cord had broken—the thread to our labyrinth gone! The two guides began now looking about for the next passage, but in vain: amongst the many, they could not determine. They entered some, and then came out again: we heard them shouting to one another, as the voices of some demons, but all to no purpose. We sat with patience; we had been under ground an hour, or very nearly so; our candles began to burn short; and our patience, much like our candles, could not continue for ever. The *guides* began crying, beating themselves, and performing a very pretty farce; but it would not get us on, and we made them signs to return; but in this we were as unfortunate. Passages on all sides of the chamber, they knew not which to take; and now came the full horrors of our situation before us. We might have strayed so far from the right path, that, in case of our friend and servants seeking us—and they had no guide—they might not find us. Where and to what may not these passages lead? How far may they continue? And to what extent? These were questions which forced themselves upon our minds. Our candles went on burning, and, much like time to the ill-fated man about to be executed, each moment shortens both. Truly our consternation was great—to be buried alive in such a place!—without light, without assistance, without the means of making ourselves heard. We gazed on one another, and the full truth of our situation seemed to occupy our minds past the power of utterance. This, then, might be the termination of all our travels, of all our hopes. In vain had our pretended guides sought the path by which we entered; they sat down, and for a moment all was silence. That black gulf over which we jumped presented fresh horrors; the little narrow winding thread-like passages, all came before the eye, and the picture was despair. No word spoken—silence, deep and profound, alone seemed to occupy this abyss: the moments seemed hours. Still the candles burned: the knowledge of this roused us. We for the first time, in a low voice, began to communicate our ideas one to the other: the voice now sounded like some discordant noise. How different from when we entered!—the laugh, the jest; then all was mirth, now all gloom.

We knew well that those who were without—our servants and friend—might never have it in their power to assist us; the former from superstition and fear (the loss of poor Legh's guides in this place must be fresh on their minds); and the latter (Mr N.) could have little power to cause us to be sought. We had tried all in our power to discover the passage; we talked over all the probabilities of finding it. In vain I had sought my piece of paper. All was despondency: the ideas of a lingering death—famine in its worst form—haunted the brain, and filled it with terrible forebodings. The candles were becoming shorter and shorter: the truth of this seemed to flash upon my mind more than on my companions, and at once I determined to act. That determination I believe saved us. How absurd to waste that on which our only power of escape existed—the means of light! I immediately proposed the putting out all but one, dividing the few matches we had between two of our party, and then commencing a search for the paper with the utmost attention, as that was our only clue. We left our French friend sitting alone; not but that he was a man of courage and considerable thought. I could not help at the instant expressing a wish that he had had his '*violin pour passé le temp*;' he gave me such a look. But I dislike melancholy as much as I did my situation; and if the worst came to the worst, our entertainment promised nothing better than eating our lean, dry, brown Arabs up—and that was not exactly the thing one would like. These reflections came into my head as I

was poking it into one hole after the other: and how I regretted the wax that kept on falling drop after drop; how we may want it in this infernal petrified region!

We had gone on nearly round the chamber, when all seemed hopeless. There remained but one or two holes more. A shout of joy broke from us both: there was the paper! But was it possible we had entered by that little hole? It must be so. It was truly so small, that we had overlooked it in our former search, and not regarded it as we crawled into the cavern. Huzza! Poke up those black devils, and come along, my boy! In our joy, the Arabs were more frightened than before: they must have thought it was our song previous to a cannibal feast. But how the rascals showed their teeth when they saw us light the candles, and begin the crawling exercise! With our passage out I will not inflict the reader: he must be as tired as we were, especially as he has to descend again. We gained the fresh air, all perspiration and sand: we congratulated one another, had a good draught of water, lit our pipes, and instructed our servant, in particular set terms, to abuse the pretended guides. They looked rather queer when they found we did not intend paying them. But we had not seen the crocodiles.

We were regretting this, when on a sudden we saw an old man with a long beard coming across the desert: he was of a most venerable appearance. All shouted out, *this is the true guide:* this is..... I forgot his name. He laughed with a sort of inward satisfaction when he heard our story, and told us he expected it. He had heard of our departure, and, with anticipation of its proving unsuccessful, came after us, had brought some candles, &c.: this was civil. I liked the look of the old gentleman. I had faith in him; indeed so we all had, and we disliked being foiled in anything we attempted. We made certain we should go down again; and so we did; but we took with us our interpreter, followed a different route, and did not pass the chasm or the large hall. He showed us his marks on the sides of the rock, scratched into the stalagmite, which was of a beautiful brown colour. Could the exhalations of the bitumen have mixed with it? He gave us particular caution as we began to enter one passage, to mind and not let the candle fall on the inflammable substances by which the ground was covered—date leaves and old pieces of rag.

On proceeding a little farther, judge of our surprise: we were literally crawling over the bodies of once living human beings—mummies! Were these the *red-haired*—sacrificed to the crocodile, as some authors assert? The head I brought out with me, and afterwards sent to Bombay, had *red hair*—the learned must decide. There was something a little novel in this. We continued thirty or forty yards, when the old man stopped, turned round and pointed, then touched himself, and then something on the ground. This was the body of a man; just behind him another. These were the remains of Legh's guides: they died from the mephitic vapour, he narrowly escaping. One was better preserved than the other: it was in a bent-up position, dried with all the flesh on, and a part of the blue dress still left. I lifted it. It may have weighed ten or fifteen pounds.

We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I daresay more: thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all bandaged in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctum sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued: it evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been twelve or fifteen feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens.

Our return, however, was rather ludicrous: one of the Arabs stuck the head on a spear, and looked a little like David of old. I chalked, or rather printed, the line of Dante over the entrance—

'Lasciati agnè speranza voi che entrate.'

We gained our boats at a late hour in the evening, enjoyed boiled rice and fruit; and just as we were commencing to light our pipes, the fiddle struck upon my ear, with 'Dunois the brave.' I wished him at a place in the country he was bound to—Jericho.

One by one the stars shone out, the sky became of a deep purple, then to an indigo, the moon was high in the heavens, the plumed date-trees slept in her silver light, the slender minarets of Manfalout painted into the clear vault of the sky. All was repose. My friend's music had long ceased. All was silence. 'How beautiful is night!' At least so I thought. My mind, nevertheless, turned to friends. I had few to trouble my mind about at that time; and then to HOME—that was more easily disposed of, for I had no particular spot in the world so called. After these and various other subjects, but all in vain, I hit upon the right one—*sleep*. But my kind-hearted musical friend was of a different opinion. He opened a box, took out a little miniature, and then I heard a sort of smacking noise. Ay, ay, my fine fellow; my head to a handful of split peas you wont do that ten years hence. I pulled my beurnouse tighter over my face. What he did next I could not see; but in the middle of the night I awoke with the idea that the boat was on fire: it was only Monsieur writing a long letter, by camp-light, *to* ..... no matter whom. Good-night, again, M. B.; and once more to sleep, with hopes of an early breakfast.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S FURTHER RESEARCHES IN MAGNETISM.

IN No. 114 of the present series of the Journal, we gave a brief report of Mr Faraday's lecture on the relation of light and magnetism. Since its delivery, he has explained away a misapprehension existing in the minds of many persons as to his experiments, which it was imagined were meant to prove that the luminousness of a ray of light is due to magnetism. The truth, however, resolves itself simply into this: that, regardless of any of the existing theories on the nature of light, whatever is magnetic in a ray only has been affected; the line of magnetic force was illuminated by the ray of light used in the experiment, as the earth is illuminated by the sun: there was no creation of light; the ray was required to show that light, in common with ponderable matter, is acted on by magnetism.

A second lecture was delivered by Mr Faraday, at the beginning of March, 'On new magnetic actions, and on the magnetic condition of all matter.' So great was the interest excited by the announcement of the subject, that the entrance-hall of the institution was thronged, long before the hour of admission, by a dense body of individuals from among the most scientific class, who afterwards filled the theatre to overflowing, many being unable to obtain seats. It was impossible to look round on the intellectual-looking assembly, without being struck with the reflection that they had met to do homage to some of the highest truths of science.

Punctual to the hour, the lecturer made his appearance, and observing that he would not waste time in idle regrets that a portion of the audience was unable to find accommodation, proceeded to the discussion of the subject. The apparatus used on this occasion was the same as at the former lecture, with a little difference of arrangement. The helix stood perpendicularly on the floor, connected as before by wires with the electro-galvanic battery; and the large horse-shoe magnet was placed so that two poles only were seen rising through openings to a level with the surface of the table in front of the operator, who, by this arrangement, had the great power of the apparatus completely under command, while it afforded the best means of exhibiting the effects. A few experiments were made to display the energy of the magnetic force, with less than which, the lecturer observed, it would be in vain to look for the phenomena. He succeeded in showing, with a quantity of iron nails, the line of force passing from one pole of the magnet to the other; along this curve they were seen clinging to each other, and describing a regular arch several inches in length and height; which position they retained until, on breaking communication with the battery, they instantly fell in a confused heap to the table.

Mr Faraday next adverted to the popular ideas of magnetism with regard to iron and some other metals, which point freely north and south, and explained the importance of showing the relation of the power he employed to common magnetism. A small bar of iron was suspended by a thread to move freely in the line of force between the poles, and, on charging the magnet, the bar was seen to obey the natural law by pointing north and south, in a line from one pole to the other, or what the lecturer terms the *axial* line. This simple experiment was necessary to enable the audience to understand the allusions to the axial line in the subsequent portion of the lecture. Among the metals, nickel, cobalt, platinum, palladium, titanium, and a few others possessed of the same property, are classed as magnetics.

The power here afforded for testing the magnetism of all substances, was noticed and exemplified by suspending, in the place of the iron, a small bar of copper, which was found to be neither attracted nor repelled, remaining, with the exception of some very feeble manifestations, indifferent to either position. A piece of paper was also tried, and, after some vibrations, proved to be magnetic, by remaining stationary in the axial line.

Mr Faraday then recalled to the memory of his hearers the experiment in his former lecture, showing the peculiar action of glass on light. On that occasion the piece of glass, through which the magnetism found its way as readily as though no substance intervened, was named a diamagnetic; and it was to the testing of this peculiar property that the subsequent experiments were directed. To insure a satisfactory result, more than ordinary care and delicacy were required in the manipulation. Threads of cocoon silk, free from torsion, were used as the suspending medium, bearing at their lower extremity a small stirrup of non-magnetic paper, in which was laid the substance forming the subject of the experiment, and the whole was hung inside a glass chamber, to protect it from currents of air. On placing a small bar of the heavy glass in the stirrup, instead of pointing north and south, it took up a directly contrary direction, east and west, or what the lecturer termed the equatorial, in contradistinction to the axial line; describing it further as 'a tendency of the particles to move outwards, or into the position of weakest magnetic action,' the whole of the particles being jointly exercised in producing the effect.

Of all the metals, bismuth is found to be the most energetic diamagnetic; and to show that such substances are repelled by either pole of the magnet, a long glass tube, balanced horizontally, was charged with a piece of the metal, at the end within the line of force; at the other end a piece of coloured paper was fixed, which, by the sweeping arcs it described, demonstrated the repelling power of the two poles as the piece of bismuth was alternately brought within their influence. Sufficient care was taken to show that this is not an accidental, but a constant result in the numerous substances which have been put to the test of experiment, among which were phosphorus and water: the latter, constituting nine-tenths of nature, may play a most important part in her operations as a diamagnetic. All natural substances are affected one way or the other, either magnetically or diamagnetically. A slice of apple cut with a silver knife, a piece of wood, beef, bread, and a thousand other objects—a man, even could he be suspended with the requisite delicacy—all would point east and west, or in the equatorial line. They are all acted on by magnetism, though not magnetic, as iron.

Some curious facts come out with regard to gases, which appear to fill a place, as yet unoccupied by any other substance, between the magnetics and diamagnetics. Whether dense or rare, the phenomena produced are the same; from which it has been inferred 'that air must have a great and perhaps an active part to play in the physical and terrestrial arrangement of magnetic forces.'

Mr Faraday considers air to be a zero point, from which the magnetics and diamagnetics start on an ascending and descending scale; the former rising through various substances and metals to iron, the latter sinking through gold, water, flint, glass, &c. to bismuth, as the most sensitive of the diamagnetics. It is a curious fact, however, that a tube of air, though perfectly neutral when suspended in the magnetic field, in a natural or artificial atmosphere, betokening, as it were, a normal condition, yet on plunging the tube into water, alcohol, or turpentine, it immediately becomes magnetic, and moves into the axial line. It is the same with a vacuum, carbonic acid gas, hydrogen, sulphurous acid gas, and vapour of ether: all point axially when surrounded by water, but equatorially when in air or carbonic acid gas. It is interesting to learn that all the compounds of the magnetic metals are affected in the same way as the metals themselves: 'even the solutions of the ferruginous salts, whether in water or alcohol, were magnetic. A tube, filled with a clear solution of proto- or per-sulphate of iron, was attached by the poles, and pointed very well between them in the axial direction. These solutions supply a very important means of advancing magnetical investigation; for they present us with the power of making a magnet which is at the same time liquid, transparent, and, within certain limits, adjustible to any degree of strength.' It is also obvious that here we have the opportunity of looking into a magnet, and noting the results of different portions of magnetic matter placed one within the other.

Heated iron, which is insensible to the action of an ordinary magnet, is affected by the electro-magnet, and points, though but feebly, in the axial line; but on cooling, it soon regains its active magnetic properties, and leaps to the pole by which it is attracted. This experiment will tend to throw a further light on the question of the magnetism of heated metals.

Some experiments were next introduced to show that the results are frequently modified by surrounding circumstances, rendering caution necessary in the deduction of conclusions. Chromate of lead, on being subjected to the magnet, took up the equatorial position; but crystals of the bichromate showed themselves slightly magnetic. And again, a solution of the latter pointed equatorially; but, on the addition of a little alcohol, resumed the axial position. The lecturer illustrated this fact still further by bringing forward a glass jar, the lower half of which contained a solution of sulphate of iron, the upper half water. This was placed between the poles of the magnet, and the tube of air suspended in the fluid: in the water the tube pointed as before, north and south; but when lowered into the solution, it became a diamagnetic, and pointed east and west. In connexion with these apparent anomalies, it may also be noticed, that although blood and flesh, beef and mutton, contain iron, yet they are not magnetics.

The general sum of the experiments may be best given in a quotation from Mr Faraday's published observations on the subject:—

'Having arrived at this point, I may observe, that we can now have no difficulty in admitting that the phenomena abundantly establish the existence of a magnetic property in matter, new to our knowledge. . . . All the phenomena resolve themselves into this, that a portion of such matter, when under magnetic action, tends to move from stronger to weaker places or points of force. . . . This condition and effect is new, not *only* as it respects the exertion of power by a magnet over bodies previously supposed to be indifferent to its influence, but is *new* as a magnetic action, presenting us with a second mode in which the magnetic power can exert its influence. . . . All matter appears to be subject to the magnetic force as universally as it is to the gravitating, "arranging itself" into two great divisions—the magnetic, and that which I have called the diamagnetic class; and between these classes the contrast is so great and direct, though varying in degree, that where a substance from the one class will be attracted, a body from the other will be repelled.'

Mr Faraday considers that the uses of this power will eventually be developed. 'It cannot for a moment be supposed that, being given to natural bodies, it is either superfluous, or insufficient, or unnecessary. It doubtless has its appointed office, and that one which relates to the whole mass of the globe; and it is probably because of its relation to the whole earth, that its amount is necessarily so small, so to speak, in the portions of matter which we handle and subject to experiment. . . . Matter cannot thus be affected by the magnetic forces, without being itself concerned in the phenomenon, and exerting in turn a due amount of influence upon the magnetic force. . . . When we consider the magnetic condition of the earth as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matters which, to our knowledge, forms its crust; and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters, and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, which I hope successfully to have developed, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and to us its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled, which now we shall have the pleasure of searching out. . . . If one might speculate upon the effect of the whole system of curves upon very large masses, and these masses were in plates or rings, then they would, according to analogy with the magnetic field, place themselves equatorially. If Saturn were a magnet, as the earth is, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the magnetic forces would be to place it in the position which it actually has.

'It is a curious sight to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet; or taking the leaf of a tree, and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur in nature among the myriads of

forms which, upon all parts of its surface, are surrounded by air, and are subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which can only be answered by future observation.'

The lecture, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, was listened to throughout with undivided attention by the auditory, who, at the close, manifested their pleasure in loud and enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot conclude our notice better than in Professor Faraday's own words:—'It will be better to occupy both time and thought, aided by experiment, in the investigation and development of real truth, than to use them in the invention of suppositions which may or may not be founded on, or consistent with, fact.'

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD AS IT IS BELIEVED TO BE.

[From a pleasant little volume, entitled *Literary Florets*, by Dr Thomas Cromwell, consisting of short pieces in prose and in verse —'the products,' according to the author, 'of moments calling for no more important employment.' London: J. Chapman. 1846.]

I VENTURED this observation to my companion over an excellent breakfast in the travellers' room at the Crown Inn, Devizes. He was a veritable 'traveller,' arrived late the night before; but I had been such by courtesy only, while making this inn my head-quarters for some preceding days, devoted to antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood. 'No,' said I, in answer to a remark which I thought too depreciatory of men in general, 'the world, in *my* opinion, is *not* so bad as it is believed to be.'

'The world,' replied my new acquaintance, '*I* think a very wicked world. It shows its wickedness by its suspicion. It trusts nobody: and why? Because it knows it is not worthy to be trusted. And so, as I expect it will place no confidence in *me*, I place no confidence in *it*. "Trust no man any further than you can see him:" that's my maxim.'

I was provoked by this to relate a little 'incident of travel,' which, occurring to myself not above a week before, had proved, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that the world *will* sometimes trust those whom it does not know. I had reached Salisbury after dark, and all the shops were closed. Notwithstanding, I presumed to knock at a bookseller's opposite my inn, and beg to be allowed to purchase a 'guide' to Old Sarum and Stonehenge, as it was my wish to employ an hour or two in recruiting my knowledge (then wholly derived from reading) of those interesting antiquities, the better to enjoy a personal inspection of them the next morning. The worthy tradesman was 'out of the guide,' but would with pleasure *lend* me a book—a portly volume, and with plates, which, he assured me, contained all the information I required. Surprised, I stated that I was only at the—naming where the coach had set me down—for a night, and should quit in all probability soon after daybreak. 'That,' he said, 'need make no difference; you can leave it for me at the inn.' Even my desire to make a proper compensation for the loan was not acceded to, on the delicate ground that, as the books did not 'circulate,' he, the bookseller, was ignorant of the proper charge. As I told my story, methought the traveller's eyes opened wider; and when I had done, he was so rude as to give the lowest possible whistle. But, apologising, 'I'll believe *you*,' he said; 'though it's the strangest way of turning stock I ever heard of. Not very likely to make fifty per cent. of his money. Well, people are not always awake. But I say still, "Trust no man any further than you can see him."' Long before our conversation had proceeded thus far, we had, I should think, equally arrived at the opinion, that two persons could hardly be more unlike each other, in their whole turn of mind and pursuits, than were my companion and myself: he entirely devoted to business, and I the rather given to literature; he a keen man of the world, and I—an antiquary. But, nevertheless, we got on surprisingly well together; and our discourse, I am persuaded, gave a zest mutually to our breakfast.

It appeared that we were going the same road; though he only as far as Reading, and I through that town to London. Having settled with the 'house,' therefore, we took up a position in front of the 'Crown,' to be ready to mount the first coach from Bath. In those days stage-coaches were in their glory; and several, whose destination was the metropolis, changed horses at Devizes daily. But, for a reason which I forget, coach after coach came up, and not a place, outside or in, could be obtained. My friend bore the arrival and departure of the fully-loaded vehicles with true traveller-like equanimity; but my—yes, I confess it—my ill-humour grew with every disappointment; and when the last day-coach was gone, and we were left without another chance until the evening, I had so little of the traveller's heart remaining in me, as to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of my brother in misfortune—that the best way to fill up the time would be by 'dinner and a bottle.' To tell the exact truth, I employed the intervening hours in a spiritless inspection of some relics of early Norman architecture possessed by the oldest church in the place, taking a solitary snack at a small road-side inn, in preference to a good meal with fair companionship at the 'Crown.' My conscience smote me for this, when, on returning, I saw my friend already at his post, on the spot we had so fruitlessly occupied in the morning. I thought too that his greeting was not quite cordial. But almost immediately the evening coach drove up; it had room for both outside; and as we sat together, I took an opportunity to say that vexation at the imagined possibility of being kept another night at Devizes, when it was of great consequence to me to be in London early the next day, had rendered me not 'i' the vein' for good fellowship. The excuse was accepted; and our talk was cheerful until we had passed, as daylight was failing, the great barrow of Silbury, which my restored companion seemed interested to learn was not, as he had always supposed it to be, a rather considerable natural hill. When informed, however, that this same barrow was a work of the ancient Britons, and might boast an antiquity of at least two thousand years, he hoped he should be allowed to 'tell *that* again with some discount.'

But now a new unpleasantness began to be felt by one of us. It was early summer; and, for a brief week's excursion, I had not thought of an equipment adapted to a night-ride through almost frosty air. My friend observed my deficiency; and remarking that, as a traveller, *he* was very differently provided for, proposed to invest me with a most capacious box-coat, which, he said, he could perfectly well spare, having another top-coat and a cloak besides. I demurred to the offer, since I should be only the worse off for having accepted it when he got down at Reading. 'But my coat needn't get down at Reading,' was his reply; 'here's a card of our house in town; you can forward it when you arrive.' The conversation of the morning flashed through my mind, and I hardly repressed an exclamation of astonishment. What! the traveller, the man of business and of the world, confide a coat that must have cost seven or eight pounds, and which, as I had seen in the daytime, was still in excellent condition, to a perfect stranger, to one whose name even he did not know, and as to whose whereabouts 'in town' he made no inquiry! As I donned with thankfulness the comfortable habiliment, having first deposited my card with its owner, I could not avoid repeating, 'Trust no man any further than you can see him.' 'Pooh!' said he; 'safe as the bank at Salisbury.' He shook my hand heartily when he alighted at his destined hostelry; and a nap I soon afterwards obtained in his coat was forwarded, I make no doubt, by my often murmured repetitions of, 'The world *is* not so bad as it is believed to be.'

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

[*From an American publication.*]

'PLEASANT day this, neighbour Gaskill,' said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop by means of a fan.

'Very fine day, friend Alton. Any news?' returned the individual addressed.

'Nothing of importance. I have called over to see if you wouldn't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars.'

'Nothing cheap that you don't want,' returned Gaskill in a positive tone. 'I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my gals are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week; and, besides, dollars aint picked up in every corn-hill.'

'But think, neighbour Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading would be nothing to what they would gain.'

'And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black; isn't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper-reading gals? Not worth to her

father three pumpkin seed. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and to look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that she must be sent to school again; and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty-piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.'

'Then you wont join us, neighbour?' Mr Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

'Oh no—that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price.'

Mr Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbour Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr Alton.

'Yes, I sold it day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five.'

'No more? Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-five cents. To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R——. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price; and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon, and took it away.'

'This was hardly fair in Wakeful. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that, in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which, after some haggling, he consented to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-five cents?' exclaimed Gaskill in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad!—too bad! No better than downright cheating to take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.'

'Certainly Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wholly ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved, in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars! Just think of that! Mr Wakeful takes the newspapers, and, by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some half-dozen others around here who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenue of information on all subjects—the newspaper.'

'Have you sold your potatoes?' asked Gaskill with some concern in his voice.

'Oh no—not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But, from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are worth about thirty cents here.'

'About thirty! Why, I sold to Wakeful for about twenty-six cents!'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly. He offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels; but I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.'

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. 'There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk into the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you were too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spigot, and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbour Gaskill.'

'I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll send off money for a paper; and if any one gets ahead of me again, he'll have to be wide awake I can tell him.'

'Have you heard of Sally Black?' asked Mr Alton after a brief silence.

'No. What of her?'

'She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R——.

'Indeed! What for?'

'Her father takes the newspaper, you know?'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education?'

'So they say; but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed: two weeks ago Mr Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches in the seminary at R——. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The trustees of the seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a-year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes.'

'You cannot surely be in earnest?' farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

'It's every word true,' replied Mr Alton. 'And now you will hardly say that a "newspaper is dear at any price," or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black?'

Gaskill looked upon the ground for some minutes. Then raising his head, he half-ejaculated with a sigh, 'If I haven't been a confounded fool, I came plaguy near it! But I will be a fool no longer: I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I don't!'

AFRICAN HAIR-DRESSING.

Some of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of plaiting the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and, considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' locks, this must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue bead is drawn over the end of each braid; or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plait is covered with as many various-coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all around the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remaining hair into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave it quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, which is left on the crown, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and thus the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one-half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front—leaving the other in its natural state.—*Tams's South-Western Africa.*

DEATH IN LONDON.

The Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently issued his annual tables of the mortality in the metropolis for the year 1845. In the year 1841 there were computed to reside within the city and suburbs 1,915,104, of whom 1,018,091 were females; being in a majority of numbers over men of some hundred thousand. Of these, and such as have been added since, there died in 1845—males, 24,496; females, 23,836; forming a total of 48,332, or, as near as can be computed, about 1 in every 41. No fewer than 14,637 died of diseases of the respiratory organs. The most fatal months in the year were December, January, February, and March—the fewest deaths occurring in June and July. In reference to the comparative healthiness of various localities, the table shows that the low level districts on the south side of the Thames are the least salubrious, whilst the higher grounds, towards the opposite point of the compass, and the flat sandy divisions towards the west, are the most so. Affixed to this useful table is a register of the daily temperature during the year; from which it is seen that, during varying and cold states of the atmosphere, the greatest number of deaths take place.

SLIDING SCALE OF ABUSE.

The emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who, not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those who, in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which, further on, is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody: by his master, when he descends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starosta*; by the public authorities; the *stanovoi* or the *ispravnik*; by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow, on his part, has no means to indemnify himself except on his wife or his horse; and, accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used.—*Russia under Nicholas I.*

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GOSSIP.

There is a general prejudice against gossip; yet every one more or less indulges in it. Small country towns are made light of in metropolitan ones on account of this propensity; and yet even in the greatest, we hear much conversation which cannot be regarded as anything but gossip. Why is this? How comes it that men have universally the grace to condemn what they have universally the bad taste to give way to? May it not be that there is an error in the condemnation of gossip, not in the indulgence in it? If we could suppose such to be the case, the practice and principles of mankind would on this point be in harmony, excepting only for the anomaly of our condemning what is not entitled to be condemned.

The truth seems to be, that gossip comes in for a great deal of the odium due to its step-sister Scandal, and this in consequence of a confusion in the use of the words. We often speak of a coterie being addicted to scandal, when it is fond merely of gossip; and as frequently that is softened into gossip which in reality is scandal. And doubtless there is some reason for this confusion, seeing that the two things are occasionally seen shading into each other so finely, that hardly anybody could determine where the one begins and the other ends. But things may be blendingly connected, and yet perfectly distinct—as (to take a palpable though not new illustration) the cheek and chin melt into each other, and yet are unmistakeably separate things. When we set ourselves seriously to distinguish between the two entities in question, no difficulty is experienced, and the innocence of Madame Gossip becomes as manifest as does the spitefulness and wickedness of Miss—(yes, for she is an old maid)—Miss Scandal.

Miss Scandal is a very dire old lady, with something like that interest in the morality of a country which the hangman has; that is to say, she has a sensible gratification in seeing errors committed, because, without occasionally having such to comment on, she could not exist. She snuffs a trespass afar off, watches its development with fond anxiety, and would suffer grievous disappointment were it in anyway to go off abortively. It is needless to ask why any one should delight in battening on the faults and follies of other poor mortals: as well inquire why the crocodile and vulture seek their highest enjoyments in putrid animal substances. Enough that there are such beings.

Very different is that good-humoured matron Mrs Gossip. She takes an interest in the affairs of her neighbours, but it is in matters which there is no harm in speaking of. If resident in a country town, she will tell you who is to have a dinner-party to-day, and who are to be at it—what jellies have been ordered at the confectioner's, and which of the two extra servants of the place has been hired in to assist. What mischief, however, is there in this? In a cathedral town, she will give you every particular of the shades of opinion of the various clergy, and how each of them stands affected to the white gown: but is there any harm in merely talking of such things? Again, in a mercantile place, you will hear from the same excellent authority how much certain parties are doing at present in cottons, and what certain other parties are understood to have cleared by their late speculations in railways. But here too her tongue is innocuous. Every kind of place, not excepting London itself, every great profession, every great interest, has its own gossip—gossip being, in short, nothing more or less than the particulars respecting the many private persons, characters, and events which come within the range of observation of particular parties. But in adverting to, and commenting upon, such matters, there may be no harm either meant or done. If there is merely an indulgence in a natural curiosity, or perhaps an unbending of the mind from severer studies—some being gratified, and no one injured—what can reasonably be said against it?

Gossip is sometimes condemned upon what appears at first rather plausible ground; namely, that it is an unwarrantable interference with the affairs of our neighbours. 'Mind your own concerns' is, for sundry reasons, a favourite maxim. Gossip violates it, and gossip is therefore branded as something very bad. All this, however, is a fallacy. It is quite impossible for any person to mind only his own affairs, and take no concern in those of his fellow-creatures. Were it possible, it would be at once absurd and wicked. But it is not possible. And the reason simply is, that we are social beings, and not hermits. If I am put into a world where I cannot pursue a single object, or indulge in a single pleasure, without being more or less brought into connexion with other parties, it appears to me that to say, 'Mind not the affairs of your neighbours,' is like bidding a man be cool whom you have placed at a roasting fire, or telling him to be clothed when he has no clothes, and nothing wherewith to purchase them. If I am to be in the world at all, I must take a concern in everything pertaining to my neighbours: I must know much of their character, their domestic habits, their connexions in life, their means, or I shall not know how to deal with them in any of our unavoidable relations. Either I shall, in ignorance, trust them too much or too little, according as my cautiousness may dictate; and thus, in one way or another, commit an error. It is not merely that I shall be in the dark as to their fidelity in affairs touching pecuniary interests. Some men speak widely, some precisely; some are sanguine, others too despondent. It is necessary to know the character of men in these respects, in order to know how to re-

ceive anything they say—what allowance to make, and what defect to supply. Hundreds of things we do every day, are done with any degree of confidence or accuracy only in consequence of our having previously consulted with this same Madame Gossip, who is at the same time in so much odium and so much request. It will not do to say, 'Inquire into characters and circumstances when occasion arises:' we must have a large stock of such knowledge ever on hand, in order to be able to act with promptitude, or to any good purpose. In fact, in all but extraordinary cases, it is necessary to have the knowledge in a ready-money form, if we would act at all; for, if we had to seek for it, the opportunity would stale, and the door would close. Perhaps, going to seek for it, we should not readily find it. It is therefore necessary, I say, for all men who are to take a part in worldly affairs, to have their ears open to whatever they can readily hear regarding persons and things. Often they will hear what is incorrect; sometimes prejudice will mingle in the tissue; but for this there is no remeed but in hearing much, and testing one man's discourse by another's.

There is even some higher ground on which a concern in the affairs of our neighbours might be advocated. We are to love our neighbours as ourselves; and undoubtedly if we do not feel kindly towards our fellow-creatures generally, and busily seek to benefit at least some of them, and be more concerned for the welfare of a certain *few* than for our own, we cannot be truly happy. But how are we to carry out this beautiful maxim, the deep and eternal basis of all human morality, and that which is yet to make the earth a rose garden, if we are never to listen to a single circumstance respecting these neighbours, never to take a moment's interest in any one of their domestic concerns? It is manifestly impossible. A love, then, to hear of that which touches the weal or wo of our neighbours, abstracted from all tinge of officious and malicious interference, seems to me essentially a good point in human nature, something leading to and assistant of the working out of the great moral apothegm in question, and without which life would be a dreary and sapless waste. Call it gossip, or by any other smile-provoking name you please; but, regarded merely as a certain form or expression of the interest which man feels in man, as his brother in this pilgrimage, I think it not merely a defensible, but, under limitations, an admirable thing.

Have we not here an instance of the feelings giving forth a wiser response than the intellect? Mankind love gossip; this is the language of the feelings. They condemn it; this is the declaration of the intellect. Looking narrowly, we find that the dictum of the feelings is susceptible of a better defence than that of the judgment. Wondrous, wondrous are the ways of the mind in dealing with what surrounds it in this mazy scene!

THE HUMAN SKIN.

The writings of Drs Southwood Smith and Andrew Combe were among the first to direct popular attention in this country to the important uses and functions of the skin. Before the publication of their works, a large proportion of the community regarded the cutaneous coat as a mere covering, intended to keep the fat and muscles of the body in their place, which might be left to take its chance amid the wear and tear of life. The daily ablution, so essential to its healthy action, was seldom if ever thought of: there were thousands who never washed the whole of their bodies from the day they ceased to be infants to that of their death. The most pernicious and absurd notions prevailed respecting the clothing worn next the skin. It was in many instances considered essential that flannel, when once put on, should on no account be taken off again; hence the garment remained unchanged until it dropped piecemeal from the wearer's back, when it was replaced with a new one, only to undergo the same process.

Happily, much of this deplorable ignorance has disappeared before the increasing spread of knowledge and information. In a work now before us,* by a medical writer, the whole question of the cuticular economy is thoroughly investigated. The author explains the nature of the outer and inner skin, the perspiratory system, the oil-glands of the skin, and the influences to which it is exposed from diet, clothing, exercise, and bathing; and the causes and progress of disease. The descriptions are assisted by engravings, which represent, on an enlarged scale, the anatomy and appearance of the membrane.

The interior, as well as the exterior of the body, is covered with a skin: in the former case, from being constantly moist, it is known as *mucous membrane*. The difference between the two, which are connected by the perspiratory tubes, may be seen in the inside and outside of the eyelids, or where the skin of the face passes into the soft red skin of the mouth. The outer skin is composed of two layers: the upper, or that raised by a blister, is the *scarf-skin*, or epidermis; the under layer is the *sensitive-skin*, or dermis. The offices they perform are different. The *scarf-skin*, as may be seen by the finger-nails, is horny and insensible; while the other is possessed of the most acute sensibility, except where dulled by unusual thickness of its covering. The latter is formed by the exudation of a transparent fluid from the blood-vessels, crystallised, so to speak, in innumerable granules, each one endowed with life, on the surface of the sensitive-skin. These granules increase in size by constant accumulations from beneath, and form cells, which gradually become converted into dry flattened scales, yielding to every movement of the body, while they protect the sensitive surface from unwholesome influences. These little scales are worn off by washing and friction of the clothes; but their place is continually supplied by others. They are too small to be visible, except when they peel off in large masses, as in some cases of fever, and on the scalp, 'where they become entangled with the hair, and give rise to the appearance called "scurf." This observation will show how futile any attempt must be which shall have for its object to prevent the formation of scurf. It may be removed, and should be removed, every day with the hair-brush; but prevention is impossible, inasmuch as it is opposed to a law of nature.'

The chemical composition of the scarf-skin is found to be albuminous, similar to the white of eggs dried. The philosophy of ablution is explained by the fact, that albumen is soluble in the alkalies which enter into the substance of soap. 'The excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with it a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the scarf-skin, and when this is rubbed off, the rest of the dirt disappears; so that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the scarf-skin, and leaves a new one.'

After showing that the objection to soap, 'as an irritant,' may be attributed to weak health or foolish habits, and the injurious effects of 'wash-powders,' or any other 'sluttish expedient,' in lieu of soap, for the cleansing of the skin, the author specifies the influence of light on the surface of the body. The elementary

* A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, &c. By Erasmus Wilson. London: Churchill.

granules of the scarf-skin contain a colouring principle, susceptible of a high degree of stimulation, where light and heat are in excess, as in the torrid zone, whose inhabitants are the darkest of the race. The action of the summer's sun is seen in our own temperate latitudes in increased brownness of the skin, as compared with the paler complexion in winter. In this respect the human being appears to be subject to the same 'law of colour' as the vegetable world.

The nails, as portions of the scarf-skin, claim a share of attention. With ordinary care they may be kept in proper condition, and the deformities avoided which affect more particularly the nails of the toes, and owe their origin to the wearing of short or tight shoes while the foot is growing.

It is the dermis of animals, from which the hair and scarf-skin has been scraped off, that is tanned into leather; its inner surface is composed of meshes containing fat, which, resting on the fat of the body, enable it to resist a sudden blow or pressure. It is by this contrivance that the skin of the sole of the foot has the power of supporting, for a long period, the whole weight of the body; and that the cricketer catches the fast-flying ball with impunity.

The perspiratory system consists of the pores—the minute tubes which penetrate from the surface to the meshes lying beneath the sensitive skin, with the oil-glands and hairs. The tubes are circular, and twisted like a cork-screw, the perspiratory gland being formed by a peculiar fold of the spiral; while the external orifice or pore, in consequence of these convolutions, 'possesses all the advantages of a valvular opening.'

'Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast numbers of similar organs composing this system are considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual.... To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that, in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand, there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of *drainage* as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful, and the thought naturally intrudes itself—what if this *drainage* were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, *the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is* 2500; *the number of pores, therefore,* 7,000,000; *and the number of inches of perspiratory tube,* 7,750,000; *that is,* 145,833 *feet, or* 48,600 *yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles.*

'The regulation of the temperature of the body is only one of the purposes fulfilled by the perspiration; another, and an important one, is the removal from the system of a number of compounds noxious to animal life. It was estimated by Lavoisier and Seguin, that eight grains of perspiration were exhaled by the skin in the course of a minute—a quantity which is equivalent to thirty-three ounces in twenty-four hours.... When the perspiration is checked, from disorder of the skin or cold, the whole of these matters fail of being removed, and are circulated through the system by the blood. Under favourable circumstances, they are separated from the latter by the kidneys, the liver, or the lungs, but not without disturbing the equilibrium of action of those organs, and sometimes being the cause of disease. The perspiration is a fluid, whose regularity and continuance of exhalation are not merely conducive, but absolutely necessary to health.'

Viewed as an absorptive agent, the skin would be exposed to the danger of transmitting infectious miasm to the fluids of the body, were it not for the oily condition of the epidermis when in a state of health, which renders absorption impossible. Medicines have, however, been applied through the skin by a process known as the *endermic* method: the scarf-skin is removed by means of a blister, and the medicines sprinkled on the exposed surface, where they have been found to act as rapidly as when taken into the stomach. The practice has been followed in hydrophobia and other diseases, in cases when the introduction of remedies by the natural means was impossible.

There is great similarity between the perspiratory apparatus and that by which the surface of the skin is oiled: the tubes penetrate the two skins, and terminate in glands in the network beneath; with this difference, that while the former are spiral, and found on every part of the body, the latter are, with very few exceptions, straight, larger in diameter, and are deficient in certain parts, as on the palm of the hand and sole of the foot; while in situations where they are most required, they are most abundant, as on the face, nose, head, ears, &c. They open along the edge of the eyelids, and prevent the eyes from becoming glued together when closed; they supply wax to the ears; and clustering thickly in the scalp, 'open in pairs into the sheath of the hair, supplying it with a pomatum of nature's own preparing.'

A very remarkable fact in natural history, associated with the oil tubes, was discovered a few years ago by Dr Simon, a German physician—namely, the presence of minute animals in the unctuous matter. Mr Wilson having read of the discovery, devoted himself almost exclusively, during six months, to its investigation; and in the course of his inquiry, examined many thousands of the animals in their development from the egg to full growth, of which he gave a full account in the Philosophical Transactions for 1844, describing the animalcules by the name of *entozoon folliculorum.**

These little animals are invisible without the aid of a microscope; 'forty-five, placed end to end, would measure in length only one inch. In form and shape, in the perfect state, they are very like caterpillars, and have a distinct head, with feelers, a chest, with four pairs of legs, and a long tail. The whole body is so transparent, that its interior may be easily seen, and the animal always occupies the same position in the oil-tube—the head being directed inwards, and the tail towards the aperture of the tube, as though it had crept into that situation from without.' No age or condition of life is free from these minute intruders; but they are more numerous in old age, and during sickness, than at any other period. Mr Wilson concludes that the animals serve a beneficent purpose, by 'disintegration of the over-distended cells, and the stimulation of the tubes to perform their office more efficiently.' He has discovered them in the horse and dog as well as in the human being.

We have next a chapter on the nature and structure of the hairs, and the purposes they serve in the animal economy, in connexion with the oily and perspiratory apparatus; from which we gather, in passing, that the beard grows at the rate 'of six inches and a half in the course of a year; and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet will have fallen before the edge of the razor.' The author disbelieves the statements that hair

* The living inhabitant of the follicles (that is, oil tubes) of the skin.

has turned white in a single night, or even in a single week; the first step in the change may have been made in a single night, and on that night-week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at their roots; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance.

'The influence of diet on the health of the skin' is the part of the subject next treated of. 'The temperature of health,' we are told, 'is a genial summer over the whole surface; and when that exists, the system cannot be otherwise than well. This brings me to the rule of health which I wish to establish; namely, *by food, by raiment, by exercise, and by ablution, to maintain and preserve an agreeable warmth of the skin.* Everything above this is suspicious; everything below noxious and dangerous.' After showing in what way food contributes to the heat of the body, and insisting on the necessity for its soundness and freshness, combined with moderation in eating, Mr Wilson discusses the question of clothing, which 'in itself has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body. . . . Our garments retain a stratum of air, kept constantly warm by its contact with the body; and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one which fits close, that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious: the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing.' In the remarks on the suitability of various articles of clothing, we learn that the greater warmth of thick woollen textures over thin ones of the same material, consists in the retention of a greater body of air in their meshes. Linen, though 'a soft and agreeable covering . . . . has its objections: it is a good conductor, and bad radiator of heat, and therefore the very opposite of a warm dress, which should be a *bad conductor* and *good radiator*.' Although cotton does not impart that feeling of 'freshness' to the skin communicated by linen, it is far preferable as a covering; it absorbs less moisture, and maintains the body at a more equable temperature. 'Wool is one of the worst conductors and best radiators of heat, and is on this account a valuable and indispensable means of preserving the bodily heat in the winter of cold climates like our own; and even in the summer it is a serviceable defence against colds and rheumatism.'

Mr Wilson urges the necessity for regulating the amount of clothing in accordance with the season and external temperature; and gives a table to show, by comparison, the greater age attained by those whose circumstances enable them to attend to this particular. Of one hundred persons of the richer and poorer classes respectively, from the age of eighty to ninety, the common rate of mortality being nineteen and a fraction per cent., while the whole hundred of the latter died, only thirteen died of the former. The fatal effects of cold, both in infancy and old age, are pointed out. 'The mortality of infants during the first year of their life amounts, in Paris, to nearly nineteen per cent.; in the whole of France, to twenty-one and a half per cent.; in Philadelphia, to twenty-two per cent.; in Berlin, to twenty-five per cent.; and in St Petersburg, to thirty-one per cent.'

The author justly animadverts on the folly and cruelty of dressing children as 'young Highlanders,' or in any other insufficient and fantastic manner. 'There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children "hardy" by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. . . . *One-sixth of the deaths of young children*, it must be remembered, *result from cold*.' In connexion with this part of the subject, we find observations on the dangerous consequences of long exposure to a low temperature, and the suppression of perspiration, in producing derangement of the internal organs.

Mr Wilson has some sensible remarks on the influence of exercise on the skin. His idea of exercise is, that it should embrace the mind as well as the body. 'What is it,' he asks, 'that makes the difference between the exercise of youth and that of the felon on the treadwheel; between the pedestrian in the Isle of Wight or Switzerland, and the pedestrian from Chelsea to the Bank; between the light and quick footstep wending to Greenwich Park, and the dull tread of the nursery-maid at home? Is it not mind? Is it not the young and buoyant joy of the schoolboy that inspirits his laugh and his leap? Is it not the novelty or the beauty of the scene, the pleasant weather, or the immunity from customary labour, that gives spirit to the pedestrian's tour, as compared with the dull, desultory repetition of the same sights, same persons, same things, and same path from and to business? . . . . In mind lies the great secret of *beneficial exercise*; and without it, exercise is a misnomer, and a fraud upon the constitution. . . . The injurious effects of neglected exercise cannot be better illustrated than in the medical history of those who are compelled to lead a sedentary life. In such persons we find a pallid and discoloured skin, depressed spirits, incapacity for exertion, headache, frequently palpitations of the heart, fulness of the head, dyspepsia, tendency to biliousness, and general imperfection and irregularity of the alimentary functions.' The absurdity of repressing the noisy and boisterous sports of childhood is too obvious to require comment. The equally absurd custom of confining young girls in stays, and of repressing their merry games and their appetites, with the view of rendering them 'ladylike,' cannot be too forcibly reprehended.

'Walking, when practised with a proper regard to physical conditions, bestows all the advantages which are to be derived from exercise. It favours digestion and nutrition, facilitates respiration, stimulates the skin, and promotes its action; increases the temperature of the body, and invigorates the physical and mental powers.'

At this point we come to the remarks on the influence of ablution and bathing on the health of the skin, to which the preceding chapters serve as a substructure. We have already seen that the scarf-skin is constantly thrown off in minute scales: the clothing, however, retains them in contact with the surface of the body, where they mix with the unctuous and saline excretions, forming a crust, which, while it collects dust and dirt, chokes the pores, and impedes transpiration. There is also the risk of absorption of the effete matter while it remains on the skin, in which case the lungs, kidneys, liver, or bowels, are called upon to perform double duty, to rid the system of the noxious accumulation; by which means these organs frequently become diseased: while, on the other hand, the obstruction of the pores interferes with the chemical processes of nutrition, the animal temperature is lowered, and cutaneous eruptions are engendered. 'With such considerations as these before us,' says our author, 'ablution becomes a necessity which needs no further argument to enforce strict attention to its observance.'

Mr Wilson enters into the subject of the various methods of ablution, and recommends *training* to those unaccustomed to wash the whole surface of the body daily, beginning with warm or tepid water, as most agreeable to the sensations, and gradually diminishing the temperature, until quite cold may be constantly used. Temporary trials are, however, useless: the practice must be persevered in to insure the whole moral and physical effect. Those with whom it is a daily habit, can alone appreciate 'the warm glow,' while 'the thrill of health which follows is positively delicious.'

The concluding portion of the work is occupied with the question of the diseases of the skin, and their mode of treatment. Warts and corns come in for a share of attention, and, like most cutaneous disorders, are shown to be more easy of removal than is commonly imagined. The author condemns the practice of ignorantly using

'old women's' remedies, many of which are highly pernicious.

We take our leave of Mr Wilson's book with a hearty wish for its success and wide diffusion. The subject is one of essential interest to every class of the community, and commends itself especially to those who are helping on the great cause of humanity.

MY NEPHEW THE LAIRD.

The prophetic doubts of my good aunt, the captain's shrewd-judging lady, did not fail in time to be very painfully realised. Though widely separated from my Highland kindred, I had kept up a correspondence with the principal members of my brother's family, sometimes hearing from himself of some new golden project, now and then from his wife—latterly to complain of an increasing dulness in the neighbouring society—and very constantly from the elder children, to whom I had had the extreme comfort of sending a young woman, of superior understanding, as their governess. About the time that my two eldest nephews came to England, to a public school, rumours of my brother's embarrassments began to be current around him. Without any very expensive habits, he and his lady got through large sums of money, which even the better resources of their improved management failed to supply. Besides their hospitable summers, there were winter visits to Edinburgh, Dublin, and sometimes London; with no farm at hand to aid in housekeeping, when some ready money being of absolute necessity, it had often to be raised at ruinous interest. Then came the system of long credits, bills renewable, a trust-deed—all vain attempts to stave off, for some indefinite period, the crash, which every expedient to avert tended but to aggravate the weight of. It came at last, and it was overwhelming. The trustees entered upon the administration of the property, and my brother had to remove with his family, to live where he pleased, on a very slender annuity.

At first they went abroad, but the continent not suiting either himself or his wife, principally from their ignorance of modern languages, they were advised to fix at Cheltenham, to which they were the more inclined, as we were enabled to lend them a house there. Our Indian uncle, the colonel, had bought a villa on the outskirts of what was then a pretty village, and this his widow had lately left to me. Soon after the completion of this arrangement, our younger brother, who had gone out early in life to Madras as a writer, returned home a wealthy man; and he too settling at Cheltenham, to be near the 'laird'—for never has he been heard to call his elder brother by any other name—and also with a view to the happiness of his wife, who was of a Gloucestershire family, he gathered his scattered children from their various homes, and, applying to the 'laird' for advice in every circumstance of the life equally novel to both, the old age of two men, used to the most active habits in totally dissimilar spheres, where each had commanded, is gliding away, I believe, in quiet happiness. I had feared that my brother 'the laird' would have felt very painfully his descent in position: but no; his seems to be a mind which accommodates itself without effort to events. He considers himself the victim of philanthropy; and, persuaded that his patriotic attempts to improve his place and people were the sole cause of the ruin brought on him and them, he hardly even regrets it. It was the consequence of good intentions; and the schemes in the Highlands failing, he has begun another series in the south, not so costly at any rate, being principally confined to his study, where his fertile brain and ready pen occupy him very profitably, as he writes for several of the higher-toned periodicals.

My sister-in-law is certainly more in her natural sphere where she is. She does not affect to conceal that the change is agreeable to her. The perpetual little party-giving is quite to her mind; so are the dressing, the morning calls, the card-playing: her taste for this mode of getting through part of her time having rather increased as more youthful inclinations have declined. Unluckily for my brother, the loo she so much delighted in was not always limited; but years had brought some degree of prudence along with them, and her gains are beginning to preponderate over her losses. She was still a fine-looking woman when I last saw her: ten years at least younger in appearance than her real age. She had latterly devolved the management of her household on her eldest daughter, who has been taught by adversity the prudence ordinarily the result of half a life's experience. The second daughter, who, from the more intellectual expression of her countenance, surpassed even her mother's early beauty, had married just as the family were leaving the Highlands. She had married greatly—the young 'master' of the neighbouring noble domain, who discovered, at the prospect of parting, that he had been cultivating the society of the brothers for the sister's sake. Though the bride was portionless, she was received with affection, and parted with without elation: like sought like. There was nothing the Highlanders considered uncommon in an accident which we, more worldly-minded, thought so fortunate.

My brother's eldest son, he more peculiarly the subject of my present sketch, had been educated, while at school, with my own boys, passing, too, the most of his holidays with us. Before his college days, the funds were wanting to complete what had been begun: he studied one year only at Edinburgh. The two following he spent at a German university, which he left to accompany his family home, upon their tiring of the continent. We thought him anything but improved by his foreign travels, and we fancied his character still further deteriorated by a couple of seasons at Cheltenham, where, as a handsome beau—à mustaches—he lounged away the mornings, with other idlers, in the High Street, or in the billiard-rooms, or on the cigar benches, while at the evening balls he was the coveted partner of every fair exhibitor, unchecked in his advances by any maternal frowns; it being well known that the Highland estate was entailed, and of course redeemable. His mother rather encouraged his numerous flirtations, almost glorying in his easy conquests: his father, occupied in his study, knew little of what was going forward: the gentle rebuke of his sister he only laughed at. Suddenly he vanished: he joined a party to shoot in the Highlands, and returned no more. He had ventured to his own glen; he wrote his sister word; and he meant to remain there on a visit to my old friend the forester. The next thing we heard of him was, that he was in Edinburgh at college again; then domesticated in some farmer's house in the Lothians; next back to the Highlands; and then came a joint letter from the trustees to announce that, being dissatisfied with the gentleman hitherto charged with the management of the property, they had relieved him from his duties, and had appointed in his stead the person most interested in the retrieval of its difficulties, and, in their estimation, best qualified for a task of such delicacy, from the high testimonials he had brought forward both as to character and abilities. In short, the new manager was my nephew, who, awakened to the value of all he was well-nigh losing, had been fitting himself to attempt the recovery of his birthright. We regretted his next step; for, after a year or two, he married a wife of high degree, brought up in a home of luxury—a daughter of the noble house into which his sister had been adopted. Years passed on, and when events brought my nephew into prominent notice again, the measures he was carrying through necessitated my brother's revisiting Scotland, from whence he returned indeed landless—having made over his whole inheritance to one sole trustee, his son, for ever; who took upon himself every existing debt, and commenced his reign of undivided authority by doubling the annuity paid by the estate to his father.

All the news that ever reached us from the north in-

directly, told of the wonderful improvements my nephew the laird had been successfully carrying on there. But a few appeals had been made directly to the old laird concerning the consequences of certain of his son's changes, which had filled his affectionate heart with grief. In some cases whole families, whose existence upon the lands had been coeval with our own possession of them, having been deprived of their small holdings, had emigrated to America; others had abandoned their homes to settle in the burgh town, or to seek their precarious fortunes elsewhere; while a few lingered on where they were born, loath to leave scenes that were dear to them, though without any means of subsistence beyond the charity of their relations. My brother felt some delicacy in interfering with a son who had acted so generously to himself, while he was distressed at the idea of abandoning the interests of those over whom Providence had once placed him as their protector. From my nephew having passed so much of his boyhood in my family, he knew that he had an old affection for me, and that I had some influence over him; so he thought it would be of considerable use to all parties if I could make up my mind to pay a visit to the glen. It was not altogether an agreeable duty; but it was one which seemed to have been thrown in my way, and from which, therefore, I did not feel it right to shrink; so I consented.

My former journey north had occupied nearly a fortnight: we were five days on the road between London and Edinburgh, and five more between Edinburgh and the glen, with a rest in Edinburgh, much needed. On the present occasion we landed at my nephew's door on the third evening after leaving town, travelling by railway to Liverpool, by steamboat along the coast, and up the lochs to the new pier, built out near the promontory where stands the church, just concealed by a bank of weeping-birch from the castle. A thriving village had risen round the pier, in which was a good inn, several shops, and a post-office—the mail now going regularly across that part of the country which was formerly termed the new road; besides two coaches—one daily, the other thrice a-week—and an omnibus, for tourists only, who engaged it for the trip, which always occupied the same number of days, and embraced the same round of scenery. A road really new to me turned up from this village through the glen, passing the old castle, and stretching up across part of the forest to meet another new line of road, connecting districts hardly known before. The castle was in high preservation, the pleasure-grounds much extended, and beautifully kept; while the wide meadow on either side the stream lay in large level fields, bearing the most luxuriant crops, far up into the birch wooding. My nephew did not live there. It was let, with the shooting, to an English millionaire; who paid nearly as much for his six weeks' amusement as supported my poor brother's diminished state at Cheltenham. My nephew lived in the new house, as it was still called; for the captain and his worthy lady were both dead. The widow had indeed been living when my nephew first returned to the glen; and he had gone, at her desire, to visit her—a visit which never ended, for they remained together till her death, when he inherited all her worldly goods, all the gatherings of her later savings, all the labours of her busy years, with the various heirlooms of the family, carefully collected and treasured up by this last of the old race. I had expected improvements to have been made at the mansion, but I was quite unprepared for their extent. The bare moor had become a perfect garden; large fields lay around, intersected by belts of plantations almost to the door, from which they were separated by a shrubbery, enclosing a perfect gem of a little flower-garden, with a small conservatory attached to the house. One of the square wings was gone, its materials having assisted in the erection of a commodious set of offices behind, to which all the straggling sheds of former days had also contributed. The other wing had had its front wall carried up to a gable end, its two narrow casements below altered into one large bay-window, the terraced roof of which, filled with flowers, served as a balcony to the two enlarged casements above. A wide porch had been added to the doorway, covered with creeping plants. And this in a wild Highland glen!—wild no longer. The mountain range around, and the little foaming river, now scantily fringed with birch, were all that remained of the rude Highlands.

The change within was even greater. My mother's parlour and bedroom, thrown into one long room by the help of supporting pillars, was fitted up as a library, and was the sitting-room of the family. In the recess of the bay-window was placed a large, round table, covered with books and writing-materials; in the side wall, doors of glass opened into the conservatory; at the farther end a pianoforte, a violoncello-case, and a high stand full of music, denoted the happy employment of many an evening hour; near the fire was the old cornered chair, new-covered with needlework, exactly copied from the faded, worn original: all my mother's chairs found places, too, as stationaries, intermixed with some of a lighter make; the little tea-table, with its egg-shell china, was set before a side window, opening on a small courtyard at the back of the greenhouse appropriated to pet birds. The whole thing spoke of home-occupations and home-happiness, to increase which, every memorial of the past appeared to have been studiously introduced; and it affected me even to tears when I found myself alone there, after walking up from the steamboat a mile and a half or more, unnoticed by any one; for we had not been expected—they had not looked for us till the next boat, not reckoning on our timing our changes of conveyance so accurately. By the advice of the governess, who shortly made her appearance with the younger part of her happy-looking charge, I occupied the time that must be passed before the return home of my nephew and niece with their elder children, in taking a review of the pretty cottage into which the old house had been metamorphosed. Taste and comfort were happily blended throughout all the arrangements, united with the most economical simplicity. Nothing my good Aunt Nelly had left was missing, though there were many additions suited to modern refinement. The old dining-room had been shortened, to give my nephew not a study, but an office; for it was plain that business was in earnest pursued here. The back 'jamb' had been extended indefinitely as part of a range of farm-offices, evidently superintended by a lady's eye. The entrance-hall alone looked feudal; for in it were neatly arranged upon the walls my father's swords, the captain's pistols, and some old battle-axes, leathern shields, old claymores, and such-like antiquities, intermixed with stags' horns and stuffed otters, which my nephew had fallen upon in the garrets when remodelling his residence. I was particularly touched by this careful preservation of every object connected with the olden time; for even the flower-case and the filigree box of my poor old French governess remained in their own place, though the drawing-room did duty now as the children's study. Where the Grecian and Egyptian curiosities had taken refuge, I know not: probably in the bedrooms of the castle; for no remains of them were to be seen in the cottage, and the millionaire had entirely refurnished his reception-rooms in what he called the Highland style—all tartan, dirks, broadswords, and bog oak.

I was warmly welcomed by my nephew and niece; made one of the family at once; consulted, and employed, and appealed to as another of themselves; where all, big and little, master and servant, parent and child, seemed to have but one common interest. We were early up, early to bed, busy all day; and we enjoyed our short evening as only those can enjoy the hours of relaxation who have earned them by daily duties well performed. We did not live alone. Several of the nearer landed proprietors, whose pursuits were beginning to assimilate in some degree with

my nephew's, with the addition, occasionally, of the family retainers, formed an agreeable society, amongst whom no formalities existed, and who seemed to enjoy the easy intercourse prevailing in their unceremonious visits to one another all the more, that display was altogether unthought of as a mode of entertainment. Higher sources of enjoyment have opened upon the rising generation than were ever dreamt of by their ancestors. Conversing with my nephew on his wonderfully altered habits, he told me that he dated the change from the time that a sense of duty dawned upon him. He had wakened from the follies of a frivolous existence to see the inheritance of his family passing from them; the people, whose interests had been delegated to his care, suffering from his desertion. His pride of birth, first humbled, was then aroused, and the keen desire to redeem his station took entire possession of his very energetic mind. Encouraged by the forester, stimulated and assisted by the captain's widow, he first fitted himself for the serious task he had undertaken; and then beginning by managing for others, he proved himself to have become the best manager for all. His character had won him his wife. Her little fortune, and her father's influence, had been of considerable use to him in assisting plans he still pursued as a trustee. He lived upon the allowance he received as manager, grudging no outlay on the estate that would afterwards pay, yet restricting even that to a certain annual sum, while faithfully, year after year, relieving the property of its heavy encumbrances. He had no factor, managing all his own affairs himself. He had two working grieves and a forester, who received their daily orders, and had their labours daily inspected; and he had a bookkeeper, chosen, like his other assistants, not for his kindred or his destitution, but for his efficiency in his particular department. His farms were models; and he had many—for here it was that the young laird had offended. The good of the property was his aim so exclusively, that he never permitted private feelings to interfere with what he thought essential to it. He said that where he had found it possible, he had left all the old people in their old places; but that the change of manners had necessitated many removals. He required no band of idlers round him; therefore some were thrown out of bread, whose former dependent existence had quite unfitted them for regular work. A few he had quite reclaimed; some partly; some were not to be reclaimed, and they had either hung on at home, living on more industrious relations, or they had enlisted or emigrated, often assisted by himself, as he owed them help, and was willing to give it. He had had most trouble with his class of small tenants—honest, respectable men, living poorly enough on the few acres their ancestors for centuries back had tilled, much in the same style, too, with their own slovenly system of management; for they were proud, idle, poor, and doggedly opposed to any innovations on the habits of their forefathers. These continued to live in the smoky turf-huts, and to lie in the airless box-beds: they called trees big weeds, and thought flowers an encumbrance; and the better crops, and the increasing comforts of their more docile neighbours, all so many preparations for expediting the approach of the day of judgment. With such thorough men of the old school, it had been extremely difficult to deal. It was these principally who had emigrated to the new world rather than conform to the times in their old places; and some of them, despite their obstinacy, I could not but regret; for from amongst them, when thrown by different accidents into the current of the world, had sprung men who left these lowly roofs to rise, by their own exertions, to the highest honours of the state. But my nephew was not of an age or a temperament to believe there would ever be any want of force to fill the vacancies: to him these sturdy fathers of the great were so many obstinate old men, who were predetermined never to try to extract its full value from the soil; and therefore, in his eyes only encumbering it, he joyfully seized every opportunity of assisting in their removal.

He was opposed to the whole system of jobbing. He said it had hitherto been the ruin of the country, as we might see in our own family, and in that of my poor Aunt Grace, the last of whose descendants, the boy she brought over the lake to see me on my former visit to the north, having just started for Australia, after parcelling out what was once a fine property amongst a whole bevy of small purchasers. He would put none into situations they could not honestly fill; he would help the unfortunate to the best of his ability; but he would leave no land with Black Donald's son, or any other body's son, who would not or could not improve it; nor should old Bell's grandson mismanage a saw-mill, had the old woman been foster-sister to a score of lairds. The factor, our cousin's son, need not have bristled up at the ill usage he met with in being passed over for a stranger. He required no factor: the stranger bookkeeper did what the cousin could not do—work; to which he had been bred, and for which he was well fitted. With these sentiments all in active operation, the glen had indeed made strides. Three or four large farms, managed by my nephew's advice, were in the hands of young scions of some of the old stocks; the rest he superintended himself, and cultivated to the utmost—large, level, well-fenced, thorough-drained fields, bearing crops that were a marvel in the Highlands. Still I, like the old useless retainers, felt some regret. A wise writer has remarked, that the actual living present has little interest for the bulk of mankind; that the young are looking hopefully forward to the unknown future; while the elderly return in thought to the fondly-cherished past, where the melancholy which forms the tenderest part of memory mingles with all recollections. It must have been this natural inclination of the mind which made me, in thinking of my native glen, pass over its present flourishing condition, and revert to it as I knew it in my youth, during the bright summer I spent among its beauties when my brother was the laird. The people were then just beginning to arouse from the sleep of ages; new ideas and new wants were just dawning upon the rising race, while the old feelings, and habits, and prejudices, were still the creed of their fathers. It was this that made them so interesting, so unlike the world we left when we came to visit them in the recesses of their mountains; and this was wearing gradually away before the advance of more useful business habits. I could never reconcile myself either to the smoke, and the fizzing, and the racket of the steamboat rushing over our once secluded lake, or to the bustle of the village on its shore. I missed too, through the glen, all the pretty crofts, stolen, as it were, from the birch-woods: they were all gone, the timber of their hanging banks cut and stacked for sale, the heights and hollows levelled, and all the little wild paths through this once graceful wooding, leading from one little sheltered farm to another, existed now only in the memory of such as I, who had loved to linger the long summer hours among scenes so quietly beautiful.

In the forest too, we no longer came upon the solitary woodman felling and barking his tree, or on a half-ruined saw-mill with its leaking watercourse, offering itself to the pencil with all its picturesque infirmities—the sawyer lazily reading, while the tardy log moved on. All this had vanished. A small part of the forest was cut down in rotation yearly, immediately enclosed, and left to nature to replenish. One band of active workmen felled, another barked, another stacked; all roots were raised; horses for the purpose carried the logs to the only mill, an immense building, with a large artificial supply of water, and a yard attached, where the wood was sorted. The thorough air of business interested me here in spite of myself: the regularity astonished me; as did the amount of work done, by which no one, however, seemed oppressed—method making all easy, even to Highlanders. With his workmen my

nephew was a favourite, nor can I say that he was out of favour with any, even of those drones whom he would banish from the hive. He was forgiven much, on account of his position—acting, as they insisted, for my brother; redeeming his father's property at his own risk—and they excused his stern utilitarianism, on account of the several disadvantages he had laboured under. A foreign mother, a foreign nurse, latterly a foreign education, they could not expect his heart to be all Highland. The wiser among them were beginning, too, to be quite sensible of the substantial benefits his rule had brought with it; money, with all the comforts it can buy, being no longer scarce with the industrious. They had regular pay, good houses, shops in the village at hand, a market at their door for their produce, help in sickness, a good minister, and a good school. It was in these latter departments that my nephew's wife most interested herself.

My niece was scarcely handsome, being fair and slight, and wanting height; yet she grew on me as beautiful, from her sweet, cheerful temper, her goodness, her activity, and her cleverness; all these resources of her mind, too, called forth solely by her love of home. It was to enliven her home that she produced her accomplishments, to improve her home that she exerted her various talents; regulating her household so quietly, pursuing her various employments so steadily, associating her elder children with all her works. She was really a help meet for her husband, beloved throughout his whole estate, the support and the solace of all around her. No 'lady' had ever yet so truly possessed the affections of the people. She was of ancient Highland blood too, and understood their ways, and shared most of their feelings. The young laird owed more of the respect he met with than he was at all aware of to the 'gentle Lady Anne.' The employment which, next to her home duties, appeared the most particularly to interest her, was her charge of the newly-founded schools, where she taught daily, not as in the old times of birch rods and Latin grammar, but according to the improving views of the age upon this most important subject. Then she had a school of industry upon a plan of her own, where all of any age got work, if they wished for it, with a small magazine where their labours were sold. A dispensary was under the care of an hospital assistant, whose practice was directed by the weekly visit of the doctor from the neighbouring town, and who received a small salary from the laird to compensate for the low price of his advice and medicines. A soup-kitchen and a linen store belonged to the institution, carefully superintended by my active niece. And all this was done so easily, so cheaply, time being much more abundantly bestowed than money.

Such is the glen as my nephew has made it—changed by the progress of years, aided by the energies of one powerful mind. He has taught his people to help themselves; he has altered their blind submission into a reasonable attachment; and though, from circumstances as much as from character, he may have been a little rigid in the straight course, the end was certain, and worth achieving at any price. Though the poetry of the connexion between the laird and the vassal has undoubtedly suffered by the tie to the *race* being broken, yet affection for the *man*, always given when deserved, may be a higher and a surer bond between them. With such thorough business habits, it will not be supposed that he much encouraged the gaieties formerly so essential to the happiness of the Highlander. He kept up the ball and supper at harvest-home, the dinner at Christmas, and the feast in the hill at the sheep-shearing; but there was no whisky admitted to the entertainments, and they were early over. He discountenanced in every way the expensive funerals, the noisy weddings, the numerous excuses for gatherings, which seldom ended in the good of the younger part of the company. Indeed the tastes of the people were outgrowing the mirth raised by the punch-bowl: a tone of higher enjoyment was gradually expanding over their feelings, which was assiduously fostered, and wisely directed.

The minister was another of my nephew's lucky hits—a truly well-educated man, anxious for the morals of his flock, proving by his own habits the worth of the Christian precepts he inculcated. He was neither kith nor kin to our family. He preached well, visited his flock unceasingly, abounding in the works of truly gospel charity. His congregation was large, and extremely attentive, but by no means so interesting to me as that of former days. The young men in their fashionable attire did not look half so well as in the plaid. The smart caps, or the very finely-trimmed bonnets of the younger women, were frightful to me, whose thoughts returned to the glossy snood-bound hair of their comely mothers. Old age was less marked, youth was less picturesque; there were few high caps, no groans, no dogs; and the psalms, skilfully sung in parts by the children of my niece's schools, had no resemblance to the line-by-line-delivered noises of the ancient precentor, taken up in every key and every tune guessed at by the congregation.

The world has reached the glen: every-day life now meets us there: the romance of the Highlands is gone: they will soon offer few distinctive peculiarities. Another generation will very faintly trace the remains of the manners of their primitive forefathers, and the records of scenes I have lived in will be as Robin Hood's tales to my grandchildren.

I took leave of my nephew with sorrow. At seventy odd years, old ladies, even in these days of steaming comfort, travel uneasily. I felt, when I quitted the glen, that its beauties, except in memory, had closed on me for ever.

UNRESTRICTED DANGERS.

Two things, involving liability to great loss of life and damage of property, are left almost without any means of prevention or control in this country. The first is the erection of houses, and other buildings of various kinds. It is found that the greater number of fires originate in flues. Beams of wood are carelessly built in connexion with chimneys; the beams catch fire, and the house is burnt, to the great loss of the proprietor or the insurers. The beams which support the flooring of a house are also sometimes too slender and too short; in some instances the ends have not a rest of more than two inches on the walls. The builder coolly and stupidly sees this done, and nobody but himself knows anything about it. Some day, years afterwards, there is a more than usually large meeting in one of the apartments—perhaps a sale of furniture, perhaps a festive assemblage. All at once the slender beams yield to the pressure, and, slipping out of the wall, down goes the floor, with all who have the misfortune to be upon it. The accident, as it is called, produces a great sensation; several people are killed or maimed; but the author of the disaster is unscathed; the builder has long since been paid for his job, and he is such a decent man, that nobody thinks of blaming him. From similar blunders a newly-built factory falls down, and many poor workmen are destroyed, leaving a number of orphans and widows to be supported by the public; yet great as is the loss, it leads to the adoption of no preventive—everything goes on as usual.

The second, causing a still more flagrant loss of life and property, is the employment of any kind of ships, and any kind of skippers, in our commercial marine. Although a ship is rotten, and unfit for service, it will be loaded with goods for a distant part of the world; and as to the commander, he may know no more of navigation than his own cabin-boy, if even so much. But do not the shippers of goods look into this? No. Because, if the ship is lost, the entire value of the goods is paid by the insurers. Then, do not the insurers look into it? No. They charge for what they consider the

risk, and if they win, they have made a good profit. The whole thing is a species of gambling. If all vessels were seaworthy, and all captains able seamen, underwriting would be nearly extinguished; and that would not be pleasant.

The revelations made before parliament on this subject are appalling. The following piece of evidence occurs in a blue-book on shipwrecks. A witness being asked how shippers of goods in merchant vessels should proceed in the very strange way they seemed to do, he answered that it arose—'From a variety of motives: from being perfectly irresponsible; from there being no authority to investigate their actions or scrutinise their conduct; and from the destructive effects of insurance in removing all motives to care. No one can go into the city, or have transactions with the fitting out of merchant ships, without witnessing, in daily transactions, the fatal extent of the carelessness which prevails in the selection of the master, officers, and men, and in the equipment of merchant vessels. Any man who can procure a loading for the vessel from any foreign port, will seldom be refused the appointment of master, or have any inquiry made into his character. I have even known a Portsmouth publican who commanded a vessel trading from Lisbon to London.'

'Was this man versed in navigation, or capable of taking an observation had the vessel driven out of its course?' 'No: he had evidently not the most distant conception of it, but depended on the empirical knowledge of one of the seamen. I once sailed from London with ninety persons (in 1835) in a steam-vessel which was highly insured, commanded by a man whose thorough ignorance and habitual drunkenness were such, that I was called upon by the officers and crew, for the safety of the vessel and lives, to take the command out of his hands; which I did. When he got on shore, he cut his throat in a fit of *delirium tremens*. The man's character must have become known to the owners, had it been their interest to make any inquiry upon the subject. I once came home from Portugal in a brig of two hundred tons, when the second mate was the only one on board who knew navigation, the master being perfectly ignorant of that science; the result of which was, that, in a run of five or six days, with a fair wind, we made Cape Clear instead of the Land's End, being bound to London from Cape Finisterre. Seeing the evident danger of such ignorance, I was compelled to interfere to control the vessel. Such instances are constant and notorious, from the circumstance of *examination* being neglected, and qualification being considered unnecessary in the merchant service. Not only is there no interest in getting good hands, but there is a fearful effect in going short-handed. Merchant vessels are to a shameful extent inadequately manned. I once came to England in a brig which could only afford two hands to each watch. The man at the helm was frequently obliged to leave his post to let go ropes in a squall at night. In one case the vessel was almost lost from this circumstance off Cape St Vincent. In a moderate gale, it was necessary to cut away from the yard a fore-top-sail, which could not be furled, from her having only three men and two boys in a vessel of 250 tons.'

'If the lives of the men are lost, does the widowhood or orphanage or any such loss fall on the owners?' 'No: on the contrary, the owners frequently gain. In the case of the loss of the vessel, there is no claim for wages, and the parish supports the widows and orphans, if any of the men happen to be married.'

'Are the losses ascribable to ignorance, and are those losses very great?' 'Yes: I believe it has been ascertained, beyond contradiction, that the number of British ships which is lost is more than one in twenty-four; and that property to the value of nearly three millions annually is thus lost to the nation; chiefly through ignorance and the present system of nautical insurance, which assures any vessel, on good premium, however unsafe or decayed. Further, that for every *seventeen* sailors who die, *twelve* are drowned or lost by shipwreck; and that nearly two thousand perish annually in the deep. Thus hundreds of widows and thousands of children are thrown on the precarious charity of the public.'

It appears to us, as it has long since appeared to others, that the only remedy for these public and private wrongs is to place the erection of all edifices, and the sailing of all ships, under the supervision of educated and responsible surveyors; and to oblige shippers to employ only properly-trained and licensed commanders. The legislature, we believe, has some such arrangement in view; and if so, it is very desirable it were hastened to a practical issue.

ADVENTURE OF HERMAN MELVILLE.

Mr Melville, according to his own account,* was a sailor on board the 'Dolly,' an American whaler, which visited the cruising-grounds of the Pacific in the year 1842. The vessel had been six months at sea, out of sight of land, chasing the sperm-whale beneath the scorching sun of the line—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else. Many weeks had elapsed since her fresh provisions had been all exhausted; there was not a single yam or sweet potato left; nothing but salt horse and sea-biscuit, nothing green or fresh to look upon save the inside of her bulwarks, and these were of a vile and sickly hue. To aggravate these evils, unendurable enough in all conscience, the commander was a harsh, selfish fellow, who would not have cared, so long as his own wants were attended to, though his men had been living on salted plank. No wonder that, under these circumstances, the crew became land-sick, and that visions of verdant islands, happy valleys, tropical fruits and flowers, desertion and liberty, floated before their minds. The captain's store of delicacies was not everlasting, however; an appeal to his stomach was more powerful than one to his heart, and so the Dolly's prow was at length turned landward. The Marquesas was her destination; and thither, in eighteen or twenty days, the gentle trade-winds wafted her yearning crew. It was in the summer of 1842 that they dropped anchor in the bay of Nukuheva, and just at the time that the French Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars was taking measures for the subjugation of these islands. The bay and valley of Nukuheva were of course in great commotion. It was high gala-day with the crew of the Dolly; and the temptations of the island, rendered doubly powerful by the memory of the harsh treatment they had experienced at sea, told among them, as might have been expected. Here, then, Herman Melville, in company with another shipmate, made up his mind to desert, and to take his chance among the natives until some more kindly craft might appear for his reception.

Having made their escape in their ordinary sailor dress, with no implements save their knives, and no stores save a few biscuit, a pound or two of tobacco, and a piece of calico to serve as a present to the natives in case of need, our two runaways made for the heights of Nukuheva, whence they might watch the departure of the Dolly, and be out of reach of the inhabitants, who never leave the bosoms of their valleys—each tribe possessing its own vale, to which they are confined at once by the surrounding heights and the fear of their neighbours. To these heights they forced their way through jungle and cane-brake, drenched to the skin by heavy rains, bruised, torn, and bleeding. At the height of 3000 feet night fell around them, cold, weary, and hungry; the rain and friction had ground their biscuit to pulp, and this pulp was rendered all but uneatable by the juice of the tobacco, which had been thrust into the same receptacle. They looked around them for fruit, but they were above the region of the cocoa-nut and bread-tree; and, unsavoury as their bis-

* Narrative of a Four Months' Residence among the Natives of a valley of the Marquesas Islands. By Herman Melville. London: Murray. 1846.

cuit pulp might be, it was their only resource. What they had might have sufficed for a single meal, but the Dolly would not sail for eight or ten days, and to descend from their security till then, would be to defeat the project for which they had already hazarded their fame and fortune. What then was to be done? 'After a brief discussion, in which both of us expressed our resolution of not descending into the bay until the ship's departure, I suggested to my companion that, little of it as there was, we should divide the bread into six equal portions, each of which should be a day's allowance for both of us. This proposition was assented to; so I took the silk kerchief from my neck, and cutting it with my knife into half-a-dozen equal pieces, proceeded to make an exact division. At first Toby, with a degree of fastidiousness that seemed to me ill-timed, was for picking out the minute particles of tobacco with which the spongy mass was mixed; but against this proceeding I protested, as by such an operation we must have greatly diminished its quantity. When the division was accomplished, we found that a day's allowance for the two was not a great deal more than what a table-spoon might hold. Each separate portion we immediately rolled up in the bit of silk prepared for it; and, joining them altogether into a small package, I committed them, with solemn injunctions of fidelity, to the custody of my companion. For the remainder of that day we resolved to fast, as we had been fortified by a breakfast in the morning; and now starting again to our feet, we looked about us for a shelter during the night, which, from the appearance of the heavens, promised to be a dark and tempestuous one.'

Still holding inland towards the central heights of the island, from which the valleys radiate like the spokes of a wheel, our adventurers came to a waterfall, under the cliff of which they proposed to rest till the morning. The night was wet and gusty; so, slanting a few fallen branches against the precipice, and covering them with leaves and withered grass, they crept under and disposed their wearied bodies as they could best contrive. 'Shall I ever forget that horrid night? As for poor Toby, I could scarcely get a word out of him. It would have been some consolation to have heard his voice; but he lay shivering the livelong night, like a man afflicted with the palsy, with his knees drawn up to his head, while his back was supported against the dripping side of the rock. During this wretched night there seemed nothing wanting to complete the perfect misery of our condition. The rain descended in such torrents, that our poor shelter proved a mere mockery. In vain did I try to elude the incessant streams that poured upon me. By protecting one part, I only exposed another; and the water was continually finding some new opening through which to drench us. I have had many a ducking in the course of my life, and in general care little about it; but the accumulated horrors of that night, the death-like coldness of the place, the appalling darkness, and the dismal sense of our forlorn condition, almost unmanned me.' As might be expected, the earliest peep of dawn found them stirring from this uncomfortable resting-place; and having despatched their scanty breakfast of biscuit pulp, they were once more on their journey. After three or four days of toilsome wandering by day, and lairing by night under the shelter of rocks or fallen trunks, their miserable stock of provision was consumed; and there was now no alternative but to descend into the first valley, and risk a reception with the natives. To turn back to the Nukuhevans would have been madness, as these people were sure to deliver them up to the vessel in hope of reward; to make a hap-hazard descent was a mere life-lottery—they might fall into the hands of the mild and gentle Happars; but they were quite as likely to enter the valley of the Typees, reputed the most fierce and cannibal of the Marquesans. Descend, however, they must, or starve where they were. Their biscuit crumbs were gone, and the chewing of succulent shoots and young buds was but a temporary expedient.

Taking, then, the first watercourse that offered, they commenced their descent to the more fertile low lands. 'From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees. But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed. Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarcely light enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling among flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the unpitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. Belzoni, worming himself through the subterranean passages of the Egyptian catacombs, could not have met with greater impediments than those we here encountered. But we struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing. Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparation for passing the night. Here we constructed a shelter in much the same way as before; and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings.' Having continued their descent on the following morning, they soon came to a rocky precipice, nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap. On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it. Desperate men will often accomplish, it is said, what would utterly baffle the most skilful and cautious; and so it was with our adventurers. The sides of the ravine were covered with curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly over it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles. They covered nearly the entire surface of one side of the gorge, the lowest of them reaching even to the water. Many were moss-grown, and decayed, with their extremities snapped off; and those in the vicinity of the fall were slippery with moisture. Their scheme was to intrust themselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and, by slipping down from one to another, to gain the bottom! Toby, the lightest and most active, commenced this dangerous descent; our hero followed, cautiously transferring himself from the root down which he first slid to a couple of others that were near it, wisely deeming two strings to his bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before he trusted his weight to them. 'On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots that were round me, to my consternation they snapped off, one after another, like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath. As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches by which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air; and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which remained near me; but in vain. I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it. Again and again I tried to reach it; until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I approached the large root, caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to

it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way. My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.'

We need not follow our adventurers through every difficulty and hairbreadth escape in their descent to the valley; enough to state that they reached it, worn-out and hungry, and found it the abode, not, as expected, of the gentle Happar, but of the warlike Typee. They were first discovered by a boy and girl, who instantly gave the alarm; and in less than twenty minutes they were surrounded by half the inhabitants of the valley. After considerable scrutiny and questioning—a questioning which was all but unintelligible—the natives seemed pleased with the new-comers, admitted them into one of their best bamboo houses, and placed before them a repast consisting of cocoa milk and poee-poee—the latter a staple article of food among the Marquesans, manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. 'During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned by a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the line. They felt our skin much in the same way that a silk-mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ.' After supper they were regaled with a pipe; and about midnight the group around them gradually dispersed, leaving only those who appeared to be permanent inmates of the house. These individuals now provided them with mats to lie upon; and then extinguishing the tapers that had been burning, threw themselves down to sleep, allowing our adventurers to follow their example. Thus entered they upon their sojourn in the valley of Typee, ignorant whether on the morrow they were to be treated as friends, or served up as a banquet to the cannibal natives.

It was broad day when our hero awoke, and by this time 'the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex. As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honoured us, and so uprorious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity. These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane, fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows, presenting us with food, and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But, in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum. Having diverted themselves to their heart's content, our young visitants at length withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time, I have no doubt, the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances!'

Notwithstanding all this distinction, Melville felt ill at ease. The limb which he had injured in descending the ravine began to assume alarming symptoms; and as no medical aid was near, the suspicion crossed his mind that he might remain there a disabled prisoner for life, if indeed the disease might not prove fatal. His companion strove to cheer him. The native doctor exhibited his skill in frictions and emollients, but to little purpose; and for the meantime there was no resource but to submit to be carried hither and thither, as the chief commanded, on the shoulders of a herculean Typee, some six feet three inches in height. In this style he was borne to the stream to bathe, to the chief's residence, to the sacred groves—in fact wherever his curiosity suggested. Though comfortable in every respect, nay, though doted on by the natives, our adventurers had no wish to become adopted Typees, and were consequently plotting their escape. For this purpose it was agreed that Toby should steal across the frontier ridge, pass the Happar valley, and make for Nukuheva, where, telling his tale to the French, he might induce them to send a boat to ransom or rescue his disabled companion. In this attempt, however, he was completely unsuccessful; for even before he had crossed the frontier, a party of straggling Happars fell upon him, and he only escaped by a rapid flight into the valley of Typee, though not before he had received a javelin wound, that disabled him for several days. All hope being cut off in that quarter, they now waited in patience for some boat to touch at the valley to barter with the Typees for fruit, pigs, and water. Such an opportunity at length arrived; but, unfortunately, Melville was still unable to avail himself of it; and Toby left him, under promise of returning in three or four days with help from Nukuheva. Of his companion, however, he was destined never to hear again. Whether he had gone off in the boats of some passing vessel, had reached Nukuheva, and there forgot his promise, or had been massacred by the natives in his attempt to escape, Melville could never learn. The Typees could not by any means be brought to mention the name of Toby; or, if they did, it was vaguely to denounce him as an ungrateful runaway.

But whatever might have been Toby's fate, now that he was gone, the natives multiplied their acts of kindness and attention to Melville; treated him, in fact, with a degree of deference which could hardly have been surpassed had he been some celestial visitant. In spite of all this, he was nevertheless a prisoner: his athletic valet was never from his side; he was guarded and tended with the strictest care; and none of the natives would listen for a moment to any conversation respecting his departure. The cause of all this kindness he was utterly at a loss to discover. Did they regard a white man as a curiosity too valuable to part with, or—horrible thought—did they nurse and nourish him as the future victim of some of their cannibal festivals? Such thoughts he could not altogether repress; and though never uttering the word departure, it was the one thought ever uppermost in his mind. His injured limb being so far recovered that he could walk without support, he now roamed over the valley, attended by his appointed valet, visited every nook and cranny, studied the customs and manners of the natives (to which we shall hereafter allude), conformed himself so far to their ways as to adopt their dress; and even consented to be tattooed; and, if we may judge from his relation, was about to accept a Typee bride, on whose beauty and gentleness he dwells in no measured terms. But though our hero thus revelled in all the enjoyments of Polynesian life, it was enjoyment under restraint. The glorious festivals of the chiefs, the dancings and rejoicings, the love-wanderings with his chosen Fayaway, would have been rejected at any hour for the hail of an English voice, or the sight of a whaler's long-boat. Nor was he destined long to dream of such an occurrence; for one morning the valley was startled from its propriety by the arrival of a native stranger, whose looks, gestures, and words were regarded by the Typees with more than human reverence. This was a tabooed Marquesan from Nukuheva; one who had right

to wander where he chose without molestation, and one whose presence was eagerly sought after by the chiefs, who were anxious to learn the proceedings of the French. 'Marnoo' was his name. He had been taken, when a boy, to Sydney by the captain of a trading vessel, and had, in addition to his other qualities, acquired a smattering of English. From this individual Melville learned what was going on at Nukuheva; and a scheme might have been concocted for our hero's release, had not his anxiety betrayed him; and he and Marnoo were instantly separated by order of the chiefs. Was ever poor adventurer born under a more unlucky star?

Another month had scarcely passed by, when the valley again rang with shouts of 'Marnoo pemi,' and the tabooed stranger once more made his appearance. This time he had come from his native valley of Pueearka; and the thought instantly struck Melville that thither he might escape, and then take his chance of getting to Nukuheva, provided he could enlist the sympathies of Marnoo in his behalf. But 'my heart sunk within me when, in his broken English, he answered me that it could never be effected. "Kannaka no let you go nowhere," he said; "you taboo. Why you no like to stay? Plenty moee-moee (sleep)—plenty ki-ki (eat)—plenty whihenee (young girls). Oh, very good place Typee! Suppose you no like this bay, why you come? You no hear about Typee? All white men afraid Typee, so no white men come." These words distressed me beyond belief; and when I again related to him the circumstances under which I had descended into the valley, and sought to enlist his sympathies in my behalf, by appealing to the bodily misery I endured, he listened to me with impatience, and cut me short by exclaiming passionately—"Me no hear you talk any more; by by Kannaka get mad, kill you and me too. No; you see he no want you to speak to me at all—you see? Ah! by by you no mind—you get well, he kill you, eat you, hang you head up there, like Happar Kannaka. Now, you listen; but no talk any more. By by I go; you see way I go. Ah! then some night Kannaka all moee-moee (sleep); you run away; you come Pueearka. I speak Pueearka Kannaka—he no harm you. Ah! then I take you my canoe Nukuheva, and you no run away ship no more."' So saying, Marnoo left him, and engaged in conversation with the chiefs.

Here, then, was a way of escape for poor Melville; and he instantly set about to accomplish it. But night after night, as he attempted to steal from the house, his ever-watchful valet was in a moment by his side; and his excuses for rising at such untimely hours were as instantly nullified by the objects he sought being placed by his side. His last and only hope was to wait the arrival of some boat in the bay, his determination being, in such an event, to reach the sea at all hazards. He had recently witnessed doings in the valley which made him more uneasy than ever. The men who could revel over the carcase of a Happar, would have little compunction, in case of offence, to do the same with the plumper body of an American. Nearly three weeks had elapsed since the second visit of Marnoo, when one morning the valley was startled by the shouts of, 'Toby has arrived here!' and the reader may well guess of Melville's sensations. Whether it was Toby or not, it was clear a boat was in the bay, to which the crowd was fast hurrying; and, mounting on his valet's shoulders, our adventurer was proceeding seaward with the throng. Mark, however, his disappointment when the chiefs ordered him to stay, and forbade any one to render him assistance, believing that his lameness would prevent his getting to the beach. The crowd still hurrying seaward, left Melville in a great measure to himself; so, seizing a spear, he supported himself as he best could, and made for the bay. When he reached the open space that lay between the groves and the sea, he saw an English whale-boat lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms from it. She was manned by five islanders, and a sixth, dressed in European clothes, stood on the shore, negotiating with the Typees. This was Karakoee, a tabooed Kannak, whom Melville had often seen on board the Dolly at Nukuheva, and who was treating for his ransom by offering a musket, some bags of powder, and several pieces of calico. The Typees, however, turned from his offers with disgust, and motioned him from their shores, threatening to pierce him with their spears if he advanced another step. Our hero now urged the Kannak in an agony of despair; but he too was seized, and compelled to sit down.

It was clear the Typees were not disposed to part with him. Seeing this—'In despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprung upon my feet, and rushed towards Karakoee. The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoee, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavoured to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat. It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore. Blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Clasping my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes; but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kannak, who had been anxiously watching my movements. The rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoee by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way.'

The danger, however, was not past. The javelins of the Typees were now hurled after them in showers; and as the rowers had to pull against a strong head wind, the boat made so little way, that several of the chiefs stripped, and, with their tomahawks in their teeth, plunged into the water, in hopes of detaining her. 'It was all a trial of strength: our natives pulled till their oars bent again; and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water, despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity. By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives, and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that, if they succeeded in intercepting us, they would practise upon us the manœuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas—they would grapple the oars, and, seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy. After a few breathless moments, I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us; and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and, with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow; but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance. Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale; but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in

safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoee.' In the course of the day he was lifted on board the 'Julia,' where, under proper treatment, he speedily recovered the use of his injured limb, and became, we have no doubt, a more steady and enduring seaman.

Such was the adventure of Herman Melville among the most dreaded inhabitants of the Marquesas. The boat which effected his deliverance belonged to an Australian vessel, which, being in distress of men, had put into Nukuheva to recruit her crew. The captain having been informed by Karakoee, who had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, that an American sailor was detained in the neighbouring bay of Typee, supplied suitable articles to offer as ransom, and the generous Kannak immediately undertook the adventure which we have seen end so successfully.

AGE AND REIGN OF MONARCHS.

The causes which affect the health and duration of life of mankind, and the average age at which individuals engaged in various professions die, have been for some time, and are now, exciting considerable attention. The labours of government officers, and others, in preparing statistical tables, &c. have brought to light many results of a curious and instructive kind. Not the least interesting amongst the results of these inquiries, are those which show the average duration of life in various professions, and which prove that all those engaged in pursuits which are attended with much mental excitement and care, do not, as a general rule, live so long as those whose occupations require mere bodily exertion. For example, it has been estimated, by Dr Bellefroid, that the average age at death of those who reach their twenty-eighth year, is, among barristers, 62; physicians, merchants, and farmers, 64; clergymen, 65; poets, 61; artists, 62; professors in universities, 63½; and military officers, 64½. When we consider the very arduous and harassing nature of the duties of monarchs, and the dangers to which, in former times especially, they have been exposed, we will not be surprised to find the average age at death, among such of them as pass their twenty-eighth year, estimated at 56½. It may be interesting to give some details regarding the ages of various monarchs that have ruled in several countries.

Taking the ages of 196 sovereigns, who, from the ninth to the nineteenth century, ruled in Europe and China, it will be found that their average age at death was 50 years, and that of this number only eighteen reached the age of threescore and ten. This is a different result from that quoted above, but it is explained by the fact, that this calculation embraces several kings who never reached their twenty-eighth year. The oldest monarch of the above number was Kien-lung, the grandfather of the present emperor of China, who died in 1798 at the age of 88. The next to him, in point of age, was George III. of Great Britain, who may be called the contemporary of Kien-lung, and whose age, at his death in 1820, was 82. The only other monarch who lived to see his eightieth birthday was Kubla Khan, fourth son of the renowned Jenghis Khan, who ascended the throne of China in the year 1281. The average number of years which each of these 196 monarchs reigned was 23.

In examining the ages of monarchs in the different countries embraced in the above list, we shall find a difference as regards both the age at death and the number of years of each reign. In rude and unsettled times, the average length of a reign is, comparatively speaking, short. For example, it is recorded that, for fifty years during the third century, there were about fifty Roman emperors; and while England was under the dominion of the Anglo-Saxons from 820 to 1017, there were fifteen kings, the average duration of each reign being 13 years. The three Danish princes of England reigned only twenty-seven years altogether, from 1014 to 1041; while the reign of Edward the Confessor, by whom they were immediately succeeded, and who is regarded as among the most distinguished of the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, extended to a quarter of a century. From the time of the Norman Conquest, in 1066, to the close of the Tudor dynasty in 1603, there were twenty-two monarchs in England, whose average age at death was 49, and each of whom reigned, on an average, 24 years and 5 months. In this number Edward V., who was smothered in the Tower by order of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., is not included, he being but a child of twelve years old at his father's death, and regarded nominally as king for only two months and a few days. Of these monarchs only three died under forty years of age. These were Richard II., said to have been murdered after his deposition at the age of 33; Richard III., slain at the battle of Bosworth at the age of 32; and Edward VI., who died in his 17th year. The oldest of these English sovereigns, and the only one whose years numbered threescore and ten, was Elizabeth. She reigned forty-five years; a longer time than any other monarch, with the exception of Henry III. and Edward III., the former of whom reigned fifty-six, and the latter fifty-one years. Besides Elizabeth, the ages of five other monarchs exceeded 60. These were, William the Conqueror, 63; his son, Henry I., 68; Henry III., 65; Edward I., 66; and Edward III., 63. It is worthy of notice that all these princes, with the exception of Henry III., are regarded by historians as eminent for their talents, energy, and skill. Both William the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus, met their deaths by accident—the former by a fall from his horse, the latter by being shot with an arrow in the New Forest.

It is impossible to ascertain from the early history of Scotland the duration of the lives of many of the kings of that country. Twenty-four are said to have reigned from 843 to 1153, which would give an average of about 13 years to each reign. From a statement of the ages of thirteen sovereigns, who ruled from 1153 to 1567—that is, from the time of Malcolm IV. to that of James VI.—it appears that their average age at death was 46, and each reign extended, on an average, over 29 years. Taken in the aggregate, therefore, the sovereigns of Scotland, though younger than those of England, reigned for longer periods. The ages of two of these Scotch kings exceeded 70; namely, William the Lion, who died in 1214, aged 72; and Robert II., who died in 1371, aged 74. All the others, with the exception of Robert Bruce and Alexander II., died at ages under 50.

From the accession of James VI. to the death of William IV., there have been eleven kings of the United Kingdom, whose average age at death was 63, and each of whom reigned on an average 21½ years. With the exception of Charles I. and Queen Anne, none of these sovereigns died under the age of 50; the age of one, George III., exceeded 80, and of George II. and William IV. exceeded 70. The longest reign was that of the third George, which extended to sixty years; and, with the exception of that of his immediate predecessor, all the others were under a quarter of a century in duration; the shortest being that of James II., which only lasted three years, and the next to it that of William IV., who ascended the throne at the advanced age of 67, and reigned only seven years.

From the time of Charlemagne in 800, to that of Louis XVI. in 1792, there have been forty-five kings of France. The ages of forty of these are ascertained; those which are unascertained or doubtful, are all in the end of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century. Of these, only two exceeded the age of threescore and ten; and these are among the most remarkable sovereigns that ever ruled in France. The first was Charlemagne, who may be said to have been the con-

solidator of the French monarchy, and who died at the age of 71, after he had reigned forty-seven years as king of France, and three years as the first emperor of Germany. The second was Louis XIV., whose reign is considered the most brilliant in the annals of France, whose court fascinated all Europe, and under whom the dominion of the French was greatly extended. Louis was sovereign for seventy-two years, and died at the age of 77. Seven of these French kings lived to exceed 60 years of age, and the ages of six were under 30. Of the latter, one was poisoned, and it was suspected that the deaths of other two were brought about by the same means. The ninth Louis, who, after his death, was canonised as a saint, reigned forty-four years, and died at the age of 56 of the plague, off the coast of Tunis, in Northern Africa. The great Henry IV. was assassinated in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and fifty-sixth of his age; and Charles VII., after having reigned 39, and lived 60 years, died in 1460 from want of food, which he refused to eat, from the fear of being poisoned. The average age of these French kings at death was 52¾, and the average duration of each reign 22 4-5th years.

The history of Spain is a very ravelled skein, in consequence of the country having been at one time divided into a number of separate kingdoms—such as those of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, &c. It is therefore difficult to arrive at any positive conclusion with reference to the ages of the kings who ruled in it. However, from the time of Ferdinand of Aragon, under whom Spain was, in the end of the fifteenth century, consolidated into one monarchy, to the death of Ferdinand VI., in 1759, eight kings ruled, whose average age at death was 55 7-8ths, and each of whose reigns averaged 35½ years. It was during this period that Spain acquired so much strength and importance among the powers of Europe. Under these monarchs she obtained an enormous amount of wealth from her American colonies; and during the reign of one of them, Philip II., she fitted out the so-called 'Invincible Armada.' This king reigned forty-two years, and was the only one among these Spanish monarchs who reached the age of threescore and ten. He was surnamed 'The Prudent;' though it is probable this title was earned *before* his great naval *im*prudence—the unfortunate Armada. His immediate predecessor was the renowned Charles V., who was emperor of Germany as well as king of Spain, and who, surfeited with the splendour of courts and the cares of royalty, retired to a convent, after he had reigned about forty years, and died at the age of 59.

The empire of Russia was under the dominion of the Tartars until the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was freed from their rule by a monarch named Iwan, or John. The dynasty which has now possession of the Russian throne belongs to the family of Romanoff. The first czar of this name was Michael, who was elevated to that dignity when he was only seventeen years old. This prince was taken from a convent to fill the Russian throne at a time when the country was in a distracted state, and when his father, an archbishop, was a prisoner in Poland. He reigned thirty-three years; and from 1610, when he ascended the throne, to 1825, when Alexander died, Russia was governed by eleven monarchs (exclusive of two who died in childhood, and whose reigns did not last a year each), whose average age at death was 44⅓, and each of whom reigned on an average for 21¼ years. In the history of Russia, we find an illustration of a rule that holds good in many other cases—that the longest reign is the most conducive to the consolidation and extension of the power and development of the energy and industry of a country. The longest rule is that of Peter the Great, which extended to forty-three years; this czar dying at the age of 53. None of these Russian sovereigns attained the age of threescore and ten; the oldest was the Empress Catherine, who died at the age of 68, after she had reigned thirty-four years. Elizabeth and Anne, other empresses, died at the respective ages of 52 and 47. The Russian empresses have been longer livers than the emperors; for the average ages of four of the Romanoff line is 51½, while of the emperors it is only 40 3-7th years. Their reigns are, however, shorter; the average being 17, while that of the emperors is 24 years.

The first emperor of Germany was Charlemagne, who, as has been stated, was likewise king of France, and died at the age of 71. The last emperor of Germany was the late Francis II. of Austria, who died in 1835. Between these two sovereigns—that is, between the years 800 and 1835—there have been fifty-three German emperors, thus showing that each reigned, on an average, nearly twenty years. Calculations based on the ages of twenty-nine of these, show that their average age at death was 55¾, and the average duration of their reigns 22½ years. This shows these emperors to have lived as long as the kings of Spain, and to have been exceeded in age only by the kings who reigned in Britain from 1603 to 1837. This is, to a great extent, accounted for by the fact, that nearly all these German emperors were men of experience, and advanced in years, before they obtained the imperial crown. There are only two whose ages at death were under 35: one of these was poisoned in 1001, and the other died of small-pox in 1711.

The kings of Sweden do not appear to have lived to a great age. Of ten monarchs who reigned from 1523 to 1792, the average age at death was 50½, and the average duration of each reign 21½ years. Here again we perceive an instance of the same general rule to which allusion was formerly made; for the longest of these reigns was that of the great Gustavus Vasa, who elevated Sweden to a high position among the nations of Europe, and of whose heroic conduct, both while working in the Dalecarlian mine, and when seated on the Swedish throne, all history speaks in high terms. He died at the age of 70, after a reign of thirty-six years. Another Swedish king who filled all Europe with his fame was Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at the battle of Lutzen, where he was 'victorious for the last time.' He lived 38, and reigned 22 years. The other great military hero of Sweden, Charles XII., was killed at the siege of Fredericksthall, after he had reigned 22, and lived 36 years. The lives of these two kings show few years, but many actions; and the restless activity of Charles caused his life to be so crowded with deeds, both good and bad, that it may really be said of him, though not quite in Johnson's meaning,

> 'He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

His successor, Frederick I., formerly Prince of Hesse, was the oldest of these Swedish monarchs. He lived 75, and reigned in Sweden 32 years.

The ages of nineteen sultans, who ruled the Ottoman empire from 1453 to 1789, are ascertained, and show an average of 49, the average duration of each reign having been 17¾ years. Only one of these lived to be threescore and ten. That was Solyman II., who died in 1566. In this list of nineteen are included five Mahomets, the youngest of whom died at the age of 44, after reigning eight years.

The history of the Chinese, as preserved by themselves, is perhaps the most complete record possessed by any nation. It extends as far back as the common date for Noah's flood; and though much is regarded by some as fabulous, still the portion that may be considered authentic embraces a more extensive period than the history of any European nation. The present inquiry will not, however, be assisted by penetrating into the very remote portions of Chinese history: a period of about eight centuries has therefore been selected, from which to ascertain the ages of the emperors. Of thirty-six, who sat on the Chinese throne from 977 to 1795, the average age at death was 46⅝, and the average duration of each reign about twenty years. Of this number six were under 30, sixteen under 40, and nineteen under 50 years of age. In the year 1721,

the emperor Kang-ly completed the sixtieth year of his reign. He was the first Chinese emperor whose rule had lasted so long, and the rejoicings of himself and his subjects on the occasion were very great. His reign, which lasted another year, is the longest recorded in the Chinese annals. He died at the age of 69. His reign was marked by two very important circumstances. The first was the commencement of the trade with Europe in tea; and the second, the introduction among the Chinese, by Father Verbiest, of the art of casting cannon. This Father Verbiest was a missionary of the Jesuits, and rose to be chief mathematician to the Chinese emperor. He was greatly lampooned by many of his brethren in Europe, for putting such powerful instruments of warfare into the hands of the Chinese; but he had the satisfaction of receiving the approval of the high dignitaries of the church for what he had done. The grandson of Kang-ly was Kien-lung, who, on mounting the imperial throne, took a solemn oath that, in the event of the gods permitting him, like his grandfather, to reign for sixty years, he would then show his gratitude for such a distinguished favour by resigning the crown to his heir. A curious vow, which he lived to keep; for in 1795 he abdicated in favour of Keaking, father of the present emperor of China. The reigns of these two emperors, Kang-ly and Kien-lung, extending as they did over a period of nearly a century and a quarter, are perhaps the most important in Chinese history; for in them was first commenced the breaking up of that exclusive nationality which had jealously guarded the Chinese people from intercourse with foreigners, and prevented that interchange of thoughts and commodities which has hitherto proved an efficient promoter of civilisation, and an admirable preserver of peace.

Column for Young People.

SERVANTS.—BY MADAME GUIZOT.

[Monsieur de Bonnel—Augustus, his Son.]

M. de B.—Augustus, I hope you have returned that mask that you took from George, as I desired you?

Augustus (*in a peevish tone*).—I was obliged to return it as you ordered me; but I had not taken it from him—I was giving him what it cost. If George was sulky, and would not take the money, it was not my fault.

M. de B.—He did not want your money, but wished to keep his mask. You had no right to compel him to dispose of it.

Augustus.—I have a very good right to make George do as I choose.

M. de B.—And what gives you that right?

Augustus.—His father, Antoine, is your servant.

M. de B.—And is that a reason why George should have no will of his own?

Augustus.—No; but it is a reason why he should give up to me; and as a proof that he knows he should do so, he always does give up to me. To-day, though, he would not sell me his mask; he had no idea of taking it from me; and only for you, he certainly would have made me keep it.

M. de B.—Well, he will soon think differently, and will hereafter resist your authority.

Augustus.—I should like to see him attempt it.

M. de B.—You shall soon have that satisfaction. Antoine had forbidden his son to use any violence with you, lest he might hurt you. I have just been telling him that if he does not order George to defend himself against you, whenever you torment him, as he would against one of his companions, that he shall come no more here. You will now see whether it is his duty to yield to you in everything, and if it was out of respect to you that he has hitherto done so.

Augustus.—It would be a pretty thing for George to treat me like one of his companions!

M. de B.—You have only to avoid being too familiar with him.

Augustus.—It is not being familiar to wish to make him do what I please.

M. de B.—When you have no right to exact obedience, you can only obtain it by courtesy, by making it a request as you would from an equal, or by force, which he shall be able to repel; and that is the greatest familiarity which I know.

Augustus.—George is intended to be my servant some day—he has told me so a hundred times: he must then be submissive and respectful.

M. de B.—He will not be submissive except in those things in which he shall have agreed to obey you; he will not be respectful but so long as you are not wanting in what is due to him. A servant agrees to obey in everything that regards his master's service, without doing injury to himself. Thus, if a master were to order his servant to go and fight for him, or to give him money out of his savings, the servant would be free to refuse.

Augustus.—People do not require such things as those from a servant.

M. de B.—It is equally foolish and unjust to ask them to work and run about for you, so as to injure themselves, or to oblige them to give up what belongs to them at a price they do not agree to. If you try to compel your servant by force to do what is unsuitable, then he loses his respect for you, and resists as much as he can; and he has a right to do so, for he has only agreed to obey your orders: he has not engaged to expose himself to any other risk, if he disobeys them, than that of being reprimanded or discharged. If you go farther, you break your agreement: abuse, as well as a blow, releases a servant from all duty.

Augustus.—There are, however, servants who continue their duty although they are overworked or ill-treated by their master. I have heard my cousin Armand abuse his groom, and even threaten him with his whip, because he was bleeding a horse badly; and yet Jack continued his work without answering a word, because he knew very well that he must bear it.

M. de B.—What would he have done to Jack if, as his master very well deserved, he had answered him impertinently?

Augustus.—He would have turned him out of doors, and not have given him a character, so that he would not have been able to get another place.

M. de B.—So, then, masters have the power of ill-treating their servants as much as they please; and if every master were to act in this way, all servants would be obliged to bear it?

Augustus.—Of course they would.

M. de B.—But if all servants were to take it into their heads to resist their masters, then the masters would have to bear it, or to do without servants.

Augustus.—That is what can never happen.

M. de B.—It is what would happen were service to become so intolerable that people could not endure it, and consequently had no interest in attending their masters. But masters and servants, being necessary to each other, have found it for their advantage—the one to be kind, the other to be respectful and submissive. It is, then, because there are many good masters, whom it is their interest to serve, that servants are respectful even to bad ones. Therefore he who abuses this respect is a coward, who takes advantage of the goodness of others by sheltering himself behind them, that he may do wrong with impunity.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

At the last Cheshire quarter-sessions, held at Knutsford, Mr Sadler, chief constable of Stockport, made his first of a series of formal reports to Mr Trafford, the chairman of the sessions, on the state of juvenile delinquency in this division of the county, and of the causes inciting thereto. As the subject has now become one of great and absorbing interest, not only with the legislature, but with the public generally, and as the document in question has become to some extent public property, we deem the space devoted to the following rather lengthy extracts by no means uselessly occupied. Mr Sadler commences by observing:—'I have taken from our prison register the names of 280 juveniles, all under the age of 16 years, whose arrests extended over a period of several years, and have made inquiry into their parentage and condition at the time of apprehension, as far as we were able, with the view of ascertaining the causes leading to so much juvenile depravity, and, if possible, of suggesting measures to prevent it. . . . Of these 280, there are 98 of whose circumstances I shall speak particularly. . . . There are 36 who were strangers unknown to our police. . . . and the remaining 134 I shall only allude to by a general observation in con-

clusion. I will commence by observing, as a general summary, that of the 98 juveniles, 36 have been transported, all of whom have been more than once in custody; 32 have been in custody more than once, but not yet transported; and 30 only once in custody. . . . Again, of these 98 juveniles, 6 were orphans, their parents having been dead some years; 3 of these have been transported, and 2 more than once in custody; 13 left without fathers in infancy, 9 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 left without mothers, with fathers living, 3 of whom were transported, and 6 more than once in custody; 7 left without mothers, and whose fathers were men of bad character, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 5 left without fathers, whose mothers were bad characters, 2 transported, and 1 more than once in custody; 8 left without fathers, whose mothers became prostitutes, 2 transported, 5 more than once in custody; 8 whose fathers were felons, 2 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 4 whose mothers were felons, 3 transported; 4 both parents felons, 1 transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 22 both parents living, but bad characters, 8 of whom have been transported, and 3 more than once in custody; 10 whose fathers were drunkards, mothers creditable, 1 transported, 5 more than once in custody; and 1 whose father was creditable, but mother a drunkard, once in custody. In speaking of character, I include only such parents or guardians as were known to be guilty of drunkenness, or gross immorality, both in language and habits, and leading vagrant, idle lives; many subsisting on the food or money obtained by their children, expressly trained for such purposes. Those known as felons are separately noticed. What portion of the 134 which I have not particularised may have received proper instruction, is not for me to determine.' In another portion of the report, Mr Sadler thus enumerates the causes leading to crime:—Entire absence of proper instruction, attributable to the ignorance or indifference of parents; the influence of bad example, profligate or drunken habits of parents; parents, who from idleness, neglect to provide their families with necessary food; absence of due restraint on the part of parents, regardless of what associations are formed by their children; parents who are themselves vagrants or pedlars (and this is a large class); parents who train their children to habits of mendicancy, and live themselves upon the proceeds; where parents are themselves thieves, and train up their children as such; the seductions or inducements of vicious companionship; children left to their own resources, without parents, home, or shelter of any kind. The remedial measures necessary to counteract these evils, and which are pointed out at length in the report, may be thus summed up:—Moral and religious instruction, and proper family discipline; an alteration of the poor-law, 'so as to meet the condition of such as are not only left without parents, but where neglect or gross profligacy can be proved with regard to parents, by compelling such to support their children in the workhouse;' an improvement of the police system, and of prison discipline, suggesting the principle of separation in the latter case, temporary residence in an asylum or house of refuge, banishment from the country for a term of years in extreme cases—'the present treatment of transports being somewhat mitigated as regards juveniles'—summary commitment, increased rigour in the treatment of adult prisoners. Mr Sadler also states his opinion that the cost of the alterations, means, and appliances necessary to carry out this scheme, would be saved by the diminution in the number of prosecutions, and charge for the maintenance and apprehension of prisoners, which would result from its adoption.—*Manchester Guardian, February* 1846.

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work grow forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

THE POET.

Amid life's busy hum and clamour hoarse,
Himself though not unseeing, yet unseen,
The Poet still pursues his placid course.
With quiet pace and upturned eye serene,
He looks regretful on the tinsel scene,
The swollen nothings on life's witching stage:
All to his taste is profitless and mean;
Far higher thoughts his towering mind engage—
A fairer, nobler home, a worthier heritage.

For he, while others crawl along life's road,
Scorns the base dust, and soars to fancy's bowers—
Makes, lark-like, in the air his bright abode,
Hath his own world of sunlight, love, and flowers:
Around his heart joys fall in plenteous showers,
And add new vigour to his tireless wing.
While earth-born dullards count the weary hours,
And to their parent dust contented cling,
True to his native heaven, he still doth soar and sing.

Nature and God his animating theme,
The fields his study, and the woods his books,
He seeks the grassy dell and wimpling stream,
And haunts the shadowy groves and rushy brooks;
Even in the meanest things reads happy looks,
Hears joyful utterances in tongueless things,
Finds sweet companionship in loneliest nooks.
How much of Paradise to earth still clings,
Far, far beyond the world's cold dull imaginings!

But ah, he mourns when, though, like princely feast,
Beauty lies spread o'er every hill and plain,
Man still will grovel like the brainless beast,
To Mammon's drudgery bound with iron chain!
Shall Spring put on her beauteous dress in vain,
Nor honoured man, earth's great high-priest, afford
A loving glance at Nature's fair domain?
His only wealth the dross in coffer stored—
Living alone to get, and getting but to hoard?

He grieveth too that man on man should frown,
That creed, condition, country should divide;
That blustering Might should Meekness trample down,
And bloated Wealth o'er Poverty should stride.
How long, how long shall Self be deified,
Imperious Mammon fill his wrongful throne?
By blood and sorrow are not all allied?
Oh that fair Love again would claim his own,
That each might live for all, that all might live as one!

But though for this his bosom grieveth sore,
With hopeful heart he tunes his lofty lay;
Nor deem his words mere figures on the shore,
Which the next tide shall ruthless sweep away:
No; he may die; his words shall not decay,
Nor only live to grace a lady's bower;
But kings and senators shall own their sway.
Great 'mong the greatest is the Poet's power,
He moves the wheels behind, whoe'er may strike the hour

The venerable wrong, the hoar abuse,
The social mischief, the truth-seeming lie—
The ills that fashion, caste, and pride induce—
Full against these his sharpest arrows fly:
And now he lays his unloved thunder by;
And, as the rainbow, smiling fair above,
Embraces, gladdens all that 'neath it sigh,
Persuasion's mightier power he seeks to prove,
And charm a heedless world perchance to truth and love.

S. W. P.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is, indeed, on all accounts inexcusable, and can never proceed but from some unworthy principle—as cowardice, malice, or a total contempt of virtue and honour. The difficulties it runs one into are not to be numbered. One lie requires ten others to support it, and the failure of probability in one of them ruins all. The pains necessary to patch up a plausible story, and the racking of the memory to keep always to the same circumstances in representing things, and avoid contradictions, is insufferable; and, after all, it is a thousand to one but the artifice is detected, and then the unhappy man is questioned as much when he is sincere as when he dissembles; so that he finds himself at a full stop, and can neither gain his ends with mankind by truth nor falsehood.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

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SUSPICION, OR THE LAST APPLE.

The parlour bell rang, and Mrs Bridget hurried up stairs at an unusual rate, for she judged, by the hasty and peculiar tinkle, that she was summoned upon no ordinary occasion. Bridget had lived with Mrs Simpson as maid, or rather as confidant and humble companion, for nearly twenty years. The term humble companion may perhaps have been rather misapplied, as it generally happened that Bridget's opinion took the lead, though the mistress was not always aware of it. It may, however, be justly concluded that, during such a lapse of time, Bridget had become so well acquainted with the temper and habits of the lady, as to understand to a sort of hair's-breadth nicety her mistress's humour by the slightest circumstance. For instance, when Mrs Simpson returned home from an evening party, the quick-sighted Bridget could tell in one moment, by the sound of her footstep, or even, she declared, by the hang of her shawl, whether she had been gratified or otherwise. On the present occasion, therefore, the ringing of the bell indicated something remarkable; and in haste and perturbation Bridget made her appearance to inquire the cause.

'Bridget,' said her mistress in a quiet tone, which did not altogether accord with the hasty summons, nor yet with the agitated looks which accompanied it—'Bridget, come here,' repeated the old lady, who was standing near the window. Bridget obeyed, and looking in the direction to which her mistress pointed, saw, and at once comprehended, why she had been summoned.

'Gracious goodness!' exclaimed Bridget in almost a scream; 'the last apple gone!'

'It is indeed,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'but how is it gone, that's the question?'

'The beautiful apple!' cried Bridget; 'the finest on the tree; indeed the only one that could be said to come to perfection. It was but yesterday morning that I stood admiring it. One side was so sweetly streaked with red, and I said to myself that apple must certainly be ripe, for it had got that fine gold-coloured tinge all over it. Indeed, ma'am, if you recollect, I wished you to gather it some days ago. But, as you say, which way could it have gone? Certainly by no fair means.'

'I think not,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'the weather is so mild and still, that it can hardly have fallen of itself.'

'That I am positive it has not,' cried Bridget. 'If the high wind of last Monday did not bring it down, it could not have dropped since.'

'However,' said the old lady, 'for my own satisfaction, we will just look round the garden.'

'As you please, ma'am, though I feel convinced it will be to no purpose.'

Mrs Simpson and her confidant accordingly set out on the important search; the mistress, with her spectacles on, slowly and carefully peering on either side, and despairingly shaking her head, as every step she took showed the search was useless. Bridget took a less accurate survey as she kicked the fallen leaves about, so thoroughly assured did she feel that the apple had been spirited away. Having thus traversed the whole round of the garden, it was a settled point that the apple was gone to all intents and purposes, and most pathetically did the lady lament that she had not gathered it before; nor did Bridget, in the midst of her condolence on the occasion, fail to remind her mistress that it was about the hundredth time that she had had good reason to repent not taking her (Bridget's) advice. Indeed, though the servant's loss in the apple was equa to that of her mistress, as the favourite fruit was always shared with the favourite maid, yet she had infinitely more of consolation in the business; for there certainly was some satisfaction in the idea of her mistress being punished for not attending to her counsel: and next, having declared her assurance that the apple had gone by unfair means, she was, in truth, not sorry it could not be found.

'Well, ma'am,' said she, 'you see I was right; indeed, from the first moment that it was missed, I felt certain that the apple had been stolen; and now, ma'am, all that remains is, that you will catch your death with cold if we stay out any longer. I can positively affirm that we have sought over every inch of ground; and I once more repeat, that some one must have taken the apple.'

'I am quite of your opinion,' replied the lady; 'and, as you say, there is no good in seeking any further.'

Mistress and maid then directed their steps towards the house, re-entered the parlour, shut the door, and seated themselves by the fire, in order to discuss the subject. The matter of extreme importance now was to ascertain the offender.

'Who can have taken it?' cried Mrs Simpson.

'Why, ma'am,' replied Bridget, 'the truth is, I have but little scruple in saying I firmly believe that Tom Randal, the butcher's boy, is the thief; for, besides that he is one of the most audacious lads I ever knew, he has always cast such a keen look towards that apple-tree, that I often thought it would be next to a miracle if the fruit escaped him. There is something insolent in Tom Randal's whistle. I am positive he is daring enough for anything; and it will only surprise me if that boy does not come to be hanged.'

'I hope not,' exclaimed the charitable mistress. 'Even if he has taken the apple, it is hard to prophesy that he will come to the end you mention. Besides, we cannot speak positively; for though Tom may be saucy at times——'

'May be!' interrupted Bridget; 'indeed, ma'am,

there's no "may" in the matter. He is at all times the most insolent chap that I ever spoke to. It was only yesterday morning that, because I made him go back for the suet, which he had forgotten, he went off muttering. I am sure that I would not for the world wrongfully accuse any one; but I only wish I was as sure of some other things, as I am sure that Randal stole the apple.'

'It may be so,' replied Mrs Simpson; 'but now, Bridget, I will tell you whom I suspect as at least as likely to have taken the apple as the butcher's boy: why, no other person than Jenny Price, the washerwoman's niece. The girl is civil and well-behaved, but yet to me she appears artful.'

Bridget, though generally pretty positive, changed her opinion, and in an instant transferred the guilt from Tom Randal to Jenny Price. She gave her mistress a nod, as much as to say, 'You have hit it!'

'It never struck me before,' cried she; 'but indeed, ma'am, you are right. Jenny is as artful a little puss as ever breathed. I shall never forget, when they had scorched my best lace frill, how cunningly the young gipsy put it underneath the other things, supposing that I should not find it out. I could suspect that girl of any trick. And let me see—she was here late yesterday afternoon, and was dawdling about below for some time; for, after I thought she was gone, to my surprise I saw my young madam creeping out at the gate. Now I say, what business had she to stop an instant after she had been paid? And what could she be doing? But I'll go to her aunt this blessed day, and if I don't make the little demure wretch confess what she has done, my name is not——'

'Stop, Bridget,' exclaimed the old lady; 'we must not be in too great a hurry. Though I mentioned Jenny Price, yet where so many people have been in and out, she is only one among others; besides, I have had another thought. Did not the cheesemonger's lad come here this morning? How can we be certain that he did not take the apple?'

Bridget paused, and looked much concerned. 'I have never seen anything,' said she, 'which could give me reason to suspect him of such a thing. Indeed he seems quite a respectable sort of lad, remarkably well-behaved, and never fails to pull off his hat whenever he meets me. I should be sorry to think any harm of him.'

The circumstance of his politeness very much inclined Mrs Bridget in his favour, especially as she did not in general meet with much civility, being one of those acting managers who take upon themselves infinitely more than their superiors. Mrs Bridget had a notion that the sure way to make herself of consequence, was to find fault and give as much trouble as she possibly could. Consequently, while the shopkeepers, for the sake of profit, bore as patiently as they could with the fault-finding housekeeper, their assistants and she were generally at warfare. The politeness of the cheesemonger's boy was valued accordingly, and it was with some degree of reluctance that she allowed the possibility of his being the culprit. But the longer she considered the matter, the more did circumstances appear against him.

'I am sorry for it,' cried Bridget; 'but, to be sure, boys will be boys; and, upon further consideration, I am sadly afraid it was poor William. He was here very early this morning, ma'am—full two hours before you were up; and as he came along the garden with a basket in his hand, he stopped for a moment close to the apple-tree, and I certainly observed one of the branches shake a little; but I thought nothing about it at the time. So Hannah took in the things, and the lad was going away again, when I recollected that we wanted another lump of butter; and wishing it to be from the same dairy as the last, which was remarkably good, and thinking he would be more likely to attend to my orders than to Hannah's, I ran down stairs and called after him; and, to be sure, I never shall forget how frightened and confused the lad looked. As sure as I sit here, ma'am, he has taken the apple; else why should he have seemed so alarmed? I did not speak angrily; on the contrary, I said, "William, you are a good boy for bringing the eggs in time for our breakfast." So, as I said before, what should make him appear so confused if he had not done something wrong?'

'Well, Bridget,' exclaimed the mistress, 'from all you have said, I certainly think there is little doubt that it was the cheesemonger's lad who took the apple; and really, for a decent well-behaved boy, as you say he is, it was a daring action.'

Bridget made no reply. Though she had given her full evidence against her favourite, yet she seemed pondering over something in her mind.

'After all, as you say, ma'am, it is not right to accuse any one, unless we are quite sure; and I have just recollected another person that neither of us thought of—old Janet Gray. I would not swear that she did not take the apple.'

'Nay, Bridget,' interrupted the lady, 'now your suspicions go too far. I cannot for an instant believe that poor old Janet would do such a thing. You know she only comes now and then for a little skimmed milk or broken victuals, and she has not been here for several days; besides which, I believe her to be as honest a creature as ever lived. What can induce you to suspect the poor old soul?'

'Why, ma'am, you shall hear,' replied Bridget, who had quietly heard her mistress out, aware that she could presently shake her mistress's extreme confidence in Janet's honesty. 'I will just give you my reasons for thinking as I do of the old woman. In the first place, begging your pardon, ma'am, Janet was here no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, and Hannah, by my orders, sent her home with a basketful of different things, even a cold veal cutlet, which I could have eaten myself, for I am very fond of cold veal cutlets; but I said, "Hannah, you may as well give it to the poor old woman;" and this was the return the ungrateful creature made—to carry off our last apple.'

'Well—but,' again remonstrated Mrs Simpson——

'You shall hear, ma'am,' continued Bridget. 'There was a time when I felt a regard for Janet Gray, knowing that she had gone through much trouble, and had seen better days; and there was a time when I thought her as honest as the day, and would have trusted her with untold gold. Indeed so I would now, sooner than with either fruit or cakes; for I do not believe that, upon her own account, she would take a pin: but then Janet has got a grandchild, and, ma'am, you would not credit, nor could anybody believe, the way in which she pampers that brat, and for its sake I firmly think she would beg, borrow, or steal. I remember, times and oft, she has looked at the apple-tree, and sighed; but I thought nothing about it, never supposing that people who wanted bread could long for apples. But the other day I saw old Janet purchasing some coals, and the coals happening to be dearer than she expected, she got

no change out of her sixpence; and so, not having a halfpenny left, she positively intreated the people of the shop, almost with tears in her eyes, to give her an apple or a cake to take home to her dear little Mary.'

'Poor soul!' exclaimed Mrs Simpson in a tone of compassion; 'I cannot think the worse of her for being so fond of her grandchild; nor do I still see, from such a circumstance, that you have any reason to believe that she would steal.'

'Well, ma'am,' replied Bridget, 'perhaps I might not have thought so much about it, but for an artful trick which she served me the other day. Janet had come as usual for her skimmed milk, and hearing her cough very badly, I gave her a large lump of sugar-candy, for which she thanked me most kindly; but—would you believe it, ma'am?—instead of putting it into her mouth, she popped it into her pocket; and I should never have found her out, but that, in her hurry, she slipped it through her pocket-hole, and it fell to the ground. The old woman looked foolish enough, you may be sure, declaring, however, that her cough was nothing, but that, if I pleased, she would take the sugar-candy home to her dear little girl. I own I felt provoked, for I looked upon it as neither more nor less than a cheatery; however, I said nothing; but from that hour I felt convinced that old Janet would go any lengths for the sake of pampering her grandchild.'

'Well, poor creature,' said Mrs Simpson; 'one cannot wonder that she should be so fond of the orphan child of her only son, who was killed in the wars: it is very natural that she should make a pet of it.'

'Very true, ma'am, but there is reason in all things;' and Mrs Bridget argued so forcibly upon the subject, and brought so many instances of the old woman's stratagems to procure niceties for the child, that at length Mrs Simpson felt convinced that she might have been the culprit. There was now a long pause: the thoughts of both mistress and maid were absorbed in the same subject, though in a different way; Mrs Simpson regretting that poor Janet should have forfeited her integrity, while Bridget was casting about in her mind how she should be able to bring the guilt home to the delinquent; that is to say, in what manner she should make the old woman confess the fact.

'I shall be truly sorry,' cried Mrs Simpson, 'if poor Janet has done such a thing.'

'Oh, ma'am!' cried Bridget, 'the more I think of it, the less doubt I have upon the subject.'

The old lady was again silent; for she was still considering if there were no other possible way in which the apple might have gone. At length she said, 'Bridget, did not Mrs Robinson send her maid here yesterday afternoon to inquire after my health? Now, the truth is, I do not like the young woman; and though I would not mention such a circumstance, out of delicacy to my friend, yet I do not think it impossible but that she might take the apple.'

'I never once thought of her,' cried Bridget; 'but, in my opinion, she is about the most likely of all we have guessed at to be the one who has taken the apple; for I never saw that girl, in doors or out of doors, but she was munching something. She seems to be one of those greedy people who are continually eating—her pockets are always filled with nuts, apples, or gingerbread. Now, it being almost dusk when she came yesterday, she might not be aware that the apple she saw was the last on the tree, and that we should immediately miss it. Unluckily, it hung so low, that no one could pass without perceiving it, which was the reason, ma'am, that I wished you to gather it before. So, as I say, you may depend upon it the greedy creature could not refrain from plucking it, and a most barefaced piece of impudence it was; and though it does not become me to differ from you in opinion, ma'am, yet I do think you are over-scrupulous in not liking to mention the circumstance; for a hussy who could not deliver a message without stealing something by the way, ought to be exposed. Indeed it is but common justice that her mistress should be made acquainted with the character she has to deal with; for the more I consider the matter, the more convinced I feel that the girl is quite equal to such an act, and very little scruple should I have in telling her so.'

Which words were scarcely out of Bridget's mouth, ere the subject of them made her appearance. The lady and her confidant exchanged looks, as a well-known saying recurred to the mind of each.

Susan curtsied: she had now brought an invitation from her mistress, and also a request for a book that she had forgotten to ask for the evening before; and while Mrs Simpson went herself to bring the volume, Bridget was considering in what way she should attack Susan upon the subject of the apple; for, notwithstanding her declaration that she should like to tell her of it, she found it rather an awkward affair to directly accuse the young woman of being a thief. But she was spared further deliberation by Susan's leading at once to the subject, exclaiming, as she cast her eyes towards the window, 'Why, gracious me! Mrs Bridget, all your beautiful apples are gone!'

'Yes,' replied Bridget, 'they are *indeed*;' laying a peculiar emphasis on the last word. 'Every one,' continued she; 'and the last apple went in a very remarkable manner;' and Bridget fixed her eyes on the young woman. Susan bore the scrutiny without flinching; but whether from innocence or consummate effrontery, was hard to determine. The housekeeper concluded the latter; but the girl's assurance, though it appeared to add to her guilt, rendered it the more intimidating and difficult to bring her to a confession; when Bridget bethought her of putting a home question, which she imagined must let in some light upon the affair.

'Pray, Susan,' said she, 'did you ever taste our apples?'

'No, ma'am,' replied Susan, and she certainly did blush as she spoke. At this critical moment, however, Mrs Simpson re-entered the room with the book, with which, and compliments and inquiries after the lady's health, Susan was despatched on her return. To have lost such an opportunity was not easily got over by Mrs Bridget.

'Never was anything half so unlucky, ma'am, as your coming in at the instant you did. I was just getting at the truth in the cleverest way imaginable. I merely said, quite coolly, "Pray, Susan, did you ever taste our apples?" and I only wish, ma'am, that you had seen her countenance when I put the question. You would then feel as convinced as I do that she was the person who took the apple; and if I had not brought her to a confession, the apple is not gone—that's all.'

'I am not sorry, however,' replied Mrs Simpson, 'that matters did not go so far. It would have been very awkward to have accused the young woman of such a thing without proof; and you know, Bridget, that circumstances have appeared very strong against every person whom we have thought of, so that we cannot say positively who it was; and I really think, after all, we must let the matter drop.'

Now according to law, persons suspected are considered innocent till their guilt is proved; but Bridget's zeal outstripped her charity, and, far from being puzzled by a circumstance which would have perplexed most people, namely, that among all those accused, only one could have taken the apple, she rather concluded them all guilty till the real culprit was found; and, accordingly, felt very indignant at hearing her mistress talk of letting the matter drop, which, however, in her own mind, she resolved it should not do—not one of the suspected should entirely escape a more rigid scrutiny. Some she resolved openly to accuse, while to others she planned to throw out such broad hints as could not fail to make them understand her meaning; and still, as she canvassed the affair in her imagination, more were added to her list of suspected persons. A family living next door were now brought in: to be sure they were kind neighbours, and of the highest

respectability; but then they had a family of children, and the children had got visitors, and these visitors were schoolboys, who, it is well known, are equal to any pranks in the way of fruit-stealing. This family, therefore, Bridget determined should know a little of her mind upon the subject: but this she kept to herself, aware that her lady would not be willing to risk anything that would be likely to make a difference between herself and her neighbours; so, for the present, the subject was suffered to rest. Except that when Bridget read the newspaper to her lady, she did not fail, in commenting upon the crimes which filled its pages, to dilate upon the mischief ensuing from suffering small offences to go unpunished. The lady bore all these half-reproaches patiently. The circumstance which had occurred still grated on her mind; but the matter had been discussed so warmly, as to threaten unpleasant consequences, arising from some difference of opinion between the lady and her confidential servant. Thus the subject, though occupying the mind of both, was, for the remainder of the day, not mentioned by either.

On the following morning, however, Bridget, having been out on some particular business, entered the parlour with a hasty step, and a countenance glowing with triumph and satisfaction, and began with, 'Well, ma'am, thanks to stirring pretty briskly in the matter, I have at last found out the real thief; ay, ay, let me alone, I generally know how to go to work in such affairs; and now, ma'am, I hope in future you will take what I say a little into consideration. For I repeat, that it is a shocking thing, and a public injury, to suffer thieves to escape with impunity, though it may be only an apple they have stolen.'

'But, Bridget,' said the lady——

Bridget's impatience bore down all interruption. 'I declare, ma'am,' exclaimed she, 'it is enough to try the temper of a saint to hear you with your buts and ifs, when I say that I have got positive proof of the person who took the apple, though I have not yet seen or brought him to confession.'

'And where,' said Mrs Simpson, 'did you or could you get your positive proofs?'

'You shall hear, ma'am,' replied Bridget, unpinning her shawl, and seating herself in regular, comfortable form to begin her story—'you shall——'

'And you shall see, Bridget,' said Mrs Simpson, at the same time taking up the identical apple, the subject of so much debate, suspicion, and false accusation, and which, though it had lain on the table before her eyes, Bridget had been too much occupied to observe.

It is not too much to say that the most terrific apparition would hardly have had a greater effect on Mrs Bridget, who was, to use a vulgar but appropriate expression, completely 'dumbfounded.' When she had somewhat recovered the first shock, for we cannot give it any other term, she endeavoured to doubt the fact, alleging it to be an actual impossibility; but the apple bore a mark, a very remarkable one—a little dint, with a bird-peck on the side of it—which had been too often noticed by both mistress and maid to allow of any doubt. Indeed it seemed like one of those lucky marks which, time out of mind, have served to identify lost children.

In answer to Bridget's looks of wondering curiosity, the old lady went on to relate the circumstance of finding the apple, which was simply this. In taking her customary walk round the garden, by that sort of natural disposition which frequently prompts one to seek, even when all hopes of finding are over, Mrs Simpson, on reaching the apple-tree, cast a look towards the bereaved branch, and from thence to the ground, where, immediately underneath, but nearly concealed by the box-border beneath which it lay, was the lost apple. 'How it happened,' said Mrs Simpson, 'that we missed finding it yesterday, is more than I can imagine; but so it was.'

Bridget sighed, wondered, and once more examined the apple, to see if she could find a flaw in the evidence; but it was not to be done: the only flaw was in the apple, which had been most cruelly tunnelled and honeycombed by the insects.

'Ah, Bridget,' said the old lady, 'how many innocent people have we accused, and never once suspected the real depredators—the slugs and snails! I hope, for the future, we shall know better: indeed it is a true saying, that "the loser is often the greatest sinner." I am very glad, however, that we went no further than talking the matter over between ourselves, as it might otherwise have led to unpleasant consequences.'

Bridget's conscience in this respect was not quite so clear as that of her mistress; but she was thoroughly humbled, and we trust she received a *beneficial lesson*.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

Language—as far as the communication of ideas by certain modes of contact, by gesture, or by sounds, can be called by that name—seems to be possessed in common by all living creatures. The first or simplest form in which this faculty is manifested among animals, is that of contact—a species of intercommunication beautifully illustrated by the habits of such insects as the ant. 'If you scatter,' say the authors of the *Introduction to Entomology*, 'the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these, in their turn, become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.' The mode of communication employed by bees, beetles, and other insects, is much of the same nature, being almost entirely confined to contact, and rarely or ever partaking of gesticulation, which may be considered as the next form of language in the ascending scale.

In expressing their wants, feelings, and passions, almost all the higher animals make use of gesticulation. The dog speaks with his eye and ear as significantly as he does by his voice; the wagging of his tail is quite as expressive as the shake of a human hand; and no pantomime could better illustrate conscious error, shame, or disgrace, than his hanging ears, downcast look, and tail depressed, as he slinks away under rebuke. The dog, indeed, is an admirable physioguomist, whether actively or passively considered. If you can read craving, fear, or anger in his countenance, so he will kindness or surliness in yours, just as readily as he can interpret the physiognomy of one of his own species. Observe that huge mastiff gnawing a bone on the other side of the street, and see how the Newfoundland that is coming up on this side deports himself. First, he stands stock-still; not a muscle of his frame is moved: the mastiff takes no notice of him. Next, he advances a few steps, looks intently, wags his tail once or twice; still not a glance from the mastiff, which is evidently striving not to observe him. On the Newfoundland goes, with an indifferent amble, keeping as closely to this side as he can, and thinks no more of the mastiff. Had the latter, however, lifted his head from the bone, had he exchanged one glance of recognition, had he brushed his tail even once along the pavement, the Newfoundland would have gone gambolling up to him, even though the two might have had a tussle about the bone in the long-run. Here, then, is an example of strict physiognomy or pantomime, quite as well understood between animals as the most ardently-expressed sounds. Again, mark that couple of terriers, bound on a secret rabbiting excursion to yonder hill-side. Two minutes

ago, that shaggy native of Skye was dozing on his haunches, as little dreaming of a rabbit-hunt as of a journey to the antipodes. But his little pepper-and-mustard friend awoke him from his reverie, and pricking up his ears, gambolled significantly around him. Next he scampered onwards for a dozen of yards or so, looked anxiously back, again scampered forward, looked back, whined, and returned. Then he set out, scenting the ground as if he had made some important discovery, stopped suddenly, made a short detour, tracking some imaginary scent as eagerly as if a treasure of venison lay beneath his nose. This at length rouses his friend of Skye, and away they trot as slyly to the hill as any couple of poachers. Now our pepper-and-mustard hero is beating the whin-bushes, while his comrade stands outside the cover, ready to pounce on the first rabbit that makes its appearance. Not a whine, not a yelp is heard—the whole is conducted by signs as significant and as well understood as the most ingenious system of marine signalising.

Independent of the humble kind of expression which gesticulation implies, many of the higher animals are possessed of vocal language, by which they can give the most intelligible utterance to their feelings of delight, pain, fear, alarm, recognition, affection, and the like. Nor does this language differ in aught but degree from that which we ourselves enjoy. Our organs may be capable of a greater variety of tones and modulations; and yet in some cases this is more than questionable: all that can be said is, that the human organisation is capable of more perfect articulation, and this articulation is a thing of art, imitation, and experience, depending upon the higher degree of intelligence with which the Creator has endowed us. The brute creation express their feelings and passions by certain sounds, which are intelligible not only to those of their own species, but in a great degree to all other animals. Man, in his natural state, does little or nothing more. It is civilisation—the memory of many experiences, aided by his higher mental qualities—which gives him his spoken language; each new object receiving a name founded on association with previously-known objects, and each conception receiving expression by association with ideas formerly entertained. Nothing of this kind takes place among animals; their limited endowments do not permit of it, as the range of their existence does not require it. Their language may be considered as stationary in a natural state, though capable of some curious modifications under human training, or even under certain peculiar changes of natural condition. It is to this range of animal expression that we would now direct attention.

Take that barn-yard cock, for example, which five minutes ago was crowing defiance from the top of the paling to his rival over the way, and hear him now crowing a very different note of delight and affection to his assembled dames. In a few minutes you may hear his peculiar 'cluck, cluck,' over some tid-bit he has discovered, and to which he wishes to direct their attention; his long-suppressed guttural cry of alarm, if the mastiff happens to be prowling in the neighbourhood; or his soft blurr of courtship, when wooing the affections of some particular female. All of these notes, even to the minutest modulation, are known to the tenants of the barn-yard, which invariably interpret them in the sense they were intended. Or take the barn-yard hen, and observe the language by which she communicates with her young. By one note she collects and entices them under her wings, by another calls them to partake of some insect or grain she has discovered, by a third warns them of danger, should any bird of prey be sailing above, by a fourth calls them away to another place, or leads them home, should they have strayed to a distance. Nor are these various calls known instinctively, as is generally believed, by the young brood. We have watched the habits of the barn-fowl with the closest scrutiny, and are convinced that a knowledge of the mother's notes is, to the young, a process of acquirement; in the same manner as a human child quickly, but nevertheless by degrees, learns to comprehend tones of affection, doting, chiding, and the like. The knowledge of the lower animals is in almost every instance acquired; a process necessarily more rapid in them than in man, as they much sooner reach the limit of their growth and perfection. Animal language is most perfect and varied among such animals as are gregarious in their habits. Let the most ignorant of natural history attend for a few days to the habits of a flock of birds, a herd of oxen, horses, deer, elephants, or the like, and he will find that they make use of a variety of sounds often totally different from each other. Friendly recognition, hatred, fear, mirth, satisfaction, the discovery of food, hunger, and so on, are expressed each by a peculiar note, which is distinctly and instantly comprehended by the whole flock. And as among men, when simple sounds are insufficient, so among animals gesticulation is made use of to assist the comprehension and deepen the impression.

If, then, animals are really in possession of a vocal language, it may be asked, is that language capable of any modification, improvement, or deterioration; and have we any evidence to that effect? That animal language admits of extensive modification, we have ample proof in the history of cage and singing-birds. The natural note of the canary is clear, loud, and rather harsh; by careful training, and breeding from approved specimens, that note can be rendered clear, full, and mellow as that of the finest instrument. We have farther proof of such modification, in the fact of a young canary being made to imitate the notes of the linnet or goldfinch, just as either of these may be taught the song of the canary. The starling and blackbird may be trained to forsake their wood-notes wild, and to imitate the human whistle to perfection in many of our national melodies. Nay, the parrot, starling, raven, and even the canary, may be taught to articulate certain words and phrases with more precision and emphasis than the tyros of the elocutionist. Nor is artificial training always necessary to accomplish such modification; for we have the gay and lively mocking-bird of America producing, of his own free-will, almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood-thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle. 'While thus exerting himself,' says Wilson, 'a person destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depth of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk. The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master; he squeaks out like a hurt chicken—and the hen hurries about with hanging wings and bristling feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quivering of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginian nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.'

As there is thus an evident capability of modification, so there must, to a certain degree, be improvement or deterioration, as surrounding circumstances are favourable or unfavourable to the development of the vocal

powers. A young canary brought up in the same room with a goldfinch and linnet, if he does not slavishly adopt the notes of either, will often be found to add them to his own natural music. The natural voice of the dog, so far as that can be ascertained from wild species of the family, is more a yelp and snarl than a bark; and yet what is more full and sonorous than the voice of the Newfoundland or mastiff? The wild horse —depending so much as it does upon the society of its kind—acquires the nicest modulations of neighing, so as to express pleasure, fear, recognition, the discovery of pasture, and so forth; while the laboured hack has scarcely, if at all, the command of its vocal organs. The voice of animals is just as evidently strengthened and increased in variety of tone by practice, as is that of the human singer or orator, and thus becomes capable of expressing a wider range of ideas. Indeed it is certain that, if animals are placed in situations where the use of their language is not required, they will in a short time lose the faculty of speech altogether. Thus, on the coral island of Juan de Nova, where dogs have been left from time to time, and where, finding abundance of food, they have multiplied prodigiously, it is asserted that the breed have entirely lost the faculty of barking. We knew an instance of a young canary, just bursting into song, which was rendered permanently dumb by being shut up in a darkened chamber, and by occasionally having a cloth thrown over its cage, that its notes might not disturb an invalid. This treatment was continued for several months; and so effectually did it destroy the clear, brilliant notes of the youngster, that he was never afterwards known to utter a note beyond a simple 'tweet, tweet' of alarm. As the human speech is affected by disease and old age, so likewise is that of the lower animals. The husky, paralytic voice of the old shepherd-dog, is a very different thing from the full-toned bark of his athletic years; formerly, its modulations could give expression to joy, fear, anger, reproach, and the like; now, its monotony is destitute of all meaning. We were once in possession of a starling, which we had taught to utter a number of phrases, and to whistle in perfection a couple of Scottish melodies. After a severe moulting attack, not only was his power of voice destroyed, but his memory apparently so much affected, that phrases and melodies were ever after jumbled incoherently together; much like the chattering of an old man in his dotage, or like those individuals who, after severe fevers, forget some of the languages they have acquired, or make themselves intelligible through a new jargon of English, French, and Latin phrases.

But it may be asked—if the lower animals thus make use of a vocal language, are those to whom it is addressed at all times capable of interpreting its meaning? The well-known habits of gregarious animals, in our opinion, ought to answer this question. Every individual in a herd of wild horses or deer, most perfectly understands every gesture and sound of the watch or leader, which is stationed for the general safety. Nor is such understanding altogether instinctive, but a process of training and tuition quite analogous to what takes place in our own case. Farther, the speech, if we may so call it, of one animal is not only understood by the animals of its own class, but in a great measure by the other animals that are in the habit of frequenting the same localities. Thus the chaffinch, which discovers the sparrow-hawk sailing above, instantly utters a note of alarm—a note known not only to other chaffinches, but understood and acted upon by all others of the feathered race within hearing. The suspension of every song, the rustling into the thicket beneath, the sly cowering into the first recess, or the clamour of impotent rage, abundantly attests how well they have interpreted the original note of alarm. But if all other evidence were wanting of the capacity of the lower animals to interpret other voices than their own, the fact that many of them learn to interpret human words, and to distinguish human voices, would be sufficient attestation. Thus the young horse taken from the hills, learns in a few months to discriminate the words spoken to him by his driver; and so do the ox, the dog, and other domesticated animals. This comprehension of vocal sounds evidently implies a sense of language—a sense that, on their part also, the expression of certain sounds will meet with a certain interpretation.

Such is the language of the lower animals: limited, no doubt, when compared with that of the human race; yet all-sufficient for their wants, and only inferior because not combined with that higher intelligence which, after all, forms the true distinction between man and his fellows of the animal creation.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MURILLO.

Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, the eminent Spanish painter, was born at Seville on the 1st of January 1618. His genius was displayed at a very early age, for little Bartolomé was in the habit of blackening the white-washed walls of the rooms in his father's house with his sketches, and scratching figures on the brick floors. It was the wish of his parents that he should be educated for the church; but the boy evinced so strong a predilection for the art in which he afterwards so brilliantly distinguished himself, that they at length yielded to his intreaties, and placed him with his uncle, Juan del Castillo, a painter of some repute, especially in the art of colouring.

The subjects in which Castillo excelled were fairs and markets, which afford such varied materials for picturesque groups. Murillo painted several pictures in that style, and his preceptor took great delight in encouraging him. The result was, that in a few years the disciple had learned almost as much as his master was able to teach.

At this epoch, Castillo having suddenly broken up his school, and quitted Seville to reside at Cadiz, Murillo was thrown upon his own resources, and, instead of entering any of the other schools which had rivalled Castillo's academy, he followed the impulse of his genius, and struck out a path for himself. Collecting the implements of his art, he hastened to the fair, which was then being held at Seville. It was the custom for very inferior artists to post themselves in the fair, and execute orders on the spot, for portraits of saints and martyrs, and other devotional subjects, for the adornment of dwellings, or to be exported to the then extensive Spanish colonies. Murillo, though he must have been aware of his own superiority to the class by whom he was surrounded, did not hesitate to become a candidate for employment, and performed cheerfully whatever work was offered to him, without bargaining as to price. This apparently disadvantageous commencement was perhaps one of the main causes of his subsequent success, inasmuch as he was obliged to work so rapidly, and his subjects were so varied, that he at once attained a remarkable freedom of touch and readiness of expression.

When Murillo was in his twenty-third year, one of his brother pupils at Juan del Castillo's, named Pedro de Moya, and of whom he had lost sight for several years, returned to Seville from Flanders, where he had enjoyed the advantage of studying his art under the celebrated Vandyck. The progress made by his former companion, as evinced by the specimens he displayed, stimulated Murillo to endeavour to avail himself of similar opportunities of improvement; but his resources were insufficient to defray the cost of foreign travel. Seville did not supply a field for increasing his means; but the idea struck him, that he might profitably dispose of the productions of his pencil to the masters of vessels trading from Cadiz to South America. Accordingly, he purchased a large piece of canvas, and having been well-grounded by his master, Juan del Castillo, in the method of preparing or priming it, he performed that

operation himself — thereby economising much — and then, cutting it into unequal parts, he painted upon the greater portion of them Scriptural subjects, and portraits of saints, and on the remainder landscapes, animals, and flowers. He then hastened to Cadiz, where he found no difficulty in disposing of his pictures; and returning to Seville with their product in his purse, he remained there only a sufficient time to acquaint his brother with his intention to travel, and then wended his way on foot, with an anxious, yet hopeful heart, towards Madrid. He was now twenty-four years of age.

On his arrival at the Spanish metropolis, he introduced himself to Velasquez, chief painter to Philip IV., who was highly esteemed not only at court, but universally, as an artist of transcendent merit, and a good and high-minded man. Velasquez received Murillo with the kindness which was natural to him; and having heard his simple history, he entered warmly into his feelings, and insisted that he should become his guest. In the palace, galleries, and collections of Madrid, and at the Escurial, Murillo beheld, for the first time, some of the most celebrated works of the great Italian and other masters: the delight of the young artist may be easily conceived. His generous patron, Velasquez, obtained for him every facility for copying those valuable models; and during the three years of his residence in Madrid, he manifested his great artistical powers. Velasquez watched the remarkable progress of the youth with the greatest interest, and brought under the king's notice copies made by the latter from three pictures —one by Vandyck, another by Rubens, and a third by himself. They were greatly admired by the sovereign and his court; and Velasquez strongly recommended Murillo to go to Rome, proposing not only to give him letters of introduction to eminent individuals in that city, but offering him the pecuniary means of accomplishing the journey, and of residing at Rome commodiously. These generous proposals were, however, declined; no doubt Murillo felt unwilling farther to avail himself of the bounty of Velasquez, and, impressed with gratitude for the invaluable protection and friendship of his disinterested patron, he took an affectionate leave of him, and returned to Seville.

Among other reasons which it has been supposed weighed with Murillo in producing this fixed resolution to return to his native city, without fulfilling his original intention of visiting Italy and other countries, there is one which appears to have been very natural; namely, that, having had access in Madrid to a number of the works of the first masters of every school, and having enjoyed the advantage of studying and copying them under the eye and with the advice of Velasquez, he felt that the object of his departure from Seville had been attained, and was drawn towards the place of his birth by the desire to enrich it with the productions of his genius.

The first employment he obtained after his arrival at Seville, was to paint eleven historical pictures for the *claustro-chico*, or smaller cloister of the Franciscan convent. He was not, however, engaged by the friars to paint those pictures because they considered him to be superior to the other artists resident in Seville, but, on the contrary, in consequence of the backwardness of those painters to accept the very moderate sum at the disposal of the community. Murillo being applied to as an artist of inferior grade, consented to paint the pictures on the proffered terms. They were so admirably executed, that they became the theme of universal praise. The author's fame soon eclipsed that of all the other painters in Seville, and he was overwhelmed with orders for pictures.

This was indeed a triumph; nor did his good fortune stop here. Having occasion to undertake a journey to a small place at a short distance from Seville, called Pilas, the birthplace of his mother, from whom he had inherited some little property, he there saw Donna Biatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, a lady of great beauty, and not only gifted with superior qualities of mind and disposition, but possessing a considerable fortune. Murillo became enamoured of this lady; but his diffidence, which was exceeded only by his merit, restrained him from aspiring to an alliance with one whose rank in life was so superior to his own. It is related, however, that, having been requested to paint an altar-piece for the church of San Geronimo at Pilas, he made so exact and beautiful a portrait of Donna Biatriz, in the countenance of an angel, that the lady, on being informed thereof, bestowed her affections on the painter, who had thus proved his attachment to her; and they were shortly afterwards married. This happy event was but the prelude to the astonishing success which attended Murillo's future career. Seville became adorned with the productions of his pencil; and it is worthy of record, that the highest price he received for any picture was 15,975 reals, or about L.160, for the justly celebrated picture of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, painted for the hospital of La Caridad at Seville; whilst for an almost equally prized painting, formerly in the Franciscan monastery, he was only paid 2500 reals, or L.25. For the great picture of San Antonio de Padua, for the baptismal altar of the cathedral of Seville, he received 10,000 reals, or L.100 sterling.

Eleven years after his return to Seville—that is to say, in 1658—Murillo formed the project of establishing an academy of painting in his native city. He met with much opposition from Herrera, and other artists, who had studied in Italy, and who were unwilling to support an artist who had never quitted Spain, as the founder of a school of painting. But his genius and perseverance vanquished every obstacle, and on the 1st of January 1660 the academy was opened, Murillo being its first president, though, with the modesty and generosity by which he was ever distinguished, he placed the name of Herrera—who had yielded to the force of his reasonings—at the head of the list of the members of the academy.

Murillo's fame may be considered to have reached its height between the years 1670 and 1680, during which period he painted his celebrated pictures of the prodigal son; our Saviour miraculously feeding the five thousand, in which there are a great number of figures in a variety of groups and attitudes, and which is remarkable for the beauty and mellowness of the colouring; Moses striking the rock; and St Thomas distributing alms to the poor. Murillo is said to have preferred the latter to all his other works. His grand picture of Moses striking the rock, displays, with great power, the varied sensations of the multitude. Some are full of anxiety for the fulfilment of the hoped-for miracle, crowds of Israelites are seen rushing towards the rock in order to assuage their thirst, whilst the exercise of Divine power is conspicuously manifested in the flow of water from the rock.

It was about this period, too, that he painted for the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville, the admirable picture of Santa Isabel, queen of Portugal, visiting the sick and infirm poor: it is now in the collection of the Royal Academy of San Fernando at Madrid. Nothing can be more touching than this picture. The eye rests with delight upon the figure of the pious and youthful queen, who is personally performing the charitable office of attending to a youth afflicted with the loathsome distemper called a scald-head. Her beautiful countenance seems illumined by the most tender and benevolent emotions, whilst with gentle care she squeezes some water upon the boy's head from a sponge which she holds in her hand. One of her ladies holds a silver basin, in which the water is contained, whilst the mother of the youth looks up with anxiety, mingled with confidence and gratitude, towards the benevolent princess. There are several other figures in the picture, all in harmony with a subject wherein human suffering appears to be softened and allayed by the presence, tenderness, and practical Christian charity of the royal visitant. This beautiful composition rivets

the attention of the beholder, and leaves a lasting impression on the mind.

But our limits will not admit of an attempt to enumerate the works of this celebrated and truly original Spanish painter. His Scriptural pieces, which he painted in great numbers, are universally and justly admired; they are to be found in the best collections both in Spain and other countries. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes which Spain has undergone, and the number of valuable paintings of all the masters which were abstracted from that country in various ways in the course of the wars by which it has unhappily been afflicted, the far greater proportion of Murillo's pictures still adorn the public galleries, churches, and private collections of his native country.

Murillo was commissioned by Philip IV., king of Spain, to paint several historical subjects: those pictures were highly esteemed; and having been afterwards sent to Rome as presents from his majesty to the pope, the Italians were so much struck with their excellence, that they gave Murillo the title of the second Paul Veronese. The altar-pieces of many of the convents and churches of Madrid, Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Cadiz, were painted by Murillo; and even some of those of Flanders were sent thither from Spain. His portraits and landscapes are also excellent. Although Murillo was so highly distinguished as a painter of Scriptural and historical subjects, his talent in another branch of the art was extraordinary, and peculiar to himself, and has justly added to his celebrity. His portraits and groups of Spanish peasant and beggar boys, drawn after nature in a variety of attitudes and actions, such as playing at games, &c. are so truly characteristic, that all who have visited Spain, down to the present day, are struck with their identity. A gentleman who had resided some years in the peninsula, on visiting a gallery where there was one of these groups by Murillo, exclaimed to a friend by whom he was accompanied when the picture caught his eye, 'I have seen those boys, those very boys, in Spain!' So true to life and nature was Murillo.

Numerous copies of his pictures have been disposed of to foreigners as originals, though many of the latter are to be found in private and other collections in England, France, and other countries. In the National Gallery in London there are three of Murillo's paintings —a holy family; St John, when a child; and a Spanish peasant boy. They are well worthy of contemplation.

Murillo's disposition—which was characterised by gentleness, benevolence, and all the attributes of a sincere and practical Christian—exercised no doubt a great and softening influence over his choice of subjects for the exercise of the art in which he gained such high renown; and it is worthy of record, that such was the elasticity of his virtuous mind, that instead of being vain of the praises he received, they only stimulated him to increase his efforts to attain perfection. Even when compared with the great Italian masters, this eminent Spanish painter stands unsurpassed. He was peculiarly happy in drawing women and children. His style is graceful, the composition of his pictures well-studied, the attitudes of his figures varied and correct, their expression natural and attractive, the draperies elegant. All the subjects he made choice of, though brought forward with great skill, have a character of beautiful simplicity. His colouring is soft and harmonious, uniting the brilliancy of the Flemish with the correctness of the Venetian school; and the more his paintings are studied, the more conspicuous does their merit become.

Towards the close of the year 1681, Murillo, whilst painting an altar-piece for the chapel of the Capuchin convent at Cadiz, fell from the scaffolding, and was so seriously hurt, that he was obliged to return to Seville, where, after intense suffering, he breathed his last on the 3d of April 1682, in the arms of his friend and pupil, Don Pedro Nunez de Villavicencio. His wife had died about twelve years previously, and beyond the fortune she brought him, his property was small. He bequeathed the whole to his sons.

Among the pictures enumerated in his will, there was a portrait of himself when about thirty years of age, which was also the period when his marriage took place. It conveys a most pleasing impression of the amiable and gifted characteristics of the original.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DROMIO PUBLICATIONS.

The withering ridicule bestowed by Horace upon literary imitators in his one emphatic appellative, 'servile herd,' has been repeated times without number, and the veriest tyro is now aware that theirs is, of all the sins of composition, the greatest. But since Horace's time, an entirely new kind of literary imitation has come upon the field, one in which publishers are primarily, and in general authors only secondarily, concerned. It consists in the presentment of works in direct imitation of others which, whether from their originality and merit, or from their aptly subserving some public need, have met with success. The writings of Swift and Pope tell us of a branch of 'the trade' devoted to this business early in the last century, with Edward Curl for its most eminent professor. But it has, in our time, reached a magnitude, compared with which its early history is as mewling infancy to a Hercules's manhood. It is now absolutely impossible for the slightest originality to be shown in any of the forms of paper and print, but it is immediately run upon by scores of the bibliopolic pecus, and tossed and gored into a thousand deformations.

There is a vast number of grades in this imitative power—altogether apart, it must be understood, from respectable efforts in the line of fair competition—from him who can get up a similative novel or periodical, down to the poor serf who limits his efforts to the counterfeiting of a clever book-cover. It is, however, all one thing in its ultimate character—an effort to come in for a share of the benefits which some wits of a happier kind are supposed to derive from their originality. One cannot but be somewhat amused in contemplating the proceedings of these dullards. Their private ratiocinations are of course simple enough: 'There are Smart and Spritely—understood to make a capital thing by that magazine of theirs; can't we get up something of the same kind, and take a share of their profits?' Here is the real principle of action; but of course the public must be told something else. A prospectus accordingly deplores the absence of a certain desirable character in all existing periodicals. They are too utilitarian, and do not address themselves sufficiently to the feelings; or perhaps they are too sentimental, and do not condescend sufficiently to the affairs of common life. Anything will do that may serve to mask the real object—that of draining away a portion of the patronage bestowed upon Smart and Spritely. Sometimes even a tone of censure is assumed towards the parent works. They are misleading guides: much need has the poor public to be rescued from them. Here is the pure and clean tuber at last! An instance could actually be shown of this kind of swagger being assumed, where the extreme meanness had been descended to of stealing part of the name, as well as imitating the form, of the work rivalled. What an odd idea—pretending to a superior virtue over the publication for which it was willing to be mistaken! But such is the nature of the herd in general. Capable of the sneakery of a direct imitation, they seem to be capable of any inconsistency in working it out. Hence all the progeny of successful works are more or less parricidal in their tone. The parent is astonished to find twenty images of himself putting on a hostile frown against him, and that faults and failings in his character, which the world never could see, are at length detected and exposed by his own children.

To achieve an end with that unfortunate polypoid

animal, the public, is of course the real intention of these breaches of the fifth commandment. The public, to do it justice, means well, and dreams not of evil. But this just the more lays it open to be practised upon by the fraternity of imitators. The public wishes to be shaved; it has heard of a clever artist in that line near the Blue Posts; it seeks the shop according to a description it has got, and blunders into one of four exactly imitative barbers' tabernacles which have been got up by the side of the meritorious original. The public has heard of an amazingly clever cork-screw, which whips corks out of bottles as it were by magic, and it goes to provide itself with the admirable instrument: it does not get the genuine screw, but one made by a man with a similar name, and who, being a numskull, gives his wares only an appearance, but not the reality, of their pretended virtues. Again, the public is anxious to get a certain pill, in which it has been taught, from its youth up, to place reliance: it sends for a three-shillings-and-sixpence box, and is supplied with a base imitation, loudly proclaiming on its cover, 'Be sure to ask for the true-blue antibilious pill, prepared by —— ——.' Thus is the public imposed upon in literature also. To every favourite work which it may desire, it has to make its way through an entangling brushwood of similative works, all pretending to be the true work in the first place; and in the second, if the first trick fail, to be better. Every now and then its attention is attracted by a prospectus which will not be overlooked; for go where the public will, there is the portentous announcement. Well, the public reads the advertisement, and (we shall suppose the thing referred to is a newspaper) not being behind the scenes in such matters, it yields a kind of credence to the tale which it is told—as to interests of its own to be advanced, and so forth. It purchases; it reads; half-recollecting all the time that there were very tolerable publications of that kind before, even to the minutest specialty of character; rather hazy, however, about the fact; always looking for the outcome of the great promise—when is the fun to begin? Why, after all, the old work was just as good, or rather better. What is the meaning of all this? Only, dear public, that a certain worthy person, who could not start an idea of his own, got up behind another man's idea, and tried all he could to oust him from the possession of his own vehicle. There is nothing else in the whole matter. But only thou, silly public that thou art, couldst never see it.

It is melancholy, too, this desperate struggle to get bread reft from each other's mouths. It is not all slavish meanness of soul. Often there is ingenuity of no inconsiderable amount expended in getting up a passable imitative work. Often wonderful sacrifices of capital and labour are made to thrust the secondary work into the saddle of its primary. It was lately stated that an imitative weekly newspaper had caused an outlay of twenty thousand pounds, the return of which was one of the remotest of contingencies. What heroisms these are in their way!—perverted, misapplied, yet still heroisms—elements in what might, associated with purer elements than acquisitiveness for self and partners, constitute great characters. One could almost weep over human nature thrown into positions so wretchedly false, and the redemption from which seems, for the present at least, so hopeless.

A PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

Good is extinguished when it is rewarded. Even praise to a living philanthropist is to be deprecated. Yet it seems necessary, on other considerations, that publicity should be given to the proceedings of the now not unknown Thomas Wright of Manchester, who has attracted the attention of official persons connected with the jail of that town, by his unostentatious zeal in behalf of liberated culprits. A local paper describes him as a gray-haired man of sixty, the overseer of a foundry, and an elder in a dissenting congregation; a man, therefore, of humble grade and means, and yet a perfect hero of charity. It is Mr Wright's custom to attend in the prison of Manchester every Sunday evening to perform religious services with the inmates, and exhort them to reformation. He thus becomes acquainted with particular characters among them; and when their term of imprisonment expires, he endeavours, for such as he has a good opinion of, to obtain a restoration to society and to employment. The importance of this service to a penitent malefactor is of the highest consideration, as his greatest difficulty always is to re-establish that confidence without which employment is not to be expected; nor is its importance less to society, seeing that, for want of a ready access to a remunerative labour, many penitents are forced back upon their former courses. During the last five years, Mr Wright has got no fewer than seventy liberated prisoners into employment, and reconciled twenty to their friends; out of which united numbers only four have relapsed into error, and of these one is again reclaimed. What is also very striking, one of the restored men uses the means and influence he himself now possesses to befriend others on their liberation from prison, and actually has obtained employment for several of these unhappy beings—charity thus, as it were, reproducing charity. Altogether, these doings of a single right-hearted man, in the midst of a form of society which tends to make everything professional, and a source of gain, are most wonderful; and we feel bound to say, that we have seldom heard of a philanthropist at once exhibiting such enlarged views, and reducing them to so happy and useful a practice, as Thomas Wright.

A TOBACCO SPECULATOR.

A French newspaper makes the following statement: 'We learn that M. de Rothschild has arranged an affair which will insure him the monopoly of tobacco not only in France, but throughout the continent of Europe. He has for some time had agents in America to buy, by anticipation, the growth of all the plantations for a great many years to come. Thirty millions of francs have been appropriated to this vast speculation. The news has spread alarm among the capitalists who have entered into contracts with the royal tobacco manufactory, as it will soon be impossible for them to supply their tobacco at the stipulated prices.' What an unheard-of proceeding! One man, by wealth, to acquire a power of money-squeezing or taxing over every one of his fellow-creatures who is addicted to a by no means rare habit! The Dutchman and German, who live in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke; the Parisian gentleman, who could not want his cigar; the operative, to whom the short pipe is equally indispensable; the old woman, who would perish without her *tabatière;* all to become liable to a suffering in purse for the benefit of M. de Rothschild, because M. de Rothschild happens already to possess overgrown wealth. Is there not something alarming in this announcement, as if we were now to find the results of industry converted into the most serious of tyrannies? Why, at this rate, it would only require the profits of the tobacco monopoly to enable the monopolist to acquire a monopoly over sugar or tea; the profits of these united, to establish a monopoly of corn; and then we should have Mr D'Israeli's ideas of 'the Coming Man' realised with a vengeance—the aliment of the human race depending on the will and pleasure of an individual, and he a member of the house of Israel! Such may not practically result, but it is theoretically possible; and, on a simply philosophical consideration, nothing could be more curious. The profligate monopolies granted to courtiers, in the seventeenth century, for base and selfish reasons, here recur under totally different circumstances. Here reappears a power of units over multitudes, such as existed in similar force only in the earliest state of society.

MANNER OF EXPRESSING IDEAS.

Mr Dawson of Birmingham, in delivering a lecture on Mr Bailey's *Festus*, mentions that, in a certain read-

ing society, the poem went the whole round of the members without having its leaves cut open. It was for the purpose of drawing attention to the merits of this neglected production that Mr Dawson lectured. It was a book, he said, only for the initiated. All that we know of *Festus* is, that it is a long poem in an extremely mystical style, and containing many passages which strike an ordinary reader as extravagant. Yet we are willing to believe that, to a certain class of minds, able to go through with the perusal, this poem will appear to possess merit far beyond that of many more intelligible works. The remark we would make, however, is this: how unfortunate, if this be a true and great poem, that it should not be appreciable by a greater number of the author's fellow-countrymen! What a pity to present one's ideas in a style which wards off all but 'the initiated!' Is it utilitarianism to say this? Be it so; but surely also it is common sense. We feel the more concerned to express an opinion on the subject, because there is at present a tendency among young writers, in prose as well as poetry, to rush into a dark and Sibyline style, which they evidently think extremely fine, when it is only a blemish to the thoughts which they aim at expressing. It were very important, we think, at this moment, to have a just distinction laid down, in some authoritative quarter, between the respective values of the matter and the manner of writing. It forcibly appears to us that the matter is transcendently paramount. So that it be presented in terms which are clear, and not inconsistent with any of the requirements of taste, the grand end seems to us accomplished. To profess anything else is, in our view, to prefer the shadow to the substance, the *tailoring* to the *man*. The writers of the last age were sounder on this point than we: one used to say that a perfect style was like the atmosphere—the medium for seeing things correctly, but itself invisible.

THE MARQUESAS AND THE MARQUESANS.

The following description of these islands and their inhabitants may prove not an unacceptable sequel to the Adventure of Herman Melville, which appeared in our last number. The facts are derived from the published narratives of individuals who have visited Nukuheva, the largest island of the group, and the field in which the French have recently made attempts at colonisation in the Pacific.

The Marquesas were discovered, near the close of the sixteenth century, by a Spanish navigator, who named them, in honour of his patron, the Marquis Mendoça de Canete. There are thirteen islands, divided, by a channel of some breadth, into groups of eight and five; the largest having a length of twenty miles, with a circumference of about seventy. The coast is armed with promontories, which terminate in abrupt cliffs, and render the greater part of the shore inaccessible. A chain of hills, rising occasionally to a height of 3000 feet, stretches from one end of each island to the other, and the promontories are offshoots from that chain. The little valleys shut in between the ridges are of a triangular or semicircular shape, and afford the only ground capable of cultivation in the islands. There are none of them more than a mile in width at the point where they open out upon the sea, nor is any of greater length than two miles. Bays more or less convenient are found at the mouths of these valleys, some offering a safe anchorage to vessels; but many are too deep, or too much exposed to the winds.

The natives, who call themselves Kannaks, inhabit the valley plains, where they construct huts, very similar to those of the West Indian negroes, amidst the trees and plants from which they derive their support—such as the cocoa-nut tree, the banana, the sweet potato, and the bread-tree. The last of these furnishes their principal food. Oranges, citrons, sugar canes, and guava-trees, grow wild on the mountain flanks; and the soil also produces the cotton plant, the grape, nuts (the fruit of which contains an irritating oil), and a peculiar kind of chestnut, the fruit being larger, but of a worse quality, than the European chestnut. Tobacco grows without cultivation; and numerous aromatic plants fill the air with their fragrance. The hill-sides, to the very summit, are covered with rose-trees, palms, and ferns as large as shrubs. In consequence of the summer heats, vegetation is apt to become scorched, and this circumstance prevents the rearing of flocks. Cattle, goats, and swine, are found in a wild state; but for want of pasturage, they do not increase very rapidly, although the natives are not in the habit of hunting them. In their endeavour to colonise these islands, the French have met with considerable difficulty; and in an agricultural point of view, there does not seem much temptation to pursue their labours. Not a twentieth part of the surface can be brought into cultivation. Moreover, the spots which are capable of tillage are small detached pieces, having no means of internal communication, so that the only method of going from one to another is by sea.

The inhabitants construct their huts of the yellow bamboo, tastefully twisted together in a kind of wicker-work, and thatch them with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto. These huts are placed upon a stratum of stones, elevated a few feet above the ground, and are scattered about the valley without regard to regularity, generally under the shady branches of some lofty cocoa. Their shape is a parallelogram. The partitions which serve for walls are only three feet high, supporting a roof which rises to a height of ten feet. The door is almost always open; and the doorway is so low, as to render it necessary to stoop in order to enter. Each hut usually contains two or three families, with the exception of the royal residence, which the king's family alone inhabits. This cabin is constructed with more care, and is of larger size, than the others: it is here that the king receives the principal men of his dominions. Every one of the Marquesan islands has its king, whose authority extends over all the other chiefs of the island. These latter only rule in the bay where they live, and their power is entirely circumscribed by the limits of the valley. Indeed each valley may be regarded as containing a separate and independent community, who are in perpetual enmity with the inhabitants of the other bays. The authority of the ruling powers is firmly settled; and although living in familiar intercourse with those under them, their persons receive all the respect due to their stations. They are endowed with arbitrary power; but there is no instance of their prerogative being abused. Their subjects are bound to supply all their wants—no heavy task, under a climate so fair and fertile. The royal authority passes by hereditary descent from male to male.

The principal food of the Kannaks consists of the fermented fruit of the bread-tree, and the preparation of *poee-poee*, as they term it, forms their chief employment. A pit, five or six feet deep, is dug in the ground, the bottom being roughly paved, and the sides covered with dry herbs. The fruit is then stripped of its rind with the aid of the sharp edge of a shell, and it is pierced through and through with a splinter of wood, in order to forward the process of fermentation. The pit is filled about five-sixths with fruit thus treated, and the whole is covered up with herbs and large stones. At the end of five or six months, the mass becomes changed to a thick yellowish paste, exhaling a strong smell of leaven, in which state it is called *mâ*. The farther fermentation has proceeded, the more excellent the poee-poee is rendered; and it is asserted that in some pits there is mâ that has been there fifty years. The fermented matter is taken from the pit as it is required for use. A small portion is added to fresh fruit, and the mixture is baked in an oven, which is nothing more than a hole in the ground, in which fire is placed. Their method of cooking is to bruise the fresh fruit, add a portion of mâ, and mix the two in a trough made out of the hollowed trunk of a tree.

The whole is beaten with a stone pestle into a homogeneous paste. This is the Kannak delicacy called poee-poee. The paste has only to be tempered with a little water in a calabash, and the food is ready for use, the superfluous water being drunk at intervals during the repast. The poee-poee forms a nutritious diet, somewhat tart, but not disagreeable, even to European taste. The native mode of eating it is curious, and requires considerable dexterity of hand. Dipping the forefinger of the right hand into the dish, and giving it a rapid twirl, they draw it out thickly coated with the preparation, and then, with a second peculiar flourish, they convey it to the mouth without spilling a single drop. The awkwardness of Europeans, when attempting to eat poee-poee in this fashion, generally convulses the natives with uncontrollable laughter. This preparation is usually the only dish at their meals; but sometimes, when they have for once laid aside their characteristic indolence, they have the addition of pork or fish. Roasting is the sole method of cooking with which they are acquainted, for they have no vessel capable of bearing the action of fire. Fish are, for the most part, eaten without any dressing, and are considered in this way as a luxury.

A fermented liquor called *kava*, made from the root of a plant bearing the same name, is used in all the islands. The root is chewed in the mouth so as to extract the juice, and then spit out into a calabash. This is allowed to stand until fermentation takes place. The liquor possesses the combined properties of an acid and a narcotic. The men drink it to such an excess, that they are in a state of almost perpetual inebriety; yet alcoholic liquors introduced by foreigners are always preferred. The people are fond of tobacco, but being too idle to cultivate the plant in their own country, they receive their supplies from whalers. They are accustomed to form a smoking party in one of their huts: the pipe is passed from mouth to mouth, as no one inhales the smoke more than three or four times at once. The Kannaks fish with hooks and with nets by torchlight: they have also a third plan of taking fish, which succeeds very well. They go at flow of tide to the rocks, where they know that the finny tribe are plentiful. Whilst some hold a net stretched out under water, others plunge into the sea, and drive the fish towards the net. The pursuers then seize them, and ordinarily bring three fish to shore, one in each hand, and one in the mouth. To take bonitoes and flying-fish, they simply fashion a bit of mother-of-pearl into a hook. The fish snap at the unbaited hook, being doubtless deceived by its colour.

In general, the Marquesans are tall and well-made; but their strength by no means corresponds with their fine figures. This is owing to their diet being almost entirely vegetable, and to their abstaining from exercise. Their physiognomy is between that of the negro and that of the European. They are all—men, women, and children—excellent swimmers. They throw themselves fearlessly into the water several times a-day, and although in a state of perspiration, they suffer no harm. They are also dexterous climbers of trees, making the ascent like monkeys, with the hands and feet only. The men wear a girdle of *tapa*, a species of stuff made from the inner bark of the mulberry tree; this girdle is sufficiently long to pass twice round the body. To a similar vestment the women add another piece of tapa, with which they drape themselves not unfrequently in a graceful manner. The transition from barbarism to civilisation is always ludicrous. In those bays where Europeans have obtained a footing, the Kannaks array themselves in the cast-off clothing of their visitors; but when they retire inland, they resume the garment to which they are most accustomed. The men go bareheaded, and wear the hair cut in many odd fashions. Some have merely a tuft on the top of the head; others have two tufts, one on each side: some cut the hair on one side only; others do not cut it at all, but collect it behind, and bind it together. Tattooing is universally practised: it is made to extend over the whole body; and the gradations of rank are marked by its presence, the great men having their figures nearly black with it. Very often the tattooing of one side corresponds with the other: fishes and other objects are curiously mingled with straight lines and curves. When the women are tattooed, which rarely happens, it is only on their limbs and lips. Both men and women wear rudely-carved boar or sperm-whale tusks in their ears by way of ornament.

The life led by the Marquesans is usually quiet and monotonous. To dissipate the ennui inseparable from their indolence, they sometimes assemble and form a circle in a squatting position. They then strike their hands against one another, drawling out at the same time certain monotonous airs, which call to mind the vespers for the dead in Catholic countries. Their songs are nothing more than bare narrations of some important event or piece of news. On all great occasions they have festivals termed *coïnas*. In these they dance violently to music on flutes and tambours, the only instruments they possess. The flute is a bamboo with an opening near the closed end. They place the opening under one nostril, and having closed the other, they produce a single note by blowing into the cane. Their tambour is made of the hollowed trunk of a cocoa-nut tree, over the two ends of which the skin of a shark is spread. It would be difficult to imagine that anything very melodious could be drawn from these uncouth instruments. A coïna is always held whenever a victory has been gained. It is then that the horrible ceremony of eating the flesh of their prisoners takes place, the savage orgies being celebrated by the light of fires at night, in the midst of songs and dances.

The people in the different bays are almost always at war with one another. Their hostile expeditions are usually made in the night: then it is that an invading party advances in silence, and endeavours to surprise the inhabitants of a neighbouring bay. All who resist are slain; but everything that can be carried away is removed, including men, women, and children. These excursions are often undertaken without any previous provocation, and solely with a view to procure human flesh wherewith to celebrate a coïna. When an attack is made in open day, and there is no attempt to surprise, the two parties utter ferocious cries as they advance. On these occasions they make little use of their bludgeons, their weapons being chiefly firearms, procured from the crews of English or American whalers. The following is Mr Herman Melville's description of a warrior chief in his native costume:—'His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropical bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plumage of the cock, were disposed in an immense upright semicircle upon his head—their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads, which spanned the forehead. Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boar-tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner, as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest. Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely-shaped sperm-whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garnished in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, resembled not a little a pair of cornucopias. The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark-coloured tapa, hanging before and behind in clusters of braided tassels; while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume. In his right hand he grasped a beautifully-carved paddle-spear, nearly fifteen feet in length, made of the bright koar-wood, one end sharply pointed, and the other flattened like an oar-blade. Hanging obliquely from his girdle by a loop of sinnate was a richly-decorated pipe: the slender reed forming its stem was coloured with a red

pigment; and round it, as well as the idol-bowl, fluttered little streamers of the thinnest tapa. But that which was most remarkable in the appearance of the splendid islander, was the elaborated tattooing displayed on every noble limb. All imaginable lines, and curves, and figures, were delineated over his whole body; and, in their grotesque variety and infinite profusion, I could only compare them to the crowded groupings of quaint patterns we sometimes see in costly pieces of lacework. The most simple and remarkable of all these ornaments was that which decorated the countenance of the chief. Two broad stripes of tattooing, diverging from the centre of his shaven crown, obliquely crossed both eyes—staining the lids—to a little below either ear, where they united with another stripe, which swept in a straight line along the lips, and formed the base of the triangle. The warrior, from the excellence of his physical proportions, might certainly have been regarded as one of nature's noblemen; and the lines drawn upon his face may possibly have denoted his exalted rank.'

The Kannaks' treatment of their sick is in the highest degree cruel and unnatural. Instead of giving assistance, every one shuns the invalid; and if he is thought to be at all in the way, he is taken to some distant spot, whither it is thought sufficient to carry him food at intervals. It is also a custom of theirs to prepare the dying man's coffin before his eyes; and, what is still more incredible, when they see him about to render up his last sigh, they place a bit of moistened tapa in his mouth, whilst the fingers of some friend are employed in closing the lips and nostrils. Death of course is the immediate consequence. This proceeding has its origin in the notions which they entertain as to the nature and future destiny of the soul. They suppose that the soul, the principle of existence, has its seat in the epigastric region, and escapes from the body along with the parting breath. They therefore believe that, by shutting the orifices through which the breath is sent, they prevent the egress of the vital principle, which remains in its place, and continues to live, until the body has entirely wasted away. During the period of decomposition, another body is in process of creation in a far-distant island, where all the good things of this life are found in abundance, and the soul flies thither as soon as its old habitation is completely destroyed. If death were allowed to steal upon its victim in the natural way, the soul would escape from its receptacle, wander into empty space, and die of inanition. Death being thus hastened, the body is anointed for several days with cocoa-nut oil, and then conveyed to a solitary hut called a *morăi*, prepared expressly for it. Care is taken to place poee-poee, and whatever else the soul may require for its sustenance, in the inside of the coffin. With regard to children, however, their bodies are not carried to a morăi, but are deposited in a kind of basket, which is suspended from the branches of a cocoa-nut tree especially devoted to this purpose.

Notwithstanding these and other superstitious observances, the idea of religion is but faintly developed among the Marquesans. Wooden images, rudely carved, have been occasionally seen; yet worship is but seldom, and then only coldly, offered to them. Indeed the poor images are cuffed and kicked about in the most irreverent manner, just like any other block of wood or stone that may lie in the way. A class of priests and priestesses exists, it is true, ranking next the royal personages; but their functions have nothing at all to do with the observances of religion. They are occupied in publishing the commands of the king, in presiding at the great festivals, and in imposing the *taboo*; which last operation consists in declaring that certain persons, things, or places, are sacred, and thenceforth it is unlawful to touch the persons and things, or to place the foot in those places. The high priests also undertake to foretell events, and are frequently consulted previous to a battle.

Their division of the seasons is simply into wet and dry, and indeed any exacter partition would not be very easy. The moon is watched to indicate the lapse of time; and the bread-fruit tree enables them to calculate roughly the period of a year, since about three crops of fruit are equal to thirteen lunar months. As for the reckoning of past time, the epochs by which they date are irregular and uncertain. They calculate by generations—a mode only adopted by certain families who pretend to a greater antiquity than the rest, and by the royal house. In these families a sacred cord is preserved, to which a knot is added whenever the head of one of them dies.

The language is described as very poor. The alphabet includes only fourteen of our letters; but there are others which it is impossible to express exactly in English.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

'A Brief Narrative of the Services Performed to Three Noble Ladies, by Gilbert Blackhall,' is one of the books printed by the Spalding Club in Aberdeen. It affords some curious peeps into the state of society in the north of Scotland in the first half of the seventeenth century, especially those families by whom the Catholic faith was still adhered to. The reverend father is an arrant gossip. He is curious in the everyday pursuits, the tempers, the occupations, nay, the clothing and feeding, of those with whom he was concerned. Moreover, he was an ill-requited man. He had the highest possible opinion of his own merits and exertions; but he did not find other people ready to acknowledge his claims; hence he set them forth, with all due precision and minuteness, in a narrative which fills a considerable quarto volume. Had he not been a weak-minded man, occupying himself in trifles, he probably had gained a great reputation by some folio volume, written in Latin, against Luther and John Knox, but we would not have had the curious pictures of national customs and grotesque incidents with which his garrulous narrative supplies us. The first person to whom we find Father Blackhall performing his services is the Lady Isabel Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol. This lady, after her mother's death, went to France in 1630. A certain Mr James Forbes was her father's friend and correspondent in France, and she was, as merchants say, 'consigned to him.' He appointed Blackhall her confessor; 'which he did repent thereafter,' as Blackhall says; and indeed the chief purport of the narrative is to describe the efforts which her spiritual adviser made to protect her from the unseasonable addresses of Mr Forbes. There is much curious matter in this part of the father's narrative; but we must pass from it to another portion of his adventures, in which we think the reader will probably be more interested.

At the conclusion of his engagement with Lady Isabel, he received an application from the Lady Frendraught, celebrated for the suspicion under which she fell, a few years before, of having set fire to her house, in order to burn Lord Aboyne in it.* The horror of this event appears to have deterred the reverend father from such a connexion. He says—'My Lady of Frendraught did send to me, praying me to come to her, for the *frère* she had before was lately departed from this life. I refused absolutely to see her, because she was suspected to be guilty of the death of my lord of Aboyne, who, seven years before, was burned in the castle of Frendraught: whether she be guilty or not, God knoweth, for that hath not been yet discovered.' Fate determined that, instead of the suspected murderess, he should ally himself with the Dowager Lady Aboyne, the widow of the victim; and he entered the service of 'this truly noble and religious lady' about the middle of July

* See an account of this strange tragedy in former series of the Journal, vol. iv., 101 (No. 169).

1638. Though the Roman Catholics were a proscribed body through Scotland generally, the Marquis of Huntly, and some other Catholic lords in the north, possessed a considerable extent of feudal power for the protection of themselves and their adherents; and such a person as Blackhall, if not absolutely secure, would be removed from many causes of apprehension by such an alliance. In addition to their claims on the respect of the people as their spiritual advisers, these priests could found on the dangers and hardships they were perpetually liable to; and as they were execrated and hunted beyond their own community, they seem to have obtained the greater privileges, immunities, and benisons within it. In his new appointment, the reverend father loses none of that spirit of inquiry and interference regarding small matters for which he has already appeared so conspicuous. We find him thus describing his position in the household, and the order he thought fit to take concerning it. 'I did eat in my chamber as they who were before me used to do: four dishes of meat was the least that was sent to me at every meal, with ale and wine conforming; which I thought superfluous; but knowing the noble disposition of the lady, who gave the order herself for all the tables, as well of her servants as her own, I would not so soon utter my mind, until I should know better how my admonitions would be received. I asked my man what was done with the relics of my table. He answered me boldly that he sold them, and said the relics of priests were due unto their men. When I did hire you, said I, did I promise you such casualties? No, sir, said he; but it is the custom of this house, as all the servants will bear witness. They are fools, said I, and not capable to bear witness who give testimony to their own prejudice. What prejudice is that to thee? said he. My lady doth bestow the meat upon you, and asketh no count of it back again; so what you leave, I think should be for me rather than for any other body. If I did buy the meat myself, said I, was I bound to give you all that rested over my own suffisance, so that I could not bestow it in any other way after you had got your suffisance of it? No, said he; you might dispose of it at your own pleasure, and so doth my lady, who wills your man [to] get what you leave. No, said I; my lady wills, and I likewise, that thou carry to the kitchen all that I leave, both meat, bread, and drink, that all may serve the common table; and go thou to it, and there take your part of all, as the others do. And if thou determine anything another way, thou shalt not serve me one hour longer. I told my lady afterwards this dialogue which passed between my man and me, whereat she did laugh well; and this did acquire me the affections of the servants, who grudged, but could not mend it; for they knew that my lady would not take notice of such base things, much less correct them.'

The people in the neighbourhood seem not to have been in general Roman Catholics; for the father complains much of their importunate curiosity, saying that 'if he but opened the window, they ran to see him, as some monstrous thing;' and one woman declared she hoped to wash her hands in his heart's blood. Aboyne castle stands near the village of Charlestown of Aboyne, close to the river Dee, and thirty miles from its mouth at Aberdeen. Eastward, descend fine sweeps of arable land towards the coast, while to the west begins the great Highland range of the Grampians. There, in the close vicinity of their strongholds, the lands of Aboyne were subject to perpetual depredations by the Highland reivers of the day. The lonely widow appears to have had but a scanty retinue for so wild a neighbourhood, and we find her obliged to add to the accomplished Blackhall's titles of priest and chamberlain, that of captain of her castle. He describes the manner in which he repelled one of these invasions; and it is clear that his own prowess on the occasion has not been neglected by the historian. When a visitation by friends was of the following character, the nature of an inroad from neutrals or enemies may be anticipated:—

'The very first that obliged us to make use of our arms were the Marquis of Huntly's* own men of Badenoch. They had been at Aberdeen getting arms, some forty or thereabout, with their officer, Thomas Gordon, a proud and saucy rascal. They, coming up the north side of the water of Dee, came to Aboyne, and presented themselves upon the Peat Hill; and Thomas Gordon, leaving the rest there, did come with three others to the gate, which I made to be kept fast. I sent Thomas Cordoner, the porter, to the gate to ask what they desired. Thomas the officer answered boldly that they would lodge in the house, because they were my lord's men, and the house was also his; and that the night before they had lodged in the place of Drum; which I knew to be false, for the laird of Drum was not a man to lodge such rascals in his house. When the porter told me this so insolent answer, I did go to the gate; for I had the key in my pocket, and did not give it to the porter, fearing that he might be so simple as to let them in, and we should have had more pain to put them out than to hold them out. I did take with me six good fellows, every one with his sword at his side and a light gun in his hand, and placed them all on one side of the alley that goes from the outer gate, betwixt two walls to the court, every one three or four spaces from another, and made them turn their faces and the mouths of their guns a slanting way, not right to the port, nor to the wall over against them, but a middle way betwixt them both, that they might see both at once. * *

'When I had placed them thus, and encouraged them, I did go to the gate with a bended pistol in my hand; and before I did open the wicket, I told them to retire themselves, all but one, to speak to me: they did so. Thomas Gordon only stayed; the rest were retired only the matter of ten paces, ready to rush in if he could have thrusted up the wicket fully. Then I did open it a little, so that he might see my soldiers in the alley. Before he did see them, I asked them what they did come here to seek? He very confidently said, We will see my lady, who we know will give us money, and lodge us; and with that was pressing in his shoulder; and I, seeing his impudence, said, As you love your life, stir not to win in, otherwise I will discharge my pistol in your heart; and you shall not see my lady, nor get anything from her, unless it be meat and drink without the gate; but none of you shall come within it, and go out again living. Sir, said he, we are my lord's men, and this house is his, and why may we not lodge in it? Have you an order from my lord, says I, to lodge here? Let me see his order. Sir, it is my lord's will that we lodge in his land. Then go seek his land, and lodge in it; for he hath no land nor house here so long as my lady liveth; but if my lord were dwelling here himself, durst you present yourselves to his gate to lodge with him? No, said he, we must respect my lord. You base fellow, said I, should not ladies be respected as much as lords, and more. But you have not so much honesty as to respect anybody. But put in your head, and see how we are prepared to receive you; and tell your neighbours that you shall get no other money here than that which shall come out of these guns, nor lodging, unless it be graves to bury you; and therefore retire yourself, that I may shut the gate. He retired malcontented; and my lady did send meat and drink to the foot of the Peat Hill, forbidding them to live upon her tenants, but bade them lodge in taverns, paying what they should take; otherwise, they should not go far unpunished. They did so, and went away the next day peaceably.'

The next visit was from a party of the clan Cameron, who were at first perplexed by the diplomatic skill of Blackhall, but had subsequently to yield to his warlike prowess. The marauders commenced operations by plundering a tenant's house.

'So we marched with a dozen of guns, eight pistols,

* The deceased Lord Aboyne was son to this great noble, the chief of the clan Gordon.

and my big carabine. Before we went out at the gate, I told them what order I desired to be kept, which was this: we must seek by all means to surprise them in the house plundering; and to do it, we must march as the Highlanders do, every one after another, without any words among us.'

Blackhall then gives all the necessary orders to his men as to where they were to place themselves, so as to guard both door and windows; and says, 'How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, Every one to his post; which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a thick double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it; and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards that the ball did pass through the hair of his head: whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging them, and praying them at the windows to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would mean to come forth without my leave; and still I threatened to burn the house and them all in it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion; which they were loath to do, until they saw the light bundles of straw that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house; although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward, and his wife and servants, and his son John Dorward, and John Cordoner, all of whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would not have made any scruple to have burnt the house and all the Highlanders within it, to give a terror to others who would be so brutal as to oppress ladies who never wronged them.

'They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them surrender themselves before they be burnt, called for quarter. I told them they should not get other quarter but my discretion; unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarter; if not, be at their hazard. Thereupon I bade their captain come and speak with me all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, they should kill both him and them who should press to follow him. He did come out as I ordained, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from him, and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief Donald Cameron hath; for, said I, he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's went to him where he was hiding himself with his cousin Ewan Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly for three weeks, until their enemies the Covenanters had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beast as you are, have rendered a displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you. He pretended ignorance of that courtesy done to his chief.' Blackhall then made him swear that all that had been plundered from the tenants should be restored, and what had been consumed should be paid for; and also 'made him swear by the soul of his father that neither he, nor none whom he could hinder, should ever hereafter trouble or molest my lady or any of her tenants.' He then ordered every man separately to come out and take the same oath.

'They did all come out severally, and took the same oath as I had commanded them; and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight-and-forty, which made the tenants convene to us from the parts where the shots were heard; so that, before they had all come out, we were nearly as many as they, armed with swords, and targets, and guns. When they had all made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five spaces distant from one another's rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouths of their guns and their faces one towards another, so as the Highlanders might pass, two and two together, betwixt their ranks: they passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place where their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing, as if they had been in a fever quartan.' He and his men then saw the marauders fairly off Lady Aboyne's lands, and, returning to Aboyne, 'told my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that there was no blood shed on either side.'

The state of letter-writing is fully disclosed by the fact, that, in the space of eleven and a half years, Lady Aboyne had only received two letters, and these were from two of her sisters. Indeed she appears to have lived a most lonely, desolate life. At her death, all her care seems to have been that her daughter, her only child, might be brought up in the Catholic religion. For this purpose she had previously charged Blackhall with the care of her; and manfully did he redeem the pledge, as we find related in the chapter entitled 'The Good Offices done to Madame de Gordon, now Dame D'Attour to Madame; by Gilbert Blakhall, priest'—which we shall make the subject of a separate paper.

PAUPER COLONIES OF HOLLAND.

Every one must have heard something of Dutch husbandry—its formal regularity, thrift, and unparalleled tidiness. Few, however, may be acquainted with the agricultural colonies of Holland—those pauper establishments so peculiarly adapted to the genius of the country, and consequently so pregnant with advantage not only to the class for whom they are directly intended, but to the community in general. It is now upwards of twenty years since they were established, a time sufficiently ample to test their value; and we readily avail ourselves of the narrative of a recent tourist,* to convey to our readers some idea of their system and economy.

'The first place in Holland I went to visit connected with agriculture, was the agricultural colonies at Fredericksoord and Willemsoord. They were established when, after two years of great scarcity, a large proportion of the population were reduced to absolute destitution, and depended entirely for their subsistence on the charities of their more fortunate countrymen. So prevalent did the practice of begging become, that it was found necessary to do something to relieve those unfortunate men who were willing, but unable to get work. A society was therefore formed by a few benevolent individuals, the object of which was to give employment to men in this deplorable condition. In carrying out their purpose, they conferred not only an immediate and lasting benefit on the individuals in question, but effected great national advantages; first, by stemming the spread of vice, which would have been the natural consequence of such destitution; and, in the second place, by increasing the national resources, in converting to arable land a waste on which even a sprig of heather was scarcely to be met with. Such was the origin of these colonies twenty-four years ago. And no one can travel the road along which they are situated, without noticing the great change that has been effected on the face of the country by their establishment; and the change is doubly observed when we pass from the unimproved waste to the neat cottages which line the road. From a wild barren country, we enter at once a little oasis, which bears every mark of prosperity; neat cottages, betraying the Dutchman's taste in their clean appearance, crops as luxuriant as if nurtured by a better soil, and gardens stocked with useful vegetables, and adorned

* Sketches of Belgian, German, and Dutch Husbandry, in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for 1846. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

with a variety of flowers. Each house is placed at the road-side, in the middle of the plat belonging to it, and directly opposite to another on the other side of the road. The buildings are all in one; the part allotted to the cow and pig being built of wood, and the cottage of brick. In the cottage are two rooms: one of them is large, and answers the purpose of kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room for some of the family; the other is small, and contains only a bed at one end, and at the other a closet, which answers the purpose of a milk-house. Great attention is paid to the dung, which is put up into neat heaps at the back of the house, consisting of alternate layers of turf and manure from the byre, and watered every now and then by the liquids previously collected from all the houses in a cask sunk in the ground.

'In Willemsoord, which is the smaller of the two colonies, there are 176 such houses, all tenanted by paupers but six, whose occupiers pay rent for their farms. The quantity of land attached to each house is about seven acres imperial. The colonists are all supplied with implements on entering on their plat, besides a cow and pig. The food of the colonist is for the most part potatoes and rye-bread, with milk; little or no flesh being used. The small farmers pay L.3, 15s. a-year for their plat; but the whole produce of the colonists' land is taken to the general magazine. There is a regular creditor and debtor account kept with them from their first entering the colony. Everything they receive on entering is marked down against them; and whenever they are enabled to pay off their debts, from economy of living, they are allowed to rent their plats. Some have succeeded in this; but the instances are rare. The scheme is not to be looked at in the light of a speculation, for as such it was never intended; but it has sufficiently succeeded in the object for which it was designed; namely, the relieving of the destitute, besides the consequent advantages referred to before. Attached to these colonies are others of a penal character, to which unruly members are sent, and which are subjected to more rigorous laws than are necessary in the free colonies.

'The wages and rations allotted to them are as follows:—Suppose a family of eight individuals, husband, wife, and six children, three of whom, with their father, work, the other three go to school, while the mother remains at home. The sums set down for wages here are only imaginary, being somewhat higher than are generally allowed:—

	Per Week.
Man at 10d. a-day,	L.0 5 0
Son at 10d. a-day, and other two at 2s. 2d. each per week,	0 9 4
Wages earned for whole family per week,	L.0 14 4
From which is deducted—	
Winkel geld, L.0 5 4	
Bread, potatoes, and clothing for eight, 0 8 0	per week.
L.0 13 4	0 13 4
Which is put down to their credit for future emergencies,	L.0 1 0

By winkel geld is meant money for buying little necessaries; such as coffee, tobacco, &c. The allowance of it for each person is 8d. a-week. The allowance for bread, potatoes, and clothing, is 1s. per week for each person. The only crops grown by the colonists are rye, potatoes, and grass. The farmers grow what they choose.

'There are several overseers, who superintend the work done in the colonies. Attached to them are schools for the gratuitous education of the children, and also workshops in which they are taught some useful trade. I passed one of these shops, in which there were from thirty to forty looms worked by the children; and adjoining it was another room, where some were engaged in spinning, mending shoes, and other occupations. I was attracted to the place by the busy clatter of the shuttles, and sounds of music, which proceeded from it; and on coming up to it, found them engaged at their respective occupations, cheering on one another in their work by a song in which they all joined. What health, what happiness, shone in these pauper children's faces! Their looks were a sufficient proof of the benefits derived from such an institution.'

So much for the system; now for the principles upon which it is founded. There is not a sounder maxim in political economy, than that every man should labour for his own support, and if he cannot obtain labour, that it should be furnished to him by the state; for it is certainly better that he should contribute, however little, to his own maintenance, than that he should be upheld in idle indigence. Of course the kind of labour will differ, according to the facilities of the district, as that may be maritime, manufacturing, or agricultural; but this matters little, so long as the labour is of a profitable kind. Perhaps of all species of labour, agriculture is the most universally applicable, as its object is the production of food, a commodity the demand for which never fails; and not only the production, but the increase of food, as every effort of culture is attended with a proportional fertility of the soil. In Holland, where agriculture is conducted on what may be called the garden system—that is, a careful and ceaseless attention to a comparatively small plot—such colonies are particularly appropriate. There culture is carried to such perfection, that a man, if not absolutely idle or prodigal, may thrive on his little allotment; and the state, taking this into account, puts the pauper in the way of making his own livelihood, if he chooses. If not, he is handed over to the penal colony, where compulsion is substituted for free-will.

Taking these matters into consideration, our tourist naturally puts the question, 'Is the establishment of such societies impracticable in our own country? Are there not thousands of unimproved acres, that have been condemned as useless, many of which exceed in fertility the waste in which the Dutch colonies are situated? Are there not hundreds of unemployed hands who crowd our poor-houses and pauper rolls, who frequent our roads and streets as mendicants, who haunt our lanes as degraded miscreants, advancing their poverty as a palliation of their vices and crimes? Is there not money raised to relieve the destitute? And are there not many benevolent individuals who, by the gratuitous bestowment of their charity, encourage idleness and foster vice? In Britain, truly, we have the elements for such a society, but we want some master-spirit to bring them together, and put them into operation. It is a subject that cannot be too strongly pressed upon proprietors of land, as the best way of improving the waste portions of their properties, and of reducing at the same time the burdens with which their cultivated lands are so heavily taxed.' These questions require to be answered with caution: than pauperism, there is not a more difficult question to deal with in the whole range of political economy.

Conducted as the Dutch colonies are, the system seems at once fraternal and politic. It places the individual in a position to earn his own subsistence, and to raise himself from pauperism to that of an independent rent-paying farmer. It is true that his family may increase, and by this means he may be kept in pauperism; but then, from the care which the society takes of these — in educating and training them to industrial habits — they start from a better position than their parents, unaided, could have acquired for them. To plant a poor man on a piece of land, is to do but little for him, unless he has the hope of rising, by his industry, from begging to honest independence; and this the Dutch system seems calculated to accomplish. We are by no means in favour of a mere cottage system, which may furnish a man temporarily with bread, and tempt him, as it were, to bring into existence a large family, for whom he can do almost nothing; thus increasing pauperism by increasing its numbers. But we do see much force and truth in a system which while it places a man in the way of earning his livelihood, places him also in a position from which he may

rise, by industry and economy, to something better than he was before. As long as a Dutchman holds his allotment from the society, he is but a pauper; so soon as, by his savings, he pays off their claim, he becomes a rent-paying farmer; and this rent-paying condition is one of hope and encouragement. Complicated and distracting as the subject of pauperism is, the agricultural colony system of Holland seems one at least worthy of imitation in certain districts of our own country. It is not an untried novelty, like the many schemes which are annually promulgated in Britain: twenty-four years of endurance, if not of success, is at the least no slight recommendation.

MORAL COURAGE.

[From an American Newspaper.]

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a threadbare coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many take it to be, and the act is worthy a king.

Have the courage to set down every penny you spend, and add it up weekly.

Have the courage to tell a dramatic author that his piece is unfit for presentation to a manager, when your opinion is asked concerning it.

Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact from the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavourable one.

Have the courage to adhere to a first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a *just* one.

Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargain for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

Have the courage to leave a convivial party at a proper hour for so doing, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one, upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go.

Have the courage to dance with ugly people, if you dance at all; and to decline dancing, if you dislike the performance, or cannot accomplish it to your satisfaction.

Have the courage to say you hate the Polka, and prefer an English song to an Italian 'piece of music' [if such be really your taste].

Have the courage to shut your eyes on the prospect of large profits, and to be content with small ones.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you possess, when he convinces you that he lacks principle. 'A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities'—not his vices.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to thrust your legs down between the sheets in cold weather; and to shave every day before breakfast.

Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, when you have reasons for so doing; and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and to insist upon your wife and daughters doing the like.

Have the courage to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

Have the courage to decline playing at cards for money, when 'money is an object,' or to cease playing, when your losses amount to as much as you can afford to lose.

Have the courage to prefer propriety to fashion—one is but the abuse of the other.

[We beg to add another counsel which we have always regarded as of the highest importance—

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever, or with regard to whatever subject, you really are uninformed.]

THE DEW-DROP AND THE STREAM.

[The following beautiful lines, which we find in a newspaper, are said to be the production of a servant girl from Devonshire.]

The brakes with golden flowers were crowned,
And melody was heard around—
When, near the scene, a dew-drop shed
Its lustre on a violet's head,
And trembling to the breeze it hung!
The streamlet, as it rolled along,
The beauty of the morn confessed,
And thus the sparkling pearl addressed:

'Sure, little drop, rejoice we may,
For all is beautiful and gay;
Creation wears her emerald dress,
And smiles in all her loveliness.
And with delight and pride I see
That little flower bedewed by thee—
Thy lustre with a gem might vie,
While trembling in its purple eye.'

'Ay, you may well rejoice, 'tis true,'
Replied the radiant drop of dew—
'You will, no doubt, as on you move,
To flocks and herds a blessing prove.
But when the sun ascends on high,
Its beam will draw me towards the sky;
And I must own my little power—
I've but refreshed a humble flower.'

'Hold!' cried the stream, 'nor thus repine—
For well 'tis known a Power divine,
Subservient to His will supreme,
Has made the dew-drop and the stream.
Though small thou art (I that allow),
No mark of Heaven's contempt art thou—
Thou hast refreshed a humble flower,
And done according to thy power.'

All things that are, both great and small,
One glorious Author formed them all;
This thought may all repinings quell:
What serves his purpose, serves him well.

SELF-ENERGY.

Self-energy is the true life of a man. To think by other men's thoughts, is no true living thinking; to believe by other men's belief, is no true living faith. The mind must, by its own independent exertions, seek, and, so far as its native powers will enable it, arrive at, the *modes* and *causes* of the truth of those propositions it receives as truths, or substantially it will think and believe nothing. Substantially, neither will the propositions exist for it, nor it for them. They will be nonentities; and it will only dream of understanding them.—*Cromwell's Literary Florets.*

WHOM TO LOOK TO.

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good-natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Burgh.*

LIBERTY.

Liberty is to the collective body what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke.*

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SALEABLE CIVILITIES.

We observed the other day, in a popular magazine, an anecdote of a gentleman who, having dropped a package of papers, and getting it restored to him by a working man, who ran across a street for the purpose, *was so shabby* as merely to render thanks in return. The writer seemed to consider it necessary that the gentleman should have given at least sixpence as a remuneration for this act of ordinary civility. This way of thinking touches upon a feature of our age, especially as regards metropolitan life, which is worthy of a few remarks.

It seems to be now held as a fixed point of duty amongst us, that whenever a gentleman, by choice or accident, receives the least civility from his inferiors, he should reward them in money. It may be something costing hardly an effort, something called for by the exigency of a moment, and done through merely instinctive impulse; yet coin must honour it. The simplest charities of life become a matter of tariff between superiors and inferiors.

Let us proceed to illustrate this part of our national code of morality. We were once placed in circumstances in Paris strongly reminding us of Sterne and his grisette. Wandering along its obscure streets, we lost our way, and appeared likely to have roamed on for ever, as each new street seemed the precise facsimile of the last, until at length we ventured to ask the way from a busy, little Frenchwoman, seated at the door of her shop. A thousand different directions, uttered in a thousand different phrases, sent us away as perplexed as before. Led by blind chance, we directed our steps straight on, and passed a street down which we ought to have turned. We had not gone far, when a great outcry was heard behind us, joining itself to the clatter of a couple of wooden shoes. Monsieur was altogether wrong; and we were led to understand that we might have girdled the globe in that direction without arriving at our destination; however, the error was corrected, and we speedily reached home. We were in precisely the same predicament in London, and had occasion to ask for similar instruction from one of two lumping boys idly lounging at the corner of a street. What was our success? The boy declined affording the requisite information gratuitously, but offered to put us right in two minutes for twopence. Behold the contrast! Assuredly, many though the social errors of our neighbours are, mercenary civility is not to be reckoned among them.

Every-day life supplies us with abundant instances—they must occur to every one—of the venal light in which all little good offices are regarded in England. If a horse has broken his bridle, and gambolled a few yards down the street, and is brought back an unwilling captive by some adventurous person; if a memorandum is dropped, and some lucky boy has picked it up, and restored it to its rightful owner; if, on a blustering day, the wind *will* take your hat off, and it scampers down some hilly street, and is caught by some fleet-legged errand-boy, who has participated with some half dozen others in the fun of the capture; if your handkerchief hangs from your pocket, and some extra-honest passer-by informs you of the circumstance, with a touch of his hat, intimating that your honour might have lost it; if you sprain your ankle, or fall over a shred of orange-peel, or are knocked down by some runaway horse, and are assisted by some humane members of the surrounding mob into a neighbouring surgery; if, in short, in any of the thousand misfortunes which are daily apportioned to us, an inferior renders assistance to, or does some little office for, his superior, a debt is incurred; it is a cash account; creditor and debtor are the synonyma for obliger and obligee: humanity, good-nature, nay, the first elements of the Christian duty of man to man, are obliterated from the minds of both parties, and the obligation can only be discharged by treating it as so much merchandise, and paying for it. It would be far from difficult to construct a scale of metropolitan civilities, and to affix the orthodox rates to each of the minor kindnesses; thus—

Holding a horse for a few minutes, twopence—if with extra politences, fourpence.

Directions in topography, or street-seeking, twopence—with personal attendance, threepence.

Picking up a handkerchief, one penny to boys, twopence to men.

Shutting a cab-door, to the waterman one penny—where does your honour want to go?—twopence.

Assistance in case of accident—varies from sixpence to a shilling;

and so on. He who would be so foolhardy as to refuse these regular demands, while his bravery might be extolled, would incur the odium of every bystander, and might think himself fortunate if he escaped the open execrations of the disappointed benefactor.

Such a state of things is very disgraceful in an age calling itself an era of refinement, and turning up its nose at all bygone times, as if there were nothing that was good or great in them. If out-of-door civility must have its price, let there be a regular body of such 'helps' enrolled at once; give them a regular livery, and let each wear a brazen badge, denoting his number and the regular rate of payment for all sorts of civilities; and thus deliver honest men from the insult and injury of the degradation of their brotherly-kindness to the level of, or rather to an inferiority to, the base metal with which it is bought and for which it is sold.

We are continually being disgusted with applications for beer, for something to drink our health, for something to grease the wheels of our gig with, for some-

thing to water our garden with, or to sprinkle the dusty road with. If the carpenter has done some trifling job, when he comes to be paid, something must be given over and above his regular pay to wet the work with, or it is impossible that it will stand. If the dustman perform his arduous office, and, after relieving our dust-bin of its contents, comes up, with cindered hair and grimy face, to acquaint us with the fact, surely we could not deny him something to wash down the dust with which he is pretty nigh choked. If the sweep has been putting the chimney to rights, then 'the heap of soot there was to be sure—never seed a chimbley so foul—he always was so pettickler about them smoke-jacks—he knowed a many sweeps as 'ud smesh them all to nothing: could our honour give him something to oil his husky throat with?'

The principle on which such demands are made seems to us wholly bad. It is on this, the hydra whose hundred heads spring up in every possible direction, that we would animadvert. The work done, of course, is worth its pay, just as much as twenty shillings are worth a sovereign. The demand is made for the civility with which its performance is attended—a demand, by the way, invariably greater in proportion to the civility with which the workman himself has been treated. Such civility, we would say, is due, and ought to be rendered, merely as a requirement of the social compact between man and man in all ranks and spheres of life. This custom of performing work in a civil manner, merely with the ultimate view to certain pence, sixpences, and shillings, must be directly injurious to the workman's own character, lowering him in his own esteem, and derogating, in no inconsiderable degree, from his respectability in the estimation of his superiors. We regard it in its least serious light, simply as unreasonable. The matter puts on a more serious aspect when we look at it, as we have strong reason to do, with regard to its normal consequences, as the A B C of a course of beggary. The tale of the officer who gave one of his men a sovereign to drink his health with, and was astonished to find that, in the man's anxiety to obey orders, he had drunk his health so assiduously for three or four days, as to be brought at last to the guard-room, and disgraced in his regiment, is one which is continually enacted. The money given and received in the manner to which we are alluding, is sacred to the alehouse, and to the fellowship of pot-companions; and the libations made at such a shrine, commenced under the sanction, authority, and recommendation of the donor, are perpetuated by the taste and newly-acquired habits of the recipient, until, in too many instances, they reduce him to rags, and his family to wretchedness.

We are here looking at the subject in a strong, but in by no means a singular light. We know many who deplore the necessity they are continually under, in order to avoid insult, of contributing to keep up a custom in direct opposition to their deliberate convictions; and we believe that few ordinary doings of the affluent classes are more injurious to the character and wholesome self-esteem of the humbler classes, than when, instead of reciprocating kindness for kindness, or expressing simply a sense of sincere obligation in return for a minor good office, they make unworthy, and, after all, inadequate returns of money. If brotherly-kindness be the bond of union among men, and a series of mutual obligations the links of that chain, can it be otherwise than that the rude attempt to cut asunder one of these links by the strong hand of money, will injure, if not loosen the rest? The example set by railway companies, in making a demand for money by any one of their officials a sufficient ground for his dismissal, is one which, if its principle were carried out in private life, would tend to the complete abolition of the nuisance; but we regret to add that, even at railway stations, in spite of the urgent request that no money should be offered, and the threat that its acceptance would be followed, if discovered, by immediate dismission, persons are yet found, on the one side, stimulated by a weak and foolish pride, to offer the temptation, and, on the other, sufficiently blind and unprincipled, for the sake of a few paltry pence, to hazard the security of an otherwise permanent and comfortable situation. We can vouch for the correctness of our assertion.

Like some diseased atmosphere, this custom has penetrated the remotest recesses of social life, spreading its infection on high and low, from the palace to the prison, in the streets, by the road-side, in the grand hotel, in the petty tavern, in the playhouse, and even inside the church-door; and though now and then some ultra-reformer of a commercial traveller, in a fretful letter to the Times, goes into an elaborate calculation of how much a-year the item of civility costs him, and denounces the whole host of waiters, and chamber-maids, and hostlers, and boots, and ostlers, and porters, spreading wild dismay throughout the hostels of our queendom; and though some Boanerges of a public writer hurls his thunderbolts at the stolid head of that sluggish giant, the People; and though some mighty preacher proclaims it, as practised within consecrated walls, to be on the one side an insult, and on the other a sin, like a noxious weed, it only springs up the ranker, whether it is cut up or cut down.

We cannot help believing that it is to the upper classes of society that the origin of the evil is attributable; and among them, its parent may be found in pride—we would not say an ungenerous, but a mistaken pride, productive of an unwillingness to receive the smallest assistance from the hands of an inferior, without the endeavour to return it. How salutary a sentiment under the control of a sound judgment—how unsalutary when misdirected! The error was mainly in the head. The dangerous consequences of introducing a species of moral barter were unforeseen, and no definite line was drawn between good offices costing the poorer man little, and those costing him much. Thus was the custom developed. How easy its conception, how rapid its growth, how ripe its maturity, when, lost to a sense of mutual esteem, the poor man renders, and the richer pays for, a civility whose venal character defiles its purity, and robs it of its value!

Thus neither is honesty nor civility suffered to be its own reward. Well might the (I believe) virtuous old man in 'The Mysteries of the Forest' exclaim, 'What! must I be paid for doing my duty?' Let us hope for the time when, under a second Lycurgan code, money will resume its proper level; when *pour l'amour de Dieu* and *pour l'amour d'homme*, will be tenfold more constraining motives to the relative discharge of moral duties, than heaps of silver or bags of gold; the time when there will be no more charges for 'fash,' no more touching of the forelock, and 'Please remember the boots, sir;' no more money-seeking officiousness of your host's lacquey, as he tenders your hat and gloves; no more the half-extended hand of the pew-opener, and the 'Would you like a seat nearer the desk, sir?'—the time—oh, Utopian dreamer!—when he who would offer

to pay by money for an act of humanity, performed from no mercenary motive, would be rebuked as one who had offered an insult to his fellow-man, and an injury to society; the time when civility shall have lost its venality, and when love shall be shown for love, and not love for money!

THE NEUVAINE OF THE CHANDELEUR.

A TALE—FROM THE FRENCH.

There is in country life a charm unknown to the inhabitants of large cities, particularly in early youth. A city life may be preferred in the age of activity of the passions, when the spirit of enterprise and the thirst for success animate the soul; but the country is the element of childhood and youth, where the tenderest and most exalted sentiments of the soul may unfold and expand. In the country, the familiar abandonment of the early relations of life is prolonged, without danger, till beyond the age when the least familiarity becomes dangerous and suspected among young people in large cities. In the country, habit prolongs those innocent pleasures, under the attentive eye of mothers, even in the ardent season of youth. One is already a man in mind, but a child still in tastes. At the age of eighteen I loved the fair young girls, amongst whom I passed the happiest hours of the day, with all the affection of a heart accustomed to love them, but without fever, without inquietude, and almost without preference.

On the 24th of January 1802, we were all assembled, as usual, before the hour of supper—for suppers were still in fashion—and were talking confusedly around our mothers, who were gravely conversing on matters not less frivolous. The question debated amongst us was the choice of a game.

'We should not be at a loss,' said the dark-haired Theresa, 'if Clara were come. She knows every game that has ever been invented; and when, by chance, she happens to forget, she invents one immediately.'

'Clara will not come,' said Marianne. 'I am sure of it; for this evening she commences the Neuvaine* of the Chandeleur.'†

'The Neuvaine of the Chandeleur!' cried I in my turn. 'I did not know she was so devout.'

'It is not for the sake of devotion,' said Emily with ill-natured gravity; 'it is through superstition or ostentation.'

'Through superstition!' replied Marianne; 'superstition indeed! The most whimsical, the most fantastical, the most extraordinary, the most extravagant——'

'But what is it?' I interrupted, laughing. 'You excite my curiosity without satisfying it.'

'Pshaw!' said she, looking at me with an ironical expression; 'it is too stupid for such a wiseacre as you. As for the rest, they are not ignorant, I imagine, that the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur is a particular devotion among young people of the lower classes, the object of which is—— How shall I tell it?'

'The object of which is?' murmured a dozen voices, whilst a dozen pretty necks were stretched towards Marianne.

'The object of which is,' resumed Marianne, 'to know beforehand what husband they shall have.'

'The husband they shall have!' repeated the dozen voices, with as many different inflections; 'and what connexion can the future husband have with an act of devotion like the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur?'

'You all know very well that I don't believe it,' she continued; 'and even if I did, I should not be the more anxious about it. What is it to me what husband I shall have, provided he be a man of honour, birth, and fortune? My parents will give me to no other; so I don't trouble myself about the matter so long beforehand.'

'Nor I either,' said Theresa, drawing her chair close to that of Marianne. 'But the spell?'

Impatience was now at its height, and that of Marianne was not less than ours; for she always took more pleasure in talking than any one else did in listening to her. Throwing a glance of satisfaction over her audience—'You must know,' she resumed, 'that there is no devotion more acceptable to the blessed Virgin than the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur; and on that account it is thought that she recompenses with peculiar favour persons who pay her that homage. But there are so many ceremonies in the experiment in question, that I am afraid I shall go wrong, if Emily do not give me a little help. She was with us the day that Clara told me all about it.'

'I!' returned Emily disdainfully—'I never take any part in your conversations.'

'I do not say you take any part in them,' replied Marianne, 'but you listen to them.' Then, after biting her pretty fingers for a little, she added—'The Neuvaine must be commenced this evening, by praying for eight hours in the chapel of the blessed Virgin. Afterwards, you must hear first mass every day, and return to prayer every evening with unabated piety and unshaken faith until the first of February. It is terribly difficult. Then, on the first of February, you must hear all the masses, from the first to the last, in the chapel. In the evening you must hear all the prayers, and all the instructions, without missing a single one. Stop, stop. I was near forgetting that you must also have confessed on that day; and if, unfortunately, you have not received absolution, all you have done will be labour lost; for the essential condition of success is, that you enter your chamber in a state of grace. Then——'

'Then you find the husband there before you?' cried Theresa.

'You are in a great hurry,' replied Marianne coldly; 'I am not yet through the half of my instructions. Then you again begin to pray: you shut yourself up, in order to fulfil the conditions of a severe retreat; you must be fasting, and yet have everything disposed for a banquet. The table must be laid for two persons, and furnished with two complete services, with the exception of knives, which must be avoided with the greatest possible care. I need not tell you that the table linen must be perfectly white, and as clean, as fine, and as new as can be got, that good order and good taste may reign in the little apartment; for these things are always attended to when a person of consideration is expected. The repast consists of two bits of consecrated bread, brought away from the last mass, and two glasses of pure wine, placed of course at opposite sides of the table. Only the middle of the service is garnished, if possible, with a porcelain or silver dish, which contains two sprigs (carefully blessed) of myrtle, rosemary, or any other green plant—boxwood excepted—placed side by side, not crosswise. This also is a point which it is essential to observe.'

'Then?' asked Theresa, and the whole circle repeated the question like an echo.

'Then,' replied Marianne, 'having opened the door, that the expected guest may enter, you take your place at the table, devoutly commend yourself to the protection of the Virgin, and go to sleep, in expectation of the effects of her favour, which never fail to be manifested according to the person who implores them. Then begin strange and wonderful visions. Those for whom Heaven has prepared on earth some mysterious sympathy, see the man appear who is to love them if he meet them—who would have loved them, at least, if he had met them: the husband they should have, if favourable circumstances brought them together. It is also pretended, for a positive fact, that the Neuvaine has the peculiar privilege of causing the young man of whom one dreams to dream the same thing, and inspiring him with the same desire to find that half of himself which has been revealed to him. That is the bright side of the experience. But wo to the young girls whom Heaven has neglected in the distribution of husbands, for they are tormented with frightful prognostics! Those who are destined for a convent, see, it

* *Neuvaine*, a nine-days' devotion. † *Chandeleur*, Candlemas.

is said, a long procession of nuns, chanting the hymns of the church, slowly defile before them. Others, who are to die before the time, are present at their own funeral, the sight of which freezes the blood in their veins. They are awakened with a start by the light of funeral torches, and the sobs of their mother and friends, who weep over a coffin hung with white.'

'I solemnly declare,' exclaimed Theresa, 'that I will never expose myself to such terrors. It makes one shudder even to think of them.'

'You might, notwithstanding, expose yourself to them without fear,' replied Emily. 'I warrant you would sleep soundly till morning, and should be wakened as usual to take your Italian lesson.'

'That is my opinion too,' said Marianne; 'and I should be very much astonished if it were not also that of Louis, who seems buried in his reflections, as if he were trying to explain a difficult passage in some Greek or Latin author.'

'I don't know,' I replied; 'and you will excuse me if I do not pronounce judgment so hastily on a belief supported by the testimony of the people, whose opinions are generally founded upon experience. But pardon, dear Marianne, if the details you have just given, with your usual grace, have left me still something to desire. In your recital you have mentioned young girls only as being benefited by the effects of the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur. Do you think that the Virgin does not grant the same favours to the prayers of young men?'

'By no means!' she exclaimed; 'and I beg pardon for being so remiss. The Neuvaine of the Chandeleur, performed with this design, has the same virtue with respect to all unmarried persons, without distinction of sex. Would you have any strong desire to try it?'

'Truly,' said Emily, 'it would be a fine thing to see a rational young man, accustomed to the society of men of learning, and whose father was the friend of M. de Voltaire, giving credit, like an ignorant child such as Clara, to such shameful folly.'

I made no reply, but rose quietly, under pretence of suddenly recollecting some engagement; and gliding gently from chair to chair behind the elder ladies, I seized my hat, and ran to the chapel of the Virgin to commence the Neuvaine of the Chandeleur; for, in truth, I saw no plausible reason against it. 'Why,' said I to myself, when I had proceeded some steps towards the church—'why may it not be so? Nature has twenty mysteries more marvellous than this, and no one doubts them. Gross and apparently insensible bodies have affinities between them, which attract them to each other through incalculable space. The magnet, if consulted under the equator, recognises the pole; the newly-hatched butterfly flies unerringly towards his unknown mate; the pollen of the palm-tree goes upon the winds of the desert to impregnate the solitary flower that awaits it. And is it prohibited to man alone, otherwise so privileged, to foreknow his destiny, and to join himself to that essential part of himself which God has prepared for him in the treasures of his providence? To believe in such neglect, would be a calumny against the power and goodness of the common Father.'

I had fulfilled all the obligations of the Neuvaine; and after having finished my preparations, I opened my door to the approaching apparition, and had hardly regained my arm-chair, when I was surprised by a most profound sleep. I know not how long it lasted; but it suddenly seemed to me that I had ceased to sleep. My chamber resumed its usual appearance by the vacillating light of the candles. I distinguished every object—the slightest noise. Hearing a slight murmur, like that caused by the motion of a plume of feathers, I looked towards the door, and saw a female enter. I wished to rise and receive her; but an invincible power retained me in my place. I tried to speak, but the words remained glued to my tongue. My reason was not lost in this mystery. I felt that it was a mystery, and that the prayers of the Neuvaine had been heard.

The unknown approached, without seeming to perceive me, as if she had obeyed a kind of instinct, an irresistible impulse. She seated herself in the arm-chair which I had prepared for her, and, with downcast eyes, remained thus exposed to my view. I certainly had never seen her before, and I felt, in the vague consciousness of a dream, a conviction that this existence, strange as it was to all my recollections, was not the less living and real. I will not speak of the beauty of this female; portraits cannot be drawn with words; I have often doubted whether they can be with colours. I did not ask myself why I loved her; I knew that I loved her; for it must be recollected that the apparition of the Chandeleur is conjured up only through a complete and absolute sympathy between the persons whom it brings into *rapport*.

The stranger seemed to be dressed, like myself, for a bridal feast; but her garments were not familiar to the brides of my province. They recalled to my mind those I had often remarked, in similar circumstances, in a town at some distance. It was the graceful costume of Montbéliard, which the highest society in the country still preserved by tradition, in certain solemn ceremonies, and which is probably now abandoned by the people themselves. She had placed beside her, on the table, one of those little bags in which young ladies keep those trifles which they are pleased to call their work, and on the steel-clasp of which I perceived two letters engraven, which must have been the initials of my future bride. At length her eyes met mine. I could scarcely support the fascination of that heavenly look. Never did the fire of innocent affection animate eyes more lovely, nor better reveal those secrets of pure love for which no human voice can find words. A strange cloud, however, suddenly darkened her brow; her bosom palpitated; her eyelids became moistened with tears, which she tried to restrain. She gently pushed away the bread and wine which I had placed before her, took one of the sprigs of consecrated myrtle, and slipped it under one of the knots of her bouquet. She then rose, and departed by the way she had come. I was then relieved from the horrible constraint which chained me to my seat, and I darted after her, to obtain one word of consolation and hope. 'Oh! whoever you are,' I exclaimed, 'abandon me not to the terrible regret of having seen you, and never being able to find you out again! Think that my future happiness depends on you, and make not the sweetest moment of my life an eternal misfortune! Tell me, at least, I implore you, whether I shall again press this hand which I bedew with my tears—whether I shall see you again?'

'*Once* more!' she replied; 'or never! never!' she repeated with a mournful cry, and vanished.

I felt my strength fail, and my limbs sinking under me, and was obliged to lean on a chair for support. At this point I was awakened to broad daylight by the bursts of laughter of a servant, who was removing the preparations of my nocturnal collation, and which he attributed to the fantasies of somnambulism—to which, indeed, I was subject.

I was not of a character easily to lay aside ideas with which I had once been strongly impressed. This unknown female, whom I loved with all the strength of my heart, even to distraction, and who perhaps was not in existence, became my fixed idea—the only thought of my life. I shunned society, and sought for solitude; because it was only when alone that I could freely indulge in the contemplation of my wishes and hopes. To what friendship, or to what complaisant credulity, could I have dared to confide them? I imagined that some unforeseen circumstance would shortly bring me in contact with my visionary betrothed. I expected her. I fancied I should find her in every strange female whom I saw at a distance; but she always escaped me, like the dream in which I had seen her. My reason and health sunk under this perpetual succession of powerful emotions. The physician, vainly called to my bed of grief, in a few days gave up all hope of me. In

the meanwhile, I had neglected no means to discover my mysterious friend. Under the seal of profound secrecy, I communicated to a schoolfellow of mine, who lived at Montbéliard, the initials of the bag, with a most circumstantial portrait of the young girl whose name they were meant to express.

The reply came at length to cheer my heart, in one of those moments of extreme anguish when my exhausted strength seemed no longer able to struggle against death. The ideal being of whom I dreamt on the night of the Chandeleur really existed! The resemblance was perfect, even to a small mark on the back of her neck, which I had noticed in her retreat. Her name was Cecilia Savernier; and these names corresponded with the letters I so well remembered to have seen on the steel-clasp of the bag. She usually resided with her father, in a mansion situated at some distance from the town of Montbéliard, where her beauty and virtues were the theme of every conversation. Thus my illusion assumed a body; my chimera became a reality; my languor disappeared with my anxiety; my health improved; and my father rejoiced in the certain hope of my recovery.

One day my father entered my room, which I had not yet left. 'Heaven be praised!' said he, affectionately pressing my hand; 'my son is restored to me.' After a few minutes' silence, he added, 'Louis, I am come to speak to you on a subject which I have much at heart —your marriage.'

I looked at him in surprise. 'Don't you think, father,' I replied, 'that there is still time enough to trouble ourselves about that? I am not yet twenty.'

'It is a matter which concerns you deeply,' he returned; 'and why not? I married too late, or else the years have passed away too quickly; and I should lose one of the sweetest enjoyments of life if I died before having been loved by a daughter whom you should have given me, without having played with your children, without leaving behind me the remembrance of my features and affection to a new generation. This, my son, is the *material* immortality of man, which alone the weakness of our organs and intelligence permits us to foresee clearly. The other is a great mystery, which religion and philosophy prudently abstain from attempting to explain. Your marriage, then, has become, for your own sake, the principal object of my thoughts and hopes; however, I do not wish to put any force on your inclinations, but leave you perfectly free in your choice and establishment; and I shall never depart from this promise.'

'You overwhelm me with gratitude and joy!' I exclaimed, embracing him. 'On my side, I swear to you that I will never bring a daughter into your house whom you will not have adopted beforehand.'

'As you will,' said my father; 'however, this idea which I must now sacrifice to you was the sweetest dream of my old age. Suffer me to speak of it to you for the last time. I have perhaps never mentioned before you the name of one of the friends of my youth, the remembrance of whom recalls the only real friendships we generally enjoy in this life—the sincere and disinterested friendships of the college. Though a great difference of vocation, habits, and abode, seemed to have separated us for ever, yet I have never forgotten him. He became a colonel of artillery. He emigrated, and this circumstance rendered our separation irrevocable; for I, like many others, had followed the movements of the Revolution, when I was far from perceiving its aim and results. This transitory direction of a mind deceived by appearances, gave me a political credit which I have had the happiness of seeing sometimes useful. My friend, undeceived in his turn from another kind of error, sighed for his country, always so dear to every well-constituted heart. I succeeded in obtaining his eradication,* in restoring him to his hearth, his paternal fields, and native air. We have not seen each other since, but his letters cease not to testify an affectionate gratitude, which sweetly repays me for my efforts in his behalf. Mutual confidence has made us acquainted with the most trifling particulars of our inmost thoughts and fortune. My old friend Gilbert knows I have a son in whom I repose all my hopes of the future. He has a daughter whose praise is in every mouth, and who will certainly make her husband as happy as she has made her father. I do not conceal from you that we had seen in this projected union an agreeable means of reuniting ourselves for the remainder of our days. It was a life we had fondly planned in our foolish confidence; so true is it that we deceive ourselves at every age, and that old age, matured by experience, is as apt to give way to illusions as youth itself. This prospect was delightful! It must be renounced!'

'Pardon, my father; a thousand pardons! Why has Heaven condemned me to acknowledge your affection so badly?'

'Never mind,' said he; 'I shall easily forget the joy I promised myself in seeing my hopes realised by thinking of yours. After all, it is a pity, for Cecilia Savernier is considered a handsome girl in a country where it is difficult to choose——'

'Cecilia Savernier!' I cried, jumping to my feet; 'Cecilia Savernier! Oh, father! have I heard you rightly?'

'Perfectly,' said he. 'Cecilia Savernier, daughter of Gilbert Savernier, late colonel of artillery, residing at Montbéliard, department of Mont-Terrible. It is of her I spoke.'

I fell at my father's feet in a state of agitation impossible to describe. Unable to utter a word, I covered his hand with kisses and tears. My father raised me anxiously, pressed me to his bosom, and asked me what was the matter more than ten times before I had power to answer. 'Cecilia Savernier! 'Tis she; 'tis she, father!' I cried with a choking voice. ''Tis for her I ask you on my knees!'

'Indeed,' he replied; 'then your prayer is soon heard, since the affair is nearly all settled. But where can you have seen Cecilia? Or where can she have known you? Montbéliard is the only town in France she has appeared in since her return from abroad. And when you were in that part of the country two years ago, I am positively certain she was not yet there.'

I blushed. This question touched too nearly on a secret which I had not strength of mind to reveal, and which my father might regard either as an illusion or a falsehood. 'Believe,' I replied, 'that I have seen Cecilia, and have reason to think that she will not be unfavourable to my love. With respect to the circumstances or accident that brought us together for an instant, be so good, I beseech you, as not to question me further.'

'Heaven forbid!' said he, embracing me. 'I have too much respect for this kind of mystery to take from you the merit of discretion. There are secret links, sympathies, known only to lovers, which one at my age can but ill discern. This state of things accords so well with my wishes, that I have no desire to find out how it originated. Let us now think only of your marriage, which will be celebrated without fail after you shall have taken your degree. This delay seems to frighten you; but it is not so long as you imagine. You will soon regain the time you have lost during your illness. You must feel that it would ill become you to present yourself at the most solemn act of life, without bringing as a dowry an honourable and serious title. Besides, it is but proper that you should first see your intended wife and father-in-law, and obtain a more positive consent than that on which we have been flattering ourselves, before pushing things any further. As your health is so much improved, I trust that a month's residence at Montbéliard will quite re-establish it. You will be present at your cousin Clara's wedding as you pass, for she lives half-way, at the Bois d'Arcey.'

* Getting his name struck off the list of the proscribed.

'Clara's wedding!' I exclaimed in surprise. 'Is Clara going to be married?'

'Yes,' replied my father. 'I wish she may be happy; though there is something extraordinary about the whole affair. This year she refused three highly-advantageous offers, and her mother thought she was disposed to embrace a religious life, when a strange young man, who had arrived in town only a day or two before, obtained her consent in their first conversation. The references he gave as to character and fortune were satisfactory, and their two families promptly agreed to the match. Clara is happy in this union, which the Virgin, she says, had in reserve for her since the night of the Chandeleur. But what say you? Does the arrangement I have proposed suit your inclination?'

I threw myself into his arms; he kissed my forehead, went into his study, and soon came out with a letter in his hand, addressed to Colonel Savernier. Next morning I set out for Montbéliard, happier than I can express.

Alas! what are human joys!

I have said that the strange illusion that filled up my whole life, and absorbed my every thought since the night of the Chandeleur, had to me become equivalent to the most positive truth. The result of my inquiries had given to it an extreme likelihood. The unforeseen concurrence of my father's projects with the time and circumstances of my dream, distinguished it from the class of ordinary dreams. It was no longer a dream—it was a revelation. Constitutionally disposed to be easily impressed by the marvellous, I abandoned myself to this without resistance. Hearts that resemble mine will have no difficulty in understanding me. I embraced, for the first time, the thought of a happiness which I imagined nothing was to disturb. I flew towards Cecilia in all the confidence, all the abandonment of my heart. It was at the end of January; and I was struck with a strange sensation when I remarked that Clara's marriage was exactly on the day of the Chandeleur. I arrived in time to be present at the ceremony. The countenances of the bride and bridegroom expressed the most perfect happiness. The young man was handsome, affectionate, and engaging, but serious in his demeanour. When the ceremony was ended, I approached my cousin, and pressing her hand to my lips, whispered, 'I hope, my dear friend, that this gentleman is the husband who was revealed to you on the night of the Chandeleur?' Clara blushed, and gave me a look which seemed to say, 'How do you know that?' Then pressing my hand, she replied, 'I would not have married another.' I felt myself agitated by a delightful emotion, impossible to describe, in thinking that a similar happiness awaited myself.

Whilst the fêtes of Clara's marriage detained me at the Bois d'Arcey longer than I could have wished, my excellent father had advised Colonel Savernier of my intended visit; of which the latter, curious to know me first, did not think proper to inform his daughter. When I had presented my letter to the colonel, he merely glanced at it with a smile, and coming to me with open arms, 'I need not ask your name,' said he with affectionate cordiality; 'you bear so strong a resemblance to the friend of my youth, that I think I see him still, as when every morning brought us together—only you are a little taller. You are welcome, my dear boy, as a friend—as a son—if, as I hope, your heart and that of my Cecilia's come to a mutual understanding. And now, sit down and rest yourself, while I read your father's letter, and consider you more at my ease.'

The kindness of this reception brought tears to my eyes, which I sought to restrain by taking a survey of the room. A straw-hat, trimmed with blue ribbons, hung upon a nail: it was Cecilia's. There was a harp in one corner of the room: it was Cecilia's harp. A bag had been carelessly left upon a chair close to mine, on the steel-clasp of which my eye quickly detected the initials that had struck me on the night of my vision. Yet the idea suddenly occurred to me, what if Cecilia was not the right person after all? The thought froze me with terror. I found myself engaged in the most sacred, the most irrevocable manner, by the wishes I had expressed to my father, by my present proceedings with respect to M. Savernier, and my blind precipitation was perhaps about to separate me for ever from the bride who had been promised me. A mortal shudder ran through me when I perceived, at a distance, the portrait of a young female wearing a straw-hat. I collected all my strength, and hastened across the room to examine it more closely. I was struck with despair. It was the portrait of a charming woman, but whose face bore no resemblance to that of my imaginary Cecilia. It was not she! My limbs were sinking under me, when the arm of M. Savernier, passed round my body, held me up. 'Alas!' said he, wiping away a tear, 'you will never see her! That is Lidy! my fair and gentle Lidy! the mother of our Cecilia. May you never experience the grief of surviving what you love!'

My terror vanished, leaving only a profound sympathy for my friend, who seemed to appreciate my feelings, for he said, 'Yes, you shall be my son! for you have a soul! You shall be the husband of Cecilia, if she consent. And why should she not?' After a pause, he added, 'My dear young friend, a regard to propriety will not permit that you should stay at my house; but we shall see you every day while you remain at Montbéliard, before going to resume your studies. The sweet intimacy that ought to precede a serious and inviolable engagement will grow up of itself. One ought not to proceed lightly with affairs of life and eternity. But I learn with much surprise, from your father's letter, that you already love my Cecilia; and, what is still stranger, if it be possible, her artless heart, which has never concealed anything from me, feels drawn towards you by the same inclination, though you have never seen each other; unless, indeed, my vigilance has been deceived by some of those artifices which youth practises by instinct, and old age forgets. That, I own, is a point on which I am anxious for an explanation; and my friendship for you gives me some right to expect it.'

The colonel cast a searching look on me; and the trouble into which his question plunged me could not have escaped his notice. I cast down my eyes, hesitated, and vainly sought for an answer.

'I swear to you, upon my honour, sir,' I at length replied, 'that I have never seen Cecilia; that I have never seen her portrait; that I have never presumed to write to her; and that her name was known to me scarcely two days before my father mentioned it to me. Notwithstanding, it is a year since I first loved her; and I will love her all my life. There is the truth, sir. The rest is to me an incomprehensible mystery.'

'Incomprehensible indeed!' replied M. Savernier with an anxious air—'quite incomprehensible; for I do not suppose you could be guilty of a falsehood. And yet——'

'And yet I have disguised nothing from you. Is it not an instance of those mysterious sympathies which sometimes unconsciously take possession of us, and carry us away with all the vehemence of a passion? It is what I am profoundly ignorant of; however, I must believe it, for I have no other explanation to give you.'

'Pshaw!' replied the colonel; 'you will next have me believe that you have seen and loved each other in a dream. If the secret of that kind of rendezvous get abroad, it will be all over with paternal surveillance. But what matters it, provided you love each other?—just as I wish things to be. This is what we shall all know before long in a more positive manner; for you shall dine to-morrow with Cecilia.'

'To-morrow!' I exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment.

'To-morrow,' said he, smiling. 'It is not so soon as you would wish; but the delay is not long enough to cause you any real affliction. I have not told Cecilia of your expected arrival. I reserved to myself the pleasure of discovering at your first interview, when I had

known you a little, whether there is any reality in the sympathy between you; and I was not sorry that an opportunity offered to get my daughter out of the way at the moment I expected you. A country family, in which Cecilia counts no less than six friends—all sisters—solemnise to-day the anniversary of the birth of their excellent grandmother, who is an old friend of mine. As the long retirements of the Chandeleur are over, and the rest of the time between this and Lent is, by immemorial custom, consecrated to amusements more or less innocent, but which religion itself does not forbid, they dance, they disguise themselves, and I even believe they will be masked. Don't be alarmed, my friend; the programme of the fête admits females only, nor will any man be received there, whether father, husband, or brother, till the hour appointed for the sweet lambs to return to the fold. Meanwhile we shall dine *tête-à-tête*, for there is Dorothy calling us.'

'Do you know,' said he suddenly, when we were about to leave the table, 'an idea occurs to me. Since to-morrow seems so long to your impatience, we shall at least try to deceive *her* till then. I shall tell you how. At the hour of breaking up this evening, you shall accompany me when I go for Cecilia. I shall enter alone, and in a few words smooth all difficulties. A servant, at my appointed signal, will introduce you as a friend of the family. We must seem to be entire strangers to each other. In this way I shall be enabled to appreciate the reality of those marvellous sympathies you speak so much of; for there will be nothing to prevent you, if not from seeing Cecilia, at least from conversing with her without restraint. I hope you will have no difficulty in distinguishing her in her disguise as a bride of Montbéliard.'

She is disguised as a bride of Montbéliard, say you? Can it be possible?'

'Why, yes; as a bride of Montbéliard,' he replied. 'It is a good omen, is it not? But this costume is so graceful, that more than one of her companions may have also chosen it. In that case you will know her from the others by a little sprig of myrtle, separated from her bouquet, which she took a fancy to attach to her bosom, and by which I am myself to recognise her.'

This second circumstance, which recalled so vividly the particulars of my dream, renewed my emotion; but I soon mastered it, and answered to the proposal of M. Savernier by testifying the most tender gratitude. An hour afterwards, he had executed his project in all points, and I was in the presence of Cecilia, whom I easily recognised by the tokens her father had given me. On her side she had shown some emotion at my approach, and when I had taken my place beside her, I thought I perceived her tremble. 'Excuse,' said I, 'a liberty which the mask and disguise will in some degree explain. The vicinity of a stranger may perhaps be unpleasant to you; yet I doubt much whether my features are wholly strange to your recollection?'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'I do not think I have had the honour of ever seeing you before.'

'Never?' said I.

'Never,' she returned with a forced laugh, 'unless it was perhaps in a dream; and you may believe my word, for I am incapable of feigning. I have not even tried to disguise my voice.'

It was indeed the voice I had heard a year before, and which still echoed in my heart. 'Permit me, then,' said I with warmth, 'to seek some motive which may supply the pleasing customs of established acquaintanceship. My name, or rather that of my father, must have often been mentioned to you by yours, and I am not ignorant that I speak to the daughter of M. Savernier. Would this name be happy enough to awaken any kind of sympathy in your soul?'

I had hardly pronounced my name, when Cecilia started, and turned on me a look expressive of tenderness, mingled with terror. 'Yes, yes!' she replied; 'your name is well known to me. It is dear to my father and to me also, for it recalls to us recollections which are never effaced from an honest heart—those of gratitude! It is true, then?' she continued, speaking to herself, as if she had suddenly forgot my presence; 'it was not an illusion? All has been thus far fulfilled—all will be fulfilled without doubt! The will of God be done!' And she fell into a state of gloomy dejection, in which all her ideas seemed to be absorbed. One of her hands nearly touched mine. I took it without her making the slightest effort to withdraw it. She only looked at me more attentively. 'It is he!' she said.

'Oh, let not the sight of me give you any alarm!' said I, pressing her hand. 'The sentiment which has led me to you is as pure as your own heart, and it has the sanction of a father whose only thought is your happiness. You are free, Cecilia; and our future destiny depends only on you.'

'Our future destiny depends only on God,' she replied, letting her head droop with a deep sigh. 'But you have spoken of my father. You have surely seen him? He knows that at this hour of the night, for some time past, I suffer from an inexpressible affection which stifles and kills me. I wished so much to prevent its approach! How is it that my father is not come?'

Although the colonel had told me something of this circumstance, which inspired no fear, the expression of suffering that accompanied those words froze my blood. Besides, her father was standing before us at the moment that she seemed to be seeking him through the room with an uneasy look. I was surprised that she had not seen him. 'I am near you,' said he, encircling her with his arm, for she was going to faint. She leant upon him, and passed one of those moments so long to pain.

The friends of Cecilia had gathered around her, and, in the cares they lavished on her, displaced her mask. Alas! all my doubts were dissipated; but a frightful pallor covered those features so dear to my memory. I felt as if life was about to leave me, when Cecilia breathed, raised her head, and looked at the persons who surrounded her. 'Ah! all is well now,' said she. 'I am better. I no longer suffer. I ask pardon, and thank you all. This crisis is never long, but I would have wished to have spared you the pain of witnessing it. In that case I should not have come, or have gone away sooner. I will no longer interrupt your pleasures; the air and a walk will complete my recovery.'

Shortly after we set out, and M. Savernier intrusted his daughter's arm to me. She was near me—close to my heart. I conversed freely with her. I spent ten minutes of the fullest, the purest happiness that ever mortal was permitted to enjoy on earth. Cecilia walked with a light and firm step. She seemed happy. Her father, with one arm passed round her, congratulated himself on seeing her so well, and attributed her late illness to the fatigue of dancing, or to some sudden emotion, the secret of which he gaily refused to penetrate. The space we had to walk was very short. We arrived. 'Adieu till to-morrow,' said the colonel—'till to-morrow! To-morrow, the fairest day of all our lives, if my hopes be not deceived. But the night is past, and this fair to-morrow must be near its second hour. At four o'clock in the evening,' said he, embracing me; 'and this time we shall all three sit down to table. Sleep, the toilet, and hope, will help to shorten the time till then.' They retired. I still hear Cecilia's adieu.

Next day was Sunday. The hour so impatiently expected at length arrived—the hour at which I was to see Cecilia! Cecilia, by whom I believed myself loved! Cecilia whom I adored! The street through which I had to pass, and which I had seen nearly deserted the evening before, was now filled with people. I attributed this difference to the solemnity of the day; but I could not explain why the crowd formed itself here and there into motionless and silent groups. I rapidly threaded my way through those little assemblies, and only by chance caught a few confused words to the following effect:—'An aneurism?' said one; 'persons do not die of aneurism at that age.' 'One dies when the hour of

death is come,' replied his neighbour. A little farther on was a young girl, adorned and veiled, to whom one of her companions was listening in tears. 'At half-past two, when leaving the ball, she said truly that she would never be married!' A horrible light glanced in upon my mind. I was not more than twenty steps from the house. I ran. The many years which have elapsed since then cannot weaken the impression of that fearful moment. The door was hung with white; in the passage was a coffin, surrounded with torches.

'Who is dead? Who is dead in this house?' I exclaimed, violently laying hold of the arm of a man who seemed to have charge of the preparations.

'Mademoiselle Cecilia Savernier!'

DR MANTELL ON ANIMALCULES.

We quote below the title of a recent volume by Dr Mantell,* the object of which is 'to present a familiar exposition of the nature and habits of some of the invisible beings which people our lakes and streams.' Invisible beings! and yet not the creatures of superstition and dreamland, but actual substantial existences, that, unseen by the eye of sense, perform, within a single drop of water, the circle of an economy as perfect in its kind as is that of man himself. The object is in the highest degree commendable, and the name of the author is guarantee sufficient for its correct and agreeable treatment. There is no branch of science more interesting, none whose revelations are more wonderful, than that which unfolds the forms and nature of the minute creatures which people every stagnant pool, inhabit the leaves of every forest, and which take up their abode even in the fluids and tissues of other living beings. Nor is it a study the result of which is merely amusement and wonder; for, like the minute parasitic vegetation whose growth absorbs the elements of decay, and which occasionally create such havoc among human food, and engender disease and death, the myriad animalcules in nature may execute similar missions, sometimes repressing putridity, at others becoming the sources of the most loathsome and fatal diseases. It is, therefore, only by a knowledge of the nature of these creatures, and of the causes and sources of their development, that man can call in their aid or control their results, as his purposes may demand. So simple, moreover, and so easily discernible is the organization of many animalcules, that the physiological functions of their structure is fully exposed to view—functions which find their counterparts in the higher animals, but in whom the mode of operation is hopelessly obscured. Apparent as are the advantages resulting from a study of microscopic life, it must not be supposed that the little work before us either affords an ample exposition, or adds new discoveries to the subject. All that is attempted, is a familiar description of a few common facts, a description which will in some degree instruct the ordinary reader, and lead him—if he can be led at all—to further investigation, while works of greater research and higher pretensions would have been unintelligible and forbidding.

Dr Mantell's idea is a happy one: he takes a little water from a neighbouring pool, and confining himself to the examination of this, describes, in simple but attractive terms, what he sees, figuring at the same time, with the greatest delicacy and elegance, the objects of his observation. 'From some water containing aquatic plants, collected from a pond on Clapham Common, I select,' says he, 'a small twig, to which are attached a few delicate flakes, apparently of slime or jelly; some minute fibres, standing erect here and there on the twig, are also dimly visible to the naked eye. This twig, with a drop or two of the water, we will put between two thin plates of glass, and place under the field of view of a microscope having lenses that magnify the image of an object two hundred times in linear dimensions. Upon looking through the instrument, we find the fluid swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the water with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water—appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die, if separated from the parent mass. No organs of progressive motion, similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose.' To the uninitiated this must be a startling revelation; more wonderful, because real, than all the multitudes with which superstition and fancy have peopled the realms above, beneath, and around us.

The animalcules above enumerated now become the subjects of individual examination—there being nearly a dozen different genera in the small phial of water selected. The first and most conspicuous of these is the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polype, an animalcule visible to the naked eye, appearing, when at rest, a mere globular speck of jelly, but, when active, protruding into a funnel-shaped body, furnished with a number of long, delicate tentacula or arms, by which it secures its prey. This polype is carnivorous in its habits, feeding on small worms and insects. 'I have seen,' says our author, 'a polype seize two worms at the same instant; and to reach them, the arms were extended to such a degree of tenuity, as scarcely to be perceptible without the aid of a lens; and the worms, though very lively, and struggling violently, were unable to break asunder these delicate instruments, and escape, but in an instant were struck motionless. This phenomenon strikingly resembles the effect produced by the electric eel; and it is not improbable that the hydra, like that fish, kills its prey by an electric shock.' The fresh-water polypes are exceedingly prolific, several hundreds of thousands springing from one parent stock in the course of a few months. The generation or mode of multiplication in the hydra is one of its most striking peculiarities. In its ordinary condition, this takes place by gemmation, or buds, as in certain plants. A small protuberance appears externally on some part of the body of the polype, and gradually enlarges, and becomes elongated; arms speedily spring forth from the free extremity, and a miniature hydra is formed, which in a short time separates from its parent, and assumes its individual existence. Nor is this all: a single hydra may be cut into several pieces, either across its body, or longitudinally, and, what is wonderful, every section will in time become a polype, as perfect as the original of which it formed a part! Further, the animal may be turned inside out like a glove, and the original outer surface will perform the function of digestion, while the former lining of the stomach becomes the skin; and this without the creature apparently suffering any inconvenience.

From the examination of the *hydræ* or polypes, which are giants in comparison, Dr Mantell passes to the consideration of the true Infusoria—those minute animalcules which were sporting in the drops of water between the plates of glass placed in the field of his microscope.

* Thoughts on Animalcules; or a Glimpse of the Invisible World Revealed by the Microscope. By Gideon Algernon Mantell, Esq., LL.D. London: Murray. 1846.

'The existence of these minute beings having been first detected in water containing vegetable matter, such as hay, grass, &c. it was taken for granted that they were peculiar to certain infusions; hence the term *Infusoria*, given to this class of animals, in allusion to their supposed origin. This name is still employed as a general designation, although it has long been known that the presence of animalcules in infusions has no necessary relation to the vegetable ingredients, except so far as the decomposition of the latter may tend to the production of a proper medium for the development of the invisible eggs, or germs, of these creatures, which are everywhere present. The essential characters of the Infusoria—in other words, those points of organization in which they differ from all other animals—consist in their bodies being destitute of any true articulated or jointed limbs, and locomotive members or feet; their varied movements being performed by means of processes or filaments, which are always in motion, and are termed *cilia*, from their supposed resemblance to the eyelashes. The cilia, in many species of the Infusoria, are more or less generally distributed over the surface of the body; in others they are disposed in one or more circles around the mouth or aperture of the digestive organs; and in some, are arranged in zones on one or more circular or semicircular projections on the upper part of the body.' The examination of these minute creatures requires great tact and patience. From the original drop of water a particular species is first selected; it is then removed, transferred to a drop of pure water, and placed under the field of the microscope—the observer beginning with low powers, till he obtain a general knowledge of the form and appearance of the species, and afterwards examining the several parts of the body with the most powerful glasses.

By such a scrutiny, Dr Mantell detects, in the original glass of water, a number of species of the most beautiful forms, and of the most curious economy. Among these are *Monads*, animated spherules of various colours, little more than the thousandth part of a line in diameter; and yet each exhibits an individual activity, feeding, disporting, and propagating its kind with inconceivable rapidity. The floating coloured slime which sometimes appears in the water of stagnant pools, is an aggregation of countless myriads of these beings—not individually distinct, but visible only in the mass. There are also *Vorticellæ*, or bell-shaped animals, and *Stentors*, or those of trumpet shapes—fixed singly, or in clusters, by the narrow extremity, and waving in the water their wider extremities, fringed with cilia, like so many animated harebells of astonishing minuteness. The digestive organs of these tiny creatures 'consist of a series of globular stomachs—hence the term polygastria—connected by a common tube, which allows entrance to the food, and exit to the effete particles. The food is brought to the mouth by the currents produced in the water by the cilia; aëration is performed by the agency of the same organs; and the increase of the species is effected by spontaneous division, each part, like the severed portions of the polype, growing into a perfect individual.' Besides these polygastric animalcules, which are the lowest of the Infusoria, there are in the water under examination numerous species of *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearing animalcules, so called from the circular rows of cilia which fringe the upper parts of their bodies, and which, when in motion, appear like wheels revolving round a common axis. These are more highly organized than the former class: 'the digestive canal is a tube more or less straight, which in many genera is provided with jaws and teeth, which, like the masticatory organs in birds, are situated low down, are very distinct, and present considerable diversity of form and arrangement.' Jaws and *teeth* in creatures invisible to the naked eye! Yet so it is: like the miniature watch set in a finger-ring, its wheels and springs are not less perfect because of their tiny dimensions. In the Rotifera there are indications of nerves, muscles, and punctiform eyes, all shadowing forth, as it were, the dawn of higher existences. Some are oviparous, others viviparous—the eggs in many species being in size equal to one-third of the animalcule. These ova 'retain their vitality for almost an unlimited period, and are transported by the water and wafted by the winds—for, whether dry or moist, they remain uninjured—till, thrown into the conditions suitable to their organization, they become developed, and the apparently pure waters teem with myriads of highly-organized beings. Even the adult animals of some species—the common Rotifers, for instance—after being apparently dried up for several years, will start into life upon the addition of a few drops of water, and throw their rotatory organs into full play, as if roused from a refreshing slumber.'

Of these Rotifera, Dr Mantell detects several genera: some flower-shaped, *Floscularia;* some crown-shaped, *Stephanoceros;* the common wheel-animalcule, *Rotifer;* and other species covered with siliceous shells and spines, *Brachionus*. These last are perhaps the most wonderful, as they are, geologically speaking, the most important of their class. 'Their cases or shells consist either of lime, silex (flint), or iron; and these retain their form and structure for unlimited periods of time. From the inconceivable numbers of these shell-animalcules, which swarm in every body of water, whether fresh or salt, and the immense rapidity with which the species increase—by spontaneous fissuration, germination, and ova—extensive deposits, or strata of their cases, are constantly forming at the bottom of lakes, rivers, and seas. Hence have originated the layers of white calcareous earth common in peat-bogs and morasses, the tripoli, or polishing-slate of Bilin,* consisting wholly of the siliceous cases of animalcules, and the bog iron, composed of the ferruginous shields of other forms. In short, the extensive and important changes that have been produced on the earth's surface by this agency in the earlier ages of the physical history of our planet, and those of a like nature which are going on at the present time, are in the highest degree interesting, and have but lately become the subject of scientific investigation.'

The contents of the little phial have now been explored, the microscope removed, and all that remains is a small twig, two or three minute leaves, a few flakes of mucus, and a turbid condition of the water from the presence of earthy particles. 'All the diversified forms of life that were sporting in the apparently wide waste of water have vanished from our sight, and are as though they were not; yet what a world of wonders, what a marvellous display of Infinite wisdom, are there concealed! Within that narrow space, the microscope has shown us the mysterious principle of vitality embodied in structures of which we had previously no conception, and under conditions which, if estimated according to our experience of the visible creation, would appear incompatible with animal existence. Were we to describe the facts that have come under our notice to persons unacquainted with the optical powers of the microscope, and tell them that the seeming particles of earth in the water are creatures of various forms and structures, endowed with life, and the capacity for its enjoyment; that those flakes of mucus are aggregated thousands of animals, in the shape of flowers, which increase, like plants, by buds and by self-division; that some of these creatures are carnivorous, feeding on living atoms more infinitesimal than themselves; that others are herbivorous, and nourished by particles of decomposed vegetables too minute to be visible till accumulated in the internal organs of the animalcules; that we selected some of these animals, and caused them to swallow carmine, and thus imparted a red colour to their digestive organs, and rendered their structure more obvious; that some are free, and roam through the water at pleasure, others always sedentary, others locomotive in youth, and fixed to one spot in after-life; that many have eyes, the number and colour of which can be distinguished; that the difference in the relative magnitude of these creatures is as great as that between a mouse and an elephant; that if the water in

* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the siliceous shields of Infusoria, of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

which these beings are now immersed be allowed to evaporate, and the sediment become as dry as dust, and this be moistened three or four years hence, many of the individuals at this moment sporting through the water will be resuscitated, and appear in full activity, although, had they remained in their native element, the term of their existence would have extended but through a few days—thus realising one of the beautiful fictions of Arabian story—would not this statement be deemed unworthy of belief!—would it not be regarded as improbable and as extravagant as the wildest chimeras of the imagination! And yet such a narrative would be but the simple truth—an unexaggerated, unadorned matter-of-fact summary of the phenomena that have come under our observation!' Verily, there are more things in nature than the uninquiring dream of.

Like animals of higher organization, these microscopic creatures suffer and perish from sudden transitions of temperature. Atmospheric air is as necessary to their existence as to ours; and they are killed by substances which affect the chemical composition of the water. Fresh-water species instantly die if sea-water be suddenly added, though the latter may swarm with marine species; but they survive if the mixture be gradual; and many kinds inhabit brackish water. Infusoria always appear in vegetable infusions, because their ova or germs, being everywhere present, find in such fluids a proper medium for their development. Every stream is laden with them; every breeze wafts its myriads of myriads. Though the influence of light is favourable to their life, yet it does not appear indispensable, for they abound in the waters of deep mines, which are always in impenetrable darkness. 'The ordinary duration of life in the Infusoria varies from a few hours to several days, or even weeks. Rotifera have been traced to the twenty-third day of their existence. The death of these animals is generally sudden; but in some of the larger species, convulsive struggles attend their dissolution. Shortly after death, the soft parts rapidly decompose, and all traces of their beautiful structures disappear: the species which are furnished with earthy cases, or shells, alone leave durable vestiges of their existence.'

Such is an outline of Dr Mantell's 'Thoughts on Animalcules,' which we cordially recommend to the perusal of the young and intelligent. They may or may not become original inquirers—they may never adjust the focus of a microscope, or place one drop of an infusion under the lens of a magnifier—but this need not prevent them from making themselves acquainted, through the discoveries of others, with a department of knowledge than which we know of none more replete with interest and instruction.

FATHER BLACKHALL'S SERVICES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The leading features in Father Blackhall's history, at least the sole ground on which his memory has been resuscitated by the printing of a substantial quarto volume, is the services he performed to 'three noble ladies,' as they are minutely set forth by himself. In the preceding article we have given whatever appeared curious or entertaining in his intercourse with the second of his noble employers. We now examine the third book of his circumstantial history, in the hope that it may provide some further incidents worthy of notice.

His former patroness, the widowed and lovely Lady Aboyne, on her deathbed earnestly recommended to Blackhall's protection her daughter, the Lady Henrietta Gordon. It is in the form of a letter to this lady that Blackhall describes his efforts to accomplish her mother's dying exhortation. His main object was to secure an appointment for the young lady in the household of the queen of France, the French court being then an asylum in which many of the decayed or oppressed aristocracy of Scotland found refuge. To pass over from the north of Scotland to France was a journey accompanied by no small array of perils in the early part of the seventeenth century; and it was not the less so, that the country was now raging from end to end with the troubles arising from the Covenant. The father had not proceeded many miles, before he encountered a rather formidable adventure. Along the north-west border of Aberdeenshire, where it marches with Banffshire, there is a wide, desolate moor, stretching over many miles of country to the foot of the mountain mass called the Buck of the Cabrach. It is a wild, dreary district at the present day, differing probably but slightly in its outward features from its state in Blackhall's time, however different may be the guests one would find in the primitive inn of Rhynie, which, when we last partook of its hospitalities, had as venerable an air as if it had been the actual house in which the following scene occurred. The narrative is, by the way, remarkable as illustrating the antiquity of *Finnan haddies*, which must have been a highly esteemed dish; otherwise they would not, as in this instance, have been conveyed inland nearly forty miles from the place where they were cured.

'Passing by the muir of Rhynie,' says Blackhall, 'I intended to give my horse a measure of oats there, because I had eight miles to ride over the Cushnie Hills, as wild a piece of ground as is in all Britain.' He then inquires of a man coming out of the inn if he would get good oats there; and 'the unhappy rascal answering, said, Yes, sir; and good ale and beer also; but did not tell me the house was full of men, as drunk as men could be.

'I entered in the court, suspecting nothing; and as I descended from my horse, a gentleman, called John Gordon, son to Leicheston, did embrace me very kindly. He was exceedingly drunk.'

Blackhall then enters into the hall with him, which hall he describes as being 'full of soldiers, as drunk as beasts, and their captain, William Gordon of Tilliangus, was little better;' adding, 'that Tilliangus had got a patent to list a company for the then holy, but now cursed, Covenant; and John Gordon of Leicheston was his lieutenant;' and hinting that every Covenanting man was then more loyal than the king himself.

Blackhall, when he went into the hall, kept his valise in his own hand, because there was in it a suit of mass clothes, which might have discovered him; and as he was about to salute the company, 'the captain, in a commanding way, said, Who are you, sir? which did presently heat my blood. And as I thought he spoke disdainfully to me, I answered in that same tone, saying, This is a question indeed, sir, to have been asked at my footman, if you had seen him coming in to you. He said it was a civil demand. I said it might pass for such to a valet, but not to a gentleman. He said it was civil, and I said it was not. Leicheston seeing us both very hot, and ready to come to blows, taking me by the hand, said, Go with me, sir, to a chamber, and let this company alone;' to which Blackhall agrees; but the captain follows them, refuses to drink with them, but sits down, and again reiterates his demand, when Blackhall tells him that, if at first the request had been made with kindness, it would have been complied with, but having been made in a disdainful manner, and refused, he could not now with honour grant it, lest it should seem that fear, not complaisance, had been the cause; adding, 'And I am resolved not to do anything prejudicial to my honour, neither for fear of death nor hope of reward; but at the next meeting, whensoever it is, I shall freely tell you, for then I hope our party will not be so unequal as it is now, and therefore will not then be ascribed to fear or baseness, as it is now.

'With this answer he went from us to his company; and, as we thought (that is, Leicheston and I), if not contented, at least paid with reason. In the meantime Leicheston did call for Finnan haddocks (or fish like whitings, but bigger and firmer). The mistress did give four to her servant to roast for us. When they were roasted, the captain did take them from her, and

ate them up, with his soldiers. The servant came and told us that the captain would not suffer her to roast any for us, nor bring us those she had roasted for us. Whereupon I said to the mistress, in great anger, Goodwife, I pray you give me some haddocks, and I will go into your hall and roast them, or some better thing for them, for I will not be so braved by your captain. My money is as good as his, and therefore I will have haddocks for my money, or know wherefore not. She said, You shall have, sir, but you shall not go in among them who are bent to kill you. I pray God deliver my house from murder. I would give all I have in the world to have you safe out of my house. I shall go and roast the haddocks, and bring them to you myself; which she did, and we did eat them, and drink to the health of one another without any trouble; for our resolution was taken, to sell our skins at the dearest rate that we could, if it behoved us to die; for Leicheston had already sworn to die or live with me.'

The captain is then represented as returning to them, sitting down and renewing his first demand, to which he receives the same answer, and departs in great wrath to his soldiers. Then Leicheston's servant comes and tells his master, in Irish, that they were making ready to compel Blackhall to tell who he was, or kill him; upon which Leicheston and Blackhall take measures for their reception. But the captain having delayed to come, Blackhall sent Leicheston to show him that it would be a blot against his honour to bring twenty men against two, and offering rather to fight with him hand to hand. Whereupon the captain was highly delighted with his courage, and said, 'I did never meet with a man of greater resolution, wherefore I shall honour him wheresoever I shall see him; and tell him I need not fight combats to show my courage: it is well enough known in this country where I live, and I believe so be his where he is known.' And shortly after the captain came to Blackhall, and said, 'I am come to crave your pardon for the affront that we have done. Good sir, said I, be pleased to change the name, and call it wrong, but not affront; for a man who is resolved to die in defending his own honour, may receive wrong indeed, but not an affront; and as to me, I never yet received an affront, nor do I think to be so base as ever to receive any.' Then, after further demonstrations of cordiality between Blackhall and the captain, the soldiers are brought in unarmed, to testify their friendship also; and Blackhall says, 'I did take each of them by the hand very kindly, and drank to them, and they to me. They were in all five-and-twenty; and a minister called Mr Patrick Galloway, who had been lately banished out of Ireland, in the insurrection that the Irish made against the Scotch in the north of Ireland; whereby ye may judge if I would not have been a good prize to these soldiers of the unholy Covenant. They would have been better rewarded for taking a priest nor [*than*] for a lord.' He then diverges to the praise of John Gordon of Leicheston, who had stood by him so stanchly in his extremity, saying, 'He was a very gallant gentleman, and as personable a man as was of any name in Scotland; tall, well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, which his generous heart did not belie. For without any other obligation, but only because he did casually meet me in the court, and civilly did bring me in by the hand to their company, he resolved to share with me of life or death, and did embrace my cause as if it had been his own; showing no less interest for my life than he would have done for his own.'

When the worthy father had accomplished the object of his mission, he joyfully prepared to leave France; but if, in his native country, he met with dissipated, quarrelsome people, he was exposed in that where he was now sojourning to greater danger from a multitudinous array of robbers. 'I passed on my way,' says he, 'asking in the villages, as I passed, if they did hear anything of voleurs [robbers] on the great way. Their answer was commonly, It is marvellous how you have escaped them, for the way is all covered with them. These were no comfortable news to me, who had all my money upon me in gold.' But if it was practicable for one man so to fortify himself as to be impregnable to multitudes, Blackhall had done so. Behold his account of his travelling arsenal. 'I had behind my saddle a great cloak-bag, in which were my new clothes and cloak, and a new hat; and at the top of my saddle two Dutch pistols, with wheelworks; and at my two sides two Scotch pistols, with snap-works; and a very wide musket, charged with nine pistol balls, hanging from my neck; and a good sword at my side.' It was not to be wondered at that, so accoutred, robber after robber passed him unmolested; but it must be remembered, that we have only his own word for the statement, that they had ever any design to meddle with him. The following is one of his escapes:—

'When I was passing Fleurie, the taverners, as their custom is, cried, Monsieur, we have good wine and good oats; will you give your horse a measure of oats? to whom I answered, My horse hath dined, and myself also: I will not light down. Then a strong, young fellow did come out of a tavern, who said to me, Monsieur, it is very dangerous for you to go through the wood alone in these times: if you will stay but a little, my master is in the tavern drinking a chopin with another gentleman; they will convoy you through the wood. I answered him, saying, I do not fear any man, neither in the wood nor out of it; and therefore I will not stay one moment for any company. I suspected that they might be voleurs; and he also then said, Since you have so good courage, I will go with you. The way, said I, is free to all men. But why do you not wait upon your master, to come with him, seeing, as you say, the danger is so great? Oh, said he, they are two, well mounted, and fear no voleurs. I believe you, said I. So we went on until we entered into the wood, and then my fellow redoubled his pace, to come nearer to me; which I seeing, turned the mouth of my musket towards him, and commanded him to stay there. Wherefore that? said he. Because I will so, said I: thou shalt not make me thy prey. Therefore, if thou advance but one foot, I shall discharge my musket in thy belly. He stood, and said, You need not fear, having so good a baton in thy hand. I fear no man, said I; but I will make thee fear if thou remove one foot forward until I be out of the wood. In the meantime I was ever advancing forward, and mine eye towards him. So, seeing that I did hold my gun bent towards him, he turned his back to me, and went into the thick of the wood, and I did not see him any more. Then the peasant, who all the time had kept a good distance from me, but so as he did both see and hear what was passing betwixt us, said, God be blessed, sir, who inspired you with His grace to distrust this voleur, and hold him back from you; for if you had suffered him to come near you, he would undoubtedly have got hold of your clothes, and pulled you down from your horse, and stabbed you. Behold, he is hiding himself in the wood: you have saved your own life and mine; for how soon he had killed you, he would have killed me also, for fear I might have discovered him hereafter.'

On his way back to Scotland, the father was wrecked on the coast of Holy Island; and he gives the following most expressive account of the state of society among a people who profit by shipwrecks:—'The country people convened the next day, to take the goods which the sea had cast to the land; amongst which there was a caseful of castor-hats, with gold hat-bands, for which the minister of the parish, a Scotsman, named Lindsay, and a gentleman dwelling near the island, did fight; and the minister did sore wound the gentleman; and the common people did get away the case, and broke it, and every one took away what he could get of it, whilst the church and the state were fighting for it in vain.' He then mentions, 'that the tempest having ceased, we went a-walking in the island, and did go to

the governor, Robin Rugg, a notable good fellow, as his great red nose, full of pimples, did give testimony. He made us breakfast with him, and gave us very good sack, and did show us the tower in which he lived, which is no strength at all, but like the watch-towers upon the coast of Italy. We did take him with us to our inn, and made him the best cheer that we could. He was a very civil and jovial gentleman, and good company; and among the rest of his merry discourses, he told us how the common people there do pray for ships which they see in danger. They all sit down on their knees, and hold up their hands, and say, very devoutly, Lord, send her to us; God, send her to us! You, said he, seeing them upon their knees, and their hands joined, do think that they are praying for your safety; but their minds are far from that. They pray God, not to save you, or send you to the port, but to send you to them by shipwreck, that they may get the spoil of her. And to show that this is their meaning, said he, if the ship come well to the port, or eschew shipwreck, they get up in anger, crying, The devil stick her, she is away from us!'

After a multitude of difficulties and dangers, which we cannot follow out in detail, the father returned with his ward to France; and here he found a new impediment in her intractable, haughty temper. With true Highland pride, the damsel thought that crowned heads were her only earthly superiors; and in the palaces of the French nobility, as different from her own rude home as a peer's mansion in London is from a farmer's cottage at the present day, her Highland blood boiled against the etiquettes and deferences to which the highest of the young nobility of France gave implicit obedience. Being placed in the family of the Countess of Brienne, to be trained for attendance at court, we are told that 'Both the count and countess, for the queen's sake, were very civil to her; but the more they honoured her, the less did she respect them. Whether that proceeded from pride, thinking that and much more was due unto her, or from inadvertency, not reflecting upon their civilities, which is called a kind of brutality, I know not; God knoweth. But what I have seen with my eyes, and heard with mine ears, that I write here, and nothing more; for I have seen my Lady of Brienne sit in her own carriage, without her gate, upon the street, fretting a whole quarter of an hour for Mademoiselle de Gordon, sending and sending over and over again for her to go to the mass; and which did highly displease me, when she was at the carriage, stepped into it, not opening her mouth to make any excuse for making the lady stay for her, no more than if she had been mistress of the carriage, and the lady but only her servant. This I have, with much grief, seen more than two or three times; and that lady did complain to me of her as often as I did go to see her.'

We must conclude with a specimen of the extremities to which the damsel's pride reduced her, notwithstanding the anxiety of her courtly friends to serve her; premising, for the reader's comfort, that the whole ended in her being received into the queen's household.

'When they arrived at St Germain, the queen knew not how to dispose of her, because the number of her filles [maids of honour] was complete, and Madame de Brienne would not meddle with her any more. The queen told her that she, having no vacant place for her, would place her with Madame la Princesse. She answered her majesty very courageously, saying she had never done anything to displease her relatives, who, she knew, would be highly displeased, hearing that she, who came to France to wait upon her majesty, had descended to serve the Princess of Condé; and prayed her majesty to excuse her, if she refused to do what her relatives would disavow in her. The queen did not take it ill of her, this her generous answer, but did pray monsieur the prince, and madame, to keep her with them as a friend, until she could take her to herself, which at the present she could not do. They, to oblige the queen, did accept of her as a friend, and made her sit at their own table, where she remained in that posture until the princes—to wit, Condé, Conti, and Longueville—were sent prisoners to Bois de Vincienne; and then the princess would not keep her any longer, but, a few days after their imprisonment, sent her to Madame de Brienne in a sedan; and Madame de Brienne would not receive her, but sent her to my Lord Aubeny, who sent her back to Madame de Brienne, and bade tell her that he had no woman in his house, and therefore could not receive her without disparagement of her honour and his. Madame de Brienne would not let her come within her house, but sent for Madame de Ferrand, a councillor's lady, and prayed her to take the young lady in her carriage, and deliver her to Madame de la Flotte in the Palais Royal. When they arrived there, it was near nine o'clock at night. Madame de la Flotte, seeing them come to her at that time of night, and thinking that this lady—to wit, Madame de Ferrand—had been but one of Madame de Brienne's gentlewomen, did claw her up soundly for bringing Mademoiselle de Gordon to her at that time of night.' But Madame de la Flotte, when she saw she was mistaken in the lady, asked her pardon, and showed her how she could not possibly receive Mademoiselle de Gordon that night, but would next day; and back she was taken to Madame de Brienne, who, late as the hour was, refused to let her in; and Madame de Ferrand was at last constrained to take her with her to her own house; Blackhall remarking, 'So Mademoiselle de Gordon might have learned, by Madame de Brienne's unkindness towards her, how improvident a thing it is to neglect powerful persons, able both to do good and evil.'

DR COMBE ON THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

In the *British and Foreign Medical Review* for January last, the editor, Dr Forbes, presented an elaborate paper on Homœopathy, in which, while treating that novel system more liberally than is customary in the orthodox profession, he made such a number of admissions as to the state of ordinary medicine, as, coming from such a quarter, might well startle the public. We do not propose to say more on this paper at present, than that it meets but too aptly conclusions at which we have long arrived regarding medical practice. Our immediate aim is, to direct attention to a paper which the above has elicited from the pen of Dr Combe, and which appears in the number of the Review for April. This eminent person, as is his custom, takes the subject at once before the bar of nature. He sees disease to be 'a perverted state of a natural organic action, and not a something thrown into the system by accident, and obeying no fixed laws. In the cure of disease, therefore,' says he, 'the business of the physician is not to supersede nature, but carefully to observe what is wrong, and to aid the efforts made by her to re-establish regularity and order. Accordingly, experience shows that the physician and the remedy are useful only when they act in accordance with the laws of the constitution and the intentions of nature; hence in chronic, and even in acute diseases, the most effective part of the treatment is generally the hygienic, or that which consists in placing all the organs under the most favourable circumstances for the adequate exercise of their respective functions. If this be done systematically, every effort of nature will be towards the restoration of health; and all that she demands from us in addition, is to remove impediments, and facilitate her acts.'

The learned physician deplores that his medical brethren, in general, should look so much to what is called active treatment, and so little to hygiène, or the regulation of external conditions. He is not for leaving the patient to the efforts of nature, in the common sense of the phrase: he would take care neither to counteract her own efforts, nor to substitute another method of cure for hers. 'So far from sanctioning

inactivity on our part, an intelligent reliance on nature implies that we shall exercise, throughout the whole course of disease, the most watchful observation over its phenomena and progress, and not only timously remove obstacles which may interfere with its proper course, but rigidly fulfil all the conditions which a sound physiology shows to be most conducive to the well-being of the various bodily organs, and to their restoration when disordered. *In this way the physician may often exercise the most salutary influence, nay, even be the means of saving the patient's life, and yet not give one particle of medicine.*' It is first necessary that the physician should thoroughly know the laws of the healthy system; then, that he should observe the manner in which the various disturbing causes act upon the different functions, and the *kind, course*, duration, and termination of the morbid action which they produce; implicitly believing, and having ever present to his mind, that 'all the operations and actions of the living body, whether healthy or morbid, take place according to *fixed and discoverable laws*, and that God has left nothing to chance.' 'That there are,' he pursues, 'forms of disease in which a determinate nature and course cannot be easily traced, is quite true; but there are many more in which the natural course is as obvious as that of the sun. Take the familiar example of cow-pox, small-pox, fever, or ague. The disease is regulated by fixed laws in such a palpable manner, that every medical book describes, with perfect accuracy, the appearances which each will present on given days of its progress in an average constitution. The same holds with measles, scarlatina, and many other acute affections; and less clearly, but still perceptibly enough, with gout, rheumatism, and inflammation. All of these go through a regular course in a shorter or longer time; and when everything goes according to rule, we feel assured that the constitution is safer than where some unusual accident has interrupted the natural progress of events. This, be it observed, is the course towards health which the Creator, in constituting man, considered best for him; and the wisest thing we can do is to act in accordance with it, and seek only to remove impediments. It is not we to whom the cure is intrusted, or by whom it is effected. The Creator has perfected all the arrangements for that purpose, and our sole business ought to be to give these arrangements full play.' As an additional illustration, 'take even a severe cold, with which all are acquainted more or less. Everybody knows that when once set in, treat it how you like, it will run through a determinate course of increase, maturity, and decline; and that all we can do is to shorten a little the duration of its stages by diminishing its intensity, or lengthen it by increasing its severity. Occasionally, it is true, an incipient cold may be stopped by a "heroic" remedy, such as a tumbler of warm punch at bed-time; but much more frequently the heroics leave the patient worse than they found him, and the common experience of mankind shrinks from their use. Even a common boil on the fingers runs through its regular stages of inflammation and decline, or of suppuration and ulceration, each stage being hastened or retarded by external or constitutional causes, but never inverted. But if we apply to the one stage the means which are adapted only to the succeeding one, the result will be injurious; or if we lower the system so much that it becomes inadequate to carry on the regular succession of actions required for recovery, mischief must once more be produced.'

Dr Combe exemplifies this principle in small-pox and measles. In these cases 'the excitement often runs very high in the first or eruptive stage, and means are required to moderate it. But if we bleed too freely, it is well known that the eruption (which we shall suppose to have come out) will generally disappear, and increased danger to life ensue; because the order of nature being forcibly interrupted, some internal disease is brought on, or the system sinks exhausted. Whereas if, instead of bleeding excessively, we keep the patient very quiet, in a cool, well-aired room, and administer cooling drinks, mild laxatives or antimonials, and reserve bleeding for cases of necessity, the probability will be much in favour of recovery. To apply this to the pleurisy. Instead of being intent on cutting it short, the moment we ascertain its existence, we would have respect to its natural course and duration, and reserve our means to carry it safely through its regular stages. So far as my observation goes, cures would be more numerous and complete were this principle followed. If a severe bleeding disturbs fatally the progress of small-pox eruption, may it not also, when unseasonably used, injuriously influence the course of internal inflammation, and lead, for instance, to fatal oppression or effusion?'

Dr Combe counsels no inactive practice; for his views, to be fully carried out, would call for much greater vigilance and care than are usually bestowed. 'Disease,' says he, 'arises either from the habits of the individual, from accidental causes, or from peculiarities of constitution acted upon by these. Hence, on being called to a patient, the first step in the natural investigation is to examine the constitutional qualities, to make ourselves acquainted with the mode of life, feelings, &c. and to trace the manner in which the cause has acted or continues to act. All these influence very greatly both the nature of the disease, and its probable course. They also bear directly upon the kind of treatment, and its probable success. If, however, we are content to regard disease as an entity, arising by chance, and observing no laws, we shall have no inducement to trouble ourselves or the patient with any of these inquiries. Such is, in fact, the practical faith of the great majority of professional men. They discover the existence of an entity, which in medical works has a certain name, and, knowing that in the same books certain remedies are said to be good for that entity, they prescribe them accordingly, without giving themselves much concern about their mode of action or fitness for the individual constitution, age, or stage of the disease, and without inquiring whether there is anything in the mode of life tending to reproduce the malady or not. In many chronic ailments, removable causes are thus often left in full operation, while the effect is partially mitigated, but not cured, by the use of active medicines, and in a short time the whole evil returns in its full force. Whereas if, proceeding according to the order of nature, we can trace the disease to any error in the mode of life, to any external source of danger, or internal peculiarity of constitution, aggravated by either of these two conditions, we can convince the patient of the fact, and give him a rational and confiding interest in the changes which we may recommend, and thus not only promote his recovery, but render him proof against all the seductions of quackery. According to the prevailing kind of intercourse between patient and physician, namely, unhesitating dictation on the one hand, and ignorant obedience on the other, blind faith is the pivot on which their mutual connexion turns—a faith which is thus necessarily at the mercy of the chapter of accidents, and is often supplanted by reliance on the first bold and confident quack who comes in the way. People wonder that quackery abounds, and medical men ask for power from the legislature to put it down. They themselves, however, are in no small degree its abettors, and they have the remedy already to a great extent, although not wholly, in their own hands. If they who are educated, and should know better, accustom their patients to the principles of quackery, by themselves treating them empirically, can they wonder that patients who are not professionally educated, and are trained and treated on purely empirical principles, should be as ready to listen to the assurances of the quack as to those of the regular practitioner, whose manner of proceeding is often so nearly allied in kind, as to present no very obvious marks of distinction from that of the quack? In fact medicine, as often practised by men of undoubted respectability, is made so much of a mystery and is so nearly allied to, if not identified

with, quackery, that it would puzzle many a rational onlooker to tell which is the one and which the other. And this being the case, it requires no ghost from another world to explain why the profession has decidedly sunk in public estimation, and does not exercise that wholesome influence on public opinion which it ought to do.'

We would only add, that if a reform of medicine to the effect contemplated by Dr Combe is ever to be brought about, the public must take a share in it. They must cease to tempt their medical attendants into 'vigorous practice' by their irrational eagerness to see *something done*. They must be prepared to wait with patience to see nature, with the proper negative as well as positive assistance from man's hand and skill, regain her healthy action. And, as a first step to this improved treatment of their sick friends, they must altogether abandon that vulgar faith in doses and bleedings which has so long been—we speak in all soberness—a scourge to our race.

SHEMAHEIT, OR THE COCKNEY'S IRISH FEAST.

A TRUE STORY.

A WEALTHY Cockney, as is oft the case,
Possessed in Erin's land a handsome place;
A fine old castle, and some thousand acres,
With bog, wood, mountain, tenants, rocks, and breakers.
But hitherto he had been quite content
To see his property in shape of rent;
And never dreamt of such a hair-brained notion,
As that of venturing across the ocean:
Leaving the land where beef and pudding smile,
To dine on 'taters in the Emerald Isle;
Albeit the 'land of saints,' he heard it named,
For handsome women and strong whisky famed.
But our good Cockney was a married man,
And, drinking claret, cared not for a dram.

Now to my tale:—Unthought-of in those days
Were steamboats, coaches, tunnels, and railways;
A journey then was a vast undertaking,
A work of stern necessity's own making.
A voyage now to our Antipodes,
Would be performed with less fear, and more ease,
Than was the passage then across the Channel,
Loaded with lots of prog, and cased in flannel.
I said our hero married was, and wealthy;
But riches failed to make his children healthy;
For, one by one they budded and decayed,
As early spring buds 'neath a keen frost fade.
And two alone were left of seven or eight,
To keep his home from being desolate:
And they were delicate, this girl and boy,
And did of course their parents' thoughts employ.
And many a wakeful night and anxious day
They spent, in trying to devise a way
To keep those frugile, precious plants alive.
But ah! the more they're watched, the worse they thrive.
Oh wretched, pitiable state! full well
I know no sorrow that can this excel.
At length the doctors one and all declare
No hope remains but change of scene and air:
And when the parents their decision learn,
They settle on a visit to old Erin.

But passing over every preparation,
Their fears, their tears, at leaving their own nation,
Behold them settled in their Irish castle,
Attended on by many a ready vassal.
But ah! as yet no hopeful change appears
In the loved objects of their cares and fears;
And the desponding father, day by day,
Paced up and down his nicely-gravelled way,
Where the poor children slowly moved along,
Their easy carriage drawn by footmen strong;
As the ill-judging parents had the notion
Their limbs were quite too delicate for motion,
And that 'twas better thus to loll at ease,
Than skip and gambol 'mong the flowers and trees.

It chanced that often in his walks he came
Near to his gatehouse, where a comely dame
Toiled night and morn among a busy throng
Of noisy urchins, ruddy, fat, and strong;
And often he would stop, and turn his gaze
On the glad children at their merry plays;
Then, with a sigh, contrast them with his own,
And wonder how they had so healthy grown.
Soon he resolved to question the good dame,
And with this purpose to her dwelling came,
And after some slight prefatory chat,
'What food,' said he, 'makes your young squad so fat?
My cook is wearied making up new dishes—
Soups, sauces, curries, fricandaus, fruits, fishes;
No time or labour's spared, no cost or care,
To furnish for my children dainty fare.
But all our work and trouble's useless quite,
It does not bring them to an appetite;
And this one thing with wonder strikes me dumb—
The more they eat, the poorer they become.
For pity's sake, pray tell how you contrive
The dainty dish on which your young ones thrive?'
The woman, being with sense and wit endued,
Saw very plainly how the matter stood,
And that the children pined for proper food;
And feeling much for the afflicted man,
She in her mind resolved upon a plan
By which she hoped his children to restore
To better health than e'er they had before.
So she replied, 'Kind master, save on Sunday,
We dress no meat from Monday until Monday;
My children scamper to the bog or wood,
To bring home sticks or turf to boil our food;
Or, if too small for work, they play about,
Now here, now there, now in the house, now out:
Then hungrily they hot potatoes eat,
With sometimes milk, but oftener *shemaheil*.'
'But tell me how this dish is to be drest?'
The master cried. She answered, 'Sir, 'twere best
To send, when you return unto the hall,
Your cook to me, and I will tell him all:
But mind you, put that little coach away,
And let the children through the garden play:
'Twill give them a good appetite to eat
Our famous Irish dish of *shemaheil*,
Which, with potatoes, is our wholesome treat;
And bid them dress to-day no other meat.'

The cook was sent, the carriage put away,
The liberated children gladly stray
Through garden, shrubbery, and meadow fair,
Delighted at the wondrous things found there:
How sweet the pink, how beautiful the rose,
How bright the stream that through the meadow flows;
How gay the butterfly with painted wing,
How blithe the birds that in the branches sing,
How happy the young lambs that skip and play!
Oh! if they thus could spend each passing day,
How pleasant then were life—how worth possessing!
Then every hour would be indeed a blessing:
Not the dull, heartless, wearying case, that now
Clogged all the wheels of life, and clouded every brow.

At length the longed-for dinner-hour drew near,
When this most dainty dish was to appear;
This wonder-working food! health-giving meat!
This first of delicacies—*shemaheil!*
All was prepared; the table was laid out
With richest plate, as if for some grand route;
Silver, and china, and cut-glass were there,
All to do honour to this best of fare.
So the fond father ordered that his wealth
Might pay due homage to the food of health.
Scarce had the dinner-bell's enlivening call
Given its first summons to the eating hall,
When quick the folding-doors were thrown aside,
And, handing in his lady with great pride,
Dressed in the highest fashion of the day,
Forth came our hero in full court array,
Followed by both the children, wild with fun,
Talking of all that they had seen and done.
They take their seats—the worthy sire says grace,
'Big expectation' staring from his face;
Four liveried servants come—what have they got?
Four dishes of potatoes piping hot.
Again they come; on silver trays they bring
Four rich-chased silver covers—quite the thing.
The important hour's arrived, big with the fate
Of his loved children's health. Some moments wait,
Until he nerves his agitated spirit,
To face a dish of such surpassing merit.
Now raise the covers. What a vast surprise!
Lo! it is done—and *nothing* meets his eyes!
There lie the dishes, empty, cold, and bare,
As vacant as the astounded Cockney's stare.
Turning at last unto the footmen, he
Asked for the solving of the mystery;
Said, as it was a holiday, he would
Forgive the joke, but begged they'd bring the food.
What! not a tongue to answer; no foot stirred
To bring the expected dish. 'Speak out the word;
Tell me at once, has the cook spoilt the meat?
And is there *nothing* left of *shemaheil*?'
The angry master cried. Then all declare
They did his bidding—*shemaheit* was there!
The cook was called; he said, 'Twas master's wish
To have potatoes, and no other dish!'
'But *shemaheil*?' the indignant master cries;
'But *shemaheil!*' the stormy cook replies.

'And where, then, is it? Here is *nothing!* Look!'
'Can *anything* from *nothing** come?' says cook.
'Tis hard to say how long this war had lasted,
Had not the children, who all day had fasted,
Charged the potatoes with such appetite,
It changed their father's anger to delight;
So, ordering up a jug of milk, they all
Made a right hearty dinner in the hall.
The children too, being strengthened by their meal,
And not oppressed, as they were wont to feel,
Soon as the frugal feast was cleared away,
Began to chat about their pleasant day;
And the fond parents' hearts beat high with joy,
While gazing on their happy girl and boy;
Already fancying that they clearly trace
Health's brightening sunshine gleaming in each face;
And gratefully they bless the friendly cheat,
That gave them for their dinner *shemaheit!*

My tale is o'er. Suffice it now to say,
That each returning year, on this same day,
The happy father, mother, daughter, son—
Ay, and their children's children, many a one—
All their domestics, and, you may be sure,
The gatehouse woman who had wrought the cure,
Assembled round the table, richly spread
With silver covers, font, and sides, and head,
To do due honour to their frugal fête
Of hot potatoes, milk, and *shemaheit!*

M. A. G.

* *Shemaheit* is the Irish word for *nothing*.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SAVINGS' BANKS.

A FRIEND of the rural labouring population publishes, in the 'Agricultural Gazette,' the following address, with a request that those who have it in their power may contribute to its more extensive circulation. We readily respond to this request by transferring it to our columns, and by recommending its advice to the industrious classes generally—whether manufacturing or agricultural:—

'So you are a poor man, willing to lay by a shilling a week, but want to know first a little about a savings' bank?—well, then, it shall be told you. A savings' bank is an institution for receiving small savings, established by wealthy people, who would like to see you better off in your circumstances, and more respectable in your condition. They neither receive profit nor advantage from it—on the contrary, they devote much of their time and attention to its management: they would rather you should save your money by depositing it in a savings' bank, than by spending it in a wasteful way at the alehouse or at home. They would wish you to save what part of your hard earnings you can spare, against a time when it will stand a friend to you—when you may want it more than you do now—when every shilling may be worth to you as much as two shillings are at the present moment. This they would have you do for your benefit, and then by and by you will be able to help yourself in a time of scarce employment—in a time of sickness—in a time of old age—when it will comfort and relieve you, instead of having starvation at home, poverty at your sick-bed, and your old days ended in a workhouse. A savings' bank is a place of profit, as well as a place of deposit. This is a great advantage to you; because, if there were no such institution as a savings' bank, you could receive no such profit for your money, whereas a savings' bank gives you interest for small sums, which you could receive nowhere else. A savings' bank is a place of security—better, in fact, than any other security you could get elsewhere. Remember this, that as soon as you place money in a savings' bank, you become, by the possession of your deposit-book, the creditor of the nation—that is, the government who represent the nation are your debtors. In short, your money is just as safe there as if you placed it in the Bank of England; because your money eventually forms a part and parcel of the money in the Bank of England, and you have as much right to recall it as any nobleman who may have fifty thousand pounds there, with this difference only, that you apply for it through the agency of the gentlemen at the savings' bank, who are your trustees in the matter. Lastly, at a savings' bank you receive back your money when you wish it, without being asked what you want it for. If at any time you should desire ten shillings or a pound, you have merely to take your deposit-book and apply for it, and it is paid you immediately. Remember, too, that in a savings' bank you are subject to no income-tax, nor any other tax. You are not obliged to take all your money when you want only a part: you may take out what you please. If you do not receive your money at the end of every half-year, you have added to your account interest in proportion to the amount you have in the bank. If it please God that you may not want to receive any part of it, and still keep on adding to it, you will in a few years have in the bank something to comfort you in sickness—provide for you in old age—or befriend you in a time of need. If nothing of this sort should happen, you will have the comfort of leaving to your family a few pounds at a time when it will be most needed. Think on these things—consider well for whose benefit savings' banks were established—if for yours, fail not then to embrace the advantages held out, and begin immediately by depositing your first shilling.'

'A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES, AND GLOVES ON.'

[From the Boston Courier.]

WHEN I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers call the 'bracing air of poverty.' My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances, and the pinching gripe of indigence, produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and, by way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer, and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation; and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes—the very ones on which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a daring swagger in his gait, and 'I'm-as-good-as-you' leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterised my costume; and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, 'A patch on both knees, and gloves on!'

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

'That day I wore my gloves no more.'

But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind; and in after-life I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, and control, but rather by example instructing them in evil-speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a family in a cold, selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the post to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity that that which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, 'A patch on both knees, and gloves on.'

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies, be-stained and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dressmakers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

FACETIÆ, &c.

Convivial Blunders.—It is, or might have been, recorded in the opera of Josephus Molaris, that a person at a public dinner, who had drank to the health of the Adelphi, which had been proposed in honour of the two brothers, the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Wellesley, but who probably imagined that the toast had some relation to the 'Health of Towns Commission,' rose and proposed the health of his own quarter of the town—Charing Cross. Of the same nature was the mistake of the Mr Toole of a former day, when the lord mayor, at a dinner given to the French ambassador, proposed the health of the three consuls. This toast was repeated by Mr Toole's predecessor, as the 'Health of the three per cent. consols. Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!'—*Amos's Advantages of a Classical Education.*

Exclusivism of Italian States.—The Paris papers lately mentioned that two works on galvanism had been seized by the pontifical government at Rome, under the impression that they related to—Calvinism. To this we can add a similar fact, not before published, namely, that on a gentleman landing a few years ago at Naples, with a copy of Mr Combe's Essay on the Constitution of Man in his trunk, he experienced considerable difficulty in passing the custom-house, the government officers regarding the volume as a political work in favour of the constitutional cause.

Consequences of War.—The *New York Express* gives a view of this subject with regard to the present crisis, so pithy, and so generally instructive, that we think it worthy of a place in this more permanent record. 'The banishment of our merchant ships and coasters from the ocean and lakes; suspension of specie payments; universal rag-money; direct taxes; no revenues from the customs; no commerce; taxes on farms; taxes on cattle; taxes on crops; stamp taxes; taxes on everything; a national debt of two hundred millions for a war of four years; the bombardment of New York, Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and Charleston; the blockade of all our ports, rivers, and sounds; constant plunderings upon the sea-coast; repeated summonses to arms; conscription among the militia; widows, orphans, hosts of men with one leg, one arm, one eye, maimed, mutilated, &c. These are but partial pictures. All will end in the resumption of negotiations; and if the negotiators cannot agree, in arbitration—the point we start from!'

A Learned Mayor.—Lord Mansfield, when on the circuit at Shrewsbury, having been asked to dinner by the mayor of the town, his lordship observing an antique clock in the room, remarked to the mayor, 'That he supposed Sir John Falstaff fought by that clock;' to which the mayor replied, 'He could not tell, *for he had not the pleasure of knowing Sir John.*' Lord Mansfield then tried his host on another subject, and remarked, 'That the town appeared very old;' to which the mayor replied, '*It was always so, please your lordship!*'

CERTAIN ATTENTIONS IN LETTER-WRITING.

The neglect of the following points in our letters often produces inconvenience and trouble, and not seldom more serious evil. They ought to be impressed upon, and practised by, learners.

1. Attain and preserve a *legible signature.* Many letters miscarry or remain unanswered from the impossibility of making out *who* wrote them. Your *address* should also be written as carefully and legibly as your signature.

2. Sign your Christian or first name *full*, that your *sex* may be known to a stranger, to whom you write. Signing by the initial letter only is a slovenly practice, and often produces ludicrous mistakes in the answer received. Ladies are addressed 'Esquire,' and gentlemen 'Mrs' or 'Miss.'

3. In *every* letter, or even card, get the habit of giving your address full, as for the post-office. Some people think that if they do so once it is enough, and the *second* letter comes dated, it may be, '*London.*' If the first has been mislaid or destroyed, and their number is forgotten, to say nothing of their street, they cannot be surprised if they get no answer. They write another letter, wondering that you have not written; *that* letter too dated '*London.*'

4. When you write a *proper* name of person, place, or thing, recollect that, if it be carelessly and illegibly written, the context gives the reader no help. Therefore get the habit of writing such words plainly, almost in *print hand*, if you would not cause your correspondent the trouble and loss of time of writing to you again, to request you to do the very thing which you ought to have done at first.

5. Call to mind to *whom* you are writing, when you come to *announce yourself* at the end of your letter. Very many people are too familiar. This is always offensive: the respectful, even beyond the necessary, never is so. 'Yours truly' suits well equals in age and station. 'Yours faithfully' is a little more respectful. 'Yours respectfully' is proper to seniors and persons above you in station, when you know them well. 'Your obedient servant' is proper to *all* strangers, and persons of condition. But good sense and right feeling will, in the circumstances, always suggest the right expressions. Above all, avoid the over-familiar.

6. Always use an envelope, and seal with *wax*, when in the least on ceremony.

7. *Always*, when you request an answer in a matter of your own, enclose a postage stamp, or more if necessary. A ready-stamped and addressed envelope is still better. This attention neglected, tells seriously on persons who have information to furnish which others are interested to obtain. A friend of ours, who has acquired some notoriety through the newspapers in consequence of a peculiar contrivance in the domestic arts, tells us that he receives a great number of letters wishing to know all about it, and not in one of them a postage stamp for his answer—itself a pretty heavy tax upon him.

SCIENTIFIC PROPHECY.

Newton expresses his deliberate opinion that cohesion, light, heat, electricity, and the communication of the brain with the muscles, are all to be referred to one and the same cause—an ether or spiritus, which pervades all bodies. We might smile at such an opinion from many quarters; and had Newton been only the author of the 'Principia,' we might perhaps think his head a little exalted by the excitement attending the close of an arduous labour (though, in truth, the scholium, from which the above is extracted, does not appear in the first edition); but when we consider his prediction, that the diamond would be found to be combustible, that the earth was between five and six times its weight of water, and others which have turned out correct, we feel something like a presentiment that the opinions just cited may in some degree share the same destiny.—*Dublin Review.*

VALUE OF COMMUNICATION.

Both our mental and moral acquisitions increase by their communication to others: which gives an illustration of two truths—first, that we are framed to carry out the law of love; and second, that the possessions which multiply in the imparting are naturally the most valuable.—*Literary Florets*, 1846.

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THE AUTHOR IN HIS STUDY.

'THOUGHTS ON COURTSHIP.

'There is a brief period of romance in the life of every man and woman; it is the time when those attachments are formed which usually lead to the permanent union of kindred hearts. Sweet flower-time of our life's year! Dull, indeed, and sordid would existence be, if this season were left out—a year without a May! Yes, summer may bring its hay, and autumn its sheaves, and our well-spent prime and middle-age may leave not only ample stores for a dignified elderhood, but, what is of far more value, the self-satisfied reflections which await those who can look back on an active and useful life; but yet, if this brief time of blossom were to be omitted, an important element would be wanting in our recollections; life would appear as if spent in vain; and it is questionable if our latter days would, in that event, be so happy.'

Pretty well so far. A romance, forsooth! Such a May in our life's year as Mays usually are with us, compared with the Mays of the poets. A good deal of the east wind to temper it. One thing I know, that when I made up acquaintance with Georgina, it was one scene of torment from beginning to end. In the first place, nearly all her friends disliked me. My mother was jealous of a daughter-in-law—what mother ever was not?—Georgina herself had an old unsettled balance of attachment to her father's chief clerk, who had been sent out of the way; so even her inclinations to the match were a matter of some doubt. What worryings there were from all these things together! The only smooth point was her father's favour for me, which my mother always said was from a regard to my family and fortune. Such was *my* time of blossom!

'It is not that the season of courtship is merely a pleasant time, which furnishes agreeable food for the memory afterwards, although this we conceive to be one of its most important characters; it appears in a higher light, when we consider the effect which it usually produces on the human character. For that time, at least, common worldly views are lost sight of, and a generous devotion to the interests of another is substituted for our usual selfishness. It is in the moral effects of the tender passion that we may most fully appreciate the interesting place which it takes in the great scheme of things.'

I must keep all about settlements in the background of course. Neither is a word to be said of inquiries into how much the lady has, or of her claims in the matter of pin-money.

'In that period of youthful passion, how delightful those moments when the parties are privileged to be alone—forgetting all the world, or rather all the world to each other! Then it is that the banks of the limpid rivulet have their attractions, particularly when the golden sun has just given place to that tenderer luminary which, time out of mind, has been associated with the thoughts of lovers. The dew is on the grass; the nightingale makes vocal the neighbouring grove. A silver radiance is spread over the face of nature, and all ordinary sounds are hushed. What heartfelt rapture is it, then, for the youthful pair to wander along, unseen of all but each other—no word spoken; such communion of soul requiring no words; only looks, and gentle sighs, and throbbing hearts, making up the conversation. Oh, bliss beyond compare—too exquisite to last! And well it is so; for were it otherwise, man would make of earth his all-sufficient heaven!'

This will do, I think, for the young ladies. I may only remark, that a parlour and a couple of candles more frequently form the scenery of such little dramas—even lovers being wise enough to know that a damp evening, by a water side, is apt to lead to that morbid affection which usually demonstrates itself by a running of the nose. Troublesome work it often is, especially where the house is not remarkable for spare apartments. Always there is some inconsiderate school-girl sister, who *will* insist upon coming in to do her practisings on the piano; or else a little wag of a brother, who can't be frightened from playing off tricks upon you—such as tapping at the door, and running off with a great laugh, or sending in the servant with scuttle and broom to mend the fire, when it is quite unnecessary. Only once, taking an afternoon walk with Georgina, we sauntered into a path by a river side; but we were soon brought to a stand by a farmer, who told us, in no very gentle terms, that we were trespassing, and ordered us back. Poets who would wander by

> Shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals,

do not usually reflect that river sides are property, and that intruders are liable to be 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law.' Once more, however, to the breach.

'The happiest courtship, like the most beautiful day, must come to a close. But there is a time which is neither courtship nor matrimony, but something intervening, and which may be said to partake of the different kinds of happiness appropriate to both. Then, reposing upon the sweet consent which he has gained, the lover feels that any anxieties which he lately underwent are more than repaid. Fear he has dismissed; he smiles at the thought of a rival; he now knows that this sweet angel, who walks so lovingly in his arm, is she with whom he is to spend the rest of his days. The interest formerly felt in her is now, therefore, infinitely deeper and more tender. Mysterious affinity of souls—wonderful are the gushes of happiness which flow from it! It is a pleasant duty of that

time to make the acquaintance of each other's relations and dearest friends. All are so happy to see their new associate. It seems like doubling all the enjoyments derivable from social life at once. Most agreeable, too, is it to select and establish that home where the pair is to commence their wedded existence. Two minds are concerned in the case, with all their various tastes and likings; but the discussion of particulars is only a source of pleasure for the occasion it gives to consenting. The lover rejoices in the traits of sense, forethought, and economy which he sees in his adorable; she equally glows at the marks of a conceding and obliging disposition which she finds in him. The first glimpses they thus get of each other in a domestic capacity are truly delightful, perhaps more so than any other circumstance in the whole chronicle of their loves. Such recollections dwell on the memory through all subsequent events. At length the long-looked-for day arrives; and amidst the flutter, the brilliancy, the mingled tears and smiles of a bridal party, closes this one brief unrepeatable chapter of human existence—COURTSHIP.'

There, now—that will do. The reality of the case most people will be able to supply for themselves. Assurance against rivals!—more likely the poor youth has some faint notion that the young lady's mamma has 'managed' him into it! Friends, too. Gracious powers, save me from the friends!—all criticising you in every point; many disapproving. Your adorable's grandmother quite disappointed in her choice: she again finding her designed mother-in-law either candidly cold or forcedly agreeable. When were friends ever a source of happiness at a marriage? Then those odious visits to Mr Trotter's, to choose beds and basin-stands. Oh, upholstery! why hast thou so much to do with young love? The Paphian bower was surely not formed of mahogany-trees. Such a debating about drawing-room curtains and tables. Such a worrying as to that expensive pier-glass. The lady's mother and sisters all against you too. The first glimpse of her in a domestic character indeed! Well is it for you, my friend, if, with one thing and another, you are not worried out of your senses long before your wedding-day.

THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

BY ELIHU RICH.

IT was somewhat before his usual hour of business that Charles Percival, the proprietor of a respectable trading establishment in the environs of London, might have been seen to enter his counting-house, and throw himself into a chair with an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Seeing that it still wanted a few minutes to the time for which he had received an appointment, he took a memorandum-book from his pocket, and slowly conning its pages, gave vent to his disturbed feelings in certain monosyllabic ejaculations.

At length a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a man of apparent respectability entered the office. The compliments of the morning were briefly exchanged; and the new-comer seated himself with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

'So, Percival,' he began, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box, which he passed across the table to his friend, 'you really cannot assist me in this unpleasant business?'

'I really do not see how I can, Mr Johnson. My own engagements are extremely heavy, and everything of late has been excessively dull. In fact, if you cannot pay the bill when it is presented, I have but one alternative.'

'But surely,' replied Johnson, with a searching glance of mingled apprehension and defiance, 'you would not law an old friend?'

'I would do nothing, my dear sir, to inconvenience any man alive, unless circumstances compelled me. But how am I to act? So far from being prepared to meet an emergency like this, I have all along calculated upon receiving the balance of your account.'

'Oh, as for that,' was the cool retort of Johnson, pausing for an instant, with a fresh supply of the 'real Irish' between his finger and thumb, 'it's quite out of the question; so you must make up your mind to wait. I have spent all my capital on the buildings, and, I may as well tell you candidly, shall not possess a shilling until I sell or effect a mortgage;' and, seeing the discomfiture of his friend at this announcement, he assumed an air of complacent indifference, and formally concluded the olfactory manipulation in which he had suffered a moment's interruption.

The temper of Percival was by no means a choleric one, but many circumstances had of late conspired to make him somewhat excitable. Johnson owed him a large sum of money, for the want of which he was obliged to suffer many advantages to pass by unimproved. At length he had succeeded in procuring the defaulter's acceptance to a bill of exchange, which would fall due on the morrow, and, as it now appeared, must either be taken up by Percival himself, or be openly dishonoured.

'Really, this is too bad,' he exclaimed, rising from his chair with vexation; 'you keep me in the dark until the last moment, and then plainly tell me I must pay your debts or lose my own character. Is it possible, Mr Johnson, I can be deceived in you?' he added, suddenly confronting him.

'In other words, you mean to ask whether I intend to be honest? I am not, however, disposed to quarrel with you. It is true I have no ready money at present, but the property will very soon realise something handsome; and all I ask is, that you will help me over a month or two.'

'I would most gladly, but I rather need assistance myself,' was the unwary rejoinder; and a sudden sense of the absolute truth which it conveyed to his companion subdued the ebullition in which Percival had indulged, and brought him to his seat with an irresolute and melancholy air. Johnson eagerly embraced the opportunity offered by this exhibition of weakness.

'Then I'll tell you what we must do to get over our difficulties. In the first place, I will give you another acceptance for all I owe you, *in exchange for one of yours*, and then mortgage or sell at once to meet the bills as they fall due.'

'But, you know, I always object to this mode of dealing.'

'Oh, it's all in the way of trade; only you're so very particular; and, besides, what else can be done under the circumstances?'

The conversation, which we need not follow in detail, now assumed a more friendly tone on both sides; in fine, the bills were severally drawn, much to the satisfaction of Mr Johnson, who, armed with the good name and credit of his friend, had no longer any doubt of withdrawing his acceptance on the morrow. Percival also, by this arrangement, expected to receive a supply of ready cash; but the risk he ran far outweighed even in his own estimation, when he calmly reflected upon the transaction, any immediate benefit he could receive. His supposed friend might prove treacherous, or, if not, his affairs might become involved—perhaps illness or death might overtake him. Yet this, unfortunately, is the prevailing method of conducting business. No sooner does a little difficulty occur, which in many cases prudence might prevent, or industry and self-denial overcome, than the fatal facilities afforded by the bill system are put in requisition, and the most intricate paths of mercantile policy entered upon—rashly, blindly, dishonestly. It frequently happens that one of the parties to these transactions is a designing scoundrel, who finds a short-lived advantage in the other's folly, and leads him to irretrievable ruin.

In order to ascertain how far these remarks are applicable to Percival and Johnson, we will introduce our readers to a more intimate acquaintance with each of them, and endeavour to portray the little incidents of the evening which closed the day of the above transaction.

Charles Percival returned home as usual in the early

part of the evening, and immediately his little Alicia, upon whose brow the rosy light of five summers reposed in the freshness of its beauty, bounded with a gleesome step to her father's side, and greeted him with a child's welcome of love; but an unwonted shadow seemed to cloud his countenance, and, after the first few moments of gratulation, the playful sallies of the child were all unregarded; so she crept to her mother's side, seeming to feel that her spirit was rebuked.

The evening meal, as might be expected after such a prelude, passed over in silence; for Mrs Percival had sufficient of true womanly intelligence to feel that a husband's confidence is not to be won by abrupt and pointed questioning. It was her aim, on occasions like the present, rather to awaken his kindlier feelings by a tacit acquiescence in the humour of the moment, than by the exhibition of that careless good-fellowship which is sometimes regarded as the most unexceptionable means of reclaiming an absent heart. The heart of Charles Percival, however, was not wont to be estranged; and even now, while he brooded over the conceptions of future difficulty and danger, which had rapidly succeeded each other in his mind, it was the thought of his beloved home, and the hardships that might be entailed upon his family in the event of his friend's failure, which embittered his reflections. In this mood, the smiles of his little one could but awaken a more heart-searching melancholy. Her silence, therefore, and her mother's sensitive kindness, formed for him, even at his own hearth, a solitude in which the stronger feelings of his nature might gradually subside, and allow the gentle stream of home-affection to roll on in its accustomed channel. He might, indeed, for a time appear wholly absorbed in his own reflections, and apparently unmindful of his wife's solicitude; but as the light of home kindled in his heart, and the gloom cleared from his brow, a rich reward was hers in the fulness of his confidence, and the trusting faith with which he reposed on her truthful and hopeful counsels.

Her clear perception of right and wrong was expressed on the present occasion with more than her usual decision, but with a proportionate increase of affectionate zeal for his honour and welfare. Earnestly endeavouring to point out the fallacies by which men of business too frequently suffer themselves to be misled, she appealed to his own conscience whether the transaction of the morning was not a deception in the worst sense of the word. 'Mr Johnson,' she remarked, 'is considerably in your debt; and not only so, but he confesses the necessity he is under, in consequence of trading beyond his means, of dishonouring a bill rightfully drawn and accepted in the regular way of business. This single fact proves him to be a man unworthy of your confidence; for it clearly shows that he cannot restrain his speculative disposition within the bounds of prudence. Your true interest, therefore, if you will pardon my rebellious tongue, dear husband, would consist in closing your account with him; and whatever inconvenience the loss might occasion to myself, trust me, Charles, I would willingly endure it. Unfortunately, you have suffered his words to beguile you, and, while kindly thinking of your own family, have furnished him with a recommendation to every tradesman in the town, upon which he may increase his credit to an indefinite extent, and do tenfold mischief to the families of others.'

'In this at least, Anne, you are mistaken. He has no recommendation from me, I assure you, and never will have, until I am better satisfied of his integrity.'

'Your very name, my dear Charles, on the accommodation bill is a recommendation; and is it not a gross deception upon society, that, at the very moment when he owes you a large sum of money, you give the world a written certificate that you are in his debt? But the result of this affair,' she added playfully, little thinking with what prophetic truth she spoke, 'will furnish a new text for my argument, and then we shall see.'

The conversation having arrived at this point, was adroitly turned by Mrs Percival to other subjects. A masked ball was appointed to take place that evening at the assembly rooms, not far from their residence. The merits and demerits of this exhibition were the subject of debate, when a carriage was heard approaching, and in a few moments a visitor was ushered into their presence in the person of Tom Mason, the accepted admirer of Mrs Percival's sister. He was not the less welcome, after a conversation so grave as that we have recorded, for the laughter excited by his grotesque appearance—being habited for the masquerade in the melancholy garb of a Hariolus of the olden times, and wearing a long gray beard. His ready wit and good-humour were soon evinced in the bantering which passed from side to side. But the fair Matilda, who had agreed to play Miranda to this veritable Prospero, was awaiting his arrival at the enchanted hall, and thither we will take the liberty of following him.

Our purpose in mingling with the gay throng is neither pleasure nor pastime; we therefore single out the objects of our pursuit, and at once resume the thread of our narrative.

One of the dances had but just ended, when our potent magician was beckoned aside by a superbly-dressed masquerader—a king or an emperor at the least—who, as they moved towards a retired part of the room, was heard to mutter something about the difficulties of business: but thus it ever is with your great men.

'Oh, a plague on your business to-night,' was Tom's hasty reply; 'you're always in some difficulty. But what is it you want, for I see my Maud has already discovered that I am playing the truant?'

'Why, the fact is,' replied his interlocutor in a coaxing tone, 'I want a bill discounted the first thing in the morning, and unless you can oblige me, I hardly know how to accomplish it.'

'Well, I'm sorry for you, but paper money is rather out of my way just now. *Scrip*, you know,' added the waggish magician with a significant wink.

'No; honour bright, I assure you. In fact, the bill is accepted by your own particular friend, Percival. No suspicion of kite-flying in that quarter, I hope!'

'Well, I believe not; and if the amount is not too large, I'll try what I can do for you. But hark'ee, Johnson; eleven o'clock at soonest, after such a night as I mean to make of it.'

And so saying, Tom rejoined his fair companion, whom he led through the mazy dance with a joyous spirit; for he was really proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and a few months would make her his own. Though associated for a brief space with the heartless and the frivolous—of which quality a large proportion of such midnight revellers too often consists—it was nevertheless impossible that the lovers could become insensible to their own earnest purposes. The realities of life had so moulded the disposition of each, that they deemed their approaching union the seal of a solemn contract not only with each other, but with society at large. It is true, and by no means ought such a truth reflect anything save the goodness of their hearts, their ideal of happiness was somewhat coloured by romance, and grounded on extravagant plans of benevolence; but, on the whole, their expectations were rational and well-founded. Mr Mason had hitherto prospered in business, and the little surplus which he had realised over his floating capital was amply sufficient for the wants of a first establishment. Under these circumstances, their minds were by no means absorbed by thoughts of selfish pleasure; and, being ever careful to preserve the conscience void of all offence, no heart-burnings or vain regrets could follow the innocent hilarity with which they enjoyed an occasional irruption into the domain of mirth and humour.

Johnson, on the contrary, was unaccompanied by any real friend on this occasion—a circumstance affording in itself presumptive evidence against a man of pleasure, since it shows a lamentable want of the finer sensibilities in social intercourse. How he passed the hours intervening between the close of the ball and high noon on the morrow, we care not to inquire; suffice it that, about the time mentioned, he called on Tom for the redemption of his promise, and went to sleep in his chair before the

check could be drawn. When aroused from this utter oblivion by the voice of his good-natured friend, a resort to his unfailing expedient, the snuff-box, served well enough to close the business with an air of self-possession, and help him across the threshold without stumbling. It now only remained to pay the amount of Percival's draft, which he mechanically accomplished, and then farewell to any anxiety on his part for three months longer.

* * *

It is one of the worst features of the traffic in these paper securities, that its legitimate functions are too often overruled by expediency; and one expedient begets another, until they become so involved, as to assume the fatal aspect of necessities. Percival, in assenting to the accommodation proposed by Johnson, saw clearly enough that he was risking double the amount of the original debt: but he had no suspicion that his own hands had forged the chain by which his future operations would be impeded, and which—unless, like an Alexander of his class, he had genius enough to cut the knot by a straightforward resort to principles in place of policy—might ultimately starve him into acquiescence with the meanest proposals. It was not long, however, before he began to perceive that he was in the toils.

For certain reasons, known to no one so well as themselves, the lovers had fixed an early day for the wedding—a period within two months after their appearance at the *bal masque*. The preparation for this important event occasioned what Mason termed 'a hard pull' upon his banker's account; and the rate of discount being somewhat higher than usual, he was unwilling to appear solicitous for any immediate favours. But as he held Percival's acceptance, and had no reason to suppose that his friend was in difficulties, he determined upon asking him to honour it about three weeks before it became due. On intimating to Percival that such a course would do him considerable service, no objection was made. Too prudent to explain his circumstances, and too proud to confess to the real nature of the transaction, Percival promised the money in a day or two, and naturally fell back upon Johnson for the supply.

That gentleman now saw the predicament in which his dupe was placed, and pleaded his utter inability to meet such an unexpected demand. He had made arrangements for mortgaging the property, but it would be some days before he could draw any portion of the money. Here, then, it seemed expedient to exchange bills once more—a transaction by which Percival's risk of loss was tripled; for Johnson's first acceptance was taken up with money raised on Percival's security, and that security was now redeemed before its time by Percival himself, and another issued in its room. This complication of troubles, however, was but a beginning of difficulties. The completion of the promised mortgage was now deferred, under the pretence that the houses were not yet habitable, and the mortgagee would not be troubled with them in their unfinished condition. At length Percival was induced to provide materials and workmen, hereby exhausting all his resources and his credit in the desperate hope of retrieving his first false step. That ultimate success would crown his efforts, he never doubted; for, by the advice of his wife, he had obtained what he considered a fair guarantee for the risk—a *lien* upon the property—which he was now straining every nerve to bring into the market. Meantime bills were freely exchanged, and frequent renewals on every hand became a thing of course.

Long before the property was ready to be disposed of, Percival had become deeply involved; but the guarantee, which he thought he had been fortunate in securing, was the sheet-anchor to which he clung. Under the most unfavourable circumstances, even supposing a forced sale to be unavoidable, a much larger sum would be realised than would suffice to discharge every obligation, and the profit upon the extra labour would well enough repay the anxiety he had suffered: as to the morality of the means by which he had first supported the credit of Johnson, and finally his own, that he reasoned away by an appeal to the necessity under which he had acted. Alas! the conviction of its utter fallacy was to be forced upon him by a fearful awakening reverse.

As the works approached completion, he observed, with some degree of uneasiness, that Johnson frequently absented himself for days together, and even began to neglect the precautions they had adopted for warding off suspicion as to the nature of their bill transactions. After a day of considerable anxiety on this account, he returned home to seek, in the bosom of his family, that oblivion of the care-producing world which could alone restore his wonted serenity. For some time past his wife had carefully avoided the mention of a subject upon which she was aware he felt so anxiously, as that of Johnson's conduct: but his increasing despondency weighed heavily on her mind; and seeing now that he tried in vain to assume a cheerfulness which was evidently far from his heart, she took an opportunity, in the course of the evening, to make inquiry, and learnt with surprise the ground which existed for renewed suspicions of treachery on the part of Johnson, as well as the total ruin which its success would entail upon themselves. A retrospect of all the circumstances suggested so many causes of alarm as to the validity of the guarantee held by Percival, that it was resolved to seek satisfaction on the morrow, though it might confirm their worst fears, and hasten the catastrophe.

On this errand Percival departed early in the morning, and in two short hours returned with an age of care marked upon his brow, and a torrent of indignation boiling in his veins. The agitation of his manner was too extreme to escape the notice of his wife as he suddenly entered the sitting-room. The issue of his inquiries was too evidently the utter prostration of their hopes, to need either question or answer. He took a few turns across the apartment without uttering a syllable, and then suddenly paused on observing, for the first time, the little Alicia cowering before his angry glance, and really fearing to smile or speak. This was too much for the father's heart, and he moved hastily towards the door; but his wife threw herself upon his bosom, and with streaming eyes intreated him to be calm. 'Their own unalterable love for each other would lend to every hardship they overcame the charms of a triumph; and as for the unprincipled hypocrite by whom they had been deluded,' she added, 'leave him to enjoy his dearly-purchased success—at best, a short career of sordid iniquity, and a feverish joy in life.'

But Percival had not yet summoned philosophy or calm religion to his aid, and this allusion to his enemy seemed to smite him with a fresh plague of wrathful indignation.

'My curse upon him,' he muttered between his teeth—'the curse of a ruined family; and may it rankle in his treacherous heart until he feel as wretched as I do!'

'For shame, Charles; for shame,' exclaimed Mrs Percival in a low tone, placing her finger on his lips. 'The curse of evil needs no invocation; for, alas! it grows with the growth of wickedness in the will itself. But look you, my love,' she suddenly added, gazing into his eyes with intense affection, 'if we are to be tried in the fires of temptation, be assured we shall lose nothing but dross and corruption; and, please God, we will resume our pilgrimage, poorer, maybe, in the sight of the world, but richer in heart than heretofore.'

'I can hardly hope it, Anne. When I think of the change wrought by that consummate villain, and the power of evil everywhere, I feel nothing but indignation and unmeasured abhorrence——'

'There—stop, my dear Charles; suffer that indignation to expend its force, but control its direction with your own earnest will. Its rightful mission is to overturn every disorderly passion in our own breasts; and would God,' she continued with a sigh, 'it might always spring up in the mind of the wrong-doer like the east wind in the desert, and stifle every evil with its hot breath!'

'In that case,' added Percival, whose severity had gradually relaxed, 'I suppose you think there would be some hope of such a rogue as Johnson! But come, you bade me God-speed when I departed on my unlucky

errand, and it is but right you should know what has occurred.'

Percival then informed his wife that the guarantee to which they had trusted was utterly useless, Johnson having previously mortgaged the property to his father, who had now, in right of the deed, taken full possession. Everything else to which the creditors might have preferred a claim, was secured with equal cunning—even the household furniture being seized, under a pretended distress for rent; and not a single good debt that he could hear of towards paying the expenses of a commission of bankruptcy.

This account was disheartening enough; but their own affairs needed every energy. It was certain the satisfaction of every demand would leave them houseless and penniless. Should they now candidly avow the circumstances, and pay the uttermost farthing, or temporise with their creditors, in order to make advantageous terms? The mazy labyrinth of policy had already been tried; and it was at length heroically determined to trust in the simplicity of right conduct. A meeting was therefore immediately summoned, and the unreserved assignation of their property, in house and in trade, freely offered. One creditor alone advocated harsher proceedings; but the feeling of mercy prevailed, and Percival's offer was unanimously accepted. Tom Mason, with refined generosity, secretly offered the creditors a sum of money for the household furniture, which was accepted, and so their homestead was untouched. But many years elapsed before Percival was firmly re-established, and many sore trials were overcome, in none of which—to his lasting honour, and for the encouragement of others similarly circumstanced, be it spoken—did he forfeit his good name by again yielding to the vicious policy of 'accommodation.'

LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Two interesting volumes of essays on subjects connected with the history, the literature, and the superstitions of the middle ages, have recently been published by Mr Thomas Wright, well known for his researches in this department of antiquities.* In these volumes we find many curious odds and ends of information, collected and arranged in a most agreeable manner, as well as much lively criticism and ingenious speculation on historical points. As the middle ages are a subject with which our readers are not likely to be more familiar than most of their contemporaries, a few of Mr Wright's illustrations will no doubt be welcome to them.

The first essay is one on Anglo-Saxon poetry; and, contrary to an opinion which we have sometimes heard expressed, it is here shown that, in the literary remains of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, there are many things worth preserving; and consequently, that the devotion of a few men in a generation to Anglo-Saxon scholarship, is by no means a waste of industry. 'The prose writings of the Anglo-Saxons,' says Mr Wright, 'are numerous, frequently not very interesting, yet often filled with noble sentiments and acute observations. First, both for elegance and purity of language, stand the works of Alfred, which, as they remain to us, consist chiefly of translations; sometimes (as in the case of the Pastorale of Gregory, as yet unprinted) of authors who are not now very valuable, but always in his manner of paraphrasing the original, and in his own observations, which are by no means sparingly interspersed, showing us how the great and noble mind of our king improved everything on which he put his hand.'

The Anglo-Saxon poems Mr Wright divides into two classes—those composed while the Anglo-Saxons were yet Pagans, and those composed after their conversion to Christianity. The older poems, he says, are bolder, freer, and more original than the later ones. The only complete specimen of the former extant, is the poem of Beowulf the Geat—a monarch supposed to have reigned over the Angles in Sleswick and Jutland a considerable time before the Saxon invasion of England. This composition must, therefore, have been brought into England by the Angles, where, no doubt, it was modified into the form in which it is now preserved. Mr Wright has given a short version of it, acting on a principle which might be applied with advantage in the whole field of our pre-Elizabethan literature; namely, that the only way in which those fine antique compositions can be turned to popular account in the present day, is by preparing careful abridgments of them in spirited and musical prose. It is in this manner that our author has treated the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf. 'The poem,' he says, 'is a magnificent and accurate picture of life in the heroic ages. Its plot is simple: a few striking incidents, grandly traced, and casting strong and broad shadows, form the picture. It is a story of open, single-handed warfare, where love is never introduced as a motive of action, or stratagem as an instrument. Beowulf, like Hercules, seeks glory only by clearing the world of monsters and oppressors. A report had reached him that the court of Hrothgar, a Danish king, was infested by an unearthly monster, the grendel, which nightly entered Heorot, the royal hall, and slew the warriors in their sleep. The emulation of the Geatish prince was raised. He felt himself equal to the task of combating the depredator; for, as the story tells, he possessed the strength of thirty men; and, with a chosen band of his followers, he embarked for the Danish coast.

"The men pushed out the bound wood (the ship). Went then over the deep waves, driven forwards by the wind, the foamy-necked ship, likest unto a bird; till, about the hour of one on the second day, the twisted vessel had so far proceeded, that the voyagers saw land; the sea-cliffs glittering, the steep hills, the broad promontories."

On his name being announced to King Hrothgar, who was well acquainted with his family and his renown, the hero was ushered into the royal presence, to give an account of his mission. Beowulf then related to the king, in a set speech, how the report of the grendel's depredations had reached his country; how his companions in arms, who had often witnessed his valour, and the success of his exploits, had counselled him to go to the assistance of the unhappy Danes; and how he was now come to offer his aid against the monster which persecuted them; and ended by expressing his resignation to the fate which Heaven might send him in the encounter. "If I fall," says he, "it will be in the performance of my duty"—

"Thou needest not to hide my hafela, but he [the grendel] will have me stained with gore. If death shall take me, bear forth my bloody corpse; remember to bury me; let the solitary passenger eat unmournfully; mark my fen-dwelling; thou needest not about my corpse-feast to care longer. Should the war take me, send to Higelac the best of war-coverings, the most precious of clothing—that which guardeth my breast: it is the legacy of Hrædla, the work of Weland. Fate will always go as it must."'

Hrothgar is but too glad to accept the offer of Beowulf; and after entertaining him with an account of the depredations of the grendel, invites him and his companions into the hall, where the feast is spread. There are envious and jealous persons everywhere, even, it appears, in a Scandinavian court; for while the hero is feasting with King Hrothgar, up rises one Hunferth, the son of Ecglaf, and 'makes a quarrelsome speech, because to him the journey of the bold seafarer, Beowulf, was a matter of much annoyance, seeing that he was unwilling to grant that any other man should possess more reputation in the world under the heavens than himself.' Among other things, Hunferth twits Beowulf with the recollection of a certain swimming-

* Essays on Subjects Connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M.A. F.S.A. 2 vols. London: John Russell Smith. 1846.

match, in which he had been engaged with Breca, and in which, after seven days' conflict with the waves, he had been fairly beaten by the said Breca. He, Hunferth, is far from denying Beowulf's courage; only it will be better for a man who lost that swimming-match to have nothing to do with the grendel. This speech of Hunferth's naturally calls Beowulf to his feet. Lo, my friend Hunferth, he says, thou art drunk with beer; and as for that long story of thine respecting my swimming-match with Breca, I will give thee the true version of it. Breca and I, when we were mere boys, challenged each other to a friendly swimming-match; and we accomplished it thus.

'"We had our naked swords hard in our hands when we rowed upon the deep; we thought to defend ourselves against the walruses. He could not, in any degree, more swift on the deep, swim far from me over the waves of the sea: I would not from him. There we two together were on the sea the space of five nights, until the flood drove us asunder: the boiling fords, the coldest of storms, the darkening night, and a wind from the north, fiercely turned us away; rough were the waves. The courage of the sea-fishes was excited: there my body garment, hard-locked by the hand, gave me aid against foes; my twisted war-dress lay upon my breast, furnished with gold. The variegated enemy dragged me to the bottom; he had me fast grim in his gripe: nevertheless it was granted me that I the villain reached with my weapon. With my war-bill, the mighty sea-beast received the war-rush through my hand."'

Beowulf, after continuing much longer his account of the swimming-match, and of his various exploits, then and at other times, against sea-monsters, concludes by expressing his astonishment that the grendel still continued to infest the coasts of King Hrothgar, seeing that Hrothgar had among his subjects so valiant a personage as his friend Hunferth thought himself to be. At length the feast is ended, and Hrothgar and his courtiers withdraw, leaving Beowulf with his companions to guard the hall during the night. In the dead of night, who should come but the grendel in person, who, supposing Beowulf to be asleep, attacks him. Beowulf, however, is not asleep. A terrible struggle ensues; the monster at length receives a mortal wound, and rushes out, making for its den. The following day is spent in rejoicings, which, however, are interrupted by the appearance, during the night, of the grendel's mother, who, in revenge for the death of her offspring, snaps up Æschere, the prime minister, or favourite counsellor of Hrothgar, and then retires to her cave under the sea. Beowulf follows her to this submarine residence; fights and kills her; and comes up again to receive the applauses and the gifts of Hrothgar before returning home. After a life of similar adventures, Beowulf at last perishes gloriously, in his old age, in an encounter with an enormous fire-drake.

Other specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry are given by Mr Wright; but what we have quoted is, we presume, sufficient for our readers. Before leaving this part of the book, however, we may remark, that the opinion which we perceive Mr Wright entertains, in common with almost everybody else, that our present English language is a mere modification of the old Anglo-Saxon, produced by the lapse of time, and the introduction of Norman words, has recently been controverted. It is maintained by some, that a language substantially the same as our present English was spoken by the common people of England during the whole Anglo-Saxon period, and therefore from the time of the possession of the island by the Romans; that Anglo-Saxon was *not* the general language of the English people from the sixth to the eleventh century, but a learned language, spoken at court, and by the upper classes, just as subsequently the Norman was; and that, for some thirteen centuries at least, our present idiomatic English has been the popular and rudimental tongue in this island, spoken contemporaneously first with Latin, then with Anglo-Saxon and Latin, then with Norman-French, Anglo-Saxon, and Latin—all these being mere partial or professional languages, from which English has freely borrowed words and phrases, but of which it is wrong to say that English is historically a compound. This is a somewhat daring theory, and we are not competent to pronounce a judgment upon it, although the point in dispute does not seem to be one which it would be impracticable to settle, supposing that due pains were taken.

The second of Mr Wright's essays is one on Anglo-Norman poetry. 'If,' he says, 'the Normans ever had a literature of northern origin peculiar to themselves, it seems to have been nearly forgotten before their entrance into England, where their literary productions were formed upon the models presented to them by the language which they had then adopted in place of their own. Their first romances were those of Charlemagne and Arthur.' Many of their compositions are of a humorous kind called *fabliaux*. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, these fabliaux were produced in abundance in France, and circulated, by means of the minstrels, over all parts of Europe where French was understood. 'Many of them, however, bear internal evidence of having been written in this island. The object of a fabliau is generally to provoke laughter and mirth—some pleasant joke, some crafty stratagem of knight or clerk to cheat a villan (that is, rustic); some licentious amour; or some ludicrous scrape into which those persons had fallen in the attempt, is their most common subject. Sometimes, indeed, the case is reversed; and it is the peasant, the lady, or the lady's husband, who practises the deception—the knight or clerk who is the dupe.' The most common subject of ridicule is the villan.

'It was, after all,' says Mr Wright, 'a strange texture of mind that of our forefathers of the middle ages, capable in the same person of presenting, at different times, and under different emotions, an unbounded diversity of character. At one time, all generosity; at another, giving loose reign to the most merciless cruelty; now, exemplarily pious and devout; and then again giving itself up to the excess of licentiousness. The extremes of profligacy and piety seem, indeed, to have been then by no means difficult of reconciliation; and in the same manuscript, written by the same hand, we often find religious poems mixed with fabliaux equally disgusting. Their religion, however, was extremely passive; the line of demarcation between right and wrong is not over-distinctly traced; and even the religious stories often give more encouragement to vice than to virtue.' As an example of one of these stories, our author quotes the following:—'At a certain abbey were a number of workmen, carving, in stones, figures of saints and devils; and the sacristan, who was looking on, took a strange fancy of carving a devil himself. To work he went, with hammer and chisel; and, by great care and study, he succeeded in making a fiend so passingly ugly, that no person could look at it without terror. Delighted with his performance, he retired to his couch perfectly satisfied with himself; but at midnight he was roused from his slumber by a terrible noise in his cell, and, lo! there was the Evil One himself. "Wretch!" cried he, "why hast thou made me so ugly?" and he threatened the poor monk vehemently, unless he would promise to mend his work. Three nights did the devil renew his visit, with menaces more dreadful every time; and always was he defeated and put to flight by the brother's holy water.' The devil, determined to have revenge, causes the sacristan to fall in love with a fair widow, dwelling near, who persuades him to steal all the abbey plate, and fly with her to a distant land. 'The sacristan, laden with the plunder, was on the way to join his mistress, when the devil entered the abbey, awakened the whole fraternity, and announced that the abbey had been robbed. The monks left their beds in haste, overtook the offender, and put him in prison. The devil again appeared before the sacristan, reproached him for his former obstinacy, and promised still to deliver him, provided he would promise to deface his image, and make one handsomer in its place. The monk agreed willingly to the proposal; the tempter took his place in the dungeon, and he

sought his couch; and next morning, when the monks found him quietly performing his duties in the chapel, and would have led him back to prison, he professed an entire ignorance of what had passed. They immediately, suspecting that some delusion had been played upon them, went to the prison, found there the Evil One in the garb of a sacristan, and instantly came the father-abbot, fearfully armed with cross and holy water, to put the enemy to confusion.

"From holy cross quick fled the devil
(The monks I guess were not o'er civil):
Against the wall he stumbled, souse!
Knocked down a corner of the house,
And then, as 'twere in vengeful mood,
Snatched up a brother by the hood.
The monk himself was fat and heavy
(Perchance the largest of the bevy);
His hood gave way, and, sad to tell,
Right on his brethren's heads he fell,
Who, as they stared in sore confusion,
Were all knocked down by the concussion."

The monks then hastened to the monastery, to apologise to the sacristan for the evil opinion they had formed of him; and the latter, according to his promise, brake in pieces his ugly devil, and laboured hard to form one which might be less objectionable to the personage whom it represented.'

Passing an essay on the 'Chansons de Geste, or Historical Romances of the Middle Ages,' we come to one of the most interesting chapters of Mr Wright's work—that on the Proverbs and Popular Sayings of that era. 'England,' he says, 'is still extremely rich in proverbs, as well as in popular superstitions. Both bear strong marks of a northern origin; and it is probable that not a few of them were as familiar in the mouths of our Saxon forefathers, who came in under the banners of Hengist and Horsa, in the fifth century, as they are in those of our contemporaries of the nineteenth. Of our proverbs, however, many have been introduced, at a comparatively modern period, from external sources, and many have arisen from circumstances and ideas of a later growth, so that it is interesting to us to know not only our own proverbs at different periods, but also those of surrounding nations.' One of the oldest collections of proverbs extant, is that published from the manuscript in Paris in 1831, under the title of 'Proverbes et Dictons Populaires.' This ancient tract 'begins with an enumeration of the appropriate names for an assembly of people of different ranks and orders, as also of various kinds of domestic animals: as an "assembly of knights," a "company of clerks," a "mob of villans," &c. in the application of which our forefathers seem to have been very exact. Next follows an enumeration of proverbial phrases, which had become characteristic of certain orders of people. The greediness of the priesthood gave rise to the saying, "The avarice of the ecclesiastics"—"*Avarisce de provoire.*" The white monks were distinguished by their covetousness—"*Convoitise de moines blancs;*" and the black monks by their ambition and jealousy of others—"*Envie de moines ners;*" the Templars by their pride—"*Orgueil de Templiers;*" and the Hospitallers, or Knights of St John of Jerusalem, by their vanity and presumption—"*Boban d'Ospitaliers.*" We learn also, from these sayings, that the chapters of canons were proverbial for the discord and dissensions which generally reigned amongst them—"*Descort de chapitre.*"'

There are proverbs, many centuries old, which give the reputed national characteristics, at that ancient date, of the various peoples of Europe. The wisest men are said to be those of Lombardy; the wisest merchants those of Tuscany; the most deceitful people in the world, the Saracens; the greatest traitors, the Hungarians and the Greeks; the most slavish, the Sclavonians (the word *slave* itself being derived from a Sclavonic term meaning *glory*); the most irritable people were the Germans; the most frank and open, the French; the most stupid, the people of Bretagne; the most inquisitive, the Normans: the finest women were those of Flanders; the finest men, those of Germany; the largest-bodied men were the Danes; the best drinkers in the world were the English; the most wandering and beggarly people in the universe, the Scotch; and the wildest and most intractable, the Irish.

It is remarkable how many proverbs are common to different nations; how many, for instance, which we believe to be peculiar to Scotland, or even to particular districts of Scotland, are found in the same, or nearly the same, literal form, in Germany, in France, and in Spain: the common possession of a proverb sometimes seeming to establish a connexion between spots distant hundreds of miles, and holding no intercommunication. The origin of proverbs, and the manner of their distribution over Europe, form a puzzling subject of speculation. Mr Wright contents himself with criticising, or rather satirising, a theory of the origin of proverbs, propounded by Mr John Bellenden Ker, and which is certainly one of the most extraordinary fancies ever made public. In order to understand Mr Ker's theory, first published in 1834, in the form of 'An Essay on the Archæology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes,' let our readers scrutinise attentively, for we cannot ask them to enunciate, the following apparent piece of gibberish:—

'Guise guise gae'n daer!
Weêr schell-hey waené daer
Op stuyrs nendoen stuyrs;
End in mêlyd is schem baer.
Dere ei! met een ouwel-man!
D'act, wood n'aet, sle ee is Par-heers.
Hye tuck heim by die left legghe
End seer ruwe hem doe aen stuyrs.'

This, according to Mr Ker, is a lampoon or satirical effusion, current many centuries ago among the English or Anglo-Saxon peasantry, against the monks and priests who oppressed them by their exactions, in the form of rates, &c. Its meaning, somewhat freely rendered into modern language, is given by Mr Wright as follows:—

'Hear their insolent clamour!
The committee, what axes
From us church-ridden elves
Nought but rates and new taxes.
There they sit in the tap-room,
Nor once think of compassion:
We must pummel their noddles,
If they grind in this fashion.
Let us stop their long speeches,
Their high vaunting words;
And when they're gone to pot,
We shall all live like lords.'

Such lampoons became at length so rife, that they did positive harm; and the friars bethought themselves of some way of counteracting their effects. 'The remedy they devised,' says Mr Ker, 'was ingenious, and worthy of the astuteness of friars. An unparalleled and constant corruption of the dialect in which they were composed, was taken advantage of, and the invective of the lampoon was gradually undermined by the introduction of a harmless, unmeaning medley of a precisely similar sound and metre, in the latest forms of the altered dialect; till in time the original import was forgotten, and its venom and familiar use replaced by the present nursery rhymes.'

Thus, in the instance of the obnoxious lampoon quoted above, what the friars did was as follows: they prepared a doggerel verse, composed of the corrupt English which was beginning to be spoken, exactly resembling in sound the old lampoon, but having quite an innocent meaning. The verse so prepared ran as follows:—

'Goosy goosy gander!
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber:
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.'

This rhyme, sounding pleasantly enough, the stupid peasantry accepted willingly, allowing themselves to be cheated out of the bitter old lampoon. In a similar way

the other lampoons were withdrawn from circulation, and replaced by harmless rhymes: the device of the friars, it will be seen, exactly resembling that by which a sailor manages to steal rum on board a ship. He places a bottle full of water, with the neck downwards, over a pipe inserted through an orifice in the cask, comes back in an hour or two, and finds the bottle full of the spirit, which has displaced the water, in virtue of its inferior specific gravity. Mr Ker extends the same explanation to our common proverbs and popular sayings. Thus, 'We will bell the cat' is, he says, a priestly substitution for the dangerous political reflection, *Woe wel beul, dije guit;* which means, 'And though there is a hangman, yet you see robbing still goes on.' 'Hobson's choice' is an exchange for *Op soen's gheeijsch*, 'At the command of a sacrifice.' Nay, the name 'Canterbury Tale' is a corruption of the profound idea which figures thus in Dutch, *Gaen-deur-op-eere-te-heel;* that is, 'To get through by the help alone of reiterated appeals to honour.' 'He took the bull by the horns,' was originally, *Hie tuck tije bol by, die hooren's;* the meaning of which is, 'Here head calls contrivance in, that is as it ought to be.' 'It makes my blood run cold,' was, *Et muyck's meê bloed er een kule;* which signifies, 'The muck, when blood is joined with it, soon grows hot;' a dreadful revolutionary sentiment, it will be observed. Falstaff's 'men in buckram' are not mere rogues in buckram suits, as we have ever imagined them to be: they are a much more profound thing; they are *Men in backe ruim;* a Dutch phrase, which means, 'Men who are contained within the space of the mouth that brags of them;' that is, fancy or ideal people. 'He was as busy as a hen with one chicken,' is also deep Dutch; it is *Hij wasse als boose, als er her wijse wan schick in;* meaning, 'He became quite furious when it was proved to him that all which could come from what he had been so busy about must be a failure.' To conclude with one specimen more of a nursery rhyme:—

'Jack Sprat
Had a cat:
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.'

This very innocent effusion is a monkish substitution for the following formidable stanza:—

'Jackes praet
Huydt er guit;
'Et huydt Bot wan hier;
'Et wint toe Baei Bot er;
Wee 'n Bot er! Wo aes dij hier!'

Which, being translated, sounds somewhat thus:—

The tales of the parson,
Faith! they're all mighty good!
They fill the rogue's belly
With poor cloddy's food.
These smooth-faced tormentors
Live upon cloddy's labours,
While cloddy, poor soul!
Must go beg of his neighbours.'

Such is Mr Bellenden Ker's extraordinary theory of the origin of proverbs and nursery rhymes: they are substitutions, by the monks, of innocent or unmeaning English sentences for old lampoons and political maxims in the Dutch or Anglo-Saxon languages. If it could be thought to require any serious refutation, the following sentences from Mr Wright will be sufficient. 'Mr Ker,' he says, 'has committed an error in attempting to raise a theory to explain the origin of popular proverbs before he investigated their history. He should have known that our own proverbs have, in the course of some centuries, more or less changed their forms; that words which had become obsolete had often been rejected for others of the same signification; that, with the gradual change from Saxon to English, the sentences which expressed these proverbs have changed often in form and construction; that older proverbs have themselves become obsolete, and been succeeded by later ones. If he had considered well all these circumstances, the similitude which he thinks he has discovered between the proverbs in their more modern form, and the Dutch sentences which he has constructed, would itself have raised in his mind a suspicion of the falseness of his theory. In addition to this, he ought to have known that these same proverbs, which we find in our language, occur also in the other tongues of the Teutonic stock, and in French—nay, even that they are found in Dutch itself, with the same sense and application as in English.'

A WORD FOR THE WORDLESS.

THERE is nothing more common than to ascribe the conduct of many of the lower animals to feelings of hatred, revenge, cruelty, and the like—evil passions which, unfortunately, are too often manifested in human behaviour. That this is an error, and a glaring one too, is abundantly evident, unless we presume a moral responsibility in the brute creation, or regard as evil those instincts with which they have been endowed by the Creator for their support and guidance. This ignorant transference from the catalogue of our own crimes has been the cause of much injustice and cruelty towards the creatures that surround us, and has served to perpetuate within man a savagery which is at utter variance with those principles of love and kindness which he professes to follow. Nor is it a mistaken view, participated in merely by the vulgar and uneducated; for poets and moralists, whose vocation is peculiarly that of humanity, seldom rise above the error, but indulge in epithets towards the inferior animals calculated not only to cherish the most malignant feelings, but to awaken them where they did not formerly exist. Thus the poet of 'the Seasons'—who, though in one place singing,

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends—

is himself guilty of so many libels against the brute creation, that the most prejudiced jury could hardly find an extenuating circumstance whereupon to recommend him to mercy. We mean to take a peep at his principal poem for a few proofs of this assertion.

While denouncing the change from a strictly vegetable diet to one of a mixed nature—which denunciation, by the way, is nonsense—the poet laments the fate of the sheep and ox, and very tenderly asks what they have done to merit death at our hands? But while thus the advocate of a mistaken mercy—seeing that these animals have been given for our use, and that we are guilty of no cruelty, so long as we put them to no unnecessary torture—he in the same breath tells us—

The beast of prey,
Blood-stained, deserves to bleed—

a maxim which would justify the extermination of every carnivorous animal, not on the plea of necessity, but on the ground of the most sanguinary vengeance, and without reflecting that the beast of prey is quite as necessary to the harmony of creation as is the beast of burden. 'The beast of prey deserves to bleed.' Why? Because he is 'blood-stained;' and, therefore, man is to demean himself to the level of the brute, and stain himself with its blood in turn. Most curious morality! The whole scheme of creation is one of relationship: so far as our own safety or comfort demands, reason justifies the repression of creatures that become noxious to us; beyond this, every step is cruelty and error. Error, inasmuch as the undue diminution of the carnivora would give undue preponderance to other classes, which would, in turn, interfere perhaps more seriously with our comfort. But it is not our own comfort alone which must be taken into account. It is a narrow and imperfect philosophy which views the inferior creation as destined merely to subserve the purposes of man, and which sees not in the rest of the scheme a scene of joy and enjoyment, without any reference whatever to man's existence. Besides, the poet errs on the ground of Christian morality: his maxim is, blood for blood—a precept of

vindictive cruelty, at utter variance with that spirit which would overcome evil with good, and bless those that would despitefully use us.

Nor is it alone the larger beasts of prey—your lions, tigers, and wolves,

> Burning for blood; bony, and gaunt, and grim—

that have cause to complain of this poetical injustice; the bard is equally abusive of the poor spinner of a cobweb. Only mark with what vehemence he vents himself as he turns his eye to the window-sash—

> Where, gloomily retired,
> The *villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,*
> *Mixture abhorred!* Amid a mangled heap
> Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
> O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
> Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
> Passes; as oft the *ruffian* shows his front.
> The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
> With rapid glide, along the leading line,
> And fixing in the wretch his *cruel* fangs,
> Strikes backward, grimly pleased: the fluttering wing
> And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
> And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

The italics are ours, but the sentiments are entirely the poet's, in whose humanity few, we believe, would be inclined to participate. According to his views, the little hunter, whose wonderful meshes, whose dexterity and perseverance, have been a fertile theme of the naturalist, and whose toilful ingenuity has often relieved the tedious hours of the prisoned captive, is a villain, a ruffian—cruel, cunning, and fierce—a mixture so abhorrent, that the sooner you crush him against the wall the better. Such, indeed, must be the feeling that arises in the mind of the young who may unhappily take their creed from the poet of 'the Seasons.' 'Cunning and fierce, mixture abhorred,' grins the schoolboy, and next instant the 'villain' spider is plastered against the beam whence he had suspended his cobweb. The simple and gentle philosophy of Uncle Toby, who, opening the window, let forth the fly which had buzzed about his nose during dinner, with a 'Go, poor wretch; the world is wide enough for us both!' has little chance against the violent declamation of the poet: an apology for our crimes is more eagerly laid hold of, than a command to be virtuous. After all, what do the denunciations of the poet amount to? Why, merely to a strong expression of ignorant impulse. The spider, in every point of his character and organisation, is formed, and formed alone, for the kind of life he leads: his wonderful apparatus, and reason-like instincts, were given him for the capture of insects, and in exercising these, he only fulfils the intentions of his beneficent Creator. The spider could no more subsist on other kind of diet, than the lion could on straw; and when he fixes his fangs in a helpless fly, he has no more idea of cruelty, than the poet had when he chanced to thrust his fork into the wing of a roasted turkey.

Such instances of poetical libel by the author of 'the Seasons' are by no means rare. He cannot speak of a party of gadflies, sporting and quadrilling it in the noonday sun, without denouncing them as 'angry;' nor of a snake, coiling itself for pleasure among the grass, without abusing it as a 'monster'—a child of 'vengeful' nature: as if nature, forsooth, created one part of her works to be avenged on the other; or, in the words of the old adage, 'cut off her nose, to be revenged of her face.' Again, the wolf is a 'ruffian,' the brindled boar a 'monster,' and the fox a 'villain'—all very offensive and improper epithets, which decent society very sparingly, if at all, admits into its qualifying vocabulary. Nor is this the worst of it: bad names are bad enough, but, says the proverb, 'they break no bones;' and the poor brutes might have cared but little for the poet's abuse, had he not urged on their murder in such a savage style as the following:—

> Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
> See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
> Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
> Or growling horrid, as the brindled boar
> Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
> Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
> . . . . . Give, ye Britons, then,
> Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
> Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
> Him from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
> Let all the thunders of the chase pursue.

And all this, too, in the face of a very tender and tearful passage, in which he deprecates the chase of the stag, hare, and so forth, proclaiming—

> These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
> Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:
> Then most delighted when she social sees
> The whole mixed animal creation round
> Alive and happy.

Thus inconsistent, too, is the author of 'the Seasons.' Can we suppose him to have been sincere in both cases; or was he only, as an artist, eager in search of strong and impressive images, with little regard to their correctness or harmony with each other? So, we fear, it is with too many of the tuneful brethren; the mere creatures of feeling and passion, revelling in these, and too often subordinating the calmer—though, in truth, not less poetical—dictates of enlightened knowledge.

Let us not be misunderstood. 'The Seasons' abounds in many, very many humane and exalting views of nature: what we censure is the frequent application of the worst of human epithets to the natural and instinctive conduct of the brutes—a transference wholly erroneous, unless we are prepared to gift them with a portion of human responsibility. How the bard of 'the Seasons' might have regarded this alternative, we cannot tell; but this we feel assured of, that no one, entertaining correct views of nature, can consider his treatment of many of the brutes as otherwise than libellous in the extreme, and tending to convey anything but a just view of the designs of God in the animal creation. Some may no doubt regard it merely as a little too much colour in the brush; for our own part, 'the Seasons' would be amongst the last text-books we should place, without comment, in the hands of a child, were we training him in the paths of a broad and generous humanity.

DR CARUS AND THE ENGLISH.

Two summers ago, the king of Saxony, with a select suite, took a run through the principal districts of our island, visiting such objects of interest as lay in his route. Since then, the royal physician, Dr Carus, has given to the German public an account of the journey, with which, in an English dress, we are now presented by the publishers of the 'Foreign Library.'* Individually or nationally, we are naturally curious to learn the opinions of others respecting us, and under this impulse we turn to the doctor's jottings, which, we may hint at the outset, are of no ordinary character. The writer is evidently one of those men who, whatever untoward circumstances may assail them, are not to be depressed, at least through any want of a good opinion of themselves. As may be expected, therefore, a buoyant self-confidence runs through the whole of his narrative, which would become decidedly offensive, were it not for a vein of good-humour and cordiality which tempers the indiscretion. The doctor is a physiologist, a speculatist in morals and religion, an artist, antiquary, and a hundred things besides; so that, if the portraiture of our nation is not complete, it is owing more to the stubbornness of the material, than to any deficiency in the qualifications of the draughtsman. Passing, however, his descriptions of scenery, criticisms on

* The King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland in the year 1844. By Dr C. G. Carus, Physician to his Majesty. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

works of art, and much of that light gossip which necessarily belongs to such narratives, we shall glance at the opinions which concern us principally as a people.

Setting out with the maxim, that the history of a people and their peculiarities can be only rightly comprehended when we have gained a true idea of the *physical* characteristics of their country, Dr Carus devotes some space to the geography and geology of our island, and then proceeds to the consideration of the 'remarkable and highly-inventive race of men' who inhabit it. As he always proceeds upon philosophical grounds, he lays down, as a principle, that there is nothing more favourable to, or promotive of, the development either of an individual or of a nation, than to be sprung from a vigorous, fine, and intellectual stock. 'The peculiarities and high importance of the people of England are, therefore, mainly to be sought in the descent of the English from the mixture of so many different races, all of a vigorous character; the intermarriage of the original inhabitants of England—the Cymri or Britons—with the Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Normans, and Germans, from whence the new British, or, properly speaking, English people, sprang. When we look at the subject from this point of view, it is remarkable to perceive that those districts of Great Britain in which the original races exist with the least admixture of foreign nations, and have still preserved the use of their original Celtic or Gallic language, as in Wales and the Highlands of Scotland, are those the inhabitants of which cannot in any respect be compared in mental energy and development with those who, properly speaking, belong to the new British race; and are constrained to yield to the genuine English, whose language is a compound, derived from Roman, Norman, Scandinavian, and German roots. It is this little England—this England containing about 15,000,000 of inhabitants—which has made itself the centre of a kingdom greater than any in the civilised world, whose provinces surround our globe; and even excluding the shifting, but still numerous, population of Hudson's Bay, reckons a population of above 200,000,000; whilst Russia, the most powerful empire on the continent, only reckons about 64,000,000 of subjects.

'As to the race, the German and Scandinavian elements are clearly discernible in the physical constitution, in the strongly-built frame, above the middle size, the oval form of the skull, the fair skin, and the great preponderance of brown and light hair over black. These elements are even more obvious in the public institutions of the people. On examining this point more carefully, the old German customs and the old German laws will still be seen not only to exist, but to flourish in a multitude of institutions, which have been completely lost in Germany itself, either through the constant and varying influences of other nations, or sometimes through indolence of character in the people themselves. The various forms of administration throughout the country afford proofs of this remark: every district, every town, every parish, possesses a species of independence; elects its own parish, local, or municipal officers; and, by means of its representatives, enjoys and exercises a great share in the general administration of the whole country; in a word, it possesses those great rights which belong to a free constitution. Then the public administration of justice and trial by jury, the great preponderance of open and verbal modes of transacting business over written, the unlimited, free, and public expression of individual opinion upon all subjects, the performance of administrative duties in many cases without salary, and the holding of offices which are mere signs of public confidence, and of a prominent position, all enter into this inquiry. It would, indeed, require a long and careful examination, accompanied and supported by strict historical research, to be able to declare what of all this has passed from the Scandinavian, what from the Roman, what from the German stock, into the life of the English people. It would, then, unquestionably appear that the Roman forms by far the smallest element in the composition, and the German incomparably the greatest.'

Having thus decided how much of our greatness we owe to a German paternity, the next principle laid down is, that quiet and retirement in youth, either of individuals or of nations, is essential to the development of a powerful and self-relying character—a theorem which we readily grant him. Being confined to the limits of their island, and thus almost wholly withdrawn from contact with other nations, the English—such is his reasoning—had time to lay the foundation of a physical individuality, which was capable of being developed into a great and important character, before they came into much active intercourse with other people. 'One result of this retirement has been, that a multitude of singularities, of customs, usages, institutions, and manners, both in public and private life, have taken such deep root in England, as to become immovable; and this might seem the more astonishing in a nation which carries on the most active intercourse with all parts of the world, and with nations of the most different habits, customs, and laws, did we not bear in mind that almost all these characteristic singularities date from a period when the people were absolutely isolated, and their forms of life were developed to full maturity from within themselves; and that, therefore, there is a universal inclination to hold firmly by that which, in other countries, is subject to continual change from the influences of neighbouring nations, and sometimes changes of itself. In recent times, it is true, comforts and luxuries, in all their various relations, have enormously grown and increased in England; but the basis of all these usages and customs may be clearly shown to rest upon others, handed down from time immemorial. These very developments, therefore, always assume a peculiar historical character, and make obvious the reason why the English themselves have such intense pleasure in thinking of, and designating their country as, *Old England*.' Such is Dr Carus's theory of our conservatism; for, notwithstanding all our power and progress, we are really the most conservative nation in Christendom.

In close connexion with this long-cherished principle of exclusiveness and retirement—which lies at the foundation of the English character—our author places the subject of dwelling-houses; and we only wish that his views on this matter were as enthusiastically participated in by every one of ourselves. 'Up to the present moment, the Englishman still perseveres in striving after a certain individuality and personal independence, a certain separation of himself from others, which constitutes the foundation of his freedom. This, too, was completely an ancient German tendency, which led our remote ancestors to prefer the rudest and most inconvenient, but isolated homesteads, to the more convenient and refined method of life in aggregation: it is this that gives the Englishman that proud feeling of personal independence, which is stereotyped in the phrase, "Every man's house is his castle." This is a feeling which cannot be entertained, and an expression which cannot be used, in Germany or France; in which countries, ten or fifteen families often live together in the same large house. The expression, however, receives a true value when, by the mere closing of the house-door, the family is able, to a certain extent, to cut itself off from all communication with the outward world, even in the midst of great cities. In English towns or villages, therefore, one always meets either with small detached houses merely suited to one family, or apparently large buildings extending to the length of half a street, sometimes adorned like palaces on the exterior, but separated by partition walls internally, and thus divided into a great number of small, high houses, for the most part three windows broad, within which, and on the various storeys, the rooms are divided according to the wants

or convenience of the family: in short, therefore, it may be properly said that the English divide their edifices perpendicularly into houses, whilst we Germans divide them horizontally into floors. In England, every man is master of his hall, stairs, and chambers; whilst we are obliged to use the two first in common with others, and are scarcely able to secure ourselves the privacy of our own chamber, if we are not fortunate enough to be able to obtain a secure and convenient house for ourselves alone.'

Another element in Dr Carus's philosophical estimate of our national character, is that suggested by the question—By what age can the English be regarded as, in some measure, represented—by childhood, youth, manhood, or senility? 'There can be no doubt,' says he, 'that, after a very short observation of their whole mode of action and conduct, they must be characterised by the mature, late, but still vigorous age of man. A firm adherence to principles once adopted, a quiet, historical foundation and development, a decisiveness and vigour, a Catonian severity of morals, but, together with these, a great measure of pedantry, and, even as a people, conspicuous and unconcealed egotism, are precisely the very circumstances and conditions which must soon impress themselves upon the mind of the observer, and become consolidated into a firm and decisive judgment.' But this vigour, courage, and decisiveness of character—this stiffness, pedantry, and egotism—are repulsive of all that may be called the poetic element in the spirit of the nation. We are neither poets, musicians, artists, nor philosophers. 'On these grounds, it often appears to me impossible to believe that Shakspeare could have been an Englishman; and his really being so, only becomes intelligible by remembering that, in the time of Shakspeare, a real *merry England* actually existed. It is, moreover, for this very reason too, that there is at present such poverty in the really active pursuit and cultivation of all that deserves the name of the higher arts. England has never produced a single great historical painter, and will scarcely ever produce one. The same is true of sculpture and music.

'As to poetry, England, like other countries, possesses even now, it is true, a great many poets; and men of distinguished talents appear from time to time in the field of events; but the tendency towards the *gloomy side*, the melancholy, or the sentimental, and often even the bitter element of life, is constantly gaining the ascendant; and this fact of itself proves that poetry, properly so called, is a stranger to the country at present. True, indeed, I will not venture to say that the Englishmen of the present day are *destitute* of the spirit and feeling of poetry; for what people are completely in this condition? But these are limited to an earlier period of life, and are regarded as a disease incidental to the development of the mind, rather than as a great poetical view of life, pervading the whole existence, harmonising with the deep poetry of life, and exercising a most important influence upon the whole moral and intellectual character. The prevailing English character is, therefore, by no means destitute of passion and poetry; but all this appears like the early eruption of a volcano, which is speedily exhausted, and then the crater only remains, covered with ashes, hard and dry.

'Everything pertaining to the theatrical arts is almost in a worse condition in England, at present, than even the structural arts and music; and although we can make no particular boast of the state of the drama amongst ourselves, it would not be easy to exaggerate its superiority over the miserable and soulless drama of England. It is something repugnant to one's feelings to see that the people who formerly produced the greatest of all dramatic poets, should now be almost wholly destitute of dramatists, and that the art should share so little genuine sympathy; but a moment's consideration of the whole circumstances of the country, and it no longer remains a riddle. Industry absorbs all the energies of life; with the progress and application of steam-power, not only are thousands and thousands of new productions developed, but the population itself: the number of large towns with 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, whose names are yet scarcely known in foreign countries, increases with enormous rapidity; and the regulation, occupation, and supply of all these demand continual and progressive activity. How is it possible that, in the midst of such a tendency of public life, any time should be allotted to the artistical gratification of the finer and more intellectual wants of the human mind?

'For these reasons, even the sciences, considered by themselves, are not objects of pursuit; and least of all in the higher departments of mental philosophy; but they are cultivated zealously and effectually in as far as they are useful, and promote the immediate advantages of life. In England, *natural philosophy* by no means corresponds with the *Natur-philosophie* of the Germans, but consists of a combination of mathematics and physics; and is endured only as such; whilst every truth is decidedly repulsed which is calculated to promote such a free spirit of inquiry, or mental development, as might, in the most remote degree, interfere with, or trench upon, any traditional, political, or orthodox ecclesiastical dogma.' Admitting that there is but too much truth in some of these remarks, we cannot altogether subscribe to the sweeping generalisations of the learned traveller. The elements of poetry and taste exist in the national mind as vividly as ever, with this advantage, that they are now incomparably more widely diffused: it is only the object and aim that is changed; and this Dr Carus, trained and tutored amid a state of things that belong to a bygone era, seems unable to comprehend. Leaving, however, these general strictures—for which, in the spirit of the prayer,

> Oh that some power the gift would gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us,

we ought to be thankful—we shall now turn to the less studied, and perhaps more truthful, *en passant* observations of the doctor's journey; we say the *doctor's* journey, for *ego et rex* is evidently the style of his Latinity.

We have seen that Dr Carus was prepared to find in the English a remarkable people — vigorous, active, decisive; but when he comes to view their navy, army, institutions, factories, mines, railways, wealth, and sumptuous living, his preconceptions fall infinitely short of the reality. He can afford to scoff at their lack of the poetical element—at their music, painting, sculpture, and theatricals; but the comforts, the substantialities, the power, if we may so speak, of their everyday life, brings him to his knees in absolute idolatry — What a tale I shall tell to my friends in Saxony! It must be observed, however, that, being an attaché of royalty, the doctor moved only among the noble and wealthy—everywhere there was a decking out for the reception: even the public crowds presented themselves in a sort of holiday attire—facts that must be borne in mind in the interpretation of his numerous superlatives. On landing at Dover, the royal party proceeded to the hotel, where, in company with the captain of her majesty's steamer, and the commander of the garrison, they had lunch—*déjeuner dinatoire*. 'The richness and abundance of the plate surprised us Germans, unaccustomed to such displays in our inns; and many national peculiarities in the viands were immediately observable. The rich ox-tail soup, the massive piece of admirable beef, fish of every description, and, together with sherry and port, common at all English tables, genuine porter, which, in consequence of its aromatic bitter, was peculiarly well calculated to repair the discomforts of sea-sickness, from which some of our party had suffered.' Again, when lunching with Lord Amherst at Knowle—'I can truly say that, as I sat down at the rich table, adorned with massive plate, and decked with flowers, and around me the members of the same family that had enjoyed all the pomp of

nobility before the reign of Elizabeth, and in a room hung with the portraits of a long line of ancestors, whose arms were emblazoned on glass in the tall, Gothic windows, I felt as if I were in a dream, and found myself transported into a scene before the age of Shakspeare; and times and things long gone by flitted before my mind.' Further, when his royal master was the guest of our queen at Windsor—'In the evening, dinner was served upon the most splendid scale—even of royal magnificence. What rooms, what pomp, what brilliancy and splendour; the fairy tales realised before my eyes, and all this in an old, gray, weather-beaten castle! Covers were laid for sixty persons, and all were served upon gold. Dr R——, the physician of the emperor of Russia, who sat next to me, told me that such an entertainment was unparalleled even in St Petersburg.' But this wealth and splendour meet him everywhere: this everlasting magnificence is more than German frugality can endure; and so, while at Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, he gets fairly out of humour with it. 'One gets a tolerable idea of the almost extravagant opulence which is here displayed, when I say that, in a large vaulted hall for preserving milk, cream, and butter, a splendid fountain has been erected, to throw up the clearest spring water, which falls down along several basins, growing gradually larger, until it comes to a large basin at the bottom, which is so arranged as to have upon its brink vessels and pans for containing the cream and butter, which thus, in the warmest weather, are kept at the degree of coolness so necessary to these useful kinds of food. In any other place, this fountain would be used to ornament the entrance avenue, whilst here, it merely serves to cool a dairy!' The poetical element again! But we should like to know of Dr Carus, if a nobleman can command a *jet d'eau* for his dairy, as well as for his entrance avenue, why he should not enjoy the luxury of the one as well as the ornament of the other?

Wonderful as was the display of wealth, whether in the halls of royalty, in the dining-room of a public hotel, or in the dairy of a private nobleman, the *tout ensemble* of a London crowd, alike for the gaiety of its appearance, and the respectability of its demeanour, seems to have been no less remarkable. 'Curiosity to see the train of open royal carriages, accompanied by a guard of lancers, had collected such a vast mass of persons along the whole line of road from Buckingham Palace to the station of the Great Western Railway—about half an hour's ride—that every possible position for seeing was occupied. Elegant carriages, often two or three rows deep, were drawn up on the sides of the way, and were intermixed with a great number of ladies and gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who either stopped whilst the court equipages passed, or occasionally accompanied and followed them. The houses, too, were all full of life; windows and balconies in all directions crowded with spectators, male and female; and, in addition to all this, an immense throng of persons on foot—such as is momentarily collected in London—of omnibuses, hackney-coaches, and cabs, which traverse London in all directions in thousands. The crowd at and around the railway station was immense; but, notwithstanding this, the best order was everywhere preserved, partly from a natural love of order in the people themselves, and partly by the activity and good management of a large body of police, distinguished by their simple but elegant blue uniform. The London constabulary are not provided with arms of any description, but merely carry a short staff of office in the breast pocket, which, although short, is heavy, and may, when occasion requires, be used as a weapon both of offence and defence. In the police, however, the people recognise the preservers of peace, order, and law, and cases are very rare in which any opposition is offered, or resistance made, to their authority.' But the grandeur of the city is quite as enchanting as the appearance of its inhabitants. Paris is but a country town in comparison. 'The large and splendid shops in Regent Street, with their enormous plate-glass windows, and looking-glasses in gilt frames, are truly magnificent exhibitions. The perpetual movement and life in the streets, at once so wonderful and exciting. When I think of Paris, and compare it with London, it now leaves on my mind the impression of *a small town!*' Again, speaking of Regent's Park and the public promenades—'Places of public refreshment, coffee-gardens, and the like, without which a German can scarcely form an idea of a promenade, do not exist here, at least in the places frequented by good society. This is quite to my taste, as among us the most delightful places are completely destroyed by being made assembling places for smoking cigars and drinking beer.' Such is Carus, ever astonished and delighted so long as you keep him off the fine arts, metaphysics, and philosophy; but let him once trench on these, and the queen's piper makes sounds (he cannot call it by the name of music) so horrible, that 'no form of apostrophe can characterise it.' The English are prone 'to mistake mere noise for a species of music'—St Paul's is 'one of the most tasteless collections of columns, vaulted roofs, eaves, and statues, that encumbers the earth'—Westminster Abbey is 'great, but not imposing'—the design of the new Houses of Parliament has something in it 'organically irrational'—the workmanship of some silver-plate which he examined was 'neat and skilful, but without genius'—in the Royal Academy's exhibition of paintings he had to 'read in the catalogue all that he did *not* see in the picture:' even the English 'Hurrah' offends him; it is not half so musical as the German 'Hoch! Hoch!' About tastes, however, *nil disputandum*.

But whatever may be our deficiency in these matters, the invention, ingenuity, power, and rapidity of execution which everywhere met him, are really beyond his comprehension. Be it an iron-work in Wales, the dockyard at Portsmouth, a gun manufactory at Birmingham, the post-office in London, or the getting up of the *Times* broadsheet—all are alike marvels to the dreamland of a German idiosyncrasy. Speaking of the post-office arrangements, he remarks—'The English have certainly the art of inventing, in all such matters, capital abbreviations for business, which would often take up much time. Thus there are always printed tables of everything necessary for the house, the kitchen, or the cellar; so that a man, by looking over these lists, immediately sees what he has, or what he wants. In the same way, no one keeps any large sum of money in the house; his banker manages all that; and he has only a little book with cheques, out of which he has nothing to do but tear a leaf, write upon it the sum he owes, and give it to his creditor; and so of other matters.' But our activity, ingenuity, and busy-making may be carried to extremes; so at least thinks Dr Carus. 'The latest newspapers were constantly offered at the stations: we bought some; and the rapidity with which news is here circulated may be guessed from the circumstance, that the *Times* of this morning, just arrived, gave a full and minute account of his majesty's visit to Hatfield House yesterday! In this manner all that takes place at the court in London, visits, invitations, excursions, &c. are particularly chronicled and printed in all the newspapers; and now I see that the reporters, even on their journey, report with the same rapidity. At every station, a person in one of the nearest carriages kept continually looking towards our carriage, and fixed his eyes upon us, as if he were working upon a sketch of the travelling equipage for a wood-cut in the *Illustrated News!* I confess that all this spying and universal small-talk of the newspapers seems to me to be doubly mischievous: first, to the people, who are thus accustomed to trouble themselves about a multitude of trivial circumstances, family affairs, and the most ordinary events; and secondly, for those who are the objects of such incessant prying and observation. Such a people as the English should be far above such littleness.' The doctor is right, and we humbly kiss the rod of rebuke. We certainly ought to be above the littleness

of silly, intrusive gossip, which is edifying to none, and must ever be offensive to some. It is easier, however, to find fault than to correct an error; and Dr Carus ought to have remembered, in penning his narrative, that what is blameworthy in a nation, cannot be very commendable in the case of an individual.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS—JENNER AND VACCINATION.

No more fatal or formidable disease has ever scourged the human race than one—now happily becoming a subject for history—the small-pox. Authoritative evidence has of late years been adduced to show that it existed in the Mosaic period, and in China it has been known from the earliest ages. Most of the fearful plagues which from time to time, on various portions of the earth's surface, have swept myriads into untimely graves, were no other than devastating visitations of this dreaded disease; and even when pursuing its ordinary course, it carried off one in fourteen of all that were born. In Ceylon, whenever it broke out, entire villages were abandoned; and in Thibet, on one occasion, the capital was deserted for three whole years. In the Russian empire, two millions of human beings died of small-pox in twelve months. Bernouilli calculated that fifteen millions fell victims to it every twenty-five years, taking the whole world, or six hundred thousand annually, of which number not less than two hundred and ten thousand were estimated for Europe alone. And to come down to more recent times, the readers of Mr Catlin's work on the Indians of North America will remember the terrible accounts of the destruction of whole tribes by this deadly malady. Regarded as inevitable, it came also to be considered as irremediable, and the world submitted to its ravages as a calamity of fate. In 1714, Dr Timoni of Constantinople published a work on the subject; and to the good sense, courage, and influence of Lady M. W. Montagu, who caused her son to be inoculated in the Turkish capital by Mr Maitland, surgeon to the embassy, England is indebted for the counteracting practice. In 1722, her daughter was inoculated in this country by the same gentleman; and the method was generally adopted until 1740, when it had fallen nearly into disuse; but favourable accounts coming from abroad, it was again revived; and, to propagate the salutary modification, the then Princess of Wales caused two of her daughters to be inoculated. The new remedy, however, met with great opposition. Some denounced it as an attempt, 'at once impious and unavailing, to counteract the visitations of an all-wise Providence;' asserting that, in the case of adults who voluntarily submitted themselves to it, the crime was that of suicide; but in respect to children, 'it was horrid murder of the little unoffending innocents.' It was anathematised from the pulpits as an invention of Satan, and its 'abettors' as sorcerers and atheists. A clergyman of London, named Massey, declared that it was no new art, as Job had been inoculated by the devil.

Owing to the careless practice of the time, there was some show of right in the opposition. The infected were not kept separate from others; and as inoculation always produced the true disease in its usual infectious form, it became more widely disseminated, and the mortality frightfully increased. In the year 1800, it broke out no less than twenty times in the Channel fleet alone; and the records of the Asylum for the Indigent Blind showed that three-fourths of those relieved lost their sight from small-pox. Its victims in Great Britain amounted to forty-five thousand annually; and the celebrated La Condamine, pleading for the adoption of a remedy in France, said, 'La petite vérole nous décime'—'The small-pox decimates us.' Such were the fatal effects of a disease described by Sir Matthew Hale, even in those who recovered, as 'the very next degree to absolute rottenness, putrefaction, and death itself.'

The world was in this distressing condition when a remedy at once mild, harmless, and effectual, first attracted the attention of Jenner, then a young man pursuing his studies under a practitioner at Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; where the subject of small-pox being mentioned in the presence of a country girl who came for advice, she exclaimed, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' 'This incident rivetted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence. Most happily, the impression then made was never effaced. Young as he was, and insufficiently acquainted with any of the laws of physiology or pathology, he dwelt with deep interest on the communication which had been casually made to him by a peasant, and partly foresaw the vast consequences involved in so remarkable a phenomenon.'* Possessing much patience and firmness of purpose, Jenner was willing to wait the fruition of his ideas; and contented himself at first with speaking of the prophylactic virtues of the cow-pox among his friends, which he recommended them to investigate. But they treated it as an idle notion; and, as he persisted in bringing it before them, they threatened to expel him from their society, 'if he continued to harass them with so unprofitable a subject.' His firmness of purpose came to his aid; he persevered in his inquiries. It was continually urged, in reply to his assertions, 'The evidence is altogether so inconclusive and unsatisfactory, that we put no value on it, and cannot think that it will lead to anything but uncertainty and disappointment.' His opinions, in many instances, met with abhorrence and contempt, and were treated with general indifference.

Jenner was fortunate in possessing the friendship of the celebrated John Hunter, under whom he had studied in London, and to whom he communicated his views. The reply of the great anatomist supported and stimulated his courage—'Don't think, but *try*; be patient, be accurate.' He knew how to wait. In 1775, his ideas and prospects began to assume a definite form: he foresaw something of the great work before him. To one of his friends, to whom he had explained his theory, he said, 'I have intrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove of essential benefit to the human race.' He vaccinated his own son on three different occasions. Many years, however, elapsed before he had an opportunity of completing his experiments, in the course of which a formidable obstacle was encountered: he found that cow-pox was not, in every case, an effectual preventive of small-pox. This led him to discover the true from the spurious vaccine matter; of which the former alone produces any specific action on the constitution. Though this disappointed, it did not discourage him. He investigated the facts, and arrived at last at the true explanation. He talked of it; wrote of it to his friends; and it was mentioned in London in 1788 by medical professors in their lectures.

In 1798, he published the result of his observations in a quarto of about seventy pages,† in which he gave details of twenty-three cases of successful vaccination on individuals, to whom it was afterwards found impossible to communicate the small-pox either by contagion or inoculation. After weighing every sentence with the greatest care, it was submitted to the judgment of his friends. The work is interspersed with remarks on the identity of the matter in the cow, and in the heels of the horse, when suffering from the disease known as

* In after-life, Jenner was accustomed to relate an anecdote of the days of Charles II. Some one telling the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland that she would soon deplore the loss of her beauty from the effects of the small-pox, then raging in London, she replied there was no ground for fear, as in her own country she had undergone an attack of the cow-pox, which was a preservative.

† An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ; a disease discovered in some of the western counties of England, particularly Gloucestershire, and known by the name of the Cow-pox.

'grease;'* and concludes, 'Thus far have I proceeded in an inquiry founded, as it must appear, on the basis of an experiment in which, however, conjecture has been occasionally admitted, in order to present to persons well situated for such discussions objects for a more minute investigation. In the meantime, I shall myself continue to prosecute this inquiry, encouraged by the hope of its becoming essentially beneficial to mankind.'

The publication of this work, so modestly and temperately written, immediately excited the greatest attention. In the same year the author had occasion to visit London, where, during his stay of nearly three months, he could not meet with a single person willing to come forward to test the experiment. Mr Cline, however, afterwards tried the vaccine matter, and proved that, when it had gone through the system, it was impossible to communicate small-pox to the same person. Two ladies, whose names are deserving of record—Lady Ducie, and the Countess of Berkeley—broke through the prejudices of the day, and caused their children to be vaccinated. The countenance and co-operation of the higher classes of London were in great part secured by the instrumentality of Mr Knight, inspector-general of military hospitals: and it appeared that females were most conspicuous in the good work; arising, probably, from their natural anxiety as mothers for the safety of their offspring. Lady Peyton urged the professional men in her neighbourhood to adopt the practice. In the following year the children of the Duke of Clarence, then residing at Bushy, were vaccinated; and a feeling began to spread in favour of the protective remedy.

Jenner watched for the realisation of his hopes. The happiness appeared to be his 'of removing, from among the list of human diseases, one of the most mortal that ever scourged our race.' But the opposition was brewing; and first, after the publication of his 'Inquiry,' came that of Dr Ingenhousz—a name celebrated in medical and scientific history. He was on a visit to Lord Lansdowne at his seat in Wiltshire, when, hearing of a case of small-pox in a man who had previously caught the cow-pox while milking at a dairy, he wrote to Jenner, pointing out the mischief his doctrine would cause, 'should it prove erroneous.' Jenner replied temperately and conclusively; but his opponent, who signed himself 'physician to the emperor and king,' became 'rude, and truly imperious,' in proportion as his arguments were confuted. We are informed that 'he knew no more of the real nature of cow-pox than Master Selwyn did of Greek.' But, said Jenner, writing to a friend, ''Tis no use to shoot straws at an eagle. . . My friends must not desert me now: brick-bats and hostile weapons of every sort are flying thick around me. . . My experiments move on, but I have all to do single-handed.' In a subsequent letter to Ingenhousz, he explains, 'Ere I proceed, let me be permitted to observe that truth in this, and every other physiological inquiry that has occupied my attention, has ever been the first object of my pursuit; and should it appear, in the present instance, that I have been led into error, fond as I may appear of the offspring of my labours, I had rather see it perish at once, than exist and do a public injury.'

Many eminent professional men now appeared to favour his views, while others received them with derision and distrust. Some doubted all the facts and reasons adduced in his 'Inquiry;' a second party denied the merit of bringing forward a fact which had been long known in obscure places in the country; a third affirmed that everything relating to it had yet to be discovered; and a fourth, that the discoverer's opinions were worth nothing—that he had originally obtained the vaccine virus from another practitioner; and, even admitting his reasons, the protective powers of the new remedy would be lost after the lapse of four years. The declared enemies to the practice were less fatal to its success than its pretended friends: the latter had a professional status, which lent authority to their statements, that imposed on the unthinking part of the community. Experiments were made at the Small-Pox Hospital in London, which proved most disastrous to the infant cause; as, from want of care, the true variolous matter, as Jenner expressed it, was 'contaminated' with small-pox, and differed in effect but very slightly from the real disease. This drew upon him the indignation of the metropolitan practitioners; who, however, as it was afterwards established, had been actually disseminating the tainted matter over many parts of England and the continent.

In 1799, Dr Woodville, a physician of London, published a report throwing doubts on the real efficacy of vaccination, which tended to check the high expectations that had been formed of it. Another member of the medical profession, Dr Pearson, lectured on the subject, and issued circulars, offering to distribute the matter to all who applied; thus constituting himself the chief promoter of the new method, to the prejudice of the discoverer, to whom his nephew wrote, 'All your friends agree that *now* is your time to establish your fame and fortune: but if you delay taking a personal active part any longer, the opportunity will be lost for ever.' It had been intimated to Jenner, that if he would settle in London, he might command a practice of L.10,000 per annum. He observes, in his reply, 'Shall I, who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life—the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame?'

But the good cause continued to make progress. Its author, in a letter written to the Princess Louisa at Berlin, in December of the same year, states that 5000 persons had then been vaccinated, and afterwards exposed to the contagion of small-pox; but without any ill effect. Lord Egremont took great pains, in a correspondence with Jenner, to clear up the anomaly arising from impure vaccination at Petworth, where he took all the patients, fourteen in number, into his mansion, to prevent the spread of the disease. This nobleman subsequently became one of the most zealous promoters of the new method.

Notwithstanding the violent and unscrupulous opposition manifested in many quarters, the new cause made progress. In this same year attempts were made to form vaccine institutions for gratuitous vaccination, in which Bath took the lead, followed soon after by London. At the head of the latter was Dr Pearson, of whom mention has been already made. He arrogated to himself all the honours and advantages as head of the establishment; and, following his 'rule of doing justice,' as he stated in a letter to Jenner, had reserved for him the honour of 'extra-corresponding physician.' Jenner declined the offered dignity, and wrote to Lord Egremont his objections to the plan proposed by Dr Pearson—the man who had denied and distorted his experiments—and declared firmly against any compromise or contradiction of his own views. Although a fierce war was then raging, the fame of the new remedy found its way to the continent. Drs Odier and Peschin of Geneva wrote and lectured on the subject: and in the two following years 1500 persons were vaccinated in that city. It was known in America before it had been heard of in Paris. Dr Waterhouse of Massachusetts first made the American public acquainted with it, through the medium of the newspapers, as '*Something Curious in the Medical Line.*' The president Jefferson, with his sons-in-law, vaccinated nearly two hundred persons among their own connexions. At the same time it reached our colony of Newfoundland.

Soon after, a vaccine institution was opened in Paris, superintended by committees appointed to obtain precise information, through whose labours the salutary remedy was made known throughout France. The Spanish go-

* It is now known 'that there are at least *four* animals—namely, the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat—which are affected with a disorder communicable to man, and capable of securing him from what appears to be a malignant form of the same disease.

vernment, in 1800, took up the question with extraordinary zeal, and fitted out an expedition to convey vaccination to their South American colonies. In 1801, a mission was sent to carry it to Gibraltar and Malta; and in the same year Dr Walker accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby's forces to Egypt, and vaccinated great numbers of the troops. It was also introduced at Palermo, where, in the preceding year, 8000 persons had died of small-pox; and into our vessels of war by Dr Trotter, physician to the fleet, who said, in one of his letters, 'The Jennerian inoculation will be deservedly recorded as one of the greatest blessings to the navy of Great Britain that was ever extended to it.' It was eagerly welcomed in Germany: and the successful vaccination of Princess Louisa caused its effective introduction into Prussia, the result of which was, the foundation of a Royal Inoculation Institute at Berlin. In Vienna, the use of the new remedy was at first forbidden, having been confounded with small-pox inoculation: the restrictions were, however, soon removed, and some of the most successful experiments performed in that city. At Brunn, in Moravia, a philanthropic nobleman, Count Hugh de Salm, exerted himself, by the distributing of rewards and treatises, to disseminate the practice in that part of the empire. A temple was erected, and dedicated to Jenner, in which his birthday is still annually celebrated.

In 1801, the vaccine was sent from Breslau to Moscow, where the empress-dowager 'zealously promoted the new practice,' and desired that the name of *Vaccinoff* should be given to the first infant—a female—submitted to it. She sent a diamond ring to Jenner, with a letter signed by her own hand, expressive of 'her gratitude to him who rendered this signal service to humanity.' Jenner replied, that the imperial favour was not for him alone; 'it will be felt by the whole world; for sanctions like these will materially tend to extinguish prejudice.' In Denmark and Sweden, so effectual were the measures taken for the propagation of the antidote, that the small-pox was extirpated, and did not return for twenty years; and in Wirtemburg, penalties were exacted from all those who neglected vaccination.

Jenner himself offered one thousand guineas towards fitting out a ship to convey the vaccine to Asia, when it had been delayed by the parsimony of the government. It reached the East Indies in 1801; and the physicians at Bombay corresponded with the discoverer on the subject. The co-operation of the Brahmins, and the favour of the natives, were secured by a trick. A short poem was written in Sanscrit, on old paper, purporting to be of great antiquity, and to have been early known in the country, in which the remedy was recommended; and appealed directly to the religious feelings of the natives, as the 'wonderful preventive' was said to have been originally derived from a cow. It was carried to Africa by way of the Mediterranean; and in 1802, Lord and Lady Elgin, being then on a tour, successfully introduced it into Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands. The matter was sent overland to Bagdad, on lint secured between glass closely sealed, and dipped in melted wax until it became covered by a solid ball, then packed in a box with paper shavings. It arrived safe, and succeeded at the first trial. In other instances, the matter was found to be efficacious after twice crossing the Atlantic, and retained its virtues during a tedious mission through the remotest provinces of the Russian empire to the borders of China.

The progress of the 'extirpator' was such, that in 1802 it was stated, in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that 2,000,000 of persons had then been vaccinated, of whom not one had died of the affection. These numbers were, however, but a small proportion of what they might have been, had the practice of vaccination been allowed to have free course—unopposed by ignorance, prejudice, or selfishness. Though there were many to do justice to the immortal discovery, yet a host of others, on very slender grounds, raised a fierce and clamorous opposition. Few even of its friends took the pains to make themselves well acquainted with the principles of the new method. A 'faction' of physicians got up a spirited opposition in the papal states, and reported that vaccination had been forbidden and abandoned in England. The most ridiculous and absurd reports were published. A lady complained that, since her daughter was vaccinated, 'she coughs like a cow, and has grown hairy all over her body;' and in one part of the country the practice was discontinued, because those who 'had been inoculated in that manner bellowed like bulls.' A Mr Gooch of Suffolk had, with his wife, vaccinated 611 patients, of which he observes—'In spite of all ignorant prejudice, and wilful misrepresentations, this wonderful discovery is spreading far and wide in this county. The first people we inoculated in Hadleigh were absolutely pelted, and driven into their houses if they appeared out.'

The same arguments that had been used nearly a century earlier against small-pox inoculation, were directed against vaccination; while, in Switzerland, pastors were recommending it from their pulpits, the most uncompromising hostility was shown in other places. Ehrmann of Frankfort undertook to prove from Scripture, and the writings of the fathers, that 'vaccine was nothing less than Antichrist.' Sermons, abounding in invective, were preached against it. The leading physician of Philadelphia pronounced it to be 'too beastly and indelicate for polished society.' In later years, the celebrated Cobbett also denounced it, in his sledge-hammer style, as 'beastly,' and unfit for adoption.

Dr Rowley, a physician of London, was perhaps more violent in his attacks than any other opponent; and his work is so far useful, as it gives us the sum of the arguments used against vaccination, and shows at the same time to what extreme lengths individuals may be carried by passion and prejudice. The doctor set himself up as the hero of anti-vaccination; for which he formed a society to examine all cases of failures, and of small-pox after vaccination, which he condemned as a 'greasy, horse-heeled project. The sooner cow-pox infatuation is abandoned *in toto*, so much the better for society. . . The world has been viper-broth mad—tar-water mad—magnetism mad—cow-pox mad. . . Cow-pox devastation—all supported by ignorance, knavery, folly, and false faith. . . Those will be considered the greatest enemies to society who longest persist in spreading the criminal and murderous evil. . . Chase from their houses all who propose vaccination . . . Glaring tyranny, to force vaccination on the poor. . . The world did not require cow-pox; the cow-pox was forced into the world. . . Earth trembled! and Heaven profusely shed tears. . . The most excellent physicians are always modest, candid, and unassuming:' whilst vaccinators are 'infatuated visionists,' who pursue an 'irrational and destructive practice. Wild, light-headed adherents, who have distinguished themselves by ignorance.' The doctor appears to have exhausted the vocabulary to find terms for the expression of his abuse, which was not unproductive of evil. It was proved that, although vaccination was performed gratuitously at the Bloomsbury dispensary, yet not a single person applied during several months of the year 1806. An able reply was published by a surgeon named Blair, who turned the doctor's weapons upon himself, in a pamphlet whose title was quoted from one of his learned opponent's fiery paragraphs: it was entitled 'The Vaccination Contest; or Mild Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Truth, against fierce, unfeeling Ferocity, overbearing Insolence, mortified Pride, and Desperation.'

The attacks on the invaluable discovery were, at the same time, vigorously carried on in other quarters. We should be at a loss to understand the motives of so much hostility, did we not see something of the kind in our own day, in the sneers occasionally bestowed on novel matters of science. The cause, however, triumphed. Ribaldry, scorn, and abuse, have dwindled down to a mere echo, and are scarcely or

never heard. The glory of a great man is ever attended by envy. The nations of antiquity would have raised altars to Jenner's memory, or stamped his effigy on their coins—as was the case in some of the states of Greece, and was done by the citizens of Cos in honour of their countryman Hippocrates. Cuvier said, 'If vaccine were the only discovery of the epoch, it would serve to render it illustrious for ever.'

Part of Jenner's reward was in the letters he received from all quarters of the world, filled with expressions of grateful reverence, and anticipations of the benefits of his discovery. His case was brought before parliament, and, not without opposition, the sum of L.30,000 was voted to him in two grants. It was proved that, had he kept vaccination a secret, he might have made L.20,000 a-year; but he worked not for himself. The chancellor of the exchequer said of it, during the debate, that it was 'the greatest, or one of the most important, discoveries to human society that was made since the creation of man.'

But far greater the reward, in the consciousness that he had saved to the world millions of lives, and secured humanity from its deadliest destroyer. It is not what we undertake, but what we accomplish and confirm, that constitutes glory. Jenner died with the title of benefactor to his kind. In the words of his friend Dr Lettsom, 'His claim is that of having multiplied the human race, and happily invoked the goddess of health to arrest the arm that scatters pestilence and death over the creation.' His is one of those English names with which intelligent foreigners are, as might be expected, most familiar. Often have such persons, taken to Westminster Abbey, and told that it is devoted to the names of our great men, asked for the monument of Jenner. Strange to say, while much military prowess, now of little account, is there recorded, this truly great and memorable man is without his stone, and likely long to remain so.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

[From a volume of little heart-warm pieces, breathing the new feelings of our time, by our friend Camilla Toulmin. Orr and Company, London. 1846.]

THERE were three friends—that is to say,
They were men meeting every day;
Grasping each other's hands with earnest pressure
Upon the mart, or in the hours of leisure.

The eldest had a large and finely-tempered heart,
Thought a few thoughts in which the world had not a part,
And as the mountains are the first to win
A dawning glory ere the day begin,
He saw to trace his life-chart on a plan
Of simple grandeur meet for such a man.

His acts oft puzzled worldlings, who, you know,
Bat-like, are blinded by the noonday glow
Of deeds to which they cannot find the clue
Of double motive or a selfish view.
And yet as mountain sun-crowns downwards creep,
Till o'er the plain the generous day-beams sweep,
So from the height of his great soul were caught
Some peerless lessons by example taught.

'But,' says the reader, 'to these three great friends,
I cannot see which way your story tends.'
Patience; and yet, perchance, when all is told,
Meaning or moral you may not behold!
Of station, fortune, equal all had been,
But to the younger two came losses unforeseen.
Generous and prompt, the first with open hand
Made free his fortune to their joint command;
Saying, 'It is a gift or loan, it matters not,
According to the chances of your future lot.'
A test of friendship bravely, nobly borne;
But though the theme be much less trite and worn,
It is almost as hard—I own not quite—
To take with grace, as to bestow aright,
Favours like this; which try mind-metal more
Than shielding life with life amid the battle's roar.

One was profuse of thanks; yet you might see
He bit his lip half-peevishly,
And to his cheeks the chafed and feverish blood
Sent fitfully its tell-tale flood.

The other said, 'God bless thee!' fervently;
'God knows, I would have done the same for thee.'
And several signs stood out in strong relief
To mark the twain; but, to be brief,
The one a slave, in struggling to escape,
Broke up his household gods of every shape,
To melt them—in his heart—into one figure rude
Of monstrous mien, which he called Gratitude:
Until, self-tortured by his hideous guest,
Day brought no peace, and night no rest!
The other one walked upright as when he
First knew his friend in all equality.
There was no servile crouching; no revoke
Of differing thoughts he once had freely spoke
(For e'en as discords harmony may make,
So kindred minds some different views may take).
The only chain the gold 'twixt them had wrought,
Drew them more near, and dearer friendship brought.
'God knows, I would have done the same for thee!'
'*I* know he would have done as much for me!'
Was felt—not said—by each respectively.
An unsung music to themselves most dear,
As one may silent read a page, not hear.

The writhing slave knew nought of such sweet peace;
His visits shorten, and at last they cease.
As for the lender, if his thoughts be told,
He mourns to lose a friend, and not his gold.
Unto the other once he said, 'Your words are true.
You've tested me; but I have tested you!
It pains my heart to know *he* could not comprehend
The rights and pleasures of a faithful friend.'

'It chances,' said the third, 'that you and I
Do understand each other perfectly.
But frankly tell me, do not you opine
That, out of every hundred, ninety-nine
Of poor mankind do not know how
Either t' accept a favour, or a boon bestow?
No matter what on Friendship's shrine the oblation,
They shrink in horror from an obligation!
So little are the ties of brotherhood
Between earth's children understood;
So few who seem such thoughts to understand,
That I could count, upon the fingers of one hand,
With whom I know such bonds might be,
And give or take all equally,
Without disturbance of our self-respect,
Or some regret the curious might detect.'

'"Tis very sad!' the first one sighing cried;
'God's gifts we most unequally divide.
How shall we teach one human brotherhood?'

'Trust God! and trust the might of doing good!'
The other answered. 'There's a dawn draws near
(May eyes grow stronger ere the noon appear,
For some I know that not e'en now can bear
Truth's struggling beams that pierce this murky air!)
Why, 'tis a wholesome sign, you will aver,
That even you and I can thus confer!'

RISE OF THE MULGRAVE FAMILY.

The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on, fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a vessel with everything necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel; but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of L.200,000. Of this sum he got about L.20,000, and the Duke of Albemarle L.90,000. Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time, diving-bells have been very often employed.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, No. 1119.

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FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS AT SMYRNA.*

It must be almost impossible for those who have never had an opportunity of visiting eastern countries, or experiencing a greater degree of summer heat than our own temperate climate can produce, to form any idea of the marvellous brilliancy of those striking landscapes when the noonday sun is pouring down his full splendour upon them. It is but seldom, indeed, that persons habitually resident in those regions ever witness such a sight. There are few admirers of nature sufficiently enthusiastic to brave a *coup de soleil*, or a brain fever, one or other of which fatal consequences are too often the result of incautious exposure. Yet although it was on one of the most sultry days in the month of May that we landed at Smyrna, I think any one would have risked a good deal to have witnessed the scene which gradually opened upon us as we approached that interesting spot. Sky, earth, and sea, all were bathed in one flood of light; and the full blaze of an unclouded sun at once illuminated and embellished the beautiful Asiatic shore and the picturesque city which lay before us. Only one dark spot, which even that flaming orb could not brighten, gave effect to the landscape; and this was the grove of sombre cypress-trees which, spreading over the side of the hill almost to the sea-shore, marked out the Moslem cemetery. There are few, if any, of the eastern cities more deeply interesting than Smyrna; the very name must at once suggest its principal claim for a more than ordinary share of attention; and in fact it is only in reference to it, as one of the seven churches of Asia, that the more prominent features of its present condition become so remarkable. From its central position, as well as from its commercial influence, it is the resort of persons of every country and denomination, besides being the resting-place of travellers to many different quarters; and, in consequence of this, I believe there is no place where so many different religions are not only tolerated, but firmly established and flourishing, in perfect harmony with each other. Mohammedanism is of course the religion of the country, but its various sects are here more than usually distinct. Judaism greatly prevails—the Hebrew population being numerous, and the members of the Armenian church scarcely less so. Then there is the Gueber, or fire-worshipper, whose adoration of the sun is at least less astonishing here than it would be in England: the Greek; the Roman Catholic; the Nestorian; and many others, which I have neither time nor space to enumerate; besides a considerable number of Protestants from all parts of the globe. There are several European families which have become naturalised at Smyrna; and notwithstanding the lapse of a generation or so, they cling with the greatest tenacity to the manners and customs of their countries, and in many instances have preserved the purity of their faith, both in doctrine and ritual, far more perfectly than it now exists in the lands whence they brought it. Besides all this, Smyrna is, as it were, the focus of the numerous branches of missionary societies in the East, and it is consequently inhabited by a vast number of Americans. It was my favourite plan, that we should endeavour to visit all the places of worship to which we could gain access in the city; but we were on our way to the Black Sea, and the steamer only remained four-and-twenty hours at Smyrna, which was undoubtedly too short a stay for so interesting a place, and rendered my project scarcely feasible.

We had scarcely anchored, when the fact that we had passed, within the last twelve hours, from one quarter of the globe to another, was brought with full conviction on our minds by the arrival of sundry most Asiatic-looking figures, whose manners and appearance afforded a striking contrast to the Greeks of the classical island of Scio, which was the last place we had touched at. Although nothing could be more picturesque than these fine-looking, majestic men, with their black eyes, long beards, and dark olive complexions, they were merely 'valets de place' come to offer their services; and it seemed very strange to hear them, in their flowing garments and heavy turbans, talking French, English, and Italian with the greatest ease. The process of going on shore appeared to us one of considerable difficulty; for the only means of transporting ourselves and our luggage was in boats, so extremely small and narrow, that we fancied the weight of one person would be sufficient to capsize them; but as there was no alternative, we consented to embark in a slender little caïque, which, though it danced on the waves as if it had been made of India-rubber, certainly brought us safely to land. We had so many friends and near connexions in Smyrna, that we scarcely felt ourselves in a strange country, as we walked, accompanied by them, to the house of Madame W——, whose kind hospitality was to save us from the miseries of a night in a *soi-disant* European hotel. The streets, as in all eastern towns, were dirty, dark, and narrow; but we were too much delighted with the endless variety of costume, to think either of the rough stones, or of the heat of the sun, from which we were only partially protected by the projecting balconies and canopied stalls. We passed along the whole length of the 'Street of Roses,' scarcely finding time to ask to what nation each fantastic figure belonged. There was the Armenian, with his narrow, straight robe, and his black head-

* We are indebted for this paper to the same lady who lately graced our pages with descriptions of the Slave Market of Constantinople and the Harem of Eiredeen Pacha.

dress, which I can only describe as an enormous square cushion; the dervish, with his blue mantle and high conical cap; the Cossack, with a perfect mountain of fur on his head; and numbers of women, with their white or black veils and huge brown cloaks.

The house of Madame W——, to which we were going, was in the Quartier Franc, and, like most other good houses in that part of the town, was surrounded by a large court filled with trees, the entrance to which was by a stone passage, so long and wide, that we fancied ourselves still in the street, until the ponderous gate was closed behind us. We were not sorry to remain quietly under shelter for several hours, till the heat had abated; but as soon as the streets were somewhat in shade, we set out to walk to the Bridge of the Caravans, which is the fashionable evening promenade in Smyrna. To reach this spot, we had to traverse almost the whole town, in fact but a continuance of ill-paved streets. It is the custom of the Smyrniote ladies (rather a singular one, according to our ideas) to pass the evening in the open air, at the doors of their houses. Amongst the higher classes, they even have their vestibules arranged for this purpose, with ottomans, cushions at no allowance, and tables loaded with sweetmeats and all sorts of 'fricandises;' and really they looked so charming, as they reclined in graceful attitudes, laughing and talking together, in their little red and gold caps, short velvet jackets, and silk petticoats, that we were quite disposed to approve of a practice which thus enabled us to judge of the far-famed beauty of the Smyrniote women; and I must own that, except in the island of Naxos, which I think unrivalled on this score, I have never seen a greater collection of lovely faces. We could not, however, pay them all the attention they deserved, from the very evident necessity of taking care of ourselves in the narrow streets; for the Turks treated us with indifference; and I think they would really have walked over us quite coolly, rather than give themselves the trouble of making way. We had especially to keep clear of all the magnificent Osmans and Mustaphas who came jogging towards us, mounted on little miserable donkeys, and looking most pompously ridiculous with their solemn faces and ponderous turbans, whose weight alone would have seemed sufficient to have overpowered the wretched animals they rode on. The change was delightful when we emerged from the stifling atmosphere of the town into the lanes which led through green vineyards, and beneath the pleasant shade of mulberry-trees to the bridge; nor did we find the walk too long, though the distance is considerable from the Quartier Franc.

This much-vaunted bridge derives its name from the number of caravans that hourly pass over it on their way to the interior of the country, and is remarkable only from the extreme beauty of its position. It is high, long, and narrow, stretching over a clear and rapid stream, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent old trees. At a short distance rises a green and vine-clad hill, whose summit is crowned by a ruined castle, which, though picturesque, is of no great antiquity or interest. On the one side of the river—the refreshing murmur of whose waters has, in this sultry land, a charm we never could imagine elsewhere—numberless little establishments have been erected, where coffee, pipes, ices, &c. are provided for the promenaders, and chairs are placed under the trees, that they may sit luxuriously in the shade, and partake of these refreshments; and here does the whole fashionable world of Smyrna congregate every evening, to walk and talk, to see and be seen. On the other side of this narrow stream, but a few yards distant, silent, desolate, and shrouded in impenetrable darkness, lies a vast Turkish burial-ground, extending much farther than the eye can reach, and possessing, in the highest degree, the picturesque beauty for which those cemeteries have always been celebrated. It was impossible for the most unimaginative mind not to be struck with this singular sight: that little sparkling river, dancing on its way with, on the one hand, life busy, gay, and frivolous; and, on the other, death in its most solemn gloom and stillness! We determined to visit both; but we chose first to inspect the portion devoted to the living; and certainly it presented life under a novel aspect. Everything that retained the true 'souleur locale' was delightful, especially the portly Mussulmans, seated in a circle on their rich carpets, smoking gravely, and emitting a short sentence once in half an hour. But amidst the crowds from every nation that surrounded us, there were not a few who laid claim to being thoroughly Europeanised; having, in their own opinion, arrived at this happy consummation by caricaturing outrageously the Parisian fashions of the last season—just as they are apt to do in provincial towns at home; though nowhere could the glaring mixture of colours, and the indescribable hats and feathers, have looked so absurd as when contrasted with the native costume, and surrounded by that truly Oriental scenery. We were watching a group of Turks who were supping together—each one partaking in turn of a greasy ball of rice, which was administered to him by the head of the party, whose green turban distinguished him as a descendant of the prophet—when an exclamation from one of our companions attracted our attention to a caravan that was crossing the bridge. The procession was headed by a little, sober-looking donkey, unburdened, and without saddle or bridle, which led the way with great sagacity; and notwithstanding his humble appearance, we were assured that, without his assistance, the drivers would have found it impossible to have induced the camels to proceed. Next came a long and almost interminable line of those huge animals, walking in single file with that slow undulating movement which is so peculiar to their species: they were heavily loaded, and each one was mounted by his master, who guided him merely by the voice. The long train, with its gay eastern dresses, had an admirable effect as it wound under the trees and across the bridge: it was altogether in perfect keeping with the landscape. We watched them till the last camel, of which there were some fifteen or twenty, had disappeared, and then we also crossed the bridge, in order to explore the cemetery.

The distance was but short which separated the haunts of the living from the dwelling of the dead; yet scarcely had we penetrated a few steps into those thick shades, when we found ourselves shut out completely from all sight or sound that told of human life, and in the very midst of that most awful of all desolation—a solitude peopled with the ashes of those who were and are not! Around us, on every side, dark and silent, rose an interminable forest of gigantic cypress-trees, so closely grouped, that even the light of day could scarcely penetrate amongst them, and spreading on and on in unbroken gloom, till the eye became bewildered in attempting to limit their empire; and beneath, yet more interminable, yet more sad and silent, lay the forest of tombs, each cold white stone strangely distinct in the surrounding darkness, and yet so innumerable, so thickly strewn upon the earth, that a chill struck on the heart at the thought of how immense was this population of the dead. There was not a sound: for the summer breeze, passing through the unbending branches of the cypresses, drew no murmur from those mournful trees, and the slanting rays of the setting sun, as they shot at intervals across the graves, made the turbaned monuments look, in the faint glimmering light, like the pale phantoms of the departed, each one watching over his own slumbering ashes. We sat down among the tombs to wait the termination of sunset,

whose influence we felt in the deepening shadows round us; though it was rarely that we caught a glimpse of that fading glory, or of the softer light of the rising moon, whose silver crescent, appearing among the trees, amply compensated for the entire absence of twilight. Monsieur V—— read to us the inscription on one of the graves near us, whose highly-gilt monument and painted turban seemed to indicate that the dust it contained had once been honoured of men. It stated that this son of the faithful had, throughout a long life, so perseveringly performed all the outward acts of devotion in which the religion of the Moslem consists, that he was most assuredly wandering even now with the dark-eyed houris by the shores of that lake where lie the sparkling bowls filled with the water of immortality. To me, in that vast abode of the dead, which in its deep stillness seemed so far removed from the hopes and fears of human life, it was quite painful to be recalled by this pompous panegyric to the gross and lowering ideas with which the Mohammedans have clothed even the heaven of their dreams; for their creed does not allow the soul to disengage itself from the trammels of the flesh, even in their hope of an immortality beyond the grave. It is a very characteristic trait of this people, the care with which a little basin is scooped out on the stone of every grave, to catch the rain-water, that the birds may come and drink; thus carrying out their principle of universal charity even after death. We left the cemetery as soon as it was dark, passing once more through the merry groups who were proceeding homewards, each one carrying his little paper lantern to light his steps as he went along.

Before six o'clock the next morning we were all astir, anxious to accomplish what we could in the short time allotted to us. We proceeded first to the bazaars, in search of some of the beautiful Smyrniote embroidery, which is nowhere else to be found. These bazaars are as spacious as they are interminable, and their shops displayed the produce of every part of the globe. We entered into several of them, finding each furnished with its Persian carpets, and comfortable cushions placed round the wall, where we were invited to sit and drink coffee as long as we chose. But the most interesting sight, where everything was new and picturesque, were the traders who had come from the interior of the country, and who, with their singular dresses, wild gestures, and strange dialect, attracted much of our attention as they stood in groups round the seats of the money-changers, or at the stall of the public weigher—his balance and weights being in constant requisition for the grains and spices which formed the principal part of their merchandise.

I was very anxious to gain admittance into a mosque, which is as difficult in Smyrna as it is easy in Constantinople; and accordingly proceeded to one of the largest, in hopes of being able to effect an entrance with the help of Monsieur V——. Numbers of Turks were collected on the wide steps which lead to the three principal doors, and round the fountains, where they performed their ablutions before daring to enter within the sacred precincts. As soon as we had passed the railing which enclosed the outer court, they hurried towards us, with the evident intention of opposing our further progress. Monsieur V—— addressed them in Turkish; and for some time his utmost eloquence was only met by the most angry refusals; at last, however, they consented, with very surly looks, to admit us, provided we would take off our shoes; nor would they even allow us to substitute slippers, as is the custom at Constantinople. None of the party were disposed to undergo the penance of walking in this manner up the stone stairs excepting myself; and I therefore entered alone, but not until each of the Turks had separately knelt down to ascertain that I really had, in all sincerity, complied with their request. The mosque was extremely large, divided into three compartments, the centre of which was the most sacred, and separated from the others by a few low steps. At the east end, much in the same position as the altar in Christian churches, was a representation of the tomb of the prophet, and near to it was a sort of pulpit, from which a portion of the Koran was read every day. From the vast dome-shaped roof hung a long rope, supporting innumerable little glass lamps, and various strange-looking ornaments—such as ostriches' eggs, horses' tails, &c.; and in the centre were inscribed the seven names of God in Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, forming a large circle of gilt letters. The floor was entirely covered with those beautiful little carpets of which even one is considered a treasure elsewhere. A few early worshippers were scattered here and there, bowed towards Mecca, with their foreheads touching the ground; and, difficult as it is to attract the attention of a Turk when engaged in his devotions, my entrance roused them all. They stared at me for a moment in utter amazement, and then simultaneously starting from their knees, crowded round me, vociferating and even throwing themselves on the ground, to ascertain if I had not already desecrated their sanctuary by walking as though on common ground. The mullah, through whose influence I had been admitted, came to my assistance, and showed them that I had left my shoes outside, upon which they returned to their places, though with looks of great discontent. I was standing near the principal door, which was wide open, and so large, as to afford a view of the interior of the mosque from the street; at that moment a Frenchman, who was on board of the same steamer with ourselves, happening to pass by, saw me there, and imagined that any one might enter at will. He therefore came up the stairs, and had advanced to the door, when he was observed by a man, apparently belonging to the mosque, who was sweeping the carpets. I suppose he was already exasperated at my presence; but he had scarcely perceived this new intruder, than he uttered a howl of rage, and seizing a pole which stood near, he ran at him with it in the most ferocious manner. The attack was so sudden and so determined, that the poor Frenchman had no time to collect his ideas; he ejaculated one faint 'Miséricorde!' then tumbled head-foremost down the stairs, and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust. I soon after made my exit also, but in a quieter manner, and we then turned our steps in the direction of the Jewish synagogue, which, to my great delight, Monsieur V—— had promised I should visit, as he was well acquainted with one of the rabbins.

The synagogue is in a crowded part of the town, and so hemmed in by houses, that it is not easy to distinguish its outward form; and the more so, as it is surrounded by a high wall. We were admitted at a side door, where we waited a few minutes till Monsieur V—— returned with the Rabbi Michaël. I do not think I ever saw a more pleasant-looking person. He wore a high black cap, with a loose robe and inner garment of striped silk; his hair, unlike the generality of Jews, was quite fair, and combed back from a broad open forehead; and his long beard did not at all detract from his youthful appearance. His manner was full of quiet dignity, though perfectly unassuming, and his voice was peculiarly sweet and low-toned. He conducted us up the stairs, and, unlocking the door, admitted us into the synagogue. with which, to say the truth, I was much disappointed, though it was totally unlike any other place of worship I had ever seen. It was a large square room, lighted by narrow windows, and surrounded by seats made of plain new wood; for it had only been recently built, the former building having been destroyed in a late conflagration. In the centre was a small platform, raised a few steps, and enclosed by a high close railing, hung with thick curtains of crimson silk. These the rabbin drew back, and we saw a small table, with a covering also of silk, embroidered with gold, on which were laid the books of the Pentateuch, and various parchments inscribed with Hebrew characters. At the upper end of the room an ample curtain concealed some object, apparently too sacred to be exposed to view; and the rabbin looked so uneasy when we

approached it, that we could not venture even to inquire what it was. He showed us the garments of the high priest, which were kept in a large iron chest, and which were both magnificent and curious. There was the linen ephod, the embroidered robe, the breast-plate, and the girdle—the two latter were engraved with the sacred words. We had not time to examine many minor details in the arrangement of the synagogue, but it was altogether less interesting than I expected. The rabbin invited us most earnestly to go and rest a few minutes in his abode; and Monsieur V—— persuaded us to agree to his request, as he said his house was one of the most beautiful in Smyrna, and well worth seeing. We had merely to cross the street to reach the door, and, after ascending a wide stone staircase, we entered into a large hall paved with marble, and abundantly furnished with ottomans and carpets. The upper end of the room was entirely occupied by three immense windows cut down to the ground, and opening on a flight of white marble steps, which led down into one of the loveliest little gardens imaginable: the light was almost obscured by the clustering vines and thick rose-bushes; and the fragrance of these and other plants, the cool shade which they produced, and, above all, the refreshing murmur of the fountains, certainly rendered this a most charming abode. The rabbin's wife, who came in with refreshments, was a most suitable inhabitant for such a dwelling, for she was really a beautiful woman, with all the distinguishing features of the Jewish race. Though less dignified than her husband, she seemed gentle and amiable, and her dress was particularly becoming—the bright green handkerchief which bound her forehead showing off to great advantage her clear black eyes and dark complexion. We remained with them for some time, and after seeing the interior of this family, we no longer wondered at the high respect in which the Jews are held in Smyrna. We left them at last, to pay a visit which, for me at least, had no small attractions.

I had received a letter written in Arabic, of which I was anxious to procure a translation, and Monsieur V—— found, after many inquiries, that there was but a single person in Smyrna to whom I could apply for one with any chance of success. This was a venerable dervish, famed for his sanctity and learning, who was universally resorted to for advice, and whose wisdom and knowledge were supposed never to be at fault. There is a very attractive degree of mystery connected with the sect of dervishes: their origin, and the exact nature of their peculiar tenets, are not, as far as I could learn, precisely known; but they are everywhere held in high estimation. The dancing and howling dervishes live together in monasteries, which are in many points similar to those in Roman Catholic countries; but the sage we were going to visit did not belong to either of those orders, and therefore lived quite alone. Monsieur V—— thought it highly improbable that he would consent to receive the visit of a lady—an event which certainly never could have occurred in his life before; but as my anxiety was principally to obtain a translation of my letter, I was quite willing to wait till this should be accomplished. We soon reached the place, a small solitary house on the outskirts of the town, and my companion went up the narrow stair, and disappeared, leaving me, too happy to escape from the burning sun, under the cool matting that sheltered the terrace. In a few minutes he came back, laughing heartily, and told me that the old dervish was in the highest state of excitement at the idea of being visited by a European lady, and that he would willingly translate my letter, if I would only come in and let him see me. Two negro slaves held up the curtain which hung before the door, and I entered the 'sanctum' of the wise man. It was a room of moderate size, with a large recess at one end, three sides of which were of glass. Several steps, covered with a splendid Persian carpet, raised this part of the room above the rest, and it was almost filled by a high divan, on which the dervish was seated in great state. He wore the conical cap and flowing robes of his sect; and really his long beard, streaming down to his waist, and his solemn countenance, impressed me with a very sufficient idea of his vast wisdom. A large box stood beside him, filled with curious old parchments; and the divan, as well as the platform beneath, was strewed with books of all kinds. In the lower part of the room there were a number of astronomical instruments, and various extraordinary-looking machines, of which I could not even divine the use. The only other inhabitant of the room was a younger dervish, who, though seated on the same ottoman, evidently felt much awed in the presence of his superior, and sat stroking his beard in silence. The sage decidedly thought it beneath his dignity to exhibit any astonishment at my appearance, and he returned my salutations in a most majestic manner; though I was much amused at the sly glance he fixed on me when he thought I did not observe him. A chair was placed for me in the outer part of the room, as he could not allow the infidel to approach nearer to him, or even to ascend the steps which led to his seat. After the usual complimentary speeches, coffee was brought, which I was forced to swallow, much against my will, as it was without sugar, and excessively thick. He then took out his writing materials, which he wore, according to the eastern custom, in his belt, and received my letter from the younger dervish, to whom it had been transmitted by Monsieur V——, with all due formality. He read it, then solemnly bowed to me, as an indication that he understood it; he next proceeded to take a small sheet of paper, which he laid on the palm of his hand, and began to write, using a pen made of a reed. It seemed to me impossible to form a single letter in this position; but in the course of a few minutes he presented me with a translation of the manuscript in Persian, Syriac, and Turkish, and the writing of each separate character was a perfect model. This was all I required, as it was easy to obtain a translation from the Turkish. But the good dervish seemed to think I ought now to make myself agreeable to him, and he commenced a conversation through the medium of Monsieur V——, who acted as interpreter. First he asked me questions innumerable about myself, my family, and my whole history past and present. Having then ascertained that I belonged to that very distant and barbarous island of Great Britain, he composedly begged that I would give him a distinct account of the government, laws, religion, and institutions of that country, with which, he assured me, he was wholly unacquainted. My companion laughed outright at my look of despair at this exorbitant demand; and as we could distinguish from the windows the steamer which was to carry me away with its chimney already smoking, he pointed it out to the dervish as a reason for terminating our visit immediately. He seemed very reluctant to let me go; but I at last rose, and having made him a flowery speech, which he heard most graciously, I prepared to go out. He then turned with considerable energy to Monsieur V——, and asked him to bid me stop one moment. I complied, and extending one hand towards me, while he raised the other to heaven, he uttered, in the most impressive manner, what seemed to me to be a short prayer, as it commenced with the words, 'Allah il Allah!' The younger dervish and Monsieur V—— listened to it with the greatest reverence; and when he had concluded, my friend translated it word for word to me. It was a blessing, solemn and fervent, which he had called down upon me; beginning with saying that, infidel as I was, he prayed of Allah to hear him in my behalf, and, with the beautifully figurative language of the East, asking that my voyage through life to the eternal shore might be brightened with sunshine as gay as that which now smiled on my journey to my native land; and, above all, that the most secret wish of my soul might be gratified. The solemn manner in which this prayer was uttered by the good old man

made no small impression on me, and I was not sorry to carry such a blessing away with me, when, a few hours after, we left Smyrna with a calm sea and a fair wind on our way to the Dardanelles.

MIRANDA HURTADO, OR THE DISCOVERY OF PARAGUAY.*

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

On the first day of January 1516, Juan de Solis sailed up a river which he called January River, now Rio Janeiro; thence he journeyed south many miles, and discovered the mouth of the Rio de La Plata, on whose shores he was killed, and barbarously devoured. Unalarmed by his tragic fate, Sebastian Cabot, in 1526, with several ships, continued the discovery of the country; and, after journeying up and down the waters of that vast land, which extends from Brazil to Peru, erected in the interior a fort, on the river Zacaranna, or Terceiro, which was known as Cabot's Tower. After some time, this famous admiral, who had previously discovered Newfoundland for the English, departed for Spain in search of succour, leaving Nunez de Lara, with a hundred and twenty-six men, in command of the fort, known both by the name we have just given, and as Spirituo Santo Fort.

Nunez de Lara no sooner found himself alone with his men in the centre of a wild and unknown country, than he began to take such precautionary measures as he thought necessary for his protection. The situation of the fort was admirably adapted for defence against the aborigines, who had as yet no other arms than those which their own ingenuity had enabled them to devise, and which were amply sufficient both for defence and aggression amongst the various nations which occasionally met in arms one against the other on the plains of the Parana and Paraguay. Their numbers, however, were great, which made the hill on which the tower was built of no small value, while the stockade which surrounded all the various buildings was no less welcome. At the foot of the slope was a small plain, stretching out for a mile before it mingled with the forest, while between the fort and the river, which the Indians called Zacaranna, and the Spaniards Terceiro, lay a marshy expanse, thickly overgrown with canebrake and brush. Thus fortified, and surrounded by brave men, to say nothing of a small battery of cannon, Nunez de Lara might readily have been excused had he considered himself impregnable; but the valiant and yet careful old Spanish soldier was not yet satisfied. Amongst his people were five European women, and several children; one of the former being Lucia Miranda, the young and beautiful wife of Sebastian Hurtado, his lieutenant, and devoted friend and adherent. This lovely Andalusian had left her native town, where she was the reigning belle, and the just pride of her family, to follow the uncertain fortunes of her husband, who, smitten as many others were with the love of discovery, and the hope of falling in with mines of silver and gold—which Paraguay and its neighbourhood was mistakingly said to abound in—had embarked his whole wealth in the adventure of Sebastian Cabot. Thus was the new world peopled, posterity reaping the benefit, which was in general denied the pioneers of civilisation, simply because they expected too much, and threw away the solid advantages which lay at their feet, to follow chimeras, the fault of many in less remote times.

When Nunez de Lara gazed upon the beautiful and happy Miranda—happy in the affection of a noble and gallant husband—his heart misgave him often that the trust which had been imposed upon him was by far too serious, and that greater precautions than had already suggested themselves to him were necessary. After some thought, he came to the decision of making a friendly alliance with a great and powerful cacique in the neighbourhood. Accordingly an embassy was sent, with much pomp and many presents, to Mangora, the chief alluded to, who governed the vast and numerous tribe of the Timbuez. Mangora, flattered by the liberal donations sent him, and the attention paid him by the Spanish governor, reciprocated his good wishes, and promised all that could be desired. Ruiz Moschera, who conducted this diplomatic mission with so much credit to himself and advantage to the station, returned, after four days' absence, with the above gratifying intelligence; to which he added, that Mangora would the next day himself pay his return visit to the excellent General Nunez de Lara. The worthy old soldier, delighted at the success of his enterprise, determined to receive the Paraguayan king with becoming solemnity and majesty. The cannon were loaded; and, early on the auspicious morning, the whole garrison assembled under arms, dressed in the very last style which, at their departure, had been in vogue in Spain. It is true the cloth was somewhat faded, and the worse for wear, while many imperfections were, to Lara's great grief, visible in the other appointments of his soldiery; but to a savage, uninformed eye, the aspect of things was magnificent, and Lara could sufficiently read this in the cacique's wondering gaze. Nor had the Timbuez been at all wanting in adornment. Many a streak of paint had been added to their ordinary embellishments; while their heads, plucked of hair, except where the centre tuft stood erect, their bodies pricked by flints, their varied colours, their ornaments of shells tinkling round their belts, their ears and lips adorned with stones, their eyebrows eradicated—all gave them a warlike, though not very amiable appearance. A grand banquet had been prepared in the principal apartment of the fort, at one end of which presided Lara, at the other Miranda. Despite the novelty of all they saw, not a sound escaped the Indians until they discovered the beautiful Andalusian, and then a universal exclamation brought the rich blood mantling to the cheek of the wife of Hurtado. The Timbuez had never beheld anything equal to this lovely apparition; for Lucia had added to her native charms all those which her sex know so well how to draw from a careful and exquisite toilet.

The banquet proceeded, while on both sides the Spaniards and Timbuez vied with each other in mutual acts of courtesy. The Indians, accustomed to their own simple food and utensils, were surprised even at the scanty show which was made by these hardy exiles; while the various arms exhibited by them excited their wonder and envy, their own being simply the bow and arrow, and a fish-bone dagger, called macana. At length, however, the feast concluded, when Mangora dismissed his warriors, and signified his intention of passing a few days with his new friends. Lara, delighted at the confidence exhibited by the Timbuez chieftain, had him conducted to a chamber, where he passed the night, his followers returning to their camp in the fastnesses of the Tucuman hills. The next day Nunez devoted to a foraging expedition, on which duty he took the greater portion of his troops, leaving Mangora to the charge of a dozen men and the fair ladies of the garrison. To this arrangement the Indian appeared nothing loath, showing in every possible way his increasing admiration for the grace and beauty of Miranda. At length, after the last evening meal, when the tenants of the fort were all engaged in watching for the return of the foragers, Mangora found himself alone with the wife of Hurtado. His usually calm aspect changed at once; and rising from a couch of skins which had been provided for him, he approached Miranda, and in the few broken words of Spanish, which had rapidly spread amongst the natives, aided by signs, declared his true reason for remaining behind to be love for her. The wily chief painted in glowing colours his lofty position, and intimated his desire to make Lucia his queen.

* The following narrative is true in every detail, if we are to credit the histories of Paraguay. The Hurtados are still well known in Buenos Ayres as merchants, and relate to the traveller with pride this record of their ancestors.

The alarmed wife, who saw how earnest was the passion of this untutored savage, and how dreadful might be its consequences to her and all she loved, strove to laugh off his protestations; and at length, finding his brow darkening and his black eye kindling under the influence of disappointment, boldly resolved to smother the Timbuez's hopes, by stating how dearly she cherished her husband, and how hateful were the propositions of the Indian. Mangora, who understood not the influence of a tie, which is one of the greatest boasts of civilisation, and which outweighs all the fancied advantages of savage life, chiefly chimerical and visionary,* remained alone. His features were inflamed by rage and fury; which feelings, however, gradually gave way to those of satisfaction, as he dwelt intently upon hopes which he had evidently not stifled. By the time Sebastian Hurtado returned with Lara, he had entirely eradicated from his countenance all trace of anger, and it was with a clear and open brow that he invited the husband to pay him a visit, with his wife, in his village on the slope of the Tucuman. Sebastian could not refuse an offer made so gracefully, and it was at once accepted; and not many minutes after, he related the arrangement, with a smile, to his spouse. Miranda turned pale, and at once seeing through the policy of the wily savage, unbosomed herself of the whole to Lara and her husband. Horrified at the suit, and filled with forebodings, Nunez, who blamed his own overcaution as in fault, would have at once seized upon the Timbuez, and kept him as a hostage for the good behaviour of his people. The council of officers, however, dissuaded the worthy general from so doing, and meanwhile Mangora departed.

For some months the king of Tucuman continued his attentions, though Miranda never showed herself, and Sebastian, under various pretences, deferred his promised visit. Mangora, however, appeared to have forgotten the very existence of the lovely Andalusian, as he never once alluded to her absence, and received the excuses of the husband in good part. In this manner a whole winter passed, when, towards the spring, provisions grew scarce. The Timbuez, who occasionally brought a supply, had not been seen for ten days, and famine threatened the camp. At this juncture Sebastian Hurtado, with Ruiz Moschera and fifty men, started on a hunting expedition up the river, as much in the hope of relieving the rest by their absence, as of bringing in fresh provender for those who remained behind. Game, however, being plenty at some distance, it was more than probable the journey might be attended with beneficial results. Nunez de Lara, therefore, saw his brave lieutenant and friend depart with satisfaction, which was further enhanced by the appearance, within a few hours, of Mangora, attended by thirty men loaded with eatables, and a large quantity of a native intoxicating drink. The king intimated that, hearing of the scarcity which prevailed among his brothers and allies, he had brought them sufficient to keep famine from the tower of Cabot until the return of the foraging expedition. Lara, delighted at so timely a succour, thanked the monarch of Tucuman warmly, and invited him to a banquet, of which his own presents formed the principal ingredients. Mangora and his followers accepted so agreeable an offer with alacrity, and at dusk the feast commenced. Carried away by such unusual good cheer, and deprived of reason by the deep draughts they quaffed of native wine, the Spaniards prolonged their sitting until midnight, when Mangora gave a signal for which his warriors had long been waiting. Up rose the Timbuez, and dashing lighted torches amid the wooden tenements, fell upon their entertainers, while thousands of savages, concealed in the marsh, burst upon the devoted garrison. The Spaniards, encouraged by the gallant Nunez de Lara, drew and defended themselves with a desperate valour, which drove their assailants to the very stockades. But hundreds of fresh savages poured in, and the whites began to diminish rapidly in numbers. When the confusion was at its height—when the whole fort was in flames, that rose crackling and with clouds of dense smoke to the skies—when nought was heard but the groans and anguish of the dying, mingled with the shouts of victory and the cries of the vanquished—Mangora rushed from the inner tower, bearing in his arms his prize—the lovely Miranda. Lara now stood alone, his faithful soldiers being all dead around him, and he himself pierced with innumerable wounds. At the sight of the triumphant chief, whose savage passions had caused all the scene of desolation around, Nunez felt his whole vigour revive, and, dashing furiously towards the king, with one well-aimed blow he stretched Mangora a corpse at his feet. The next instant he lay beside him.

The victorious Timbuez, wailing over the loss of their king, slain in the very act of gaining the prize for which he had sacrificed so much, now took their departure, bearing with them into captivity Miranda and the other women. In half an hour silence and desolation reigned without dispute over the smouldering ruins of the fort, until soon the sneaking wolf and turkey buzzard, the scavengers of America, came for their horrid feast. Flying in circles round the spot, carefully to reconnoitre, the latter made no effort to pounce upon their prey, but gradually settled down in heavy groups upon the boughs of neighbouring trees. It was evident there was still life upon the plain, and that the instinct of the buzzard warned it its time was not yet come. One solitary being of all those so gay and joyful on the previous night remained alive—the gallant, brave, and devoted Nunez de Lara. He was dying, it was true; but such is the dread of all the lesser creation for man, that not a fowl of the air, nor a beast of the field, dared venture too close to the scene of the late conflict. Lara had raised himself against the remains of a wood-pile, his face being turned towards the river, where, on the previous day, the flotilla of Hurtado had disappeared. As the old man hoped, towards the afternoon Sebastian, who afar off had discovered the smoke of the conflagration, returned with his men, and stood pale and trembling beside his chief.

'My wife!' cried the young soldier, gazing in horror on the terrible consequences of man's bad passions that lay around.

'Is alive,' replied the dying Lara. 'Mangora——'

'In his hands?' shrieked Sebastian Hurtado; 'better were she dead.'

Lara was unable to reply for some minutes; and then, with much difficulty, he succeeded in giving a detailed account of all that had passed. The husband, whose grief was excessive, was somewhat relieved in his mind when he heard that the ravisher had lost his life in the very moment of victory; and, previous to working for Miranda's deliverance, devoted himself to his dying friend, while Ruiz Moschera attended to the repairs which the fort demanded. Before night, the spirit of the old soldier departed, and he was buried upon a spot still known as Lara's grave. The husband then summoned all the survivors, and appointing Ruiz his lieutenant, departed alone in search of his wife, after leaving strict orders with his men to intrench themselves still more securely, lest the ruthless enemy should once more surprise them. He went away, amid the tears and intreaties of all, who would have fain dissuaded him from his solitary and perilous adventure. The difficulties which Hurtado encountered, both in tracking the retreating foe, and in finding the food which sustained him on his enterprise, would require many pages to detail; it must suffice to say, that at the end of eleven days he came in sight of the Timbuez village, on the slope of the Tucuman hills. Foot-sore and weary, the anxious husband gazed

* The writer cannot but feel that any advance towards civilisation in savages is so much gained. His personal experience never made him aware of anything in uncivilised life which counterbalances the ignorance and brutality which mainly attend it. His opinion is the same as that expressed by the editors, No. 329, old series, in a note on the pretty tale of Couramé.

curiously on the place which served as the prison to the wife he so dearly loved. The village was extensive, being composed of a series of vast sheds, beneath which dwelt entire clans—the whole being surrounded by a rampart of furze. Sebastian, who looked on from a neighbouring wood, had scarcely concluded his survey, when he observed one leave the habitations, at the sight of whom his heart leaped, and all his hopes revived with tenfold vigour. It was Miranda, strolling leisurely across the plain which divided the town from the forest. To call her name, to rush to meet her, and to be clasped in one another's arms, was the work of a moment—a moment, however, of delicious happiness for both. After the first transport of joy was over, Sebastian drew his wife to the shade of the forest, and there, after seating her beside him on a fallen tree, addressed questions as to her adventures.

'Thank Heaven,' he said, 'Mangora is no more; his persecutions are not to be feared.'

'Alas! my husband,' replied Miranda faintly, 'I have worse. His brother Siripa, now king, is as hatefully pressing in his attentions as he was himself.'

The unfortunate wife then related to her grieving husband, that no sooner had Siripa, the reigning cacique, set eyes on her, than he had at once expressed a wish to make her his wife. In the words of the judicious Jesuit who, amongst others, narrates this singular history, 'The new cacique, at the sight of Miranda, conceived for her the same passion which had proved so fatal to his brother; he reserved her alone for himself from amid the little troop of captives, and had her at once set free. He, moreover, informed her that she was not to consider herself a slave, but might aspire to be queen of Tucuman; of course, he said, she could not hesitate between a poor and powerless husband and the chief of a great nation, who placed himself and all his people at her feet. Miranda had nothing to expect, in case of a refusal, but to pass her days in wretched and hopeless slavery. She hesitated not a moment, however, between duty and fear; she even gave Siripa such an answer as was most likely to irritate him, in the hope that his passion would change to fury, and that, by killing her at once, her honour might be known to all as without stain or tarnish. She was mistaken. Her refusal added strength to the passion of the savage monarch, and gave additional vivacity to his actions. The cacique hoped in the end to overcome the resistance of this noble-minded woman; and, in the meantime, treated her with an attention and even devotion of which such a barbarian was rarely thought capable.'

Such, in other words, was the extent of Miranda's information, which would doubtless have been extended, had the pair not both been suddenly startled from their dream of security by the presence of a dozen Timbuez, who surrounded them in silence, and carried them before Siripa. That potentate was seated on a species of throne. His brow was contracted; his whole mien betrayed the furious passions which were now uppermost in his bosom. The sight of Sebastian Hurtado, whose existence he fain hoped alone stood between him and a union with Miranda, roused within him thoughts of the blackest kind, and, without hearing a word the young soldier had to say, he commanded him to be tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows. His followers proceeded to obey his orders. The unfortunate husband was fastened to the nearest trunk; the bows were ready strung for their murderous office, when Miranda rushed wildly to the monarch's feet, and with all the energy of a woman's affectionate nature, with many tears and many protestations, begged the life of him she loved. Siripa, at length moved to compassion, relented from his purpose, and commanded the Spaniard to be released and brought before him. Sebastian would have thanked him, but Siripa stayed his thanks with a savage sneer. 'White man, your life is granted you, but you lose your wife for ever. To-morrow you shall depart for the country of the Guaycuras Guazas, my cousin; and if, in the meantime, you attempt to speak one with the other, or are even seen in company, you both die.'

With these words he dismissed them, purposely, it is supposed, leaving them free, to induce them to break through his orders. He succeeded fully; for both Sebastian and Miranda were determined to attempt that very night an escape from the power of their oppressor. They accordingly hastily appointed a meeting in the hut which was usually occupied by Lucia; and, as soon as darkness fell upon the whole scene, thither Sebastian crept, to arrange with his beloved their flight. It was decided to take place an hour before dawn, after which the anxious pair lay down to seek that rest both so much needed. But the wife of Siripa, moved by jealousy, had closely watched them; and hastening to the cacique, informed him that they were together. Furious at the news, the king himself came to arrest them, and, while still under the influence of passion, ordered their immediate execution. The fond pair resolved to die as they had lived—devoted and true. They, therefore, dismissing all hope from their minds, bent their thoughts on death. Sebastian attempted to console his lovely partner, but his voice failed him; and both sat on the threshold of their hut, gazing with glazed eye upon the preparations which were being made. It was dawn ere all were completed, and then they saw that the wife was to be burnt at the stake, while Sebastian was to be shot to the heart with arrows. Taking one long and last farewell embrace, the faithful couple were dragged apart, and led each to their appointed place, while Siripa looked on with gloomy brow and compressed lips. Not a sign of clemency did he give; indeed he had raised his hand as the fatal signal, when Ruiz Moschera, at the head of his gallant Spaniards, and supported by a hundred Portuguese cavalry, commanded by Edward Perez, from Brazil, poured out from the wood, and attacking the Timbuez, put the whole to flight. Many lost their lives, and amongst the rest Siripa.

Thus were Sebastian Hurtado and Miranda rescued from the very jaws of death by the opportune arrival of succour—an event which the worthy Charleroix treats as a special miracle performed by St Blaise, the patron of Paraguay. In a few hours the cavalcade returned towards Cabot's Tower, which they utterly destroyed, and then sailing down the river, established themselves in a safer position near the sea, where they founded Buenos Ayres. To this day there live, in this place, the descendants of Miranda Hurtado.

HORACE MANN'S EDUCATIONAL TOUR.

Some of our readers may recollect an account of the Rauhe Haus of Hamburgh, which appeared in the Journal for 30th August last year. It was extracted from a report on education in Europe, written by Mr Horace Mann, the secretary of the Board of Education in the state of Massachusets. We are glad to find that this remarkable document has now been reprinted for the British public, under the care of Dr Hodgson, principal of the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool.* It is the production of such a mind as, unfortunately, we see but rarely devoted to the subject of education; one expressing, we would say, the highest tone of moral and intellectual culture, and yet as careful respecting the practical details of its subject, as it is profoundly reflective on general aims and results.

The immediate object of Mr Mann in his tour was to describe teaching arrangements, and modes in use, in European countries, which he thought might be advantageously transferred to his own. His report is therefore mainly of a practical character, and calculated to be directly useful to teachers, and all who have any charge in educational institutions; for which reason we strongly recommend the present volume to their atten-

* Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

tion. Yet such is the character of the author's mind, that the whole reads like a philosophical treatise.

A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with memoranda on the schools of Germany, which Mr Mann describes as superior to the character of the existing institutions of the country, but such as must soon force improvements in these, whether the governors choose or not. We cannot go into any comprehensive view of this subject; but the reader, we think, may obtain some idea of the interest which the author imparts to all his details, by the following account of the manner in which he found geography taught in a Prussian school. 'The teacher stood by the black board with the chalk in his hand. After casting his eye over the class, to see that all were ready, he struck at the middle of the board. With a rapidity of hand which my eye could hardly follow, he made a series of those short, divergent lines, or shadings, employed by map-engravers to represent a chain of mountains. He had scarcely turned an angle, or shot off a spur, when the scholars began to cry out—Carpathian mountains, Hungary; Black Forest mountains, Wirtemberg; Giant's mountains (Riesen-Gebirge), Silesia; Metallic mountains (Erz-Gebirge), Pine mountains (Fichtel-Gebirge), Central mountains (Mittel-Gebirge), Bohemia, &c. &c.

'In less than half a minute, the ridge of that grand central elevation which separates the waters that flow north-west into the German Ocean from those that flow north into the Baltic, and south-east into the Black Sea, was presented to view—executed almost as beautifully as an engraving. A dozen crinkling strokes, made in the twinkling of an eye, represented the head waters of the great rivers which flow in different directions from that mountainous range; while the children, almost as eager and excited as though they had actually seen the torrents dashing down the mountain sides, cried out—Danube, Elbe, Vistula, Oder, &c. The next moment I heard a succession of small strokes or taps, so rapid as to be almost indistinguishable; and hardly had my eye time to discern a large number of dots made along the margins of the rivers, when the shout of Lintz, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, &c. struck my ear. At this point in the exercise, the spot which had been occupied on the black board was nearly a circle, of which the starting point, or place where the teacher first began, was the centre; but now a few additional strokes around the circumference of the incipient continent extended the mountain ranges outwards towards the plains—the children responding the names of the countries in which they respectively lay. With a few more flourishes, the rivers flowed onwards towards their several terminations; and by another succession of dots, new cities sprang up along their banks. By this time the children had become as much excited as though they had been present at a world-making. They rose in their seats, they flung out both hands, their eyes kindled, and their voices became almost vociferous, as they cried out the names of the different places which, under the magic of the teacher's crayon, rose into view. Within ten minutes from the commencement of the lesson, there stood upon the black board a beautiful map of Germany, with its mountains, principal rivers, and cities, the coast of the German Ocean, of the Baltic and the Black Seas; and all so accurately proportioned, that I think only slight errors would have been found had it been subjected to the test of a scale of miles. A part of this time was taken up in correcting a few mistakes of the pupils, for the teacher's mind seemed to be in his ear as well as in his hand; and notwithstanding the astonishing celerity of his movements, he detected erroneous answers, and turned round to correct them. The rest of the recitation consisted in questions and answers respecting productions, climate, soil, animals, &c.

'Many of the cosmogonists suppose that, after the creation of the world, and when its whole surface was as yet fluid, the solid continents rose gradually from beneath the sea. First the loftiest peaks of the Andes, for instance, emerged from the deep, and as they reached a higher and a higher point of elevation, the rivers began to flow down their sides, until at last—the lofty mountains having attained their height, the mighty rivers their extent and volume, and the continent its amplitude—cultivation began, and cities and towns were built. The lesson I have described was a beautiful illustration of that idea—with one advantage over the original scene itself, that the spectator had no need of waiting through all the geological epochs to see the work completed.

'Compare the effect of such a lesson as this, both as to the amount of the knowledge communicated, and the vividness, and of course the permanence, of the ideas obtained, with a lesson where the scholars look out a few names of places on a lifeless atlas, but never send their imaginations abroad over the earth, and where the teacher sits listlessly down before them to interrogate them from a book, in which all the questions are printed at full length, to supersede on his part all necessity of knowledge.'

All this must be equally new and interesting to the greater portion of our public. So, we thoroughly believe, will be the following account of the general conduct and bearing of the Prussian teachers amongst their pupils. It is even, we would say, affecting to hear of the activity and self-devotion of these most useful ministers, paid as they generally are below the gains of many ordinary tradesmen. 'I have said that I saw no teacher *sitting* in his school. Aged or young, all stood. Nor did they stand apart and aloof in sullen dignity. They mingled with their pupils, passing rapidly from one side of the class to the other, animating, encouraging, sympathising, breathing life into less active natures, assuring the timid, distributing encouragement and endearment to all. The looks of the Prussian teacher often have the expression and vivacity of an actor in a play. He gesticulates like an orator; his body assumes all the attitudes, and his face puts on all the variety of expression, which a public speaker would do, if haranguing a large assembly on a topic vital to their interests.

'It may seem singular, and perhaps to some almost ludicrous, that a teacher, in expounding the first rudiments of handwriting, in teaching the difference between a hair-stroke and a ground-stroke, or how an *l* may be turned to a *b*, or a *u* into a *w*, should be able to work himself up into an oratorical fervour, should attitudinise, and gesticulate, and stride from one end of the class to the other, and appear in every way to be as intensely engaged as an advocate when arguing an important cause to a jury; but strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true; and before five minutes of such a lesson had elapsed, I have seen the children wrought up to an excitement proportionally intense, hanging upon the teacher's lips, catching every word he says, and evincing great elation or depression of spirits as they had or had not succeeded in following his instructions. So I have seen the same rhetorical vehemence on the part of the teacher, and the same interest and animation on the part of the pupils, during a lesson on the original sounds of the letters—that is, the difference between the long and the short sound of a vowel, or the different ways of opening the mouth in sounding the consonants *b* and *p*. This zeal of the teacher enkindles the scholars. He charges them with his own electricity to the point of explosion. Such a teacher has no idle, mischievous, whispering children around him, nor any occasion for the rod. He does not make desolation of all the active and playful impulses of childhood, and call it peace; nor, to secure stillness among his scholars, does he find it necessary to ride them with the nightmare of fear. I rarely saw a teacher put questions with his lips alone. He seems so much interested in his subject (though he might have been teaching the same lesson for the hundred or five hundredth time), that his whole body is in motion—eyes, arms, limbs, all contributing to the impression he

desires to make; and at the end of an hour, both he and his pupils come from the work all glowing with excitement.

'Suppose a lawyer in one of our courts were to plead an important cause before a jury, but instead of standing and extemporising, and showing by his gestures, and by the energy and ardour of his whole manner, that he felt an interest in his theme; instead of rising with his subject, and coruscating with flashes of genius and wit, he should plant himself lazily down in a chair, read from some old book, which scarcely a member of the panel could fully understand, and, after droning away for an hour, should leave them, without having distinctly impressed their minds with one fact, or led them to form one logical conclusion—would it be any wonder if he left half of them joking with each other, or asleep? Would it be any wonder—provided he were followed on the other side by an advocate of brilliant parts, of elegant diction, and attractive manner, who should pour sunshine into the darkest recesses of the case—if he lost not only his own reputation, but the cause of his client also?

'In Prussia and in Saxony, as well as in Scotland, the power of commanding and retaining the attention of a class is held to be a *sine qua non* in a teacher's qualifications. If he has not talent, skill, vivacity, or resources of anecdote and wit sufficient to arouse and retain the attention of his pupils during the accustomed period of recitation, he is deemed to have mistaken his calling, and receives a significant hint to change his vocation.

'Take a group of little children to a toy-shop, and witness their outbursting eagerness and delight. They need no stimulus of badges or prizes to arrest or sustain their attention; they need no quickening of their faculties by rod or ferule. To the exclusion of food and sleep, they will push their inquiries, until shape, colour, quality, use, substance, both external and internal, of the objects around them are exhausted; and each child will want the showman wholly to himself. But in all the boundless variety and beauty of nature's works—in that profusion and prodigality of charms with which the Creator has adorned and enriched every part of his creation—in the delights of affection—in the ecstatic joys of benevolence—in the absorbing interest which an unsophisticated conscience instinctively takes in all questions of right and wrong—in all these, is there not as much to challenge and command the attention of a little child as in the curiosities of a toy-shop? When as much of human art and ingenuity shall have been expended upon teaching as upon toys, there will be less difference between the cases.

'The third circumstance I mentioned above, was the beautiful relation of harmony and affection which subsisted between teacher and pupils. I cannot say that the extraordinary fact I have mentioned was not the result of chance or accident. Of the probability of that others must judge. I can only say that, during all the time mentioned, I never saw a blow struck; I never heard a sharp rebuke given; I never saw a child in tears, nor arraigned at the teacher's bar for any alleged misconduct. On the contrary, the relation seemed to be one of duty first, and then affection, on the part of the teacher—of affection first, and then duty, on the part of the scholar. The teacher's manner was better than parental; for it had a parent's tenderness and vigilance, without the foolish dotings or indulgences to which parental affection is prone. I heard no child ridiculed, sneered at, or scolded, for making a mistake. On the contrary, whenever a mistake was made, or there was a want of promptness in giving a reply, the expression of the teacher was that of grief and disappointment, as though there had been a failure not merely to answer the question of a master, but to comply with the expectations of a friend. No child was disconcerted, disabled, or bereft of his senses through fear. Nay, generally at the ends of the answers, the teacher's practice is to encourage him with the exclamation, "good," "right," "wholly right," &c. or to check him with his slowly and painfully-articulated "no;" and this is done with a tone of voice that marks every degree of *plus* and *minus* in the scale of approbation and regret.'

MRS OGILVY'S HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

In an elegant small quarto, beautifully printed and embellished, appears a collection of romantic poems, under the title of *A Book of Highland Minstrelsy*.* The author, we understand, is a young married lady, of Scottish parentage and connexions, residing in London. The poems chiefly relate to traditions and superstitions of the Scottish mountains; and strikingly beautiful poems they are, with hardly an exception. Mrs Ogilvy has evidently entered cordially into the wild and melancholy spirit of the Gael; she has been most industrious in gathering their fading legends: their dreamy supernaturalities have laid powerful hold of her imagination. Thus prepared, her rich powers of poetical expression have enabled her to present a volume which every reader of feeling and taste must, we think, appreciate—a remarkable exception from the forced fruits and tiresome conventionalisms of the common literary mind of the day. The attractions of the volume are heightened by truthful and characteristic drawings from the pencil of M'Ian. Altogether, it is a very delightful book—an issue from Nature's own ever fresh and genial press; and if it does not meet with large success, both in north and south, we shall be much surprised.

In glancing over the volume for the selection of extracts, we feel distraught among the claims of so many fine things. The *Shrift of Janet Campbell*, as a specimen of the sternly tragic; the *Parting on the Brig*, as an example of mournful domestic feeling; the *Vow of Ian Lom*, as an old tradition admirably versified; and many others, call for special notice. But our limits condemn us to one subject, and that of course ought to be as generally characteristic as possible. We therefore pitch upon a piece entitled *Lord Murray*, in which we think many of the graces of the book are combined; for it is at once a narrative, an illustration of a superstition, a reference to beautiful affections, and a happy specimen of poetical expression:—

At break of day, to hunt the deer,
Lord Murray rides with hunting gear;
Glen Tilt his boding step shall know,
The 'minished herd his prowess show;
And savoury haunch and antlers tall
Shall grace to-morrow's banquet hall.

Lord Murray leapeth on his horse,
A little hand arrests his course;
Two loving eyes upon him burn,
And mutely plead for swift return—
His lady stands to see him go,
Yet standing makes departure slow.

'Go back, my dame,' Lord Murray said,
'The wind blows chilly on thy head;
Go back into thy bower and rest,
Too sharp the morning for thy breast.
Go tend thy health, I charge on thee,
For sake of him thou'st promised me.'

Lord Murray gallops by the brae,
His huntsmen follow up the Tay,
Where Tummel, like a boyden girl,
Leaps o'er the croy with giddy whirl,
Falls in Tay's arms a silenced wife,
And sinks her maiden name for life.

Lord Murray rides through Garry's den,
Where beetling hills the torrent pen;
And as he lasheth bridge and rock,
The caves reverberate the shock,
Far as the cones of Ben-y-Glo,
That o'er Glen Tilt their shadows throw.

* Nickisson. London. 1848.

Great sport was his, and worthy gain,
The noblest of the herd were slain;
Till, worn with chase, the hunter sank
At evening on a mossy bank;
And as his strength revived with food,
His spirit blessed the solitude.

A silvery mist the distance hid,
And up the valley gently slid;
While, softened, through its curtain white
The lakes and rivers flashed their light,
And crimson mountains of the west
Cushioned the sun upon their breast.

Hushed was the twilight, birds were dumb,
The midges ceased their vexing hum,
And floated homewards in their sleep;
All silent browsed the straggling sheep;
E'en Tilt, sole tattler of the glen,
Ran voiceless in Lord Murray's ken.

An infant's cry! such hails at birth
The first-pained feeble breath of earth;
Lord Murray starteth to explore,
But there is stillness as before.
Nothing he sees but fading skies,
The cold, blue peaks, the stars' dim eyes,
The heather nodding wearily,
The wind that riseth drearily:
It was a fancy, thinketh he;
But it hath broke his reverie.

In closing night he rideth back,
His heart is darker than his track;
It is not conscience, dread, or shame—
His soul is stainless as his name—
But shapeless horrors vaguely crowd
Around him, black as thunder-cloud.

He spurs his horse until he reach
His castle's belt of aged beech;
His lady sped him forth at morn,
But silence hails his late return;
The little dog that on her waits,
Why runs he whining at the gates?

Lord Murray wonders at the gloom,
His halls deserted as the tomb,
And all along the corridors
Against the windows swing the firs;
Closed is his lady's door—he stands,
Too weak to ope it with his hands,
Yet bursteth in he knows not how,
And looks upon his lady's brow.

She lay upon their bridal bed,
Her golden tresses round her shed,
Her eyelids dropped, her lips apart,
As if still sighing forth her heart,
But cold and white, as life looked never,
For life had left that face for ever.

On her bosom lay a child,
Flushed with sleep wherein it smiled—
Sleep of birth and sleep of death,
Icy cheek and warm young breath,
Rosy babe and clay-white mother
Stilly laid by one another.

The nurse, a woman bowed with years,
Knelt by the bed with bursting tears,
And wailed o'er her whose early bloom
She thus had nurtured for the tomb.
A piteous sight it was, in sooth—
The living age, the perished youth.

'The way is long,' at last she said;
'Oh, sorrowing lord, the way is dread,
Through marsh and pitfall, to the rest
God keeps for those who serve Him best;
And unto man it ne'er was given
To win with ease the joys of heaven.

But Mary, queen beside her son,
Such grace for woman's soul hath won
(Remembering the manger rude,
Her pangs of virgin motherhood),
That blessed most of mortals they
Whose life, life-giving, flows away.

No pains of purgatory knows
The sleeper in that deep repose,
No harsh delays in upper air
The mother, birth released, must bear;
For angels near her waiting stand,
And lift her straight to God's right hand.

No masses need ye for her soul,
Round whom the heavenly censers roll;
Pure as the babe she bore this day,
Her sins in death were washed away;
To win him life 'twas hers to die,
And she shall live in heaven for aye;
Pale in our sight her body lies,
Her soul is blessed in Paradise!'
Lord Murray's voice took up the word,
'Her soul is blessed, praise the Lord!'

WAGERS.

THERE are three leading kinds of wagers—those designed to settle a difference of opinion on a question of fact, those speculating merely upon a doubtful future event, and those in which some feat is undertaken under a forfeiture. All are alike contrary to rationality. It may even be said of some wagers that they are immoral. For instance, the second of the above classes is merely a variety of gambling, and therefore not one word can be said in its favour. Those, again, which involve danger to the person of one or other of the parties are utterly indefensible.

There are some things in the history of this absurd practice worthy of being noted. Casuists and legislators have differed very much as to the way in which betting should be regarded in public policy. The general inference to be drawn from the various arguments adduced on both sides of the question is, that it is lawful, unless the object of it bear upon private wishes or criminal actions. As, for example, when, having wagered that such a person will die at such a time, the desire of winning, and the fear of losing, makes the bettor desire, or perhaps hasten, the death of that person; or when the wager is to be won by either the commission of crimes, or the causing others to commit them.

There are other examples of unlawful wagers in which injustice and fraud are included. Injustice, when, of two bettors, the one is certain, the other uncertain of winning; fraud, when a party engages, by evil means, or by equivoques in terms or intention, to perform any action—as in the celebrated wager of Cleopatra with Mark Anthony. Cleopatra invites Anthony to supper, and wagers that she alone will eat, at one meal, a sum equal to L.80,729, 3s. 4d. Anthony, seeing nothing extraordinary, begins to rally the queen on the frugality of her table. She makes no reply, but detaches from her ears two pearls of great price, one of which she throws into a liquor prepared for the purpose, by which it is speedily dissolved, and swallows it in the presence of Munatius Plaucus, the chosen arbiter of the wager; and as she is about to do the same with the other pearl, Plaucus snatches it away, exclaiming that she had already won.

The wager of Asclepiades the physician was not less extravagant. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the reputation he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. It is true that he won his wager; for in fact he never was ill while he lived, having died from a fall in extreme old age.

In several states we find that various kinds of wagers are prohibited, some of which are of very little consequence. At Rome it is unlawful to make wagers on the death or exaltation of the popes, and on the promotion of the cardinals. In several republics it is also forbidden, under heavy penalties, to make wagers without the permission of the magistrate; at Venice, on the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolutions of states and kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, purposed marriages, and the departure or arrival of vessels. Bugnion mentions an act of the parliament of Paris of 1565, which made it unlawful to make a pregnant female the subject of a wager.

In ancient Rome it was forbidden, by the law Titia and the law Cornelia, to bet upon the success of unlawful games, or of any game whatever, with the exception of those in which courage, address, and bodily strength were to be tested; in which cases the bettors were accustomed to place in the hands of a third party

the signet rings which they wore on their fingers, as a gage or pledge. This deposit, which held the place of a stipulation, rendered the wager obligatory, and produced an action at law; which proves that consignment is absolutely necessary to make the engagement valid. The terms consignment and wager are used indifferently by lawyers. The etymology of the word wager, or gager, which comes from gage, shows that wagers are not considered serious conventions, unless the gage has been deposited.

However, where address and bodily strength are concerned, the wager is obligatory, even though the gage has not been deposited: and this is the exception to the rule; for the gage or stake is properly the reward of the address and danger incurred by the subject of the wager. Thus the Count de ——, in his wager against the Duke de —— (which he won), even though he had not consigned, would, if he had lived, have had an action against his adversary. In ancient Greece, the count would have borne away the prize in the horse race at the Olympic games. The following is the history of this wager:—

The count betted 10,000 crowns against the duke, that in six hours he would go twice, and back again, from the Porte St Denis to Chantilly. He had his whole body tightly bandaged round, and a leaden bullet in his mouth to refresh him, by keeping up a supply of moisture. Relays of horses were disposed from space to space, and every embarrassment prevented that might in the least retard his progress. The swiftest horses were chosen. A clock was attached to the Porte St Denis, to mark the time. He set out with the speed of an arrow, and in a moment was out of sight. Never did man cleave the air with such rapidity. On arriving at each relay, without alighting, he sprang from one horse on to the other, and continued his flight. He arrived at the Porte St Denis, having performed his four courses eighteen minutes before the appointed time! He said he was still able to go to Versailles to bring the king tidings of his success. All bathed in perspiration, he was put into a warm bed, and, five months afterwards, died from the effects of this effort. This nobleman, remarks the narrator of his exploit, deserves no praise for having run such a race. All that can be said of him is, that he would have made the best post-boy in the world.

Another wager may be mentioned, the wildness of which was the cause of great excitement at the time it was made.

The year 1726 was so rainy, that it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. All the rivers overflowed their banks, to the great prejudice of commerce. There were some superstitious persons who announced a second deluge. A Parisian banker named Bulliot having remarked that it had rained excessively on St Gervais' day (19th June), persuaded himself that it would continue to rain for forty days. The motive of this opinion was a proverb current among the people:

S'il pleut le jour de St Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.*

Infatuated by this opinion, and being on that day in the Café de la Regence, near the Palais Royal, he entered into conversation with some persons on the subject of the incessant inundations which were destroying the hopes of a good harvest, and exciting apprehensions of a very great rise in the price of corn. Bulliot observed that there would be more cause for alarm if the rains continued for forty days longer, and that he was ready to wager that this misfortune was inevitable. This evil prognostic was but badly received by those present, who inquired upon what he founded it. 'I am sure of it,' he confidently replied. 'Let any one bet against me; I am ready to put down my stake.' He then threw some louis upon a table, to excite the curious, and defy the incredulous. As his speech was not very sensible, several persons refused to enter the lists against him; but others, more interested, flattered by the hope of winning, put down stakes to the same amount as he did. The money was deposited in the hands of the coffee-house keeper, and the wager registered in the following terms:—'If it rain little or much during forty days from St Gervais' day, Bulliot has won; if it discontinue raining even for one single day during the forty days, Bulliot has lost.'

This wager irritated the cupidity of the whole café, who were eager to appropriate the louis in which Bulliot so abounded; so that, after having staked against all who would bet against him, and after having emptied every purse, he demanded, with a sort of insult, if there were any others ready to oppose him. Believing himself sure of victory, he proposed to those who had no money to stake their gold-headed canes, gold snuff-boxes, and other valuable jewellery; which were duly appraised, and placed in the hands of the same depositary; for all which he put down full value in specie. He even consented that those who had neither money nor jewels should deposit their Holland shirts, against which he also consigned their value in money.

The contagion of this folly having spread abroad, the next day brought a fresh reinforcement of antagonists, who presented themselves at the same café to put down their stakes against Bulliot. But his money being at length exhausted, he offered those new-comers bills payable to the bearer, or letters of exchange. As he was in good repute, and had always honoured his engagements, his proposal was accepted. He gave bills and letters of exchange to the amount of nearly 50,000 crowns; all which were likewise deposited. It might be said of Bulliot that he was alone against all, and that if he won, he would make the finest haul in the world; whilst the whole troop of his adversaries would be ruined by the inclemency of the weather.

Fame, as usual, added new embellishments to this story, as she sped it on from ear to ear, through city and court. Every one was anxious to see this extraordinary man. Those who knew him by sight, pointed him out to those who did not. His countenance was attentively observed, and eyes were opened wide upon him. When asked why he was so steadfast in his opinion, he alleged the proverb before mentioned, which the people have adopted more for rhyme than reason.

A nobleman of high rank jestingly said, that if Bulliot won, he should be tried for sorcery; and that if he lost, he should be put in bedlam. In fine, he was the subject of every conversation. The comedians, ever alive to the whim of the hour, acted him in the several theatres.

At length, in spite of the proverb, the windows of heaven were closed before the expiration of the forty days. The coffee-house keeper and the other depositaries accordingly gave up the stakes to those who had won. The bearers of the bills and letters of exchange had not the same luck. Bulliot's relatives caused him to be interdicted as a prodigal.

Several of the bettors, unwilling to engage themselves in a lawsuit of such doubtful event, returned their bills and letters of exchange; others, more avaricious, embarked upon the stormy sea of the courts. The suit, which was first brought to the Chatelet, came at length before the parliament. The bettors, wishing to put the best face possible upon their claim, said nothing about the wager. They only represented that they were merchants, who had accepted the bills in question with confidence, on account of the established credit of Bulliot, who had hitherto satisfied all his creditors; that, to oppose to their claim the interdiction of their debtor, who was not bound by that interdiction at the time of his engagement with them, was to violate the public faith; that, if creditors could be eluded in this way, foreigners would lose all confidence in us; finally, that the good faith of commerce, which is the soul of it, required that the merchants who had given value for those bills, having no reason to distrust Bulliot, should be satisfied. Bulliot's brother, who had been appointed

* If it rain on St Gervais' day, it will rain for forty days afterwards.

his guardian, made the truth so fully apparent by presumptive proofs and the date of the bills, that, at the end of 1726, a verdict was returned for the defendant, annulling all the wagers.

BUSINESS HABITS.

BY A MAN OF BUSINESS.

THIS is the title of an article which appears in a recent number of the Bankers' Magazine*—a periodical of merit and utility. Desirous of making the acquaintance of a man of business in a literary capacity, we sat down to the perusal of his article with some avidity, and were not disappointed in finding another, in addition to many proofs, that respectable literary and scientific attainments are by no means incompatible with that manifestation of talent commonly spoken of as 'well adapted to business.' The sentiments of the writer are clearly and well expressed; his style, as might be expected, more precise than showy, and direct rather than attractive. The best recommendation, however, that we can give to them, as well as to the medium through which they originally appear, is their partial transference to our columns—a transference which may at the same time gratify a number of readers curious as we were to discover what sort of a portrait a man of business would draw of the habits and acquirements of his class.

Setting out with the maxim, that all habits are acquired, and that 'habit,' in its ordinary acceptation, implies that peculiar manner, practice, and conduct which distinguishes different classes of men, and every man from another, our author thus proceeds with his subject:—

'The phrase "business habits" applies to men who live by the exercise of their intellect rather than by their manual labour; who do not engage in out-door occupations, but follow certain professions—such as the law, banking, and the higher mercantile departments—to the duties of which they require to be trained and educated from an early period of life. These duties can only be efficiently and satisfactorily discharged by a daily seclusion, for certain hours, from domestic and other cares, and from the pleasures and enjoyments of the world. They call into exercise many of the higher qualities of the mind, and exact confinement to the desk and the counting-house; and demand a greater or less acquaintance with the operations of our own minds, the characters and pursuits of others, the laws and practices of nations, the calculation of causes and consequences, as well as the knowledge of figures and accounts.

'The conventional arrangements of society have prescribed the hours and rules of business as well as of labour—regularity in the observance of which forms one of the numerous avenues to success. Particular departments of business have also particular periods when they must be attended to, and every department has a particular manner in which it must be conducted. This is essential to regularity and clearness in working out the details, and prevents any confusion and loss which might otherwise result.

'Every man who aims at becoming a clever and successful man of business, must also exhibit a regular and becoming line of conduct—he must have a character for regularity and attention to his duties—he must deny himself in a great measure, if not entirely, to the many frivolous and extravagant pleasures and amusements with which men of the world contrive to abuse and destroy the time and talents God has granted them. He is shut up during the greater part of the day in his counting-house and office, and perhaps can only command an hour or two in the mornings and evenings for relaxation and healthful exercise. That method and regularity which is demanded in his attention to business, insensibly, and in some measure necessarily, forms and confirms his private and domestic conduct. * * The influence of these business habits regulates even the thoughts and opinions; that is to say, induces a more systematic mode of thinking and judging, and assists more largely in the development of the moral and intellectual powers, than is perhaps done by the influence of any other worldly habits.

'Besides being regular and punctual in attendance on his duties, it is desirable that a man of business should be a man of strict moral integrity. This is of indispensable importance; although, unfortunately, it does not necessarily follow the possession of business habits. Many men of excellent business habits are known to be utterly devoid of all principle of moral rectitude, and of that integrity which is as important for the maintenance and advancement of truth, as for the safe-keeping of our own and our neighbours' property and good name. One-half of the evils, the confusion, and misunderstanding which prevails in the world, arises from the suppression and perversion of the truth—from a selfish and jealous distrust of the actions of our fellow-creatures—and from a desire to overreach and rise above them. But that principle of moral rectitude, more especially alluded to at present, as essential to the character of a man of business, is comprised in the two commands, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness." His success depends much upon the extent to which these precepts are observed. His character rises and falls in public estimation in proportion to the acknowledged honesty and uprightness of his dealings; and although he may, for a period, be apparently successful in a career of fraud and chicanery, the effect of such success is but to accelerate and render more signal his final ruin and disgrace. While there may be some departments of business in which strict moral integrity forms no essential ingredient of character, there are others in which it is altogether indispensable—as in banking institutions. Here great regularity and attention must be combined with sterling honesty and integrity; and it is accordingly among the men composing this class of society that these virtues are to be found most extensively and most strongly displayed. Here it is that we find men most thoroughly acquainted with all the business transactions, and often with the private arrangements, of their fellow-men; whose lips are as completely sealed as if they were in the most profound ignorance; who have daily and hourly passing through their hands hundreds and thousands of pounds—the gain, or capital, or industry of others—without exciting one covetous or dishonest thought, even although, as is too much the case, they themselves enjoy but a bare competency. These are virtues that elevate and adorn human nature, while they are, at the same time, indispensable to the welfare and order of society.

'In addition to regularity and attention, and strict moral integrity, the possession of business habits implies also the possession of a certain mental aptitude for conducting business. There are, it is true, some departments of business that may be discharged by persons of very small mental endowment, whose work is comparatively that of machinery, where all that is required is simply attention, and the exercise of their pen. Men are found employed by hundreds all over the kingdom, whose occupation requires no mental exertion whatever—who are to be found at their places every day as regularly as the striking of the clock—whose office attendance is punctual to a moment; but whose minds are free from all care and anxiety as regards the working out of results, and who, in fact, undergo no mental labour to affect them. Yet they are all men of strict business habits, without whose close attention and regular service, mechanical though it be, the affairs of the world could not be carried on.

'From those who are intrusted with the higher departments of business, however—who have the management and conducting of establishments—there is at once required and displayed a higher order of mind, or at least a greater development and exercise of the mental faculties. * * The chief intellectual qualities that ought to accompany good business habits are, a sound understanding, quick perception, prompt decision, and firmness in execution. The two latter are qualities which every man must practise and improve for himself; the former are natural endowments, which men do not possess in common—which are strong or weak in different men, but capable of being more or less strengthened and improved by all.

'There are great varieties of character and disposition among men of business, as well as great variety of natural and acquired talent; yet all may be men of good business habits. Some men are quick, bustling, restless—always on the fidget—rash, and precipitate; and are, in consequence, frequently getting into false and difficult positions. Others

* The Bankers' Magazine; Journal of the Money Market, and Railway Digest. Published monthly. London: Groombridge and Sons.

are slow, cautious, suspicious, hesitating, and in constant fear and anxiety as to the effects and probabilities of their acts. Some are dull, heavy, slow of perception, yet circumspect and judicious; others are quick of comprehension, energetic, and decided. It is impossible to say what description of character or disposition is most to be recommended or approved; because it is often found that men of a particular character will succeed to admiration in a position for which our previous knowledge would leave us to consider them unfit; while others, whom we should have deemed the very best adapted to certain situations, are found to be singularly unsuccessful and unfortunate in them. That aptitude which men exhibit for different departments of business, is what they either possess naturally, or what they have acquired by a regular course of training. The reason why one man succeeds better than another in a particular situation, is no doubt, in plain language, that he is better fitted for it; not that he is a better man of business—for, in point of fact, there may be a very great difference in the degree of their business qualifications, and even in the rectitude and integrity of their respective characters—but simply because his qualifications and disposition are of the description best suited for that particular place. A man with talents and qualifications eminently adapted to discharge the duties of a particular business, will not succeed in one place, just because his character does not sufficiently harmonise with that of others by whom he is surrounded, or necessarily brought into contact; but another man of inferior talents will succeed to admiration; and the reason is, just because his ideas and disposition are more in unison with those around him. Still, the general requisites of a man of business, the possession of business habits, however these individual cases may vary in quality and degree, are indispensable to qualify every man to enter upon, and succeed in, the pursuits of business.

'To these may be added the cultivation of a pleasant and agreeable manner. Much of a man's success in the world will depend upon his manner. There is nothing that creates a more unfavourable impression than a rude, hasty, imperious, or uncourteous manner. A silent, reserved, haughty disposition, when combined with good moral character, may in some instances obtain for a man the character of wisdom, but in general it does not gain him friends. A man who is courteous and obliging in his manner, will always conciliate more favour than one who is sullen or reserved, although the former may really be possessed of very little wisdom in comparison with the latter. The nearer men approach to free and unreserved intercourse with each other, the more smoothly the affairs of life appear to move forward. It is a law of our nature, that the more agreeable we are, the more gratification we experience. This we find demonstrated in our daily intercourse with the world, and it is therefore of immense importance to a man of business that, in addition to his other qualifications, he should study to acquire an agreeable and conciliatory manner.

'It is an old remark, but by no means a just one, that a man who wishes to succeed in any department should devote himself to that alone; that it is impossible for a person to attend successfully to more callings than one. Thus, in respect to business, it is said a man should devote himself exclusively to that; and that if he does so, he can have no time, or at least ought not to have any, to occupy his mind with anything else. Others, again, assume that a man of business, from the very nature of the training which his mind receives, is unfit for anything else. He becomes either a sort of machine, that can simply write and cast up figures and accounts, and who has no prospect or aspiration beyond that occupation, or his mind runs so much in one current—is so cramped, circumscribed, and tied down to the counter and the desk—that the moment he engages in anything else, he becomes unfitted for his own particular and original occupation.

'It is not difficult to perceive that these objections are not based on truth, and cannot be borne out by facts. It is true that a large majority of our young men are apprenticed to the desk, or chained to the oar of business, at a very early age, before they have received any proper general education, and are thus in a great degree deprived of the means of instruction. They have few opportunities of improving their minds, of increasing their knowledge, and of cultivating an acquaintance with the arts and sciences; and they fall into a sort of habitual routine of thought and occupation, caring for nothing beyond the observance of those daily duties from which they derive the means of subsistence. Yet there are many bright exceptions to this rule. Many of the most eminent men in literature and science have sprung from among men of business—have, in fact, been men of excellent business habits. No doubt the possession of mere business habits imposes a regularity and restraint, a certain uniformity and preciseness upon the outward conduct, which may to some extent induce a corresponding habit of thought and feeling. But this will not impair nor destroy the intellectual capacity, however much it may favour a narrow, and even dogmatical train of thought. On the contrary, it can be readily understood how a man of regular and ordinary habits, of a correct and perfect knowledge of business, must, from these very circumstances, be better fitted than most other classes of men for distinguishing himself in literature and science. His mode of thinking will partake more or less of that systematic and orderly character which distinguishes his business avocations. He will be more inclined to aim at clear and distinct views, and to resolve his ideas into practical and useful topics. If he does soar into the region of fiction or romance, his sketches, his pictures will be clear, vivid, tangible, and he will not readily do violence to reason or common sense.

'This leads to the observation which is sometimes met with, that a literary man can never be a good man of business; but it is an observation not founded in fact, and is refuted by daily experience. Mental superiority is at all times a source of jealousy to weak and vulgar minds. Nothing harmonises more with their natural disposition, than to detract from, and endeavour to destroy, intellectual merit. All men of superior intellect, or of great abilities, are the envy and scorn of the small fishes who are obliged to follow in their wake. These sentiments are either expressed openly, or conveyed in covert insinuation, or brought into exercise by endeavours to disappoint, thwart, or ruin their object.

'It is a fact amply verified by numerous illustrious examples, alive and dead, that great literary and scientific abilities may be combined with excellent, nay, superior business habits. Some distinguished men of business of the present day are men who also rank high in the world of letters. All men will be disposed to admit, that the greater the degree of intelligence possessed by any individual, the more useful he is likely to become to himself and others. When we engage a clerk or apprentice, for instance, we prefer a youth who is active and intelligent to one who is ignorant and stupid. The higher the degree of intellectual ability and personal address he displays, the more we appreciate the extent of usefulness he is capable of rendering. The same principle holds good in all higher departments. The intelligent apprentice becomes, in the course of time, the learned and enlightened merchant, banker, barrister, legislator, judge, or lord chancellor. His enlarged knowledge, his cultivated and refined understanding, do not impair, but still farther extend and render more illustrious, his capacity for business. His great distinction is at length the just reward of the cultivation and improvement of his natural abilities; and however much it may excite the envy, can never incur the displeasure of any but the weakest and most frivolous of men.'

ARTESIAN WELLS IN LONDON.

During the late session of parliament, the bishop of London, while advocating the necessity for the building of new churches in the metropolis, stated that its population increased at the rate of 30,000 annually; an increase that requires a proportionate multiplication of all that contributes to the comforts and conveniences of life. Greater quantities of food and clothing will be wanted every year; more houses, involving the extension of streets and thoroughfares; and, above all, a greater supply of water, to quench the thirst of the additional number of throats, as well as to lay an ever-widening surface of dust. It is to be hoped that the new scheme for the erection and working of public fountains will be continued and extended until London may be as usefully embellished with *jets d'eau* as continental cities, of which they are generally considered the chief ornament. The initiative, as is pretty well known, has been taken by the formation of two foun-

tains, with large basins, in Trafalgar Square; the water for which, instead of being supplied from any of the numerous companies, was obtained by boring, or the formation of Artesian wells.

In June last, Mr Faraday delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on the subject of these wells, in which he explained and illustrated the practical details of the boring, and showed that the London public must look to the accumulations of water underlying the London clay for their chief supply of the pure element, for drinking and other domestic uses. In inquiring into the geological relations of the waters lying deeply below the surface, he described the soil upon which London is situated as particularly favourable to the realisation of this means of raising water. It is composed, in going from above downwards, of a layer of gravel of moderate thickness; then an enormous bed of plastic clay, known, in geology, under the name of London clay; beneath which lie calcareous marls, gravel, sand, and freestone, succeeded by massive strata of chalk; the whole thickness, from the surface to the chalk, varying from 200 to 300 feet. It was further explained that, wherever the sand and chalk crop out, or rise to the surface, they must absorb the water which falls in those parts. This water percolates downwards underneath the clay, and, finding no mode of escape, accumulates in the fissures of the chalk, ready to rush upwards through any opening which may present itself.

'The property of water to seek a level when it has descended between strata concave upwards, or between inclined beds of stratified rock, naturally accounts for the success of the Artesian operation. If two basins be supposed different strata, placed one within another, a little distance apart, and water be poured between, and a small hole be made in the bottom of the inner basin, the water will rise in a jet a very considerable height, and exemplify the nature of these springs, and multiplying the basins would afford an idea of those different springs found at varying depths, and of equally varying qualities. If, instead of the concave form, the plane of the strata be supposed to dip, the water, seeking the lowest point, and pressed by that which is nearer the surface, would equally rise, and form the Artesian well or spring, if the strata were perforated at their lower level.'*

The general mode of constructing an Artesian well is by first digging and bricking round to a certain depth, dependent on the nature of the soil, as in an ordinary well; from the bottom of this the boring into the lower strata of sand and chalk is commenced. In order to prevent the flow of any water into the opening, except that from these particular strata, the bore is lined with iron tubes, which completely shut out all percolations except that from the main source. Two borings were sunk for the works in Trafalgar Square—one of which is in front of the National Gallery, the other in Orange Street, immediately in the rear, both being connected by a tunnel formed of brick laid in cement, 6 feet in diameter and 330 feet in length. The boring for the deepest well penetrated to a depth of 395 feet, the lower portion of which, passing into the chalk 135 feet, is not lined with tubes.†

A contract was next made with Messrs Easton and Amos, who furnished the plans and constructed the works—engine-house, tanks, and cisterns in Orange Street—by which they agreed to work the engines for ten hours every day, supplying 100 gallons of water per minute to the Barracks, National Gallery, Office of Woods and Forests, Admiralty, Horse Guards, Treasury, Scotland Yard Offices, Whitehall Yard Offices, India Board, Downing Street, and Houses of Parliament, in addition to 500 gallons per minute to the fountains in the square, for the sum of L.500 per annum; being just half the sum previously paid to the water companies who supplied those departments. The whole expense for sinking the wells, erecting the engine-house, laying down the mains and the pipes to the fountains, was not quite L.9000. The water of the fountains is constantly running the same round of duty, being pumped out as fast as it returns from the basins: the supply of 100 gallons per minute is obtained from the deepest well, which, at the end of the ten hours, is not lowered more than five feet under the rest level. With a little more power in the machinery, the contractors are satisfied that the supply might be increased to five times the present quantity.

Not only has an important economical advantage been gained, but the quality of the water is far superior to that supplied for the consumption of the inhabitants generally. The presence of an alkali is shown, by its turning red cabbage-water blue; a reaction due to the carbonate of soda, of which it contains a notable quantity, from 16 to 24 per cent. of the total proportion of saline matter held in suspension. Mr Faraday found 41·5 grains of solid matter, among which was a small portion of lime, on evaporating a gallon of the water. The excess of soda renders it extremely soft, and particularly useful for domestic purposes. It is at the same time very agreeable to the taste. This success, and the certitude which the known natural constitution of the soil affords for procuring the same quantity of water, and in as great abundance as may be desired, in all quarters of the capital, has given rise to the idea of carrying out the practice either by new independent companies, or by concurrence with those already existing, wherever a sufficient number of consumers may be found willing to contribute to the expense.

Professor Faraday stated that the water rent of 2000 houses would suffice for the practical carrying out of the plan, inclusive of the ornamental addition, already alluded to, of a public fountain. In Berkeley Square a well has been sunk, from which water is lifted by a hand-pump, for the use of the inhabitants of that fashionable locality; but it was shown that an outlay of L.3500 in the necessary machinery, &c. would have produced a supply of water for L.350 annually, which now costs L.700, without a fountain, that might have been embraced in the other scheme.

Considering the rapid spread of London, and the eagerness with which new business enterprises are seized upon, it is not improbable that Artesian wells may become common, and thus give to the metropolis what its inhabitants so much require—pure water. The idea is not altogether new, for it appears that 'an endeavour was made in 1834–5 to form a "Metropolis Pure Soft Spring-Water Company," to supply the existing companies with their requisite quantities by Artesian wells of great magnitude; which failed rather through defects in the provisional committee, than through any demonstrated impracticability in their views, which had been entertained ten years previously, and formed the subject of an unsuccessful company in 1825.'* A remarkable objection has been made to these undertakings, which can only be explained by the prevailing ignorance of the principles of their action. It was said that they would soon drain the wells sunk in the London clay, which can only give back the water gained from the surface; while the Artesian wells derive their supplies from the chalk, where there is not the slightest communication with the clay. Such was the prejudice in this particular, that a formal complaint was instituted against the new well of Trafalgar Square while in course of boring, as having drained the neighbouring wells, even before it had yielded a single drop of water.

After his able exposition, Mr Faraday exhibited a simple apparatus, designed to demonstrate a new property of the *fluid vein*. It is well known that water, in escaping from an orifice of any form, does not long retain that form, but varies with more or less of irregularity: this is called the *contraction* of the *vein*. It occurred to the inventor of the apparatus that this contraction would be accompanied by a diminution of volume, which would consequently determine, in a close vessel, a diminution of pressure sufficient to cause a smaller column of water to rise from below, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere. To effect this, water is made to descend in a tube opening into a glazed box, in communication, by means of another tube, with a reservoir of water below. As soon as the valve which prevents the descent of the water is opened, the stream rushes into the box, contracts, produces a certain vacuum, when it is immediately seen that the water from below, which was coloured, to render the experiment more striking, ascends, and mingling with the descending column, flows out with it through the escape-tube. The

* Encyclopedia Metropolitana, vol. xxv. p. 1183.

† The well sunk three years since at Grenelle, near Paris, is 1800 feet in depth, and throws up 150,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

* Journal, Statistical Society, vol. viii. p. 139.

lecturer stated, in conclusion, that, from the result of his experiments, it was probable that the principle might, in certain cases, be economically applied to practical purposes.

AN IRISH PIG-FAIR.

[*From the Daily News.*]

In order to enter into the scene of an Irish pig-fair with the proper spirit, it is requisite that the reader, besides encouraging a mirthful disposition, and a love for the study of character, should possess a duly-instructed mind on certain precursory principles and facts of the subject now proposed to be treated. It will therefore be necessary to offer a few remarks on the character and the circumstances which have combined to form and establish the character of an Irish pig.

Born in the warmest nook of the peasant's domestic circle—in the very bosom of his family, we may say—an Irish pig begins life under the most flattering circumstances which could be imagined. He may, indeed, be said to suck flattery with his mother's milk. His bringing-up hath a smack of royalty in it. As everything within the immediate range of his experience is made subservient to him, both in respect of his needs and his humours, he naturally and inevitably comes to the conclusion that he is the most important person in existence, and that the world was made for his use. His mother was reared amidst the same illusory impressions. The whole object of the family he lives with is to fatten him, and do him honour. In fact, honour and fat react upon each other, and he is crowned with favour in proportion to his obese demonstrations of having been graciously pleased to receive the offerings of his humble servants. . . .

The pig takes his meals with the rest of the family, whom, at best, he regards as his poor relations. He sits down with the circle of the family board (often, literally, a board for a plate), and eats with them from the same dish, from which they usually select for him the largest potatoes. Instances, it is true, have been known where a disloyal peasant has endeavoured to persuade the pig to eat a few potato-peelings mashed up with the rest; but seldom with success. Far more common is it to give the pig something in addition—such as porridge, bran and cake, and cabbage. Not merely is the pig better fed than the peasant, with his wife and children, but in several districts it is the only animal that is sufficiently fed. This is more especially the case in Sligo and Roscommon. The pig, meantime, knows how matters stand, and is quite aware of his own importance. If he happens to be coming in at the door of the cabin at the same time that one of the children is coming out, he tries to make it appear that there is not room enough for both, and gives the child a hunch with his shoulder in passing, like a surly brute who would growl, 'Get out of the way—don't you see *me* coming!' A traveller in the provinces told me that he once overheard a sort of dialogue between a peasant girl and the pig of the house. The pig had absconded, or at least had not returned all night; and the girl, who had been out searching for him since daybreak, was now bringing him home, reproaching him with his ingratitude as they walked along—the pig returning a sort of grudging acquiescence to each touching interrogatory. 'Didn't I always get you enough straw at night to cover round you, and a wisp to stick in the chink o' the wall to keep the wind out?' *Ouff*, said the pig. 'Haven't I given you the best praties, and leaves, and warm mash, and often gone without a meal myself for you—eh, now?' *Ouff*, said the pig; but the grudging acquiescence did in some degree partake of an 'Oh, don't bother *me*.' 'And wouldn't I always do my duty by you—eh?—wouldn't I? How could you have the heart to leave your own home—eh? Will I tell you of all your ingratitude, eh?' *Ouff*, said the pig; meaning in this case, 'Well, I don't care if I *do* hear about that.'

What should an education like this produce? What could be expected from such circumstances surrounding a creature from its birth? What should all this incessant pampering of body and mind produce in the character of the individual? I speak it with regret in the present case—what but a brutal, gross, morose, selfish hog!

Now then imagine, oh, reader!—if, after what has been said, thou canst imagine such a thing—that the day at length arrives when this pampered pig has to be taken to the fair, whether he is graciously pleased or not, there to be criticised and sold! Yes; the right honourable gentleman 'who pays the rent' has to walk, perhaps for several miles, with a certain indignity round one of his hind legs; and the disloyal, false knave, his owner, urging him, after divers base expedients, from behind or laterally, on the highway, to a public mart—there to be weighed, pinched, or fumbled all over, and then sold!—to what 'end,' let the classic muse of pie and sausage, pot, oven, iron-spit, or brine-tub, in fitting verse recite. . . .

The fair is held usually in the ordinary market-place, being in itself no more than a market, except from the dignity and importance, and, we may add, contumacious excitement of the chief thing sold. There are a few poor stalls for the huckster or pedlar trade; one gambling turn-about with halfpenny stakes; a little stage on a cart for the hoaxing sale of good-for-nothing haberdashery; no shows of any kind, no toys, and only three most unattractive stalls for stale-looking cakes and commonplace gingerbread with no gilt upon it, nor even the shining brown varnish which is the only admissible substitute. The fair is devoted to higher purposes.

We have seen the pig in his domestic circle, and have come to a right understanding of his inevitable character—the pampered creature of circumstances. From his earliest infancy he was the heir-apparent of the grossest egotism, selfishness, and ignorance. Now, let the reader of this historical, philosophical, severe, yet not unloving sketch, imagine himself, if he can venture such a thing, in the midst of three or four hundred pigs like these! Three or four hundred outraged country nobles, partly driven, and partly seduced away from their cabins, vassals, and baronial bogs, and here assembled in public. Be it understood they are not in a drove, not under any discipline, not in any degree even of swine-herd order. No man dares to exercise his whip; nothing but a thin, playful, smooth switch occasionally. And as for dogs!—I should like to see a dog show his face among nobility, and under exasperating circumstances: he would be torn to pieces, and trampled into mud before their wrath. They are not here, in any sense, 'a drove' nor a 'herd,' but each one asserts his own individual state of mind and passion. This may be defined as a state of equal indignation, rage, and the worst suspicions all fusing together. The pigs have found out that some mischief is intended to them! They have, in their brusque way, laid their heads together by threes and fours, and the conviction has spread among them. They have literally become wild beasts, and like wild beasts do they behave. They snarl, and squeak, and scream, and yell, and growl, and utter curses, and gnash, and foam at the mouth, and bite, and brawl, and rush, snout-foremost, under the wheels of carts, or between the most crowded legs of men. They are brought back in vain; for they struggle, and shriek, and gnash, and burst away; and when two by accident meet suddenly face to face, they seek instant relief of their feelings by a fight, to which they stand up in lion-and-unicorn fashion. While thus they gnash and bite, behind each one you see an excited peasant, embracing the loins of his warlike pork, in anguish lest the price should be lowered in the buyer's eye by the unseemly disfigurements of battle. . . .

But who are the buyers of all these alarming pigs? Behold him standing there, with one hand in his pocket, the finger of the other hand pointing contemptuously at a very good pig. He has a short *dudeen* in his mouth, and smokes and speaks carelessly at the same time. Smoke issues with nearly all his words. The man who buys the pig has a knowing, satirical, purse-proud, knavish, remorseless face and air. He has, moreover, a tongue to match it—wily, would-be-witty, overbearing, false, unfeeling, and dishonest. He is evidently an agent in the matter, and gets a percentage. This makes a clever screw of him. It is not his own money he so vulgarly displays, to dazzle the eyes of poor Pat, and make him catch at the first offer, however inadequate, as it is sure to be, first or last—unless Pat happens to be very sharp indeed, which sometimes proves to be the case. In general, however, he has little chance with these buyers. The buyer makes his first offer, after sufficiently depreciating the pig. The peasant knows it is worth more, and refuses. A little haggling ensues, and the buyer venting yet further contempt on the pig in question, walks carelessly, scoffing and smoking, in an opposite direction, and immediately commences a negotiation touching other pigs. The buyers are manifestly in league with each other; so that although there is some competition, it is not fair competition; and the screw and pressure of a secret

monopoly of the market is at work. If the peasant does not accept the offer of the first bidder, the second bidder may offer less, and usually does. The peasant looks after the careless smoking screw who is now so busily engaged a little way off, affecting to have quite done with him. He looks—he begins to walk towards him—the buyer walks away—the peasant follows. Again he addresses him on the subject of his pig. In the end, the screw has him at his own price. Now and then, however, the poor peasant repents his first demand, and holds to it with melancholy firmness. He speaks in a sad voice. He knows the fair value of the pig, and asks it. He cannot obtain it; and yet he does so want to sell the pig.

The only 'fun of the fair' is the pig's invariable resistance to the examination of the buyer's hand, with the perversity of the buyer, after he is held fast, in persisting to feel those parts where he is least fat, instead of those parts which are most plump, and to which, with ludicrous anxiety and eloquence, the peasant in vain endeavours to direct the buyer's attention. Amidst this the pig often crouches close down to the ground, and screams with all his might. Perhaps, however, he may be docile from cunning, and some *finesse* in his mind, in which case he only holds down his head coyly. But generally he is in a rage, and has to be soothed and scratched, as he sits up on his haunches with a savage unappeasable countenance.

At length a bargain is made complete—a pig is sold. The buyer marks him with his especial mark—some mark with scissor-lines cut in the bristles, some with red ochre, some with black chalk—and ostentatiously displays money while paying, and talks of much more. A poor, little old woman in rags, and with a small, pale face, comes meekly to listen, and is attentive to the talk of all this money. She goes away very humbly, but seems all the better for what she has heard. A deplorable ballad-singer, more than half-naked, fills up any temporary diminution that may occur in the noise of the fair.

On the outskirts of the town, peasants are seen driving sold pigs to the buyers' carts or quarters. You may know to a certainty by the man's face and air if he has sold the pig according to his previous mind. Not often will you see a satisfied smile lurking round his mouth, but the corners drawn straight with disappointment, as he looks down reproachfully at the pig for having misbehaved himself at the fair—in not rendering himself docile to the buyer's fingers, and more entertaining in all his natural blandishments.

A fiddle sounds from a little coffee-shop in the fair. All the business then is done. There is a crowd yonder, at one side of the market-place, standing in a circle. Is it a fight—not of pigs, but men? What occasions the disturbance? No; it can be no fight—no disturbance; for everybody is standing quietly, and silently too; and there is one man who has a very sad face of sorrow and perplexity, as though he had lost something. Let us approach.

All is explained. Upon several planks and half a door lies some huge form, covered over with a large, coarse, white sheet. At one end, beyond the covering cloth, there appears a quiet hoof sticking out like a pointed moral; and at the other end the tip of a pale snout, with a crimson stain in the nostril, pathetically pokes forth. It is the Roman emperor who, a brief hour ago, sat with terrific countenance in the middle of the fair. A deed has been done. He has been bought and sold; but they could not lead him into captivity. The debt of nature is paid—so is the poor man's rent; and death and the landlord can now do what they like with their own. As for the fallen hero, let his faults die with him. There is nothing coarse in him now—nothing gross is here, in this scene before us—nothing selfish and brutish. All is hushed, philosophical and suggestive—refined by the hand of the universal steel-bearer, the quieter of us all.

GREAT GAINS.

If ever you hear a person boast of his having got any exorbitant advantage in his dealings, you may, generally speaking, conclude such a one not too rigorously honest. It is seldom that a great advantage is to be got, but there must be a great disadvantage on the other side; and whoever triumphs in his having got by another's loss, you may easily judge of his character.—*Buryh.*

SHOULD STUDY BE CONFINED TO ONE SUBJECT?

In a series of lectures on the study of German Literature, delivered at Manchester by Mr George Dawson of Birmingham, the following remarks (quoted from the *Manchester Examiner's* report) are made:—'Sometimes you heard men warning people against a dissipation of study, against studying too many things, and exhorting them to confine their attention to one thing. Now, up to a certain time, he considered that this was bad advice. He did not think that this should be the foundation of culture to those to whom literature was a secondary thing. They should in early life gather in a variety of knowledge—form, as it were, a good weft—and then inweave the particular study which after-life required should be the pattern on the cloth. For a literary man, he need not say how necessary total culture was. He had before protested against fractional studies, as contradistinguished from a subdivision of labour in teaching. To exhort people to cultivate one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of everything else, was like urging one man to direct his efforts solely to the strengthening of his right arm, another of his left, a third of his feet, and so on. One man recommended you to cultivate the exact sciences only, and hence society had been supplied with men who were mathematicians only—men whose gospel was a right angle, and whose religion was a circle. In other cases, men had become so engrossed with a particular study, that they would spend an enormous amount of time in settling the quantity of a Greek syllable, and write most elaborate treatises on the Greek digamma. A fully-cultured man could turn his attention to anything; and, when fully cultured, he should turn to the division of labour which stern necessity imposed upon him. Sometimes, however, natural propensity would come in to check this. Nevertheless, we should all aim at what the Germans called "many-sidedness;" so that, whichever way we turned, there might be a polished side presented.'

RUSSIAN SOUP.

Now that we have fallen on the subject of national tastes, we must not forget to describe the most atrocious compound ever presented to man in the shape of food. It is the Russian soup called 'Batinia,' which to English palates tastes worse than poison; but which these our allies, high and low of them, delight in as the greatest delicacy on earth. Hearing so much in its praise, we ventured once, and once only—for there is no fear of its being asked for a second time—to give a hint that we should like to make a trial of it. But ('*O dura Russorum ilia!*') the taste is not yet away from our lips, nor are we yet persuaded that the skin has returned to our throats. A plate of this yellow liquid—it ought not to be called 'soup'—was placed before us, with a scum on its top something like a thin coating of sulphur. Adventurously diving through this surface, what did we discover? Lumps of rotten sturgeon, slices of bitter cucumber, spoonfuls of biting mustard—in short, a concatenation of all the most putrid, most acrid, most villanous substances that nature produces. The witches' broth was nothing to it—

> Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
> Wing of bat, and tongue of dog,

would be delicacies most exquisite compared with these Russian horrors. But though both smell and sight were well-nigh daunted, we resolved to persevere like men. We had begun the perilous adventure, and could not with honour draw back before taste had also been put to the test. A spoonful of it was accordingly raised to the lips; when lo! besides other recommendations, it was found to be literally as cold as ice; for the mountain projecting above the surface, which we had innocently supposed to be some nice redeeming jelly of Russian invention, turned out to be a lump of ice from the 'frosty Caucasus,' or some other vile place. That mouthful was the worst we ever swallowed. It would be impossible to depict the looks of anguish which we—a party of deluded and inexperienced Englishmen—cast on each other. It took away the breath; tears rolled from our eyes; we were more than satisfied—we were humbled, silenced, overcome; and made a vow, before the whole company of strangers, never more to be lured into an attempt to make new discoveries in the adventurous region of Russian dishes.—*Brenner's Excursions.*

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'LA PATRIE.'

'*The People*,' a small work by M. Michelet, is likely to become well known amongst us, since two translations of it have already appeared. It is full of the most singular egotisms both as to the author and the author's country—worth reading, for the stirring and occasionally fine thoughts scattered through it; yet, on the whole, of a mischievous character. We should not have thought of mentioning M. Michelet or his book, but for its extravagant samples of the sentiment called Love of Country. Had any one wished to caricature this sentiment, he could hardly have employed more suitable terms than this clever French historian. We find him, for instance, proclaiming that nationality is 'the life of the world—without which all would be dead:' nationality is only now come to a true maturity in France and England, on the provincial nationalities ceasing to exist. The feeling of native country is the last to die. 'I have found it,' says he, 'in the dead!' Amongst the most depraved, there was always one moral spark surviving—it was France! 'France,' in short, 'is a religion!' One of the most essential parts of the education of a young Frenchman is this:—On a great public festival, his father 'takes him from Notre Dame to the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Triumphal Arch. From some roof or terrace he shows him the people, *the army passing, the bayonets clashing and glittering, and the tricoloured flag*. In the moments of expectation especially, before the fête, by the fantastic reflections of the illumination, in that awful silence which suddenly takes place in that dark ocean of people, he stoops towards him, and says, "There, my son; look, *there is France*—there is your native country! All this is like one man—one soul, one heart. They would all die for one; and each man ought also to live and die for all. Those men passing yonder, who are armed, and now departing, are going away to fight for us. They leave here their father, their aged mother, who will want them. You will do the same. You will never forget that your mother is France." . . . It is truly grand for the Frenchman to have here the glorious and immortal *Patrie* gathered in one point, with all ages, all places together; and to follow from the *Thermes de César* to *the Colonne*, to the Louvre, to the Champ-de-Mars—from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the *Place de la Concorde*—the history of France and the world!'*

M. Michelet, in another part of his book, details symptoms of decline in France, and the embarrassed and distressed state of the various classes of people. He is full of fury at all other nations, as if any prosperity they enjoy were at her expense. 'Children, children, I say unto you'—so he bursts out—'climb up a mountain, provided it be high enough; look to the four winds, you will see nought but enemies!'

How comes it that one never hears a man speak high words about his native country, but bayonets and gunpowder are sure to be in the immediate neighbourhood? How comes it that this so-called affection should always betray itself chiefly in some bravadoing, defying, destruction-breathing language towards the other inhabitants of the earth? Why cannot a man love a certain piece of the geographical surface, except on the condition of his regarding all the unfortunate people who live elsewhere with a mixture of hatred and contempt? Or, why should there be such an association of ideas amongst us, that we are most disposed to think of our native country when we survey the ranks of her soldiery—the enginery which she forms in confession of either a desire to fall foul of other countries, or a dread of being fallen foul of by them? These are questions which I do not recollect ever seeing asked before; but it is not the less proper that they should be asked now. There is the more necessity, considering the esteem in which the sentiment stands in our moral codes, that we should at length challenge a thing of such ominous associations. For surely it is startling to find the people who are the most replete with this feeling, the first to acknowledge that all other peoples are their enemies. What is it, we must ask, that makes Frenchmen of the Michelet stamp regard their peaceable neighbours in this light? What can it be, but that they entertain selfish feelings about their own country, and consequently feel that others ought to regard *it* as an enemy?

The fact is, that though it may seem theoretically possible to entertain love of country as a pure and harmless feeling, it is seldom practically exemplified, except in connexion with some spirit of hatred towards other countries, or in a selfish regard to certain local interests. Sound it thoroughly, and it will usually be found not to consist of such a love for fatherland as one feels for a natural father, not a result merely of pleasant associations regarding a piece of ground which we have been familiar with since infancy, but an unreasoning prejudice, springing from the selfish propensities—a compound of self-esteem, acquisitiveness, and unmeaning odiums. It is not, therefore, wonderful that nations much under the influence of this spirit should wither, and feel cause to complain. They only suffer under the decree which has been passed in the councils of the Almighty against the centripetal or selfish spirit, under whatever form, or upon whatever scale, it may be manifested.

It would be well if, all over the earth, we were to come to the naked truth on this subject. That truth appears to be, that round the central point—the man himself—there is a series of concentric circles marking

* Cocks's Translation. Longmans, London.

his immediate family—his clan, town, or province—his country—which are liable to become objects of the selfish and exclusive affections in diminishing degrees: that is to say, he first loves his family against all other families; then he loves his clan or province against all other clans and provinces; finally, he loves his country against all other countries. In his general moral progress, or as he advances in civilisation, he passes from narrow to more spacious circles of partiality. It is something to see him sacrifice the family exclusivism to the clan exclusivism, or the love of his village; it is more to see him give up the clan, or village, or province exclusivism, for the more abstract and generous feeling in behalf of his country. Still, all are but grades in barbarism; for all of them indicate a merely instinctive acting, apart from both reason and the higher moral feelings. Does any one doubt this? Will he, then, adduce me a single instance not merely of one clansman being just in judgment towards another, but of a lover of his country even pretending to consider what was due to the people of another country—generously admitting their merits, entering kindly into their interests, and fulfilling towards them the great moral maxim, applicable to all the children of the earth, of doing in regard to them as he would be done by? Was there ever a Campbell of old conscientious to a Gordon, or a Tuscan to a Ferrarese? Forty years ago, when we heard more of love of country than we do now, was there a single Englishman disposed to admit that the French were exactly human beings like ourselves? Is it not invariably found, that just in proportion as this affection is warmly felt, so is there a blindness to the good that is in other countries and other peoples—a disrelish and hatred for these peoples—and, in extreme cases, a disposition to cut their throats? Now, surely if a thing be good, it should be presentable in the light of reason, and of the just and kindly feelings. But not one particle of reason, or conscientiousness, or true impartial and diffusive benevolence, was ever found in connexion with this sentiment in its ordinary forms. A man tells me, with the greatest complacency, I am for England against all the world; thinking, apparently, he is saying something extremely noble, when in reality he is only telling me that he would embrace or grasp an advantage for England to the injury of all other countries; that he would support it in any selfishness against other countries; that he would defend and support it in any error it might fall into against neighbouring states; and so forth. So it always is—always there is some horrible injustice, or antipathy, or butchery contemplated, when we hear of this same love of country. It has been seen in the universal rapine of Rome; in the grasping commercial policy of modern nations; in the endless, aimless, sanguinary wars of all times. *La Patrie* was the sanction of the atrocious policy of a Bonaparte. It is, in the case of France, the source of uneasy feeling to all Europe, and a reason for universal soldiering and fortifying at this day. Never do we hear of a noble act of generosity or justice between nation and nation in connexion with this sentiment. What pretension, then, can it have to the good esteem in which it is usually held? Is it not, on the contrary, deserving of all the reprobation due to the selfish and outrageous acts to which it habitually gives rise? And would it not everywhere receive this reprobation, if there were a sufficient number exempt from its guilt to form a pure tribunal for its arraignment?

It will not, however, be so always; but precisely as men have been able to conquer the partiality for the name of Macpherson as against that of Mackenzie, or for the province of Wales as against England, will they be in time able to feel at one with a people called the French, or a state called Russia. They will find it possible to tread the beautiful land they live in, rejoicing in all that is goodly and of good report belonging to it, and solicitous to promote its true and righteous interests, without feeling one particle of jealousy or hatred towards any other country; but, on the contrary, eager also to promote the interests, and make handsome admission of the deservings, of all the neighbouring portions of the great family of man. It will then be discovered that, even as the individual, so may the collective unity called a nation, best seek happiness by endeavouring to promote it in others; true joy being ever a reflected light. It will be found that one commercial kindness thrown out to a neighbour, even at what may appear a sacrifice of immediate interests, will give ten times more safety than twenty times the equivalent in money spent in that loathsome barbarism of our age—Armed Precaution. International civilities will be as common as civilities between neighbours in a street, and will be as effectual in promoting peace and good-will. Then it will become as great an absurdity to think of war between England and France, as it would now be to think of it taking place between Yorkshire and Durham. Such and so mighty must be the effects of our passing in moral development from the narrow circles in which we still confine our affections, to that wider sweep and range which it is part of our professed religion to hold as realisable, and without which being attained, indeed, our religion can never be considered as in full practical operation. May the day of all these blessed experiences be at hand!

THE WORK-GIRL.

Work!—what extremes in human life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently is it considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our land seated before their embroidery-frames, surrounded by colours as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the leaf, or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvas, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond intreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eyes made dim, by work! And this, again, is the term to designate the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary was so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other! When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with 'a contempt for vanity and embroidery,' it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of anything which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not as an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote

against listlessness in one class, and a means of livelihood for another.

A lady was lately making some purchases in the principal shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and, accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw everything else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important; and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom coloured deeply as she looked round: one, very small and delicate-looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall, handsome girl, raised her eyes ingenuously, though respectfully, to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologised for the liberty they had taken. 'But my sister, ma'am,' added she, 'is very sickly, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see.'

Before she had concluded the sentence, her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, 'Forgive us *both*, ma'am.' The lady, whom we shall call Mrs Villars, much struck by the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle, and showed them, to their hearts' content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchases, she returned their energetic gratitude and admiration with another smile, and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unblessed by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. In one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marvelled that, in a class where, from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important, such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no taint of vanity or of jealousy to sully their mutual love. But Mrs Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches its own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest; and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of tenfold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene, and Mrs Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm; and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant, then with a modest curtsey was passing on, when Mrs Villars accosted her, and, with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roche were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—'Wisha, he was just nothing at all.' Mrs Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that little hesitating sentence indicated a good-natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco when he could get it, drank whisky on the same terms, and was a burthen to the family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favour as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than that we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. 'She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if, as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am,' and here the tearful eyes filled entirely, 'she taught me hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came——'

She stopped short, and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs Villars's face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily—'Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, they are all but feathers from that sweet dove's wing!'

As she spoke they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In place of the dunghill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paled off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling, was Ellen, looking out for her with the watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation; and soon found herself seated in the clean and tidy, though poorly-furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unornamented either; for over the fireplace was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage, in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend from over the sea.

Mrs Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking, without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who, under her instructions, had also become

very expert at her needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see those two young creatures seated, with busy fingers, at their work on the quiet summer's eve; Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with deferential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary. But were they always thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage and a little plot of ground rent free for his own life, and, caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in 'to idle them' in the evening; sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and, oftener still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently towards the shore, to coax them to 'lay aside their stitchery,' and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliffs. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, 'Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?' Ellen returned her smile with one as gay; but in an instant the bright expression vanished, and clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure actually trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, 'Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month passes by!' Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had just risen, and burst into tears. Mrs Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usual placid and collected demeanour of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with her still trembling hands, in faltering accents asked pardon for her foolishness; then, gaining confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would tell to friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left even worse than orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the checks she found it needful to impose. 'But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature; and even in childish anger, she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend—even then her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know, ma'am, how she loves me now,' said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes, she dropped her own as she softly murmured, 'Yes, even as I love her!'

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret, felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best-conducted and most industrious *boy* in the place. 'I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it,' continued she; 'little dreaming that I was building on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and had been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he was the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best; while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamt that any could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily, Mary was out; gone to carry home some work; and I was able to bear the first wild burst of his sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still, that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life.

'He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he latterly spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved: that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked coldly what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled, as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and, in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He is a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow; so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring nothing but herself, unless she met with one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented when her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's fiery countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was well worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

'Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never to return till he could bring home an inde-

pendence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, those words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were pouring like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile and the colour fled from Mary's cheek, and, without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her the hearing it from him: but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise; his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

'And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and his son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a steadfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wronged her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affectionately on Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, "Did the old man say anything against *me*, Garret—against myself?" He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, "Oh, Mary!" It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, "Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that disrespect, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the *goodness* of your sorrow. You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness; and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind."

'Garret shook his head despondingly as he answered, "Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness, for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends on it, it is out of the question, Mary! You must not ask me to do that."

"But indeed I do, Garret; that *is* what I ask you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants his blessing to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so provoke his curse? No, Garret; it surely is not *we* that wish for money; all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than ever if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause."

'Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously that if his father by that time had not changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable whims.

'Satisfied with averting the present evil, Mary urged him no farther then; but hurried him away, not to lose a moment in becoming reconciled to his father. Then, worn out with her long effort at composure, my poor girl threw herself into my arms, and wept without restraint her long-repressed and bitter tears. But Mary's heart is like an April day—sunshine ever following the showers; and after a while she raised her head, and with a cheerfulness that took me by surprise, exclaimed, "Well, Ellen, at any rate we shall not be parted; life will glide along the same as ever; and with hope to gladden, and the sense of doing right to bear us up, I think we ought to be even happier than before we were tried. And now from this time out," added she, with increasing liveliness, "I must be very careful, steady, and diligent, and so win a good character for old Maurice, as I have no money to buy one:" then sitting down to work with an air of diligence, she cried, "Now, Ellen, you'll have to bear witness in my favour, so here's to begin!"'

Ellen then told how, in the evening, Garret returned; but though his heart was evidently lightened by his father's forgiveness, still it was also plain that he had not recovered his own disappointment. His impetuous, active nature found waiting and submission a hard trial; and it required a double exertion of fortitude on Mary's part to make him hope against hope. It was also evident that no change had been wrought in old Maurice's determination: so, convinced that matters could not long continue in this state, Ellen inwardly determined to make an effort to bring about some understanding. And an effort indeed it was for her. Naturally timid, and rendered still more diffident by her infirmity and secluded life, nothing but the power of an affection which was the first object of her existence, a love stronger than death, could have induced her to take the step she now meditated. This was to obtain an interview herself with old Maurice, and with her own lips plead the cause so dear to her heart. She knew him, as she had said, by report to be a hard and stern man; but she had also always heard he was a sensible and a just one. She had heard, too, of his having, in early life, loved his wife to idolatry, and cherishing her memory with a constancy that would never allow him to replace her; this, combined with his genuine love for Garret, inspired her with the hope that his feelings might be touched by her appeal; and she resolved on making an attempt to convince him that arithmetic was not the only rule for measuring human hearts.

We need not enlarge upon this interview. Enough to say, that, though at first causing some surprise, she was received with civility and kindness, which gave her courage and even hope; and though she found it impossible to remove an opinion which had become a fixed idea in old Maurice's mind, still, conquered by her earnestness, he modified it so far as to promise that if, at the end of the year, Mary could bring him half the sum originally demanded—namely, ten guineas, and this fairly earned by their united industry—he would be proud and happy to welcome her as his daughter. In the meantime, he also required a promise from Ellen to keep both this meeting and agreement a secret from every creature except Mary herself.

'From Garret?' asked Ellen pleadingly.

'Yes, from Garret especially,' said the old man. 'Can Mary be depended on to oblige me in this?'

'You shall see,' answered Ellen proudly. Old Maurice smiled; and ratifying the treaty with a warm benediction and shake of the hand, they parted, mutually pleased. Since then, long months had passed away; and yet not so very long, for hope and constant industry had made the time seem short; and if Garret would sometimes, without those aids, wax impatient, a gentle word from Ellen, reminding him of his promise, would induce him to keep it with a good grace. He would good-

humouredly say, 'You are our pilot, Ellen, and in such hands it would be hard indeed if we refused to answer the helm.' While Mary, assenting with beaming eyes, would think to herself, 'Ah! if he knew but all.'

But now the time was drawing very near. The 'Sarah Jane,' the vessel in which Garret was to have taken a berth last year, was to sail again in another month; and more than once of late he had mentioned this in a way that plainly showed his mind was dwelling on the voyage. The two girls worked harder, more perseveringly than ever; but they lived in a remote place, and, until Mrs Villars's kindness had provided them with employment, their tasks had been precarious, and remuneration small; so that when, on that very morning, after a painful interview with Garret, the sisters reckoned over their little hoard, they found it scarcely amounting to two-thirds of the requisite sum, and Ellen sadly acknowledged that, from former experience, she was convinced it was useless to expect any further concession from old Maurice.

In this desponding mood she was found, as we have related, by Mrs Villars, who listened to her artless narrative with deep and unaffected sympathy. When all was told, she spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, expressive of the great use of trial to fortify and exalt the mind; and dwelt upon those lovely traits in Mary's character which had been just described, and which might have withered away under too bright a sun. Then opening the little parcel she still held, she unfolded a large square of lace, and laying a pattern before Ellen, said, 'Do you think, Ellen, you both could work this into a veil, and have it ready by this day month? It is for a young friend to wear at her wedding, and you shall have five guineas if you do it well.' Ellen's heart gave one wild throb; for a moment she tried in vain to speak; then finding utterance, poured forth her thanks and hopes with a rapidity almost unintelligible. 'Five guineas!—oh, dearest lady, what would we not attempt for that? Five guineas!—why, it has taken nearly a long year to put so much more together, and now it will seem but a day to earn the rest; and then you will at last be happy, my own Mary—happier and better for all your trouble. Oh, ma'am, fear not but we will accomplish it; and night and day we will work until it is done.' And night and day they worked, Mary at the plainer part, Ellen at the delicate stitches; while with admiration and renewed hope they contemplated each morning the progress they had made. At first Ellen thought to have given Mary the pleasure of a surprise, and, until it was done, to keep the amount of their reward a secret; but they had been too long accustomed to sharing every thought, to practise any concealment now; and one day remarking an unusually rapid progress, the whole truth burst in gladness from her lips.

To describe Mary's delight and astonishment is impossible. More busily she could not work, and for a while her trembling fingers refused to work at all; but day after day the sweet hope strengthened, and at last the appointed morning came, and found their task all but completed. It was, however, a day of unusual interruptions; and Ellen had each hour fresh cause to admire the improvement in Mary's temper, as, without an impatient word, she would lay aside her work and attend to every demand. But evening still found them at their unfinished task, and Mrs Villars required it that night at the very latest. Just as they were busily employed, in came Garret with his usual request for an evening walk, and, half-affronted when refused, he said reproachfully, 'I believe there is some charm in that cobweb, for you never will put it by. Here I have tried in vain to get you out for an entire month. I will begin to think at last, Mary, that you take no pleasure in my company.'

Mary's quick feelings rose at this undeserved reproach, and, with somewhat of her old spirit, she was about to retort; but remembering all their past sorrow, all her present hope, she paused and answered gently, 'To prove the contrary, Garret, I condemn you never to leave me till this cobweb, as you call it, is fairly spun; and then——' She stopped short with a gasp, at having so nearly betrayed her secret; but her look was so eloquent of love and hope, that Garret started from his chair, and bending over her, inquired in hurried tones, 'What then?—dearest Mary, what then?'

She threw back her head merrily as she looked up into his face; and though she tried to compose her features, a thousand smiles and dimples contradicted the demure accent with which she continued, 'And then you may come with us when we take it home.' Both Ellen and Garret laughed at this anticlimax; Ellen especially, well knowing what was in the glad girl's heart, and amused, besides, at Garret's somewhat puzzled countenance. But that soon brightened again under the happy influence; and, without seeking the reason why, he found himself chattering away with a lighter heart than he had felt for months.

The moon arose; but as that fair light has business of its own, our workwomen reserved it for a future hour, and sent Garret for the more terrestrial assistance of a pair of candles, to put the few concluding stitches to their work. At length behold it finished! Ellen resigned the last two or three stitches to her sister, that by her hands it should be completed; and, holding it up with an exclamation of triumph, poor Mary gazed joyfully at it for an instant, then flinging her arms round Ellen's neck, burst into tears. Garret looked on wonderingly, and made some efforts at consolation so wide of the mark, that Mary's weeping was at once changed into laughter, until her bright eyes overflowed again. Ellen at last, remembering that the best of men may sometimes grow impatient, and unwilling to try Garret too far, laid her hand on his arm, and said, 'This is a bridal veil, Garret, and Mary and I have worked hard day and night to have it ready; it is to be worn by a fair and happy bride, while we——'

Garret required no further explanation of Mary's tears and excitement; and shaking off Ellen's hand with an upbraiding glance, as if he thought her for once in her life unfeeling, he answered warmly, 'And if she is ever so fair and happy, she cannot be fairer than my own sweet Mary, or more deserving of the happiest lot.' Then, before she had time to answer, he seized the veil, and playfully throwing it over Mary's glossy hair, he added, 'Now tell me, Ellen, will there ever be a fairer bride than that?'

But he was answered by a loud cry from Ellen. In passing, the veil had touched the flame of the candle, and in an instant the delicate covering was in a blaze. Quick as thought, she tore it from that beloved head; the next moment it lay in scorched and worthless fragments on the floor. To describe their consternation, their revulsion of feeling, is impossible. The present calamity was so overpowering, that for the minute it swallowed up all thought of remoter consequences, and—pale, speechless, and aghast—they gazed in silence first at one another, then at the fragile object on which their hopes so lately rested. At last Mary, pale as death, and almost as calm, laid her arm on her sister's neck, and in a low sad tone murmured, 'You see, Ellen, 'tis not to be!' Those words, uttered so despondingly, and Ellen's piteous tears, revealed to Garret somewhat of the truth; and though he could not guess the full extent of the misfortune, still he became at once aware that, in a moment's heedlessness, he had destroyed some plan essential to the happiness of all, and his self-accusation almost amounted to despair.

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It was morning once more; the sun shone out as brightly as if it had only to awaken light and happy hearts, and the sisters had arisen betimes, and again were busy with their daily work. With the poor, there can be no useless indulgence of regret, and the labour of one hour often conquers the sorrow of the preceding; but we cannot wonder at the languor that now hung over Mary's usually active movements, or blame the

large tear that would escape from her long, dark eyelashes, as a gentle sigh from Ellen now and then caught her ear. Otherwise, they were quite silent; they had exhausted the language of sorrow; and it was not at once the foundations of hope could be laid again. Still, they both were occupied with their different employments when a footstep approached, and looking round, Mary saw old Maurice Mahony standing in the doorway. Starting at sight of such an unusual visitor, her first thought was of Garret—that some harm had befallen him, and, trembling violently, she found herself unable to ask; but Ellen, with more self-possession, wished him good morning; and as he answered, 'Good-morrow,' kindly—'Always busy, I see,' the tones of his voice at once reassured poor Mary, and awakened, she scarcely knew why, some indefinite feeling of hope.

He had not addressed her, but he now held out his hand, and drew her to a chair, beside which he seated himself. Ellen laid by her work, and there was a momentary pause of stillness and expectation. Maurice was a remarkable-looking man. His hair, almost snow-white, combed back into smooth, old-fashioned curls, and his clothes, cut according to the fashion of a former generation, would have given him the appearance of great age, had it not been contradicted by his fresh complexion and still elastic step. His tall figure, scarcely stooped until his recent illness, and his firm, well-shaped mouth, and sagacious eyes and forehead, betokened an intellect still retaining all the vigour of its prime. He sat, as we have said, for a moment in silence, looking at the two anxious girls. At last he spoke; and, still retaining Mary's hand, related how Garret had returned home last night in a state little short of distraction; his heart so entirely full of one subject, that though it had never been renewed between them since the first painful day—under the influence of strong excitement, the interval seemed as nothing—the long-smothered feeling burst forth, and he told him all that had occurred.

'It was very late,' continued the old man, 'but I could not go to rest till he came in, for I had felt all the evening more lonely than usual. The fire burnt low as I sat before it in thought; and fancy brought back again her I had laid long years ago in her narrow grave, and the children that had followed her; and I could see them all again smiling and chattering round the hearth, as they used in those old hours. At last, from being very sorrowful, those memories grew pleasant, and a dawning of the future seemed to gain upon the shadows of the past. I began to think; for the heart,' added the old man solemnly, 'is often prepared within itself for the way it ought to act; I began to ask myself why there were not smiling faces and sweet young voices round my hearth again, and why my best and only one was at that moment under the roof of a stranger—his thoughts full of bitterness against the old father that loved him all the time better than the veins of his heart——' 'Oh no, no,' interrupted Mary softly. Old Maurice sighed as he continued—'If it was so, Mary, I had to blame myself. It was shown me then that I had been too positive and unbending; and Ellen's words, and all her loving arguments, came back fresher to my mind than the day I heard them. I was not so hardened as you thought me that day, Ellen,' added he, turning to her; 'but I thought a little trial would do the young people no harm; for I knew their hearts were in the right place, only they wanted ballast. But it is not good for short-sighted mortals to take the province of the Most High. When He afflicts, He sees and knows all things. We may often do mischief, though intending good, when inflicting needless trial on the hearts that love us; and so Mary, achree, even before Garret came in, I had resolved on my future course, and was waiting to tell him so before I slept that night; but when he did come, and all was told—all the mischief he had done, and the sweet, patient way you bore it—I thought the night too long till I could come and relieve my own heart and yours.

'And now, Ellen,' continued he, 'how far were you able to fulfil your promise? for that you both did your best, I have no more doubt than that the sun is shining on us now. I often noticed you hard at work when you little thought I was passing, let alone the good report from every one that ever names you. And there was a promise too, Ellen, that you made for another,' added the old man with a smile; 'and Mary, asthore, you kept it well, as I saw by Garret last night; and though he'll hardly thank me for teaching you to keep a secret from him, he'll feel it makes you the worthier of his trust in time to come. Is this the money?' asked he, as he took the little box containing their united earnings from Ellen's hand, and poured out the precious hoard upon the table—half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, even halfpence—all as they had been received and deposited there, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he reckoned over those tokens of affection and persevering industry. The sum amounted in all to little more than seven pounds; and when the total was announced, Ellen shook her head as she remarked, 'It would have been too little after all.' 'It is enough,' answered Maurice quietly; and selecting from amongst the coins a crooked sixpence, which, pierced with a little hole, had once probably been a true-love token, he added, 'I shall keep this for a luck-penny while I live; after that, Mary, it shall be yours in memory of this day. That is our share. The rest, dear Ellen—for your sake only I wish it had been more—but, such as it is, keep it till you meet with some old man as unreasonable as myself.' Ellen remonstrated; but in vain. Old Maurice made it a condition; and as Mary took his side, two to one carried the day: then, in compassion to Garret's impatience, he left them, as he said, to have his place better filled.

With what different feelings did the little group again pursue their way to the residence of Mrs Villars. Forgetful of her own disappointment, she had listened with kind and womanly sympathy to their sorrowful communication the night before, and now they hastened to tell her of their joy, and to ask her whether the time could possibly allow them to repair the accident by working another. 'All for love, dear lady, this time: you must not think of offering us any money now!' But Mrs Villars had already taken measures to supply the loss, and, as her best apology for the delay, had transmitted to her young friend the burnt fragments of the veil as an evidence of the beauty of the work, and of the accident which destroyed it. In relating the circumstances, she added the hope that, as in Ireland a conflagration was considered an auspicious omen to a bride, good fortune might attend those relics in a tenfold proportion to the sorrow they had caused; and the young English girl, as she smiled at the augury, sent a thought across the waters from her own happy home, and determined not to enjoy the prosperous influence alone. She laid the open parcel on the table, and told its story in a way that went home to the hearts of her auditors. Had she been covetous, she might have made Mary Roche the richest of her name; but, guided by judgment as well as feeling, she contented herself with accepting a trifling gift from each, and so realised a sum which, though moderate in her eyes, far more than compensated for the labour they had lost. It was forwarded to Mrs Villars, who divided it equally between the surprised and grateful girls; and it would have been more than human nature, had they not felt some little pleasure in the consciousness that Mary was not a portionless bride after all.

She and Garret never forgot their separate lessons of perseverance and patience acquired in that year of probation. They had truly learned them by heart, and such experience is seldom obliterated; and Ellen, happiest in the happiness of others—the dearest object of her heart attained—still felt that she had a sacred duty to perform. She devoted herself more entirely to her father, and, in studying his wishes, endeavoured gradually to improve them; and she was rewarded. Drawn to each

other by the absence of their mutual companion, he seemed each day more conscious of her excellence. Stimulated by the example of her cheerfulness and industry, he began to feel ashamed of his own listless indolence; and by degrees shaking off the influence of habit, he became an altered man. The 'Work-girl's' cup of joy was full!

POPULAR MYTHOLOGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In a former paper, we gave some illustrations of the Literature of the Middle Ages, drawn from a recently-published work, containing much interesting antiquarian information: the following notices of the popular mythology of these ages are derived chiefly from the same source.

The old Teutonic Pagans, whose irruption into the provinces of the Roman empire, in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, is always to be regarded as the true commencement of what we call modern history, brought with them, from their Scandinavian homes, a mythology like themselves—wild, imaginative, savage, and colossal. The sea, to them, was peopled with grendels and monster-snakes, which inhabited caves along the coast, or dragged their oozy length along the bottom, now and then rising to the surface to grapple the boats of the fishermen in their folds: the fens, rivers, and forests, had their nickers and fire-drakes, which devoured travellers, and sallied out from their dens at night to ravage the surrounding country: the very air was full of demons, elves, and goblins, to whom rain, sunshine, wind, sleet, hail, and storm, were owing. The existence of these multitudinous supernatural beings was as much a part of the modern polytheism, which believed in Thor and Woden, and the other huge Teutonic deities, and represented them feasting together in the hall of the gods, and drinking bucketfuls of ale with uproarious mirth, as the existence of satyrs, fauns, and nymphs, was a part of the old Homeric polytheism, with its blue-eyed Minervas and its imperial Jupiters. Now, just as Christianity had to overthrow the polytheism of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in order to establish itself in the Roman empire, so, on the irruption of the Teutonic races, it had to triumph over the religion of Thor and Woden, in order still to be supreme. Both these conquests it achieved. Slowly, but steadily, it crept from Jerusalem over the surface of the Roman empire, eating out, or dissolving into itself, all existing beliefs and philosophies, till it became the prevailing religion; and finally, when the empire was overrun and shattered by the German invaders, it rose, clear and spire-like, out of the universal wreck, asserted its supremacy over the conquerors themselves, and made Europe its own again. The popular beliefs, however, bore the marks of both these conflicts. The theology of the early ages, or the ages of the Fathers, was tinged with the heathen philosophy of Plato and others; no doubt also with the old polytheism of Greece and Rome, although this in an inferior degree, as that mythology had already become aged and decrepit. In the conversion of the German races, the case was somewhat different. Here there was no civilised philosophy, no Platonic or Peripatetic school to contend with, and exert an influence over Christianity; but, on the other hand, there was a young, vigorous, fresh, and poetical mythology, with grendels, goblins, fire-drakes, and thousands of other unconquerable things. Accordingly, the popular mythology of the middle ages was a compromise between Christian ideas and Teutonic legends. There was so much of course of the old German creed, which had to be entirely abandoned. Thor and Woden, for instance, and the other gods, had to be given up as totally incompatible with the new faith; but there was a great portion of the old belief which did not appear so reprehensible in a Christian point of view, to which, therefore, the clergy did not object so vehemently, and which ultimately, with some changes of phraseology, was adopted into the popular creed of all Christian nations. 'Even now,' says Mr Wright, 'after so many centuries of successive improvement and refinement, in our salutations, in our eating and drinking, even in our children's games, we are perpetually, though unwittingly, doing the same things which our forefathers did in honour or in fear of the elves and nymphs of the heathen creed.'

The clergy, as the guardians of the popular faith, were intrusted with the charge of deciding what old Teutonic legends and practices were admissible in the new constitution of society. That they exercised this right to the suppression, or at least to the discouragement, of many Pagan practices which the laity were disposed to keep up, is proved by numerous laws passed by the clergy in Anglo-Saxon times against such practices. In one old Anglo-Saxon *penitentiary*, for instance, the following regulations occur. '"If any one observe lots, or divination, or keep his wake (watch) at any wells, or at any other created things, except at God's church, let him fast three years: the first on bread and water, and the other two, on Wednesdays and Fridays, on bread and water; and the other days let him eat his meat, but without flesh.

"The same for a woman who useth any witchcraft to her child, or who draws it through the earth at the meeting of roads; because that is great heathenness.

"If a mouse fall into liquor, let it be taken out, and sprinkle the liquor with holy water; and if it be alive, the liquor may be used; but if it be dead, throw the liquor out, and cleanse the vessel."'

The Teutonic nickers, elves, and other supernatural beings, however, were too strongly lodged in the popular imagination to be easily expelled; and accordingly, all that could be done was to give them new names, or at least, retaining their old names, to assign them functions in accordance with the prevailing theology of the time. An immense number of them were forthwith converted into devils, subordinate to the Evil Principle of Scripture. To these devils, besides their principal function of tormenting and misleading mankind, was assigned a large share of influence in all natural phenomena, especially in meteorology. 'The monks,' says Mr Wright, 'sometimes invented strange stories to account for the influence which the devils thus exerted, because they were not aware of the real source from which they had been adopted. An inedited English poet of the thirteenth century, after explaining, in a popular manner, the nature of thunder and lightning, proceeds to show how it happens to cause so much mischief. "When Christ suffered death," says he, "he bound the devil, and broke down hell-gates in order to let out those who suffered there. His visit was attended with such terrible thunder, that the devils have been afraid of thunder ever since; and if any of them happen to be caught in a storm, they fly as quick as wind, and kill men, and destroy trees, &c. which they meet in their way. This is the reason that people are killed in a storm."'

As a curious illustration of the transition of old Teutonic ideas into the popular theological language of the middle ages, we may mention that our 'Old Nick' is a mere corruption of the word 'nicker'—the name of a large class of supernatural beings among the German Pagans, generally supposed to be water fairies. The modern 'Old Nick' is, therefore, literally the old 'nicker.'

Few countries retained so much of the old Teutonic mythology as England; and, strangely enough, it is from the Lives of the Saints that we derive most of our information respecting the Teutonic elves and fairies. 'A more extensive knowledge,' says Mr Wright, 'of the Anglo-Saxon fairies may perhaps be gathered by a careful perusal of the legends of the Anglo-Saxon saints, than all the other books together can afford us. It only need be borne in mind, that in the transformation, the elves, when mischievously inclined, became devils; when beneficent, angels. The fens and wilds are, in Beowulf,

constantly peopled by troops of elves, and nickers, and worms (dragons and serpents). So, in the saints' legends, are they ever the haunts of hobgoblins (*dæmones*); and many and fierce were the struggles between them and the hermits, before the latter succeeded in establishing themselves in their deserted abodes. St Guthlac built him a mud-cot in the isle of Croyland, a wild spot, then covered with woods, and pools, and sedgy marshes. The isle had hitherto been uninhabited by men; but many a goblin played among its solitudes, and very unwilling were they to be driven out. They came upon him in a body, dragged him from his cell, sometimes tossed him in the air, at others, dipped him overhead in the bogs, and then tore him through the midst of the brambles; but their efforts were vain against one who was armed like Guthlac.' 'Sometimes these goblins were more obliging towards their new neighbours, and directed them where to dig for treasures; though it appears that they seldom gained much by seeking after "heathen gold." Godric, a celebrated saint, occupied a cell in the wilds of Durham, and was often troubled by these spiritual enemies. On a time, however, one of them appeared by night, and told him where he would find a hidden hoard. Godric was not, it appears, an avaricious man; but he thought he might do some good with the money which was thus revealed to him, and to work he went with pickaxe and shovel. When, however, he had dug a considerable depth—though we are not told that he obtained a sight of the promised treasure—he was terror-struck by seeing come out of the hole a troop of small black dwarfs, who, with a laugh of derision, cast at him little smoking balls. Godric dropped his shovel, and, it is almost needless to add, never sought treasures again.'

The elves or goblins of the middle ages are distinguishable into three classes: the positively malevolent, who were accounted imps or emissaries of Satan, and whose constant purpose was to ruin souls; the good and benevolent, whose nature partook more of the angelic, and who made the improvement of the human race their object; and the merely eccentric or mischievous, who, leading an independent existence, delighted, solely for their own amusement, to intermeddle in human affairs, and whose aim seemed to be more physical confusion than moral evil. These last, called often the 'merry sprites,' 'made their presence known by throwing dirt, and other harmless things, at every one they came near; and they continually plagued them by cutting holes in their coats, and playing other such mischievous pranks. Sometimes they would talk with the people of the house; and when displeased, or mischievously inclined, they scrupled not to tell in their presence all their secrets and private actions, much to the shame and confusion of many who were so exposed. When any attempt was made to exorcise them, they threw dirt at the priests themselves; and Giraldus thinks, from the inefficiency of the exorcisms of the church in driving them away, that the power of the priests was only efficient against spirits of a malignant nature. During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, "a certain fantastical spirit," who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighbouring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them, and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first, the family of the knight were extremely terrified; but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English, and that, too, in the dialect of the place. But he was by no means deficient in learning; for when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked in Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt, too, readily enough; but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her. At last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock.'

These sprites were generally invisible, as this story intimates. There were persons, however, who were gifted with the faculty of seeing these elves, and who described to others their shape and appearance. One of these elf-seers was Ketel, a pious rustic, who lived at Farnham in Yorkshire, of whom many anecdotes are related by the historian William of Newbury. 'While but a lad, Ketel was one day returning from the field, riding on the wagon-horse, when suddenly, in a place perfectly level and smooth, the horse stumbled, as though he had met with an obstacle, and his rider was thrown to the ground. As he raised himself up, Ketel beheld two very small black elves, who were laughing most lustily at the trick they had played upon him. From that hour was given to him the power of seeing the elves, wherever they might be, and whatever they might be doing; and he often saved people from their malice. He assured those who were fortunate enough to gain his confidence—for he did not tell these things to everybody—that there were some hobgoblins who were large and strong, and who were capable of doing much hurt to those who might fall into their power; but that others were very small and contemptible, incapable of doing much harm, and very stupid and foolish, but who delighted in tormenting and teasing mankind. He said that he often saw them sitting by the roadside, on the look-out for travellers, upon whom to play their tricks, and laughing in high glee when they could cause either them or their horses to stumble, particularly when the rider, irritated against his steed, spurred and beat him well after the accident. Ketel, as might be supposed, drew upon himself, by his officiousness, and by his power of seeing them, the hatred of the whole fraternity.'

Besides the knowledge derived of the appearance of the elves from the relations of such gifted individuals as the elf-seer Ketel, there were ways and means of catching an elf for personal inspection. The English chronicler, John of Brompton, tells of the capture of an elf of dissipated habits, who, in the earlier part of the twelfth century, haunted the cellar of a monastery in the bishopric of Treves. 'One morning, when the butler entered the cellar, he was not a little mortified at finding that, during the night, a whole cask of wine had been emptied, and that at least the greater part of its contents had been spilt on the floor. Supposing this accident to have arisen out of the carelessness of his man, the butler was angry, chid him severely, and, locking the door of the cellar, took the key into his own charge. But all his precautions were vain, for, the next morning, another cask of wine was in the same condition. The butler, now utterly astonished, repaired in all speed to the father abbot; and, after due consultation, they went together to the cellar, where, having sprinkled all the barrels with holy water, the latter closed firmly the door, sealed it with the seal of the abbey, and took the key into his own keeping. Next morning he repaired again to the cellar, and found the door exactly as he had left it. The door was speedily opened, and the first object which met his view was a small black elf, sticking fast by his hands to one of the vessels on which the holy water had been thrown. The abbot took the elf, clothed him in the habit of a monk, and kept him long in the school of the monastery, where he never grew any bigger. But one day an abbot from a neighbouring monastery came to examine the scholars, and, on hearing the story, counselled his brother abbot to keep no longer the devil in his house. The moment his monkish robe was taken from him, the elf vanished.'

It was not altogether, however, on the relations of

elf-seers, or the occasional capture of a single specimen of the elf-kind, that people depended for their notions of this extraordinary class of beings. There were many cases of elves attaching themselves to particular households in a visible shape, and continuing for weeks, or even months, to go about doing all kinds of work in an efficient manner. 'In Pembrokeshire, an elf took up his abode in the house of one Elidor Stakepole, in the form of a red boy, who called himself Simon. Master Simon began, "impudently," says our author, by taking the keys from the butler, and usurping his office. However, he was himself so provident a butler, that, while he held the office, everything seemed to prosper. He never waited to be told to do anything; but whatever his master or mistress was thinking of calling for, he brought it immediately, saying, "You want so and so; here it is." Moreover, he knew all about their money and their secret hoards; and often did he upbraid them on that account, for he hated nothing more than avarice; and he could not bear to see money laid up in holes, which might be employed in good and charitable uses. There was nothing, on the contrary, he liked better than giving plenty to eat and drink to the rustics; and he used to tell his master, that it was right he should be free in giving to them those things which, by their labours, he himself obtained. Indeed, Simon was an excellent servant; but he had one failing—he never went to church, and he never uttered a single "Catholic word." One remarkable thing was, that he never slept in the house at night, though he was always at his post by daybreak. Once, however, he was watched, and found to take up his lodging about the mill and the mill-dam. The next morning Simon came to his master, delivered up his keys, and left the house, after having filled the post of butler for about forty days.'

The most famous of all these visible elfs, however, was Friar Rush, whose adventures form the theme of numerous legends of the middle ages. The idea of the story of Friar Rush is much higher than that of most goblin stories. In a certain abbey, the site of which is variously given in different versions of the story, the monks are living in a scandalously immoral manner. The devil instantly perceives that there could not be a better centre from which to operate upon human society than this abbey. Accordingly he, or at least one of his demons, appears at the abbey gate in the form of a young man wanting employment. He is received into the abbey, serves some time in the kitchen, rises to be master cook, and finally, after eight years, to be a friar. In the guise of a friar he works all manner of mischief: at first in the abbey itself, then in its immediate neighbourhood, and lastly, in other countries, into which he travels. It will be perceived what scope for powerful satire and invective against the vices of the age was afforded by such a device, in which the Evil Principle is made to assume the garb, and occupy the position, of a professing servant of Heaven.

In Mr Wright's work there is a very interesting chapter on the superstitions of modern Greece, in which it is shown that, among the peasants of that classic land, numerous myths and legends are current, identical with those current among the English, the Scotch, the French, and the Germans. He accounts for this by supposing all such legends, wherever found, to be of Teutonic origin. 'The dissimilarity,' he says, 'of many superstitions of the modern Greeks to any mentioned by the ancient writers, and the time at which they begin to be first alluded to, can leave little doubt of their having been introduced by the barbarians who crowded in at the decline of the empire. Their resemblance to those, of which a great part still exists among the nations of Teutonic blood, seems to point at once to the quarter whence they came. We could adduce many proofs of the numbers even of Norsemen who were in Greece at an early period, had we room.'

The popular mythology of all the European nations is, therefore, according to Mr Wright, derived from the German races; and to trace this mythology beyond the fifth and sixth centuries, would be to inquire into the origin of these races, and their history previous to their invasion of the Roman empire.

VISIT TO THE CRYPT OF THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT MALTA.

BY A LADY.

'Will you go on, or are you afraid?' These words were addressed to me by an old monk, as we stood together on the last step of the stair leading down to certain mysterious vaults which exist under the Capuchin convent of Malta. The monk was very decrepit, very ghastly—indeed, I may say, decidedly unearthly-looking—the voice was sepulchral, and the question not one to be answered without serious consideration; for he held in his hand (and the hand was uncommonly like that of a skeleton) a great key, which was destined to open the ponderous iron door of a very singular charnel-house. This convent is one of the very few, in fact, I believe the only one of importance, now extant, excepting that of Palermo, where the monks still retain the custom of preserving their dead unburied, and are yet in possession of the method by which they can keep the corpses of their brethren entire, with all the appearance of life, for as long a period as they choose. The secret of the process by which the order of the Capuchins have thus learnt to cheat the grave of its lawful prey is not exactly known; I believe it is some sort of baking or boiling. They have always the number of forty carefully preserved; and when a death occurs in the monastery, the most ancient among the dead bodies makes way for the new-comer, and is buried. I had been told that the spectacle of these forty monks, so long departed from existence, yet still unshrouded and uncoffined, was most curious, although sufficiently appalling to render it less frequently visited than it would doubtless have otherwise been. For myself, however, it had been my lot, in my various wanderings, to see death in so many different shapes, that I could hardly shrink from any new aspect under which it might present itself, and I had therefore advanced thus far on my way to visit them. Still, I must own I was a long time of answering the pointed question of my companion: to tell the truth, there was something in his own appearance and manner which awed me considerably; and I could not help wondering what the dead monks must be, if their living brother had so little the semblance of humanity. There was a dulness in his sunken eye, a solemn expression on his livid face, half hid by the huge cowl, and something so mechanical in his every movement, that it was scarce possible not to fancy the soul itself was wanting. These were the first words he had uttered since he had suddenly appeared at my side, in obedience to the call of the superior; and now having spoken, he closed his withered lips again, as though these hollow tones were to issue from them no more, and stood motionless till I mustered up courage to pronounce an emphatic 'Vado' (I go), when he instantly stalked silently along the dark, narrow passage, and unlocked the massive portal of the chamber, whose silent inhabitants I was about to visit. The door rolled back heavily on its hinges; the ghostly monk stood back to let me pass; and as I crossed the threshold, I heard him close it behind me with a noise which echoed, as it seemed to me most ominously, from vault to vault.

I found myself in a large hall, constructed entirely of the white Maltese stone, the roof rising in the shape of a dome. It was lighted only from the top, so that although every object was perfectly distinct, the day could only penetrate within it, tempered by a kind of twilight shade. The very first breath I drew in this dead-house, made me gasp and shiver. It was not precisely cold; but there was a chill, and an undescribable heaviness on the air, which caused a most unpleasant

sensation. It was some minutes before this feeling could be shaken off; at last I determined boldly to raise my eyes and look around. For a moment I could have fancied we had mistaken our way, and returned to that part of the vast convent which was inhabited by the living, the scene was so very similar to that I had just witnessed in the chapel above, where the vesper service was being performed. Standing upright, in niches cut in the wall, the forty monks were ranged round the room, twenty on either side of me, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At a superficial glance, they seemed all engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet they were, with their heads, from which the dark cowl was thrown back, bent slightly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one was an inscription, giving his name, and the date of his death; and it really required some such announcement to bring to my mind the full conviction, that it was indeed on lifeless corpses I was gazing; for, except that all had the same uniform hue of dull, ghastly yellow, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there was nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they had not, each one of them, a living, throbbing heart within his bosom. The flesh was firm, the limbs retained their shape, the lips their colour; the very eyelashes and nails were perfectly preserved; and the eyes themselves, though fixed, as I have said, did not look dead or rayless. It was a frightful mockery of life, because so frightfully real. I could see no difference between those mummies and their deathlike brethren up stairs; whose long confinement in the cloister, and strict adherence to the most severe of the monastic rules, have wasted their bodies, quenched the fire of their eyes, and banished all expression from their faces. But when I went nearer, in order to examine them regularly one by one, I saw that the Capuchins, who have thus the secret of triumphing over corruption, and, outwardly at least, would seem to set even death at defiance, had altogether failed in one most important point. They had preserved the bodies from decay; they had clothed them in the garments they were wont to wear; they had marvellously banished the likeness of death; the skin, the hair, the hands, were as those of living beings; but, with all their art, they had been powerless to efface from the countenance of each one of these dead men the seal which the soul had stamped thereon as it departed. All the faces wore the expression with which they had died; different according to their various temperament, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seemed as though, in this expressive look (the last trace of spirit petrified, as it were, on the dead face), might be read not only the record of their dying moments, but also the history of their past lives; showing how the good man, humble and sincere, had departed in peace; and how the disappointed, ambitious soul had clung to a life which years of asceticism had vainly sought to render odious. It is sufficient, however, to look only once in their faces, to lose instantaneously the effect of the delusion, which is so striking at a first glance. The imitation of life, cunning as it is, fails altogether before this palpable evidence of their having undergone the last dread trial.

The body nearest me, which was that of an old man, had a countenance which would have told its tale clearly to the most careless observer. I felt, as I gazed on his serene and placid face, that death had been to him a glad release: he had waited, he had wished for it; and when it came, he had resigned himself to its power, as a child sinks to sleep on its mother's breast. The strong lines round the shrivelled lips, the deeply-furrowed brow, the hollow eye, all told of a weary conflict past—of tears which had been very bitter, of that long struggle with sorrow which can make existence a load most gladly laid aside. But there was a sublimity of repose upon that old man's face, which life could never have known. And the next! I wish I could forget the awful face of the next in order; but I know I never shall: the expression of that countenance will never cease to haunt me! The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, so as to show the sharp, white teeth firmly clenched, all told an unwillingness to die—an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of! Here were, indeed, again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It was easy to see how madly, how wildly, he had struggled to retain his hold on life; and when that life escaped, it had written on his face the record of that last hour as one of most intense despair. Assuredly this man must have been a slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of his invincible foe; or else—for he seemed too young for that—he may have had one of those morbid, restless spirits of inquiry which ever drove him to the burial-places, that he might rifle the secrets of the grave, to learn the details of the universal doom, till he was seized with a frantic horror for the individual corruption which awaited himself, such as I have known men of imaginative minds to feel. Anyway, it was a fearful face. He had fought with the King of Terrors, and been subdued, but the struggle had been a dire one; and what rendered this yet more striking, was the mock resignation with which the hands had been folded together after death. I was glad to pass on, though it was to look on a corpse which could only inspire disgust; it was so evident that this one had died even as the beasts that perish. His heavy features were full of sottish indifference: he could not have foreseen that his hour was come; or, if he did, his must have been one of those narrow, grovelling minds, too completely filled with the daily occurrences of life to wake up and look beyond it, and question eternity. Next to him was one who had expired in extreme suffering from some terrible disease: his face told of nothing save bodily pain; but so expressive was it of this, that it was scarce possible not to believe that he was even then in great agony. Again—I could have looked for ever on the face of him who stood next in the line. Where the expression on the face of the dead is beautiful, it must be infinitely more so than it ever can be while living; and in the still eyes of this corpse, in the sweet smile that brightened even that livid mouth, there was a fervour of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He was very young, and had probably been cut off in the first enthusiasm of his vocation, ere time, or the imperishable craving for human sympathy, had quenched the ardent religious fervour, which is so sincerely felt by many young novices on their first profession. I was very glad he died when he did, it was so glorious a look of triumph! Strange to say, the most unmeaning of all these faces was that of a man who had been murdered: there was a mere vacant stare of surprise in his wide, glaring eyes. The spirit seemed to have been so suddenly expelled from her mortal tenement, that she had left no trace of her passage forth. Near to this ghastly corpse stood a young man, who appeared to have fallen gently asleep, with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart.

When I had gone round about half the room, and had minutely examined the features of some twenty of this ghostly company, I was seized with a very strange hallucination. On entering into the presence of these forty monks, I had been fully aware, of course, that they were all dead, and I alone was living; and now I was equally conscious that there was some vast difference between the present state of my grisly hosts and my own; only, after I had gone from one to another, ever meeting the gaze of their meaning eyes, and gathering such volumes of eloquence from their still lips, I could almost have believed that they were all living, and I myself dead, or in a dream! It was quite time to hold some communication with the living when assailed by such fancies as these; and I turned to look for my guide, with a strong desire to enter into

conversation with him. I looked round and round in vain. I counted forty-one monks, therefore the living man must be amongst them; but the exact similarity of dress, and the motionless attitude with which he had installed himself between two of his lifeless companions, made it no easy matter to distinguish him. When I did find him out, the question with which I addressed him would have been considered passably unfeeling in more polite society; it was, if he himself would one day take his place in this strange sepulchre? 'Assuredly!' he answered, with more vivacity than he had yet displayed; 'and this one must make way for me,' he continued with a grim smile of satisfaction, at the same time dealing a light blow with his bunch of keys on the shoulder of one of the corpses, which caused the bones to rattle with a sound so horrible, that I flew to the door, and begged him to open it, that I might escape from this dreadful room. I had had quite enough of the society, certainly not enlivening, of the Capuchins, both living and dead: indeed, on the whole, I rather give the preference to the latter, for we claim no kindred with the dead; whereas, it must always be painful to come in contact with a fellow-creature so devoid of human feeling as this old man seemed to be. He afterwards conducted me through the whole of the convent, at least of that part of it to which strangers are admitted. It is very extensive, but principally remarkable from the strange sight I had witnessed. As this order is one of the most rigorous, the brotherhood is composed, for the most part, of men who have committed some crime, and flown thither for refuge from the vengeance of the law, or the yet sterner justice of their own conscience. Judging from the countenances of those I saw, I should say they had sought all mental rest in vain: but so indeed it must have been. It was scarcely possible that the quiet of the cloister should have any effect on them; for it is starting on a false principle to suppose that a man can ever escape from his own deed, be it what it may, good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality which he can never again destroy: it becomes independent of him, and goes out into the world to deal its influence in widening circles far beyond his ken.

Column for Young People.

THE HUMBLE BEE.

On one of our summer holidays, after the bright and sunny forenoon had been spent by the young people in gardening, and various other labours, the boys showed an unusual anxiety to be off after dinner, on some secret expedition of their own. They thus anticipated our afternoon walk by several hours. At the usual time, however, we set out; and, not without some vague expectations of finding them, we took our way through a favourite and often-trodden dell, which leads to a meadow by the river side. The sun was shining brilliantly in the west, yet a soft breeze tempered the heat, and a morning shower had cooled and refreshed the green herbage, which sprang up everywhere around us. The birches, which hung on each rocky side of the dell, sent forth a grateful odour, and the beautiful red petals of the wild roses, now in full blow, as well as the white blossoms of the bramble, and innumerable other more lowly plants, added not a little to the perfume.

'I wonder,' said Mary in the intervals of her scrambling among the rocks for the prettiest wild flowers, 'where those boys can be, or what they are about? I hope they are about no mischief; and yet the mystery they have observed regarding their expedition does not look well.'

'Oh, I should not wonder,' replies Elizabeth, 'but we shall find them with old Davie; drinking in with delight some of his stories, or chanting along with him his songs and ballads, or perhaps busily employed setting their water-wheels of rushes at the little dams and water-falls, which they have laboriously constructed. Such amusements in a sunny afternoon like this, make me wish that I were a child again.'

'I recollect well,' says Mary, 'the first time I ever heard of Robinson Crusoe was from Davie, as the good-natured old man sat down yonder in the meadow, and told us the wonderful tale, while we lay eagerly listening around him. So clear were his descriptions, that I almost thought I saw the island before me, and poor lonely Crusoe wandering on the sandy shore, startled at the print of a human footstep there. Poor, dear old Davie! many are the hours' amusement you have afforded us; I fear we have sometimes teased you, and too often wearied you. Yet we shall never forget you, and even now I have something in my basket in store for you; for your task of tending the cattle in the far-off fields must be but an irksome and lonely one at best—a cold and cheerless one too often.'

We had now passed through the narrow dell, and the grassy meadow opened up before us. It was covered with a rich, green sward, variegated with innumerable blossoms of the white and yellow clover; here and there were seen clusters of the yellow butter-cups, the daisy of all tints and sizes, and occasionally the pyramidal stem of the orchis, with its rich and curiously-shaped flowers. The sheep were busy nibbling the grass on the upper parts of the meadow, and in the more luxuriant hollows strayed the cattle, leisurely browsing in irregular groups.

'Aha!' cries Mary, 'yonder are the boys; but what in the world are they about? Henry has his jacket off, swinging it around his head, and Charles, with his head covered with his handkerchief, dances about as if he were frantic, while Davie, on his hands and knees, looks intently into the earth, as if he were seeking for hidden treasure.'

We proceeded onwards to join them, but before we had come up to the place, we were assailed, first the one, and then the others, by the large humble bees, evidently in a state of rage and irritation. They boomed round and round our heads, coming closer and closer every circle they made, and were not easily to be frightened away by any efforts of ours. The girls ran for it, and I had to use my handkerchief assiduously in self-defence. I now began to suspect the cause of all this uproar, and on coming up to the place found, as I had conjectured, that a nest of these wild-bees had been invaded. I am always averse to interfere with unnecessarily or annoy any of the 'creatures of field or flood.' This the boys were aware of, and on the present occasion they felt rather abashed. It is true they had violated no express command, and Henry pleaded that it was purely out of curiosity to see the interior and inspect the curious bee-nest, that they had thus exposed it; 'and indeed,' said he, 'had we known the danger and difficulty of the task, we would even have let it alone. We have been at least two hours engaged in digging, and in that space we have been interrupted at least fifty times, and forced to battle with the pugnacious defenders of the citadel. In these battles I am glad to say, however, that though many stings and blows have passed between us, no life has been sacrificed: the whole colony are spared, and are now dispersed, in no very pleasant mood, however, through the fields.'

'Indeed we are quite aware of that,' says Mary; 'for we have encountered not a few of them already, and they, like many other enraged beings, began blindly to wreak their vengeance on us, the first they met, instead of reserving it for you, their real disturbers.'

Taking the opportunity of this, the short dispersion of the poor, persecuted swarm, we cautiously approached to inspect the nest. The siege had been conducted, under the experienced directions of old Davie, with considerable tact. A small hole led from the surface several feet under ground, where the nest was situated. Before commencing operations, a long, pliant willow wand, peeled of its bark, had been cautiously inserted from the opening above down into the nest. Along the course of this white wand, as a guide, the assailants had dug down with their garden spades and hoes, carried with them for the purpose, till they came to the termination. The nest was an enlargement of the extremity of the narrow passage, of about eight inches in diameter. It was lined above and below with moss, and contained some dozens of rude cups of wax, slightly cemented together, some of which contained honey, and others the larvæ or young bees. Now that the invasion had been actually committed, I recommended that the whole should be again carefully covered up; and that, if they chose, they might do it in such a manner as that the future operations of the bees might be seen by us, without giving them annoyance or interrupting their labours. This, with slight directions, I left to their own

ingenuity; and we proceeded to make the circuit of the meadow, before retracing our steps homewards.

The humble bee and its habits of course occupied the greater part of our attention in our walk, and every individual bee which we saw was scrutinised with a minuteness corresponding to the interest which the subject now excited. My companions soon discovered a marked difference in the forms and colours of the various kinds which presented themselves to their notice. In the meadow-grounds we met with two distinct species—one of a large size, marked on the breast and abdomen with bright yellow stripes, and commonly known as the *Gairy* or *Brocket Bee*. To this kind belonged the nest which we had just examined. It is the only species that lives deep in the ground; sometimes the nest will be found from three to six feet deep, or rather having a slanting passage into it of this length. 'And do the bees make this long passage themselves?' I was asked. In general they do not. They take possession of the nests of the field-mouse, or any other hole or crevice which they can find. They are not bad excavators, however, when they have a mind to exert themselves. In soft ground they will form a long passage in a very short time; and when, by any means, the entrance to their nest is obstructed, they speedily clear it out, or, if this is impracticable, they make a new opening.

Another species, the *Little Brockie*, of smaller size and darker colour, often has its abode below some large stone, or in the crevice of a wall, or among a tuft of moss; but seldom goes deep into the ground, like the larger species.

'Here,' cried Henry and Charles, who had now joined us, 'is a light yellow bee, which Davie calls the *Todler Tyke*. I advise you all to take care of him, for he is a wild animal, and will fly at your head and sting if you give him the least provocation. We have seen his *byke* or nest, too; it requires no digging into, and lies often among tufts of grass, or in dried turf, or crevices of walls.' The todler made two or three booming circles around our heads in rather a menacing manner; but meeting with no opposition, he suddenly darted, with devious path, into the air, and was seen and heard no more.

'See what a beautiful bee is on that flower of red clover,' cries Mary; 'it looks so gentle and peaceable, that I shall go near and examine it. Its breast and back are of a deep purple hue, and the rest of its body of a bright red.'

'You need not fear, it will not fly at you,' says Henry; 'the mode of defence which it uses is to turn on its back, and present its sharp sting to its enemy. This is by far the prettiest, though not the largest, of the humble bees; and, according to a rhyme which Davie has taught us, it selects the finest honey of the whole; for, strange to say, different qualities of honey are selected by the different species of bees.'

'And pray, what is this rhyme which you have learned?'

'It is mere doggerel, but I believe, like other popular rhymes, it embodies the experience of accurate observers.

> The todler tyke ne'er has sic a good byke
> As the bonny gairy bee;
> But of a' the bee bykes that ever I saw,
> The red beltie bears the gree.'

In our next walk to the meadow, we found the bees' byke or nest carefully repaired, and done up, by the boys and their more experienced coadjutor, in such a manner as that, by means of a small window of glass, we could look in upon the operations of the inmates without in the least disturbing them. It formed a frequent source of amusement thus to watch them. In sunny weather they were constantly busy and at work; in cloudy and wet days they remained in a half dormant state, clustered together among the soft, warm lining of their nest, and occasionally awaking, as it were, from their sleep; one or two in succession would pay a visit to their thimble-shaped wax-combs, for the purpose of sipping the honey with which those cups were stored.

'I perceive,' said Elizabeth, after a minute examination of the colony, 'that there are bees of various sizes here, though they have all a general resemblance in their markings and colours. Do the humble bees resemble the hive-bees in this respect?'

'They do,' I replied. 'The largest bees, of which you see several here, are the large females, corresponding to the queens of the hive-bees, only they differ in this respect, that several large females may exist in the community at one time without exciting any jealousy or contention among each other. Besides these there are another set of females of a smaller size, several dozens of common working or neutral bees, and about half a dozen to a dozen of drones or male bees. On the whole, there may be from fifty to one hundred inmates of a hive of this kind. At present there are not nearly so many as this here, but you perceive that some dozens of those cups contain young bees, which are assiduously fed from the pollen, or bee dust, carried in on the thighs of those working bees. In due time those larvæ or young will add to the effective number of the colony.'

'I see two bees,' cries Mary, 'very kindly feeding some young grubs, which present their mouths to their nurses, while they not only feed them with this pollen, but apparently disgorge from their mouths a quantity of honey also.'

'These are young queens,' I replied, 'which they are thus feeding on a richer fare than what is allowed to the common workers.'

'I see two in another corner,' still continues Mary; 'a set of workers, busily employed in constructing some honey-cups. How assiduously they ply their tasks! Yet the form or finish is by no means equal to that of the six-sided combs of the hive-bee.'

'No; you must look upon these rather as rustics, who live in lowly cots in the country, and feed from rude and simple bowls. Yet you see they are contented and happy, and do not attempt anything in the way of finery. Those cups they are busy with, are destined for the reception of more young; and after they have thus served as cribs to nurse them up, they are cleared out, and filled with honey, to afford a store of food during the rainy days, when the fresh and fragrant flower-cups are not accessible.'

'But do they not require a winter store of honey?' inquired Elizabeth.

'No; the greater proportion of all those you see shall be dead before winter. It is only the large queen-mothers which survive for another season, the remainder being insects of only one year's duration. In the end of autumn you will find drones, and workers, and all, gradually drop off and disappear.'

'I recollect now,' continued Elizabeth, 'to have seen, when the chill days of autumn commence, numbers of those bees lying in a half-stupid state on the red blossom of the thistle, or in the deep cup of the foxglove, honeysuckle, and other flowers. I fancied then that they had stupified themselves with too much of the luscious, and perhaps narcotic juices of such flowers; but now I understand that it was the coming torpidity of death, accelerated probably by the chill of the air, and the approaching wintry blasts. But how do the queen-mothers spend the winter?'

'Sometimes they take shelter in the interior of their nests, where they sleep in a dormant and inactive state, but as frequently they retire into the first hole or crevice which they can select, such as in old stone or turf walls, or about the roots of trees, or among the moss below large stones; and in this condition they remain till spring, when, aroused by the first warm and sunny breath of that genial season, they awake from their long slumbers. Each solitary queen-bee then, alone and unaided, sets about establishing her new colony; for this purpose she selects a proper nest, if it so happens that she has forsaken that of last year, or yielded it up to another companion. She then collects soft moss to line it, begins and forms a few cups for the reception of her eggs, and thus labours on, alone and unassisted, till she in time rears up a young colony around her. Having thus produced her offspring, and amply provided for them, she dies of a good old age in her second summer. The first young bees that are produced are the workers, which are thus early required to assist in the labours of the nest. These make their appearance in May or June; the small females are produced in August; and it is a singular circumstance that they again produce the males, and males only. As in the case of the hive-bees, the grubs that are intended for workers are fed with common fare; but those that are destined to become males and females, are fed with the purest honey, or sometimes with a mixture of honey and pollen. The males are not here an idle class, like the drones of the bee-hive, but join in the labours of the field and nest, assisting the workers, which are a most industrious race, and which take charge of, and nurse and feed the young bees, taking care that a certain equable warmth may be kept up in the nest. In the intervals of all this home labour, they seize every opportunity of a sunny day, ranging the fields in quest of the purest honey, and loading their thighs with the choicest pollen from the anthers of flowers.'

'What a lesson of industry, and mutual reliance, and affection does the inspection of the humble bees' nest afford,' we exclaimed as we reluctantly gave up the inspection of those creatures, 'though seen for the twentieth time!'

ARGUIN AND ITS VICTIMS.

Though discovered by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and successively possessed by them, by the Dutch, and the French, the island of Arguin, adjacent to the western coast of Africa, was, till within a few months since, a perfect *terra incognita* to the English public. At that time circumstances of a distressing nature aroused attention to the subject; it being reported that several of our countrymen were held in captivity, and barbarously treated by the islanders. Among the most zealous advocates for the liberation of the unhappy captives was Captain Grover, whose name is so familiar to the public in connexion with the Bokhara victims. Through him we now learn some particulars respecting the island, its inhabitants, and our then suffering brethren—his information having been collected from Mr Northwood, commanding the barque *Margaret*, who was detained three weeks in captivity; from William Honey, who was kept eleven months a prisoner at Arguin, and in a neighbouring island; and from Mr Vaughan, commanding the merchant brig *Courier*.*

It appears, by the log of the brig Courier, that, on the 26th May 1844, the chief mate, Mr Wilson, was sent with three hands to take soundings near Arguin, and that, on approaching the shore, they saw some natives, among whom was a white man, who hailed them in English. This induced Mr Wilson to run his boat on shore, for the purpose of relieving his supposed countryman; but as he neared, the natives began to beat their captive with clubs, and it was not till the boat's muskets were levelled at their heads that they desisted, and took to their heels. The white man immediately made for the boat, and was taken on board the Courier. He stated that his name was Samuel Phillips, that he was a seaman belonging to the Margaret, of London, commanded by Captain Northwood, who, with a portion of the crew, was there in captivity, and subjected to the most cruel treatment by the natives.

Captain Vaughan immediately determined to release his fellow-countrymen by ransom, or otherwise; and therefore brought up his ship, and anchored on the west side of the island, in four and a-half fathoms water, about a mile from the shore. Four men then appeared on the beach, and made signs for them to land. This was not complied with; and on the following morning the Courier got under weigh, and proceeded to the south-west point of the island, anchoring again in five fathoms water. The chief mate then landed with six men, and were kindly received by the natives, who promised to bring down Captain Northwood and the other prisoners early next day, to be ransomed. At the appointed time the natives came to the beach with Mr Northwood, who waved his hat, and requested Captain Vaughan to send a boat ashore; and accordingly the mate was again despatched with six hands, and provided with a supply of tobacco and other things, to offer in exchange for the captives. The chief was, however, not satisfied with the proposed ransom; and Captain Northwood desired the men to return to the Courier, and request Captain Vaughan to send everything he could possibly spare. The latter, accordingly, gave his mate in addition three or four dozen handkerchiefs, and other articles, and the crew collected among themselves twenty-five shirts. These were all put in the long-boat, under the charge of Mr Wilson and his six hands, accompanied by the cutter, with five men, all well armed. Captain Vaughan gave positive orders that they were on no account to land, but to anchor near the shore, exhibit the articles they had brought, and only to allow two or three chiefs to approach them to treat. Unfortunately these orders were disregarded, and as the islanders appeared friendly, the whole party went on shore. Captain Vaughan, seeing from his ship that about forty natives were hastening to the beach, called loudly to Mr Wilson to return on board—an order which, although it was heard, was not attended to. The islanders, as Captain Vaughan expected, fired as soon as the party landed; and the only one who escaped was Mr Barrington Daines, the second mate, who succeeded in swimming off to the ship, although desperately wounded, having received two shots in the arm, and one in the side. Mr Wilson and two men were killed, while three were dangerously wounded. William Honey received two balls in the left arm, close to the shoulder. Being considered dead, he was, with Mr Wilson and the other two men, thrown into the sea; but, revived doubtless by the salt water, had contrived to crawl to land. Captain Vaughan having only two seamen and two landsmen left in his ship, and seeing that the Arguins were preparing to attack him, slipped his cable, and was reluctantly compelled to leave his countrymen to their wretched fate.

The wounded were now carried to a small hut, where their sufferings during the night were intense. The next day, however, Captain Northwood induced the natives to dress their wounds; and though the system of surgery was rude in the extreme, it proved efficient. Indeed all the men recovered, even those whose limbs, in Europe, would have been subjected to instant amputation. After a preliminary dressing, of a somewhat novel and not very delicate character, their wounds were the next day scraped with a common knife, and cauterized with the head of a red-hot nail. They were then washed with fish-oil, which gave great relief. The sufferings of Honey were dreadful; he was burned eighteen times, and eight pieces of the main bone of his arm came away. The wound in his breast they cut out with an instrument, resembling in shape a blacksmith's shovel, while they forced out the balls with brass rods. John M'Donald received three balls in the abdomen, two very severe sabre cuts on the head, by which his skull was fractured. His head and skull were scraped with a common knife twice a-day. Strange to say, the sufferings of these men seemed to afford great amusement to the women and children, who imitated their moans and cries. However, they all recovered, though, during the eleven months of their cap-

* Arguin, which has been successively a trading post of the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and finally abandoned by the latter, with the view to the concentration of the trade at their factory on the Senegal, is situated in 20 degrees 27 minutes north, and 16 degrees 37 minutes west. It is between thirty and forty miles long, and about one mile wide. It is about eight miles from the mainland (west coast of Africa), between which and the island the water is shallow. There are three or four channels, the main having a depth of five feet. On the outer or seaward side there is, according to the positive assurance of Captains Northwood and Vaughan, and of W. Honey, from five to seven fathoms water close in-shore; a fact which is, moreover, attested by a person in Bathurst, and signed by Lloyd's agent. This is important, as a different opinion has been entertained. The island is of a whitish rock, covered with a constantly shifting sand. The northern portion is flat, but the southern rises to an elevation which admits of its being seen at a distance of thirty miles. The soil produces no wood but a small shrub, yielding a caustic juice applied medicinally by the natives. Fuel is brought to the island from a place fifty miles in the interior of the continent. Water is abundant and excellent, though it has the appearance of milk. Two fairs are held annually on the island, in June and December; many strangers from a distance frequent them, bringing for barter necklaces, beads, cloths, and tobacco, for which they receive dried fish and oil.

The inhabitants are about sixty in number, including women and children. Their only food is fish and fish-oil: they have neither bread nor vegetables, except a small portion of rice, which is reserved for the sick. These people are remarkably affectionate to their children, and seldom quarrel among themselves. They are strict Mohammedans in all things but their ablutions, which they neglect. The people are tall and well-proportioned, and their dress simple. They go armed with musket, dagger, and scimitar; and possess six boats, including those captured from the British. The only quadrupeds on the island, exclusive of dogs and cats, are white rats. The heat is very great, though generally tempered by a breeze from the north-east; and healthiness appears to be characteristic of the island.

tivity, their only food was fish; and they were often kept a considerable time without water, although there was abundance of it. Even the women, who among the most savage tribes show almost always some sign of compassion, appeared to take delight in their sufferings, and the little children pelted them with stones. To add to their miseries, they were in daily expectation of being sent to the mainland, and sold to perpetual slavery.

There was, however, one person who had heard of their captivity, and who was taking active measures for their deliverance; namely, Captain Isemonger, commanding the merchant brig Africanus, who happened fortunately to be on the coast. This gentleman possesses great influence on that part of the coast of Africa; and, on communicating the intelligence to the king of Trazars, who is very friendly to the English, this monarch immediately sent to Arguin, ordering the restoration of the captives, or threatening to send an expedition to destroy the whole tribe. Captain Northwood, and all his men who could be moved, were accordingly placed in an old fishing-boat, escorted by ten of the natives, and, after a painful voyage of nine days, were delivered over to the gallant Isemonger. Honey and his two wounded companions were left behind, and Captain Northwood did not then think there was the least chance they would survive their sufferings. However, through the exertions of the man who effected the deliverance of all, these wounded men were ordered to be delivered up, without ransom, to any European ship that would receive them. No vessel appearing to claim them, despite the efforts made at home for that purpose, they were, after eleven months of great suffering, conveyed by the Arguins themselves to the Gambia. It must appear extraordinary that these men should have been allowed to remain eleven months in this dreadful state, within eight days' run of our shore. Despite the efforts of the owners to induce government to act, some misapprehension seemed to exist; for, in reply to the urgent intreaties of the mother of William Honey, the secretary of state forwarded an extract from a despatch written by Captain Bosanquet, commanding her majesty's ship Alert, which states that he had communicated with one of the chiefs of Arguin, who 'stated that the three Englishmen had died of their wounds, and that they had no white prisoners.' This despatch is dated 7th November 1844, and the men were not liberated until the 1st May 1845. They arrived in London on the 3d of August. It is most unfortunate that this report should have been fully credited, as, but for the benevolent and patriotic exertions of Captain Isemonger, they would have lingered out their wretched lives upon the island.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.

The Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other autographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1841, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The literary world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's Thealma and Clearchus, first published by Isaac Walton (1683), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the 'English Mercurie' (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At least a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters has been involved. These political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with a polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the 'Public Advertiser,' during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of the writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon Earl Temple, Lord Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, and fifty other distinguished characters. At present, an attempt is again being made to prove them the productions of Mr Lauchan Maclean; but we need scarcely wish for anything like a positive or convincing result.

Some time before his death, Voltaire showed a perfect indifference for his own works: they were continually reprinting, without his being ever acquainted with it. If an edition of the 'Henriade,' or his tragedies, or his historical or fugitive pieces, was nearly sold off, another was instantly produced. He requested them not to print so many. They persisted, and reprinted them in a hurry without consulting him; and, what is almost incredible, yet true, they printed a magnificent quarto edition at Geneva without his seeing a single page; in which they inserted a number of pieces not written by him, the real authors of which were well known. His remark upon this occasion is very striking—'I look upon myself as a dead man, whose effects are upon sale.' The mayor of Lausanne having established a press, published in that town an edition called complete, with the word London on the title-page, containing a great number of dull and contemptible little pieces in prose and verse, transplanted from the works of Madame Oudot, the 'Almanacs of the Muses,' the 'Portfolio Recovered,' and other literary trash, of which the twenty-third volume contains the greatest abundance. Yet the editors had the effrontery to proclaim on the title-page that the book was wholly revised and corrected by the author, who had not seen a single page of it. In Holland some forgeries were printed as the 'Private Letters' of Voltaire, which induced him to parody an old epigram:—

> Lo! then exposed to public sight,
> My private letters see the light;
> So private, that none ever read 'em,
> Save they who printed, and who made 'em.

Steevens says, that 'not the smallest part of the work called Cibber's "Lives of the Poets" was the composition of Cibber, being entirely written by Mr Shiells, amanuensis to Dr Johnson, when his dictionary was preparing for the press. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the booksellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purposely so prefixed, as to leave the reader in doubt whether himself or his father was the person designed.'

William Henry Ireland having exercised his ingenuity with some success in the imitation of ancient writing, passed off some forged papers as the genuine manuscripts of Shakspeare. Some of the many persons who were deceived by the imposition, subscribed sums of money to defray the publication of these spurious documents, which were accordingly issued in a handsome folio volume. But when Ireland's play of 'Vortigern' was performed at Drury Lane as the work of Shakspeare, the audience quickly discerned the cheat; and soon afterwards the clever impostor published his 'Confessions,' acknowledging himself to be the sole author and writer of these ancient-looking manuscripts.

Poor young Chatterton's forgery of the poems of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century, is one of the most celebrated literary impositions on record. Horace Walpole, in a letter written in 1777, says, 'Change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday; but I have no objection to anybody believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius.'

In all probability the exact nature of Macpherson's connexion with what are called 'Ossian's Poems' will never be known. Although snatches of these poems, and of others like them, are *proved* to have existed from old times in the Highlands, there is no proof that the whole existed. Macpherson left what he called the original Gaelic poems to be published after his death; 'but,' says Mr Carruthers, 'they proved to be *an exact counterpart* of those in English, although, in one of the earlier Ossian publications, he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent a modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived.'

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths, desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kircher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labour and research in explaining the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practise a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals and monstrous forms, such as bats with the heads and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface. These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he had formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are defended, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with other publications; but being apprised by M. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practised, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allegorical one which originally belonged to them.

ISLAND AND TOWN OF SINCAPORE.

I could say much of Sincapore, for it is the pivot of the liberal system in the Indian Archipelago, and owes its prosperity to the enlightened measures of Sir Stamford Raffles. The situation is happily chosen, the climate healthy, the commerce unshackled, and the taxation light; and these advantages have attracted the vessels of all the neighbouring nations to bring their produce to this market, in order to exchange it for the manufactures of England. The extent of the island is about twenty-seven miles in length by eleven in breadth. The town stands on the south side, facing the shores of Battam, and is intersected by a salt-water stream, which separates the native town from the pleasant residences of the European inhabitants; the latter stretch along the beach, and cover a space which extends to the foot of a slight eminence on which stands the governor's house. Off the town lie the shipping of various countries, presenting a most picturesque and striking appearance. The man-of-war, the steamer, and the merchant vessels of the civilised world, contrast with the huge, misshapen, and bedizened arks of China. The awkward prahus of the Bugis are surrounded by the light boats of the island. The semi-civilised Cochin-Chinese, with their vessels of antiquated European construction, deserve attention from this important step towards improvement; and the rude prahus of some parts of Borneo, claim it from their exhibiting the early dawn of maritime adventure.—*Brooke's Journal in Borneo.*

A HYMN.

[FROM LAMARTINE'S 'HARMONIES POETIQUES.']

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, oh God! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light;
Of Thee—the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time;
Each one, according to his measure
Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eye-ball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

D. M. M.

RIGHT IN THE LONG-RUN.

Mankind do sooner or later make a 'good report' of things worthy to be so reported of. The world is long sometimes in estimating merit rightly, but is pretty sure in the end to accord its approbation to the deserving. Too often, it is true, the wreaths that ought to have encircled the brows of *living* men—the eminent of their race for mental and virtuous attainments—have been twined only for their *monumental effigies*; but once placed on these, they have preserved an imperishable freshness. Milton's bays grow greener with the touch of time. Newton's name shines like the stars with which, while he was upon earth, he held immortal converse. Nature spoke by Shakspeare when he lived, and mankind have since taken care that she shall speak by him for ever. Whence we may fairly infer that the world's ultimate judgment is in most things correct, and should be regarded by every man of sense accordingly.—*T. Cromwell.*

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

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UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

It is remarkable that, while the grammar of our spoken tongue is taught in untold thousands of academies, there is no institution of any kind for instruction in that equally useful language which is neither written nor spoken. There seems to be no good reason why this kind of language should not be taught in a systematic and—so to speak—grammatical manner; for, if it may be said that it comes naturally to us all, so, it may be said, does the employment of our mother tongue; and yet, as everybody knows, we cannot use that correctly without training. I would therefore humbly suggest the introduction into our principal schools and colleges of departments for the various leading branches of wordless speech, all of them under competent masters and mistresses, as the case might be.

An important department would be the various means of expressing anger, indignation, contempt, and other strong passions in the wordless manner. It ought to comprise classes for individuals of various sexes and ages. For example, there might be one composed of young ladies, to teach them the proper methods of showing how much they are offended, from a sulky look for an unreasonable papa or mamma, to a contemptuous toss of disdain for a swain who has made a non-reverential remark. It would be of particular consequence to train them to the art of cutting, for which purpose it might be necessary to set up a figure like the quintal of the tournament-ground, upon which to practise the desired art. Past this they would be paraded at a proper walking pace, and taught to look at it as if they did not see it, or know what it was. Cutting, we should think, might be taught to clever pupils in from four to six lessons.

The most expressive methods of slamming doors would form the business of a general class; for this is a form of silent, though not noiseless rhetoric, for which almost all have occasion. Doors may be slammed in a great variety of ways, each having its own peculiar signification. For instance, there is the sulky slam—a heavy dull mode, yet necessary for its own particular shade of feeling. There is also the pert, contemptuous slam—a sharp snappish sound, which seems to say, 'I despise you.' Then there is the thundering slam, for towering passions only, and which generally shakes the whole tenement from garret to cellar. On all of these, and other slams, there would of course be sub-variations for various parties. For example, a servant's angry slam against a mistress who has been so unreasonable as point out a fault; a son's slam against his father on being refused a horse; &c. When all the varieties of the art are considered, we could not expect that, in private tuition, slamming could be well taught in less than twelve lessons.

An important department would be that for teaching the various means of expressing derogatory opinions of friends and acquaintance independently of words. The utility of the non-verbal language is here so great, that all must be sensible of it. Particular care would be necessary in the selection of teachers, particularly those who had to train young commercial men in the methods of indicating degrees of credit-worthiness; and those, again, of the female sex who gave instructions in the best modes of denoting the state of reputations. The nicest caution and delicacy being here necessary, it would be proper to engage only first-rate talent, and to pay it extremely well. We can imagine the class-rooms for this department presenting curious scenes. Nods, winks, elevations of the eyebrows, shrugs, affectedly-concerned looks, would be seen passing between teachers and pupils in a surprising manner. A master might be seen giving lessons in the laying of a finger significantly across the lips, for half an hour at a time. A spectator unacquainted with the object would be apt to suppose the class a congregation of lunatics, when, in reality, it was engaged in preparation for some of the most important duties of social life. This allusion, by the way, reminds us of one of the things to be taught in this department; namely, the proper way of referring without words to the various degrees of sanity enjoyed by one's friends—from that movement of shoulders and eyebrows which expresses a sense of their oddity, to the pointings to, and touchings of, the forehead, by which we indicate their being hopelessly gone in madness, or, what is thought the same thing, the knowledge and goodness which soar above the common world.

One good end might be in a special manner served by the proposed institutions, and one which would, in fact, make up for the shortcomings of all other seminaries, and the obstructions to all other means of acquiring knowledge. It often happens, as every one knows, that people speak of things which none but themselves understand. What are the rest to do?—to acknowledge ignorance, and profess to be willing to learn? This were such a degradation, as none possessed of a fair share of self-respect could submit to. The alternative, of course, is to listen with that appearance of intelligence usually called a 'knowing look.' But this is called for in many various forms. For example, if a friend quotes from a Latin or French author, there is required an aspect which seems to say—'Right: you have it—the thing is undeniable.' Suppose, again, you are at an exhibition of pictures, and join a pair of friends who are talking learnedly of keeping—light and shade—colouring—tone—aërial perspective—scumbling—old woman in the red cloak to give effect to the foliage—about all of which matters you feel like a child unborn, as far as the feelings of such a member of

society may be guessed at—then you will require to light up your countenance with a different kind of internal lantern. A much graver, more solemn light, it must be; consisting of a decided earnestness of eye, a primness of lips; a few firm, shrewd, sidelong glances; two nods judiciously interspersed; and finally, a toss up of the chin as you stalk away, without a single word, to the next picture, apparently determined on criticising and judging for yourself. Looks for non-understood papers at scientific societies are not less needful; for at present many grown gentlemen hardly know how to conduct themselves on those occasions. Such looks would require to be duly graduated to the character of the various papers—from a trivial, half-attentive look for speculations in geology and other such readily-apprehensible matters, to one fixed, penetrating, and determined, when the black board was getting covered over with algebraic calculations. In this department it would be well to have private hours for the more special instruction of presidents, councillors, and other officials, as it becomes particularly absurd to see the gentlemen at the green table looking as if they had not the faintest idea of what the matter is all about.

There would be a large miscellaneous department, absorbing many odds and ends. Here one might be duly trained to the silent methods of maintaining an appearance of consequence—making people keep their distance, and so forth. A stare in reply to an over-familiar remark is a piece of art which would require a good deal of practice for most persons, as, to do human nature justice, we do not naturally feel jealous about dignity—witness the proceedings of children—and only acquire the sentiment in our intercourse with society. Connected with such lessons are those required for recognitions in streets and other public places—the cool nod for a friend who borrows, the *impressé* bow for the lady who gives nice parties, the mixture of nonchalance and perfect politeness to be conveyed to one whom you suppose to be an enemy or rival, so as to leave him nothing of which either to boast or complain. To chill down and battle off bores by mere mute dodging—to turn the cold shoulder in an unchallengeable manner to persons 'not proper'—would also call for much study. All of these are utterances of a most refined nature, compared to which word-language is a piece of the grossest materiality. Decayed members of the upper classes would probably be found the only persons competent to teach such niceties. Here, also, the various feelings expressible by a turn or cast of the eyes, by a look, a smile, a pursing-up or a turning down of the mouth, and many other little gesticulations, would be subject of exercise. We would not willingly see instructions given in those mysterious applications of the thumb to the nose, which have of late years been so common, as an expression of incredulity, seeing that this practice is essentially a degradation of the human countenance divine. A polite scepticism is doubtless expressible by gestures or looks against which no such objection can be urged; and to discover and teach these, would be the business of some of the higher officials of the establishment.

Such is a general outline of the kind of seminaries proposed—liable of course to revision in point of detail, and with regard to their constitution and management. We throw it out to the world only as a hint, leaving it to others to make it a reality.

P. S.—A friend, to whom we have read what is here written, remarks that he cannot understand how an academy for the teaching of silent arts would admit of any female teachers. This is mere matter of detail. Substitutes of the other sex, with all or most of the requisite qualifications, would doubtless be found.

CASTILLOTE.

The civil war in Navarre and the Basque provinces had been brought to a conclusion, at the close of the month of August 1839, by the memorable convention of Bergara. That welcome pacification was accomplished by the military genius, indomitable perseverance, and patriotic generosity of the Duke de la Victoria—Espartero; who, followed by the benedictions of the now happy population of the north of Spain, marched without delay, at the head of a large and brilliant army, to seek out the Carlist chief Cabrera in his strongholds in Lower Aragon, Valencia, and Catalonia.

Let us glance at the state of Lower Aragon at this period.

It was evident that the queen's forces were regarded by the inhabitants as being destined to release them from the tyranny of Cabrera and his reckless bands; and that, with the exception of those hordes of robbers and outcasts of society, and some fanatics, all—including vast numbers of the male population who had been dragged from their homes, and forced to take up arms in the Carlist ranks—detested the very name of Don Carlos and his ferocious agents.

If the queen's general and his army were not at first received with enthusiasm, the cause was speedily ascertained to be, that the people were still groaning under the weight of terror, lest—as had happened on former occasions—the Christinos should occupy portions of the country for a short time only, and that the slightest display of good-will towards them would expose the inhabitants to the most furious persecution after their departure. But when it was found that this army was under the command of a determined and high-minded chief, who had the means as well as the desire to protect them, and who proclaimed that he would not rest until he should have completely swept away the brigands who had overspread and ravaged the country for so many years; when they saw that, instead of levying contributions, he brought with him the needful supplies for his army, and paid in coin, or by orders on government, for whatever they might have to dispose of; that his officers and men, instead of being, as the Carlists had described them, brutal, almost cannibals, and bereft of religion, were humane, and in a high state of discipline; moreover, that on Sundays and the festivals of the church military mass was celebrated, often in the open fields; and that to all this were added social feelings towards the inhabitants in whose houses they were quartered, and that the men gaily assisted them in their agricultural labours when occasions offered—when the people saw this, they gave vent to their long-suppressed feelings, and rejoiced at the bright prospect of being speedily restored to that state of peace and security of which they had been so long bereaved.

Innumerable interesting reminiscences flash across my mind when reflecting on the stirring events which it was my lot to witness and participate in during this momentous period. As the Duke de la Victoria rode at the head of his staff through towns, villages, and hamlets, after traversing a bare and almost depopulated country, the people—men, women, and children—hailed him as their deliverer; the former grasping his hands, and the women shedding tears of joy; whilst the boys struggled to seize the bridle of his horse, and lead him in triumph. The male population applied for and obtained arms, in order to resist any rebels who might attempt to enter and pillage their towns and villages, declaring that now they would be responsible that no more outrages should be committed. As we advanced,

revolting instances were continually pointed out of the cruelty of Cabrera, who, on learning that Espartero was approaching at the head of his gallant army, became infuriated to the last degree. At the town of Muniesa, I was credibly informed that a Carlist colonel, said to have been Cabrera's secretary, having asked his chief, in conversation, how he thought all these things would terminate—'I'll show you,' replied the monster; and he instantly had the inquisitive colonel shot!

At the time I am speaking of—the autumn—the women were to be seen in the streets of Muniesa, sitting outside their doors on low stools, before small deal tables, picking the rich gold-coloured stamens from the beautiful blue crocus-like saffron flowers which were in baskets at their feet. Poor people! This azafran, or saffron, was the only produce which the Carlists had left them; and simply because it could not be carried off—for the process of culling the flowers from the azafranales, or fields where they are grown, and of picking and rendering the saffron fit for sale, is a tedious one; and it so happened that the flowers were not in a proper state for gathering when the Carlists decamped. The value of saffron had, however, become reduced to a mere trifle, in consequence of the civil war. Before that disastrous period, dealers were in the habit of arriving annually from Catalonia at gathering-time, and purchasing the saffron crops at high prices, always paying for it in gold or silver coin; but this traffic had ceased for a long time. The men who cultivated the fields had been either forced to serve in the ranks of Cabrera's predatory force, or had fled to escape from so great a calamity; and the consequence was, that the quantity of saffron grown was insignificant in comparison with former and better times; and for the little that the poor people could scrape together, they were obliged to accept whatever price a stray Catalan or other casual purchaser chose to offer.

As the Carlists retired, they burnt the mills, cut off the water, and destroyed the miserable remnants of property still held by those whom they had so long lived upon and tormented. In short, plunder, fright, ruin, and the severance of all natural and social ties, were the palpable traces of those who boasted that they were the champions of royalty and the defenders of religion!

By the time that the duke had advanced as far as Las Parras, a small place within a short distance from Castillote, the season was too far advanced to admit of the needful preparations for the siege of that strong castle. The army was therefore cantoned in appropriate directions; and head-quarters were eventually established at a little town called Mas de las Matas. It was also fixed upon for the general depôt for provisions and military stores of every description.

This small country town is agreeably situated on the Guadalupe, and is surrounded by gardens, olive-plantations, groves of mulberry-trees—upon whose leaves are fed innumerable silk-worms—and pleasant fields. The bridge which spanned the river had been carried away by the floods, and it was of the utmost importance to get it speedily rebuilt, so that communications might at all times be kept up with the forces stationed on the other side of the Guadalupe, which, although it was now fordable, was sure to become swollen and impassable in the course of the winter.

The works, which were planned by the Duke de la Victoria himself, and carried forward under his personal direction, were therefore immediately commenced; and a new and substantial bridge was in due time completed, to the great joy of the inhabitants. The town was enclosed with tapias, or mud-walls, and fortified also under the general's own eye, and according to his plans. The large and handsome church was fixed upon for the reception of the immense supplies of provisions sent from Zaragoza, and even from Madrid, by that route. The entrance to the church was defended by a strong loopholed outwork, and a trench was dug round the edifice.

All these preparations proved to the inhabitants that the duke was in earnest. The roads were repaired, in order that the large convoys which were constantly arriving, under strong escorts, might perform their journeys with all possible rapidity; and communications were insured between all the places garrisoned and fortified by the queen's troops.

The winter had scarcely approached to its conclusion, when Espartero marched from Mas de las Matas to attack the strong castle of Segura, under every disadvantage in point of weather and other obstacles. By his vigorous proceedings, however, he forced the garrison to surrender at the end of three days, and thus relieved that part of the country from the scourge it had endured for some years. He gained at least two months' time by this energetic and successful attack; for, a very few days after the fall of Segura, the weather—which, during the operations, was inclement—set in with such extreme severity, with heavy falls of snow, that it would have been impossible to move the artillery forward.

In consequence of this early opening of his campaign, the Duke de la Victoria was enabled to enter at once upon the difficult enterprise of reducing the Carlist stronghold of Castillote in Lower Aragon; and he commenced his operations with that energy and confidence of success which had marked the whole of his proceedings.

On our first arrival in the previous autumn, this formidable castle was carefully reconnoitred by the duke. It commanded the town of Castillote, which lies at the base of the lofty peak on which this castle—said to have been built in ancient times by the knights-templars—was perched. Looking at it from the village of Jaganta, beyond Las Parras, it appeared to be dovetailed into the jagged rocks from which its massive walls and turrets rose. But the castle assumed a different and always formidable aspect at every fresh point from which it was viewed. After the fall of Segura, the duke again reconnoitred it from every available position, watching it as a sportsman does his game. Sometimes the rock on which it stood appeared to be separated on all sides from spots where artillery could be advantageously planted.

It was now about the middle of March, and the weather turned decidedly against us, commencing with heavy rains, which rendered the always bad, and now newly-repaired roads nearly impassable for the heavy artillery which had been collected at Muniesa; but by dint of indefatigable exertions, it was conveyed to Ejulve by a circuitous route, passing by Andorra. Head-quarters marched, by rugged mountainous paths, to the same point. We left a place called La Mata one morning at seven o'clock, in very rough weather; and on arriving at Ejulve, a ruined and deserted village, the general found that the artillery had, in conformity with his orders, already moved in the direction of Castillote, protected by a competent force.

Passing on, the duke halted at about four in the afternoon on a bleak naked height, without shelter of any kind, the piercing wind blowing a hurricane. On this inhospitable spot, however, we were destined to pass one of the severest nights I remember. The army encamped, or rather bivouacked there; Espartero, as usual, taking a soldier's full share in every toil and privation.

Soon after daybreak the duke mounted on horseback, and, accompanied by a portion of his staff, ascended some very steep and rugged heights, from whose ridge a clear view of the castle of Castillote was attained. The wind still blew with great violence, and it was with much difficulty that our horses could stand against it, perched as we were on those giddy peaks. The general remained for some time reconnoitring the ground, and we then descended, almost benumbed with cold, and arrived by precipitous paths at a valley not very distant from the town. From the castle—high above it—there was a covert-way, through a dip or ravine, to a strong redoubt, which appeared to be crowded with Carlist

troops; and from the highest tower of the formidable castle itself a black flag was floating, signifying that the garrison were resolved to defend their post unto the death. There were two sentinels at the gate of the town, which was surrounded with walls of weak construction, and appeared to be deserted.

The general carefully reconnoitred the ground in this direction, and ordered the *batéria rodada*, consisting of light field-pieces, which were carried on the backs of mules—the gun on one mule, and the wheeled carriage on another—to be brought over the rugged ground. It was extremely difficult to find proper spots for establishing large batteries sufficiently nigh to the castle to be efficiently employed; but here and there the general discovered positions where he could place smaller ones.

The army followed in the track of its leader, and a large force bivouacked that night in the vicinity. An extensive olive-plantation afforded a convenient site for a portion of the troops, and shortly after nightfall the camp-fires enlivened the scene. Our tent was pitched on a patch of ground overlooking the encampment, and not far from a large marquee occupied by some officers of the staff. A cottage, or rather hovel, afforded shelter to our gallant general. In the course of the evening I wandered about the camp, and gossipped with my numerous military friends; admiring, as I had often done before, the patience and cheerfulness of the Spanish soldiers, whose gallantry and military virtues of every description I had so repeatedly witnessed, and to whom I was strongly attached; for I had for some years been a participator in their vicissitudes.

In the early part of the following day two sixteen-pounders were placed in battery, at a considerable distance, however, from the castle; upon which they opened their fire, but with little effect. In the course of the day a small chapel or hermitage, which had been occupied by the enemy, and which was much nearer to the castle, and in a more favourable position, was taken possession of without resistance; and the town was afterwards entered with very little loss, though a sharp fire was kept up from the castle as the queen's forces approached the walls.

To enter a large and once flourishing town, and find it bereft of its population, through fear or coercion, is most afflicting—more so than when the people have voluntarily abandoned their homes on the approach of an invading army; because, in the latter case, the halo of patriotism sanctifies the self-sacrifice. In Castillote were to be seen good houses devoid of anything portable, yet having fixtures and decorations which denoted that the owners were persons of refined tastes and habits, who in all probability only sighed, like their humbler neighbours, for peace and protection; churches without priests; altars stripped of their adornments; the municipal halls deserted, and public documents strewn about the offices and staircases; while a formidable fortress, frowning from aloft on the devoted town, threatened to reduce it to ruins, now that the deserted streets were becoming filled with the troops of the attacking party.

And all this misery was brought about by the deceptive and ruffianly conduct of Cabrera and his followers, who had not even the pretext of fanaticism to colour their misdeeds, inasmuch as the people had no sympathy for Don Carlos or his cause.

About midnight a great body of flame, quickened by the howling wind, rose from the redoubt to the right. The Carlists had set fire to all the combustible portions of the work, which they abandoned, the garrison retiring by the covert-way to the castle. In the course of the night, the height and what remained of the redoubt were taken possession of, and five sixteen-pounders were conveyed through the town. Great and successful exertions were made to get them placed in battery by a very early hour in the morning near the before-mentioned chapel. Three twelve-pounders were also placed in battery on another suitable spot. The height and peculiar position of the castle—there being no commanding point from which it could be attacked, as the batteries were necessarily established full three hundred feet below, and at a distance of between five and six hundred yards from it—rendered the fortress an extremely difficult mark for guns, which, to act with effect, were fired at an elevation of about fifteen degrees.

Before commencing the attack, three summonses, by sound of trumpet, were made, to surrender the castle upon honourable terms—the duke's means of reducing it being stated, as well as his desire to avert bloodshed; but the only reply made by the Carlist governor was to cause the *ataque* to be sounded from the highest tower in defiance, and the aid-de-camp who was the bearer of the duke's message was fired upon.

Upon this the batteries instantly opened, under the personal direction of the duke, whose skill in artillery practice is one among his numerous high military qualities. The fire was very effective, and continued throughout the day. The outer defences of the fortress were much damaged, the parapets demolished, the works which protected the castle gate nearly destroyed, and the newly-constructed fortifications rendered useless and untenable. But the strong old castle stood firm amid the storm, though not a man appeared on its walls or battlements; and only a few musket-shots were now and then fired through the loopholes, doing but little damage.

In the early part of the day the Spanish flag floated on the highest and strongest tower; but it was afterwards blown away by the hurricane. Affixed to its broken staff, it started forth from the pinnacle as though it had been indignantly borne away from the rebels' tower by some invisible hand. The banner of Castile was saluted by the shotted cannon of its legitimate sovereign; and after being borne in a straight line away from the castle, it gradually descended, acknowledging, as it were, its allegiance, and it finally lodged among the rocks at the base of the castle. How the queen's soldiers vied with each other to catch it up! A few got caught in the interstices of the rugged rocks; others dropped down, wounded by stray bullets from the loopholes; but at last the banner was seized by two or three at one and the same time, and borne in triumph to the duke, who liberally rewarded all who had striven for the honour of obtaining possession of the flag, which the general ordered to be immediately hoisted on the principal battery.

It appeared probable that the garrison had shut themselves up in the strongest tower, awaiting the succour which Cabrera, when he gave his orders for defending the castle to the uttermost, declared he would bring, and that he would annihilate the queen's army before their eyes.

Towards evening the drawbridge was completely destroyed by several well-directed shots from the sixteen-pounder battery, to which were added two twelve-pounders; still the massive walls of the castle itself stood firmly on their rocky foundation.

On the following morning, soon after daybreak, the batteries, augmented by two twenty-four-pound howitzers, opened, and the fire was vigorously directed upon a high and strong white tower, and upon the governor's quarters connected with the main and strongest tower. Nothing could be more perfect than the artillery-firing. The Carlists scarcely fired in return, until at about one in the afternoon, at the moment when their opponents were in the act of placing two eight-pounders in battery on the side of the hill, on the summit of which the redoubt, abandoned by the enemy, was situated. Then very sharp and well-directed discharges of musketry commenced from a half-ruined house to the right of the square white tower, and also from the chief tower. Several Carlist soldiers stationed themselves at the foot of the white tower, and, with great intrepidity, fired upon the large battery where the general was, after every discharge of cannon from it.

By and by the white tower, and all around it, showed, by the ruinous state of the masonry, how true had been the aim of more than twenty pieces of artillery directed

against them by the unerring eye of Espartero. Still the brave Carlists continued firing musketry from that and the stronger tower; and during the ensuing night they threw a number of handgrenades into the town: these, however, did but little mischief.

Seeing that the main tower of the castle was so strong, the duke gave orders that a mine should be made at its foot, for the purpose of blowing it up. Whilst the firing from the batteries was going on, therefore, the engineer officers examined the approaches to the foot of the tower; and this perilous service was performed with courage and intelligence. The Carlists, who were watching the proceedings from the top of the lofty building, fired upon the mining party, and a young officer of engineers of great merit was killed. Still the mining operations were continued perseveringly. The sappers carried a quantity of planks lengthwise, jutting out beyond their heads, and sloping down their backs; and as they advanced towards the foot of the tower, they were fired upon from its summit; and when they got still nearer, heavy stones were cast down upon them, killing several, and wounding and crushing many others. The brave fellows, however, were nothing daunted by this, and succeeded in planting their planks, two or three thick, slant-wise against the wall, so as to leave a space at the bottom for a sapper to work under this shelter. In a few hours an aperture, six feet in length and four in depth, was made by loosening and taking out some stones at the foot of the tower. This was the chamber of the mine; but it was not charged until the following day.

In the course of this day the Carlists threw a number of dead bodies over the parapets of the castle. It was a frightful sight. The corpses bounded from point to point, and at length, in divers ghastly attitudes, became transfixed among the jagged rocks. As a man was about to leave the parapet of the white tower, after casting one of his dead comrades over it, the fragments of a shell, which had burst over his head, struck and killed him. The poor fellow fell with half of his body drooping over the parapet, and we saw his blood streaming down and staining the wall. Such are the frightful sights which become almost familiar to those whose lot it is to be a spectator of, or perform a part on, the theatre of war!

In a valley on the other side of a river which flows at some distance from the town, we perceived a Carlist general officer, attended by three of his staff, watching the movements of the queen's general. We afterwards learned that this was one of Cabrera's chiefs, Llagostéra, who had eight Carlist battalions nigh at hand—though he did not show a single man to encourage the besieged. Watching the attack on the castle at a distance through a telescope, he was at first full of confidence, and declared that it was impregnable; and, knowing that it was well supplied with provisions for at least six months, he is reported to have said, 'Let Espartero fire away, he will gain no ground.' But when he saw the destructive effect of the well-served artillery, he retired in despair, exclaiming, 'We are lost!' and the brave garrison of the fortress of Castillote were left isolated and abandoned.

At daybreak on the fifth day the batteries again opened. By eight o'clock the governor's house was completely destroyed; and then the whole fire, from more than twenty pieces of artillery, was concentrated upon the massive castle, the upper part of which was reduced to a ruinous state. In the meantime the regiment of Luchana, which was always foremost at the post of danger, and the Princesa regiment, advanced gallantly up a precipitous track towards the gate and the broken drawbridge. A tremendous fire was opened upon them from the castle. Showers of handgrenades were thrown over the gates, killing a great number of men, and wounding many more. At the same time our batteries, directed with the utmost energy and skill by Espartero, opened their whole fire upon the castle in volleys; the shot and shells flying and curving over the heads of the gallant storming party, who, in spite of the shower of musketry and handgrenades to which they were exposed, fired rapidly in return; the men creeping separately up the precipitous pointed rocks, taking possession of the ruined house and tower, and placing themselves intrepidly before the broken drawbridge, immediately in front of the hottest fire from the besieged.

Whilst this deadly contest was in progress, the mine at the foot of the castle wall had been charged, and was about to be exploded. At this critical moment a white flag was hoisted on the great tower. It was a signal that the garrison surrendered at discretion. The duke instantly gave orders to cease firing; the matches, which were already raised to be applied to the loaded artillery, were cast on the ground; and the shrill trumpet sounded the halt to the brave troops who, perched on the rocks and ruins, were about to rush on to the assault. In less than a quarter of an hour they were grouped on the encumbered approaches to the castle, conversing amicably with those against whom they had just before been engaged in mortal strife, and who were leaning over the walls of their lately-beleaguered fortress. Shortly afterwards the colours of the Luchana regiment were seen floating on the highest tower, and were greeted with loud cheers and vivas from the rocks above and the batteries below, and re-echoed by the troops in arms all around.

After a short interval, the duke, followed by his staff, proceeded on foot towards the castle; but when little more than half-way up the steep winding path, our progress was impeded by heaps of stones and broken walls, and debris of all kinds, cast there by the deadly cannon-shot from the batteries below. Espartero sat down upon a piece of broken wall, and we all accommodated ourselves as well as we could amongst the ruins.

I well remember that our gallant leader's boots were burst at the sides, and that his feet were exposed to be cut by the sharp stones over which he had walked; and I could not help thinking, with indignant feelings, of the erroneous, not to say malicious, reports and inventions which had found their way to England and other countries with regard to an imaginary supineness on the part of this talented and gallant soldier and true patriot, when to my own certain knowledge, from hourly personal experience, he was ever indefatigably engaged either in forming long-foreseeing plans for counteracting those of his sovereign's enemies, or in energetic and daring personal action whilst carrying these well-laid plans into effect.

Before the general could enter the battered castle, it was necessary to remove a pile of large stones which had been heaped up inside the gate, not only to strengthen it, but to form an almost impenetrable barricade, after the thick timbers of the portal had been shivered to atoms by the shot and shell. This took some time; and then there was a yawning gap under where the drawbridge had been, but which, as before stated, had been destroyed by the admirably directed fire from our batteries. The Carlist soldiers then brought some beams from within, and forced the ends forward from their side as far as they could, whilst the Christino soldiers knelt on the opposite brink, and stretched forth their arms to catch at and drag them to a lodgment. Good-humoured jests passed between those who, so short a time previously, had been watching to get a shot at one another; and the lately-beleaguered Carlists were gaily lending helping hands to form a passage into a fortress for those whom they had striven so gallantly to keep out of it.

The footing was at length made secure, and the Carlist governor came forth. He was received with much kindness and soldierly frankness by the duke, who, after conversing with him for a short time, proceeded to inspect the remains of the castle. It was a heap of ruins, with the exception of some subterranean galleries where the provisions and ammunition were deposited, and some buildings on the side which was not exposed to the

fire, and where part of the garrison had sheltered themselves.

During the preceding night the governor and his men had exerted themselves indefatigably in repairing the serious damage done to the top of the main tower. Strong parapets had been made with heavy beams, and large sacks filled with flour; in short, the greatest credit was due to the governor for his bravery and energy, as well as to the troops he commanded. He defended his post like a good and faithful officer, until he was overwhelmed by an immense force, most ably commanded, and full of gallantry; and knowing that a mine was about to be sprung, the effect of which would be to bury the greater part of the garrison under the ruins of the castle, and render the survivors the victims of an assault, under such circumstances he acted as every military man ought to do—and surrendered. He did so to a just and generous enemy; and both himself and his men were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration. The wounded Carlists were carefully carried by their late antagonists to the military hospital which had been established in the town, and were attended by the surgeons in like manner with the wounded soldiers of the queen's army. They lay down side by side like brethren, cheering and consoling each other. The docility of the Spanish people, their susceptibility to kindness, and tendency to value frank generosity for its own sake, and to practise it with simplicity of heart, these, and other estimable qualities—among which shines conspicuously personal bravery—are among the characteristics of a people who, I believe, are little understood, and have often been unscrupulously misrepresented.

I had a little conversation with the Carlist governor, whose bearing was manly and soldier-like. He had been very recently appointed, and was no doubt placed in command of the castle on account of his bravery and decision of character. He told me that he had declared to the Carlist chief, Llagostéra, by whom he was appointed, that it would be advisable to abandon the castle, rather than expose the garrison to the consequences of an attack from so formidable a force as the Duke de la Victoria could bring against it. 'But,' said the gallant governor, 'I was ordered to defend the castle to the uttermost, and I did so until the moment when I saw that all were on the brink of destruction, and that those who had placed us in that strait had abandoned us to our fate.' He added, that his instructions were imperative to defend the castle to the last; and that, should he find that it must fall, he was to sally forth with the garrison, and cut their way through the besieging force. This was a further proof of Cabrera's reckless and ignoble character; inasmuch as, in the face of these orders, which implied that he or some of his chiefs would be at hand to draw off the attention of the queen's general, and facilitate the escape of the garrison, they were left without a chance of succour—the eight Carlist battalions, at the rebel chief Llagostéra's disposal, as before stated, not having even been posted on the distant hills to afford that slight encouragement to the garrison.

As for the prisoners, who were three hundred and seven in number, they unanimously offered to enter the queen's service, saying that they had been torn from their homes, or deceived; and they declared, in a manner which was a guarantee for their sincerity, that they would serve Queen Isabel faithfully.

The place having at length been completely evacuated, the mine at the foot of the principal tower was sprung one evening. The explosion produced the full effect which the general expected. A very large portion of the angle at the foot of the tower was blown away, laying bare the internal part of the wall; that is to say, the solid stone-facing was entirely destroyed, the heavy masonry rolling down the precipice with great noise. The walls were at least eight feet in thickness. Two days afterwards, seven more mines, containing in all four hundred pounds of gunpowder, were exploded, and the tower was effectually destroyed, to the great joy of the country people, who now came flocking in. In a military point of view, the destruction of the formidable castle of Castillote was of the greatest importance, but its moral effect was powerful and instantaneous. It relieved the country from cruelty and extortion; and it proved to those who were still in arms in the Carlist ranks, that however strong the fortresses or positions they occupied might be—however difficult of access, or however bravely defended—they must fall before the numerous, brave, and veteran army brought against them under the command of their gallant general-in-chief, who had conducted that difficult operation with so much skill and energy, superintending and directing all personally, thereby overcoming many serious obstacles, which a less talented, practical, and resolute chief might have considered to be insuperable.

With this well-earned prestige, and the army in high spirits, the duke, having left a proper force to protect the country thus liberated, marched on the following day to Mas de las Matas; whence he again moved, three days afterwards, to follow up his plans for investing and attacking the still more important fortress of Morella in the province of Valencia.

DR CARUS IN SCOTLAND.

In a former number we endeavoured, by means of quotations from his narrative, to elicit the opinion of Dr Carus respecting the English; we shall now try, by a similar method, to discover his estimate of Scotland and the Scotch. Passing from Carlisle to Hamilton Palace, by way of Gretna and Moffat, he certainly entered our country by no very inviting route, and, as if to make the dreariness more remarkable, it was on a wet and gloomy day. This was Sunday, the 21st of July; and when it is stated that the royal journey lay by Hamilton, Glasgow, Inverary, the isles of Staffa and Iona, down the Caledonian Canal to Inverness and Culloden, and from thence by Dunkeld, Perth, and Stirling, to Edinburgh, where it terminated on the 5th of August, it will be perceived that the doctor had but little time to form any very decided opinion. But time is of very little moment to such a mind: what he did see, he noted; and what he did not see, must of necessity be of the same character with what he had seen. Being a philosopher, he of course detects, as soon as he crosses the ideal line which separates the kingdoms, a marked difference in the appearance and character of the inhabitants; the reader need not therefore be surprised at the following description:—'Our entrance into Scotland was a very melancholy one—completely in unison with what is said of the Scotch character—"*Sombre Ecossais.*" During the whole drive of many miles, we looked in vain for a town, or even a considerable village. The stages at which we changed horses were generally a few solitary dwellings, or resembled very poor hamlets; whilst the whole district was for the most part barren and waste. . . . . The persons too whom we met on the roads, or saw in the houses or hamlets, were now of a very different build. They were for the most part large, coarse figures, with wide mouths, melancholy countenances, and projecting cheek-bones: the eye was destitute of fire, especially in the men, who were generally rolled up in a woollen plaid, drawn tight round their shoulders, and wore a flat ugly-looking black woollen cap on their heads. The figures of the women were somewhat better, and we had the additional advantage of seeing them dressed in their Sunday clothes—though no small number of them went barefooted.

'The country first began to show some signs of civilisation when we had passed about forty miles beyond the border. Trees then became more frequent, and the houses somewhat larger. The thick misty rain decreased, the temperature of the evening became warm, although the sky still remained cloudy. As we drew near to Hamilton in the increasing twilight, we saw bright glowing lights in the northern horizon, which

proved to be the distant reflection of the numerous iron-works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. We now passed several considerable market-towns; which, however, present a melancholy and disagreeable appearance, with their long rows of one-storey houses, under a uniform line of roof.'

Amidst all this barrenness, and gloom, and desolation, the learned doctor enjoyed 'an elegant dinner, served upon the richest plate, in a splendid room, with numbers of ancestral portraits hung upon its walls,' in the ducal palace of Hamilton.

On visiting Glasgow, 'the most industrial of all the towns in Scotland,' the party, it seems, were quite as unlucky in the choice of an entrance as they were in that to the country itself. 'On our entrance, we passed through the dirtiest, poorest, and most smoky part of the lower town. The entrance from all quarters is disagreeable and offensive. The smoke was not merely coal smoke—the whole atmosphere was impregnated by exhalations from chemical and other manufactories, which sent forth smells and vapours almost suffocating. The houses are small and dirty; and the town filled with a population, many of whom were lounging at the doors or in the streets in rags; and there were incredible numbers of children, who ran after the carriages, uttering the most disgusting cries. This continued long. By degrees, however, the houses began to improve; but the well-known manufacturing tone of Manchester and Leeds still prevailed through all the streets, and in the appearance of the party-coloured thronging masses of the people.' These descriptions recall many of our own early impressions of 'the west country.' It should, however, have been stated by the traveller, that what he now saw of Scotland was analogous to the Potteries, or the country around Birmingham and Wolverhampton in England; and that even on this track—at Bothwell, and along the Clyde generally—there are beautiful and romantic scenes, which only require to be seen in tolerable weather to be enjoyed. We are glad to find Carus afterwards adverting to the beautiful and impressive parts of Glasgow, as well as its sordid suburbs.

Sweeping along the lochs, and over the mountains of Argyleshire, we soon find our travellers in the very heart of the Western Highlands. Here of course there were many remarkable things to notice:—'First, for the comfort of all travellers, the admirable roads must be mentioned with the highest commendation. What difficulties must a traveller have encountered in this country of inhospitable mountains half a century ago! But now we travel with heavy carriages and excellent horses, if previously ordered, at a quick trot over the hills and along the valleys, and at every post-station find an excellent inn. Secondly, with regard to the habitations and build of the people, it is to be observed that everything here is more and more characteristic. For the first time on this journey, particularly among boys and young men, we saw specimens of the naked legs and Scottish kilt, made of party-coloured woollen stuff. This national dress has been prohibited in Scotland for several decennia; and at first the people were so little disposed to wear the ordinary nether garments of the south, that, in order to comply with the letter of the law, they often carried them with them on a stick, instead of wearing them on their persons. In these poor districts, however, the ancient customs, as it appears, are preserved still, at least among the youth; and as the national dress in later times has become a matter of taste and fashion among the higher classes, it will again perhaps come to honour. The build of the people still continues to be characterised by the same traits which I have already mentioned on our entrance into Scotland; their poverty, however, is especially observable in the form and condition of their huts. The walls are thick, and roughly built of stones, heaped together almost without mortar, and the interstices stuffed up with moss; the roof is made of dried heath and straw; and the chimney is perched upon the summit somewhat like a bee-hive thickly laced and bound together with ropes; the smoke generally fills the house, and often issues from the windows, door, and various parts of the roof, at its pleasure. The roof itself is also for the most part fastened down with straw ropes, and loaded with stones, in order to prevent it from being stripped off by the wind.'

Staffa and Iona are next visited; and on board the steamer two blind fiddlers played 'all sorts of Scottish melodies,' many of which were so soft and full of pathos, that the strain brought tears to the eyes of the doctor. 'I felt my eyes filled with tears' is a vast admission from a connoisseur of Dr Carus's calibre, and the nation may therefore accept it as no ordinary compliment to the spirit of their music. Lest the reader should be anxious to know what airs so melted the susceptible German, he specifies the two which more particularly undid him. These were, 'My gloomy winter is gone,' and 'Rose's dream;' in which, we anticipate, no Scotchman will be at a loss to detect 'Gloomy winter's now awa,' and 'Rousseau's dream.' It is rather unlucky that the latter is no more Scotch than the last of Strauss's waltzes. Having found the music of the Scotch so melting, their character so melancholy, their lakes so gray, and their hills so misty, it is as clear as noonday that no people could endure life under such a concatenation of gloomy circumstances, had they not some antidote wherewith to dispel the vapours. This the doctor, with his usual acumen, discovers in Highland whisky. 'After dinner, the landlord brought in a bottle of genuine Scotch whisky; that nectar of Scotland, the preparation of which Landseer has represented in a *spirited* painting, well known from its numerous engravings. It is nothing but very strong corn brandy, strongly impregnated, however, with the characteristic smell of turf, which is to be found in all Scotch dwellings, and prepared in a somewhat peculiar way. A mixture of hot water, sugar, and some of this spirit, forms an agreeable beverage, which no doubt is very pleasant, and even beneficial, after a walk or any expedition in the misty moisture of these mountains. Even the otherwise disagreeable taste of turf gives a *piquant* character to the spirit. And, indeed, is it not remarkable that the extremes of the agreeable and the disagreeable are so nearly connected with each other? Pleasure and pain are often so closely connected, that an excess of pleasure becomes pain, and even a certain quantity of pain may produce pleasure. In the same way we find it with the very spiritual (intellectual) sense of taste, in which a certain aftertaste of what is disagreeable only serves to heighten the relish for the object. And this seems to be the case with this whisky.' It is well for Dr Carus that the king of Saxony's stay in the Highlands of Scotland was so brief. It is bad enough when a man takes to drinking for the liking of the thing, but alas for him when he begins to justify that liking by a show of philosophy and reason!

Waxing bold, we presume, through the influences of our Highland nectar, we next find the doctor performing a feat, the very conception of which in ordinary circumstances would have filled him with horror. Such, at least, would have been the case if we may judge from the terms in which he narrates the incident. 'Upon our return, in an old stage-coach that we had hired in Bannavie, I tried, for a short distance, the airy seat on the outside, where one really half hovers in the air. I had often seen these coaches, full inside and out, rush past us on the road, and had secretly wondered how not only men, but even women, could sit up there quite comfortably; and I therefore was glad to have this opportunity of trying it once myself. On good roads, the affair is not so dreadful as it appears; the view one thus obtains of the country is very pretty; and any person who does not suffer from giddiness, which might easily be caused by the swaying motion, would no doubt be very pleasantly situated.' Indeed the doctor seems altogether to get in better humour with the country as he sojourns in the

neighbourhood of Inverness. Kilravock Castle, with its inmates, delights him greatly. These were two ladies—mother and daughter—of the family of the Campbells, who, 'in the true spirit of English exclusiveness and separation, dwelt in this absolute solitude, and had taken a lease of the property from the owner for a number of years. The whole of the ornamental grounds around were their work. They had planted fruit-trees, and even sweet chestnuts; and the careful selection of the flowers and plants gave abundant evidence of refined female taste. There is something quite original in the interior of the house. In the drawing-room there were a number of vases and grotesque figures; books, music, and portfolios were lying around: there stood a pianoforte and a harp; and, in short, everything gave evidence of the favourite pursuits of two ladies who had travelled much—had traversed Italy, and the highest and most dangerous passes of the Swiss mountains and glaciers, and at that time were living in the enjoyment of a kind of philosophical retirement and literary occupation.' Again, those mountain regions, he begs his German friends to remember, are not so solitary as they appear to the mere traveller. 'Towards the close of the autumn, many of the valleys often become, for weeks long, the residence of rich lords and gentlemen, fond of the chase, who either amuse themselves in grouse-shooting or deer-stalking. Parties, during the season, take up their quarters in these shooting-boxes in the midst of the mountains, commit follies of all kinds, assume the Scotch costume, with kilt and dagger, drink, drive about in light carriages, drawn by Highland ponies, over the Alpine mountain-paths, and practise all the devices which youth and wealth, stimulated by pride and indolence, can suggest.' Even the misty sky, and the gloomy elements of the atmosphere, begin to improve, and seem to have got up an exhibition by way of redeeming their character; for one evening 'the moon rose splendidly from the golden clouds, into such a beautiful azure blue sky, and accompanied by such charming tones of colour in the clouds beneath, as I had not yet seen either in England, or hitherto in Scotland.'

By and by the party descend from the inhospitable heights of the Grampians, and soon find in the low districts 'an admirably well-cultivated country;' and ultimately 'the stately castle of the rich and powerful Marquis of Breadalbane, surrounded by beautiful lawns and magnificent groups of trees, presents itself to the eye. This castle is built in the richest modern Anglo-Gothic fortification style. It is gay and handsome, and had the yellow and black flag flying on the main tower. The noble owner received his majesty at the door of the castle, and, as we entered the hall, the cannons of the fort thundered forth a royal salute of twenty-one guns. His majesty and suite were conducted into the splendid reception-room, where the family were assembled, and then visited the noble hall, the walls of which are panelled with wood in the Gothic style. It has an air of antiquity, and is tastefully adorned with armour and banners. Other state-rooms adjoin the hall. The first greetings and observations being past, a walk was proposed through part of the park towards Loch Tay. On the way, we saw some really splendid specimens of lime-trees in flower, with their branches hanging to the ground; and proceeded through an alley of lofty and magnificent red beech, not less than three hundred years old, to an elevated point in the demesne, from which there is a charming view of the lake, surrounded by richly-wooded hills. Near this spot stands the dairy, fitted up not only with admirable neatness, but in the most ornamental manner. This small house, overgrown with wild roses, and adorned with lattices and ornaments of white quartz, is very charming. The basement floor contains the milk-room, in which the milk and cream, in large and handsome pans, are placed in running spring-water, while the upper storey contains some elegant rooms for breakfast or luncheon. We were scarcely returned to the castle when we were conducted to the dining-room, where a luncheon awaited us which might very well have served for a splendid dinner.'

With Taymouth Castle and its inhabitants Dr Carus seems to have been eminently delighted. Here he met Sir David Brewster, 'whose simplicity of nature and ability were so very agreeable;' Lord and Lady Ruthven, the Hon. Fox Maule, 'a humorous, sarcastic person;' and a young Campbell, nephew to the marquis, 'a genuine Highlander, always in the national costume, with his kilt, plaid, and Highland bonnet.' Here also he met with something new, in the shape of several large bisons, grazing on the smooth green grass, scarcely a hundred yards from the castle. 'Game of *this* kind I had never yet seen in any park; and the very fact of the Marquis of Breadalbane's having caused a number of these immense American oxen to be transported hither from the western prairies, for the purpose of furnishing a rare kind of ornament to his park, is in itself sufficient to enable my readers to judge of the magnificence of the demesne and the wealth of its owner.' Everything about the castle was indeed admirable, and quite to his liking, except the 'nasal thrilling tones of the piper,' and these were 'execrable.'

Having taken a hasty glance at Dunkeld, Perth, and Stirling, we next find the royal party in the agricultural museum of the Messrs Drummond at the latter place. This well-known exhibition opened up to our traveller a new theme for his philosophy, and for the first time in his existence he beheld agriculture, its modes and accessories, treated as a study and as a science. 'I had here,' says he, 'another opportunity of observing how much shorter is the path from theoretical improvements to actually practical ones in this nation than in ours. One reason, no doubt, is to be looked for in the fact of the non-existence here of a separate and exclusive race of agriculturists, and of the close connexion existing between the farmers and the inhabitants of cities, nay, even the landowners themselves. Among us it is still, notwithstanding the advantages afforded by the new societies, by no means an easy matter to bring into use among the tillers of the land any improvement or new method deduced from the discoveries of scientific men. The farmer considers himself a member of a different and distinct class: he holds fast to the traditions of his province: he considers the man of science, who pretends to teach him anything in his own branch, in the same light as that in which the artist regards the amateur—as a stranger pressing in where he has no business; and with difficulty, if at all, will he take advice proceeding from such a quarter. In England and Scotland, where no particular class of men devote themselves to agriculture in opposition to the inhabitant of the town, or to the man of science, all is different; and for this reason, every improvement discovered in theory by the scientific man is made to produce its proper effect in practice.' And now, when Dr Carus is at last in the Lowlands—that district which, for agriculture, mining, and manufactures, is unequalled by any other territory of the same extent in the world—what says he of it? Why, absolutely nothing: thus leaving the German public, for whom he has written, to form their conclusions respecting a whole country from his descriptions of its most bleak and desolate regions.

But the king of Saxony is hurrying on to his departure, and his attachés must take time and things just as they are presented. From Stirling they post to Edinburgh, taking Hopetoun House and Dalmahoy Castle in their way, his majesty becoming the guest of the noble owner of the latter domain. Here our traveller made acquaintance with a genuine Scotch breakfast; and a very pleasant acquaintance it seems to have been. 'The table was loaded with delicacies, as for a regular meal, with cold meat, fried fish, all sorts of pastry, eggs, ham, and besides these, honey and Scotch marmalade. This last is a preserve of strips of orange-

peel, and is eaten with bread and butter, which appears strange, but is really very good. The Scotch claim for themselves the rather equivocal honour of having invented this kind of luxurious breakfast, furnished with so many kinds of food, and of having introduced it into England. We soon became accustomed to it, however, and ate of the most various sorts of food without feeling any evil effects.' Having fortified himself after this fashion, he proceeds to examine and pronounce on the Scottish metropolis. The city pleases him vastly: 'it is quite a phenomenon in the scale of cities: everything appears original, great, and effective.' 'I did not think,' continues he, standing on the castle parapet, 'that there was a city which could kindle in me those feelings of enthusiasm which the sight of Edinburgh produced in my mind. I certainly consider Edinburgh the most beautiful and most interesting-looking city I know; Rome and Naples not excepted. The peculiar boldness and imaginativeness of the town is to me only another proof that reality may produce an effect exceeding even the boldest flights of fancy! We stood on the hill, beside the unwieldy iron cannon of the fifteenth century, and saw to the left the blue sea in its wide extent, studded with islands and ships of various sizes; in front, the Calton Hill, the second rocky height of the city, with its lofty monument, and the commencement of a Doric temple, which completes its resemblance to the Acropolis of Athens; and finally, to the right, the Old Town and the mountain, which is geologically remarkable for its considerable formations of trap, and is sometimes spoken of by the name of Arthur's Seat; sometimes, from its resemblance to a *lion couchant*, by that of the Scottish lion. All this presented a force and an effect of form rarely, perhaps nowhere else, to be found. When we further consider the prospect of the connexion between the old and the comparatively modern town by means of the enormous work of the North Bridge, the various Gothic churches, Heriot's Hospital, and the new monument to Sir Walter Scott, rising like an immense Gothic tabernacle, a panorama is produced such as does not exist anywhere else on earth.' After visiting Holyrood, the public courts, the college, museums, hospitals, and other public institutions, we find him descending into minor criticisms, condemning the monotonous architecture of the New Town, the awkward style of Holyrood, and, for the comfort of the phrenologists, significantly hinting that he found their collection 'in a narrow, dark street, and, curiously enough, under the care of an old woman!'

But our philosopher is not yet done with us. He had pronounced the English a set of hyper-puritans in the religious observance of the Sabbath; and he must set down the Presbyterian Scotch as something more intensely gloomy and bigoted. He cannot move about on Sunday but he fancies every eye is scowling upon him; and the 'short-sighted religious feelings' of the Scotch had taken the idea of the king of Saxony's departure on a Sunday so ill, that the matter had to be arranged very quietly, 'lest any public demonstration on the part of this very irritable nation had disturbed the close of our pleasant journey.' He is not, however, to condemn our puritanical notions on this point without proper evidence, and so to church he goes, armed, we presume, with pencil and portfolio. Unluckily for his *experimentum crucis*, he stumbles into an Episcopalian chapel, and to the service there the whole of his remarks apply, the while he fancies he is depicting to life the Presbyterian form of worship. This is fact; but would not have been worth observing, had it not been for the confident manner in which he pronounces on every subject and object which came under his notice, even for the most fleeting moment. And this, indeed, is the main error of his book—a confident generalisation from the most hasty and insufficient data. We have no doubt that every inhabitant of Saxony who reads the tour, will set the Scotch down as a nation of morning dram-drinkers; will believe that every dwelling is black with peat smoke; that our peasantry, without exception, live in turf hovels; that we are a set of bigots, ready to defend the observance of the Sabbath even by physical force; and that we are a race of coarse-figured, wide-mouthed, high cheek-boned, dull-eyed troglodytes. All this, and a great deal more, Scotland can treat with perfect patience.

CASTES.

The Portuguese applied the word *castas*, races (termed by the natives *varnas*, or colours), to the social divisions into which they found the Hindoo population distributed. Such division is of remote antiquity, and, as still exercising an important influence over millions of human beings, is well worthy of notice, especially as exaggerated and erroneous notions respecting it have long prevailed.

The origin of the institution is lost in fable. The only four pure castes which are acknowledged by the Hindoos are, in their traditions, said to have proceeded from different parts of the body of Brahma, according to their importance. 1st, The *Brahmins* (scripture) proceeded with the Veda from his mouth; 2d, the *Kshatriyas* (protection), or soldiers, from his arms; 3d, the *Vaisyas* (wealth), or merchants and husbandmen, from the thighs; 4th, the last and lowest class, the *Sudras* (labour), or artisans and labourers, from his feet. Besides these, many mixed or impure classes have originated from the intermarriages between the castes, and also from the degradation of those who, by crime, and sometimes trivial faults, have forfeited their privilege of appertaining to the pure caste. Still, to the several secondary castes are usually consigned various peculiar employments; some few, however, as that of a merchant or soldier, being open to all classes. Another important feature is, that the caste itself, as well as the employment attached to it, is hereditary; so that a man is by no means permitted to change or choose his occupation as circumstances or the bent of his genius may dictate, but must confine himself to the pursuit of that which his ancestors have been accustomed to follow.

The Brahmin caste, which furnishes the priesthood, stands pre-eminently first, and is fortified by such remarkable privileges, as could only have originated in those enjoying them having a direct interest in their bestowal. The Brahmin is the exclusive expounder of the law and possessor of knowledge. The most profound submission must be paid him: his deepest sins must be glossed over; while his malediction may entail injury on the gods themselves. Offerings to him are inculcated as a primary religious duty; and the rich can in nowise so well testify their gratitude to Providence, as in ministering to his support. From all tax or state contribution he is exempted. The *Institutes of Menu*, the sacred law-book of the Hindoos, contains numerous injunctions for honouring the Brahmins:—'Let the king, having risen at early dawn, attend to Brahmins learned in the three Vedas, and by their decision let him abide.... A Brahmin, learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity.... Never shall the king slay a Brahmin, though convicted of all possible vices: let him banish the offender from his realm, but with all his property secure, and his person unhurt.' 'I have seen,' says Mr Ward, 'the poor besotted Sudra prostrate himself at the feet of the nearest Brahmin, and, raising his head, and closing his hands, exclaim, "You are my God!" At the same time the character of the Brahmin has been perhaps notorious for vice.' 'The Brahmin,' says the Abbé Dubois, 'lives but for himself. Bred in the belief that the whole world is his debtor, and that he himself is called upon to make no return, he conducts himself, in every circumstance of his life, with the most absolute selfishness. He will see an unhappy wretch perish on the road, or even at his own gate, if belonging to another caste, and will not stir to help him to a drop of water, though it were to save his life. He has been taught from his infancy to regard all other classes of

men with the utmost contempt, as beings created but for the purpose of serving him, and supplying all his wants; so that we must not be surprised at his haughtiness, self-love, and pride, or at his contempt for other men, of whom the Brahmins never speak among themselves without adding some ignominious epithet, or expression of scorn.'

So numerous a caste as that of the Brahmins could not hope for an equal share of power and prosperity; hence, to meet emergencies, they are allowed to employ themselves in the practice of the learned professions—as merchants, in tillage, to enlist as soldiers, or even to perform menial offices for wages. Although still much honoured in India, their influence has undergone a marked diminution; to which the prevalence of other sects, and of schisms among themselves, have greatly contributed. Of their present state, Professor Wilson, in his Notes to Mill's India, thus speaks:—'In modern times, the Brahmins, collectively, have lost all claim to the character of a priesthood. They form a nation following all kinds of secular avocations; and where they are met with in a religious capacity, it is not as Brahmins merely, but as being the ministers of temples, or the family gûrûs, or priests, of the lower classes of people—offices by no means restricted, though not unfrequently extended, to the Brahminical caste.'

The Kshatriyas, or soldier caste—probably from the peaceable disposition of the Hindoos—is said to have become extinct. It furnished the nominal sovereign; all real power being, however, lodged in the hands of the Brahmins. The Vaisyas do not require any particular notice. The three castes now mentioned were considered honourable, and as carefully to be distinguished from the Sudra, or lowest caste, which was considered degraded or infamous. All the other classes may become regenerated by the Veda; but the old Hindoo law condemned to death the Sudra who presumed to peruse it. He is to be considered as the servile attendant upon the other castes, especially upon the Brahmin, whom he is taught to look up to with a feeling little short of adoration. 'For contumelious language to a Brahmin, a Sudra must have an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red-hot into his mouth; and for offering to give instruction to priests, hot oil must be poured into his mouth and ears.' The Sudra may follow various arts and employments besides those of a menial character—as carpentry, writing, trade, husbandry, &c. The Institutes are peremptory in directing the degradation of this caste. 'No collection of wealth must be made by a Sudra, even though he has the power, since a servile man who has amassed riches gives pain even to Brahmins. If a Sudra gives much and frequent molestation to a Brahmin, the magistrate shall put him to death. Let not a Brahmin give advice, nor what remains from his table, nor clarified butter, of which a part has been offered, nor let him give spiritual counsel to such a man, nor inform him of a legal expiation of his sin: surely he who declares the law to a servile man, and he who instructs him in the mode of expiating sin, sinks with that very man into the hell called Asamrreta.'

However the theoretical division into four castes may have been devised or desired by the original Hindoo legislators, the numerous provisions and injunctions concerning mixed and impure castes contained in the Institutes of Menu, composed several centuries before the Christian era, prove that, at a very early period, such restrictions were found impracticable; and thus, at the present day, the great mass of the Indian population belong to these impure castes. The offspring of intermarriages between persons of different classes belonged to the caste of neither parent, but entered into an impure caste, determined by the relative position in society which the parents held: further intermarriages between these impure castes produced other subdivisions; until the number of castes has become so multiplied and complex, that persons even who have resided in India for a long time are unacquainted with them all. There are, however, twelve well-known and defined impure castes, whence the others have proceeded. The Sanscrit authorities themselves are at variance as to the number of secondary castes; some being mentioned by one are omitted by another. They vary also in their enumeration of the various occupations attached to each of these. 'Besides,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'the particular occupation assigned to each of the mixed classes, they have the alternative of following that profession which regularly belongs to the class from whence they derive their origin on the maternal side. They are also permitted to subsist by any of the duties of a Sudra—by menial service, handicraft, commerce, or agriculture.' Many of these castes were, say the Hindoo laws, directed by one of the good kings to arts and manufactures—'thereby providing for the increased wants of society, and removing a pest from its surface.' The regulation of the marriages between these impure castes becomes a matter of great importance, and genealogy, on this account, is, among the Hindoos, a very favourite subject of study. 'The multiplicity of castes,' says Professor Wilson, 'is not the enactment of any code, though it may be remotely the effect. It is the work of the people, among the most degraded of whom prevails not the shame, but the pride of caste. The lowest native is no outcast; he has an acknowledged place in society; he is the member of a class; and he is invariably more retentive of the distinction than those above him.' The ranks of these impure castes are augmented also by all those who have become degraded, from any cause, from their proper class—who have, as it is termed, lost caste. Caste may be lost in many ways; as the eating forbidden food, or such as has been prepared by impure persons, or in improper places—as on shipboard; the drinking strong drinks, neglecting funeral ceremonies, the slaying of an animal of the cow kind, or a man in battle (a Brahmin is, however, allowed to kill his enemy in battle), and many trifling circumstances.

Of all the mixed classes, that of the *Pariahs* has attracted most attention, whether from their vast numbers—roughly computed by Dubois at a fifth of the population of Hindostan—or from the detestation in which they are held, and the cruel treatment they are subjected to by the other classes, especially in the south of India. A more abject state of slavery cannot be imagined; and the consequent degradation of its victims gives rise to their indulging in many disgusting and immoral practices, which, by a common mistake, have been sometimes assigned as reasons for their ill-treatment. The mere sight of a Pariah is considered a defilement by the upper classes; and if a Brahmin has the calamity to touch one involuntarily, he is only freed from the evil consequences by numberless purifications and endless ceremonies. Many of these miserable beings sell themselves and families, and have to drag out their lives amid the severest toil and unrequited menial services. Of late, however, Pariahs have been admitted into the European and native armies, where they often prove good soldiers, and even rise to distinction. There are several castes still lower than that of the Pariah scattered over different parts of India. Many of these have no fixed habitations, and are forbid to frequent towns or highways; others roam the country upon predatory excursions, acting as spies, robbers, or watchmen, as the case may be. The salt-bearers, serpent-charmers, &c. belong to these lowest castes, and from these are chosen the only persons who will consent to act as executioners.

Another division of the lower castes is into *left-hand* and *right-hand castes:* the former pretending to superiority, as occupying the left hand, or place of honour, of the goddess Kali; the latter aspiring to the exclusive use of certain emblems. The left-hand caste contains the five castes of artisans, and other mean tribes of Sudras; as also the most infamous caste—that of the Cobblers. The right-hand caste contains some higher Sudras, but also embraces the Pariah. Contentions, and even outrages of a serious character, frequently attend

the struggles for pre-eminence. 'I have frequently witnessed,' says Mr Ward, 'instances of these popular insurrections excited by disputes between the two bands, and pushed to such an extreme fury, that the presence of a military force had no effect in allaying them.' Many observers have believed that traces of a similar institution can be detected as having existed among the inhabitants of various countries. The subdivision of labour, which forms part of it, may, it is true, denote the first stage of an approaching civilisation, which all nations emerging from barbarism arrive at; but this necessary preliminary must not be confounded with a system which forbids choice of occupation, defends its artificial classification of employments as a religious dogma, and, above all, insists that this shall be hereditary. Caste, however, even in its strict acceptation, probably prevailed among the ancient Egyptians. The priesthood, soldiers, husbandmen, and artificers, seem to have constituted the four principal castes or classes; and an inferior one, comprehending menials, fishermen, and herdsmen, was held in the greatest contempt—the tending cattle and swine being considered as the most infamous occupation of all. According to Regnier, vestiges of such division still exist. De Goguet also asserts that, in the Assyrian empire, the people were distributed into a number of tribes, and that the son was not allowed to quit the occupation of the father, and embrace another. Many passages from the classics have been quoted to show that some such division existed among the ancient Greeks; and Duperrin quotes a passage from the Zendaresta to prove that castes existed among the ancient Persians. Mill sees considerable analogy between the Druids of ancient Britain and the Brahmins of India. Professor Millor, too, observes that our Saxon ancestors were divided into four classes—artificers or tradesmen, husbandmen, the profession of arms, and the clergy. The analogy in all these cases is very weak; those very essential points of difference being overlooked which form the key for the explanation of why, apparently, the same stage of civilisation which proves to one people but the first step to progressive and unlimited improvement, proves to another a barrier beyond which it cannot pass.

But not only are the traces of the existence of caste among other nations very obscure, and often very fanciful, but among the Hindoos themselves the operation of the institution is of much less practical importance than, from the accounts we read, we should have been prepared for. A critical writer in the Edinburgh Review, many years ago, intimated his doubts upon this subject in the following passage:—'Indeed the natural operation of such an institution is so diametrically opposite to, and incompatible with, the strongest principles of our nature, that we are inclined to believe its existence in a perfect state is altogether ideal; and even if it had ever been comparatively carried into practice, the baneful effect would have been so immediate, that the total annihilation of public spirit and enterprise would have been the inevitable consequence.' Even prior to the Institutes of Menu, the distinction of caste had practically proved inoperative; for Sudras had reigned as kings, and instances of depression of the other classes were not rare. In the present day, such examples are still common: even Sudra dynasties have been formed; and a poor Brahmin has been glad to gain subsistence by cooking the food of a rich Sudra. In fact the Brahminical office seems alone secure from intrusion; but the Brahmin himself may descend to any occupation not absolutely infamous. Mr Ward observes, that 'although the Hindoos give one another credit, as a matter of convenience, for being in possession of caste, and though there may be an outward, and, in the higher orders, an insolent show of reverence for its rules, if the matter were to be searched into, and the laws of caste were allowed to decide, scarcely a single family of Hindoos would be found in the whole of Bengal whose caste is not forfeited. This is well known, and generally acknowledged.' Mr Rickards, who has paid much attention to this subject, declares that, however such distinctions may have once prevailed, when the inhabitants of India were in small numbers, and possessed of slight energy, they no longer practically exist; and he insists upon the urgent necessity of disabusing the public mind upon this score, seeing that erroneous views in the government of this people have often prevailed, in consequence of the belief of this incapacity of improvement, owing to the prevalence of caste. He says: 'The great mass of Hindoos throughout India consists of mixed tribes of innumerable denominations, and tied down by no restraints which are not imputable to poverty, ignorance, and despotic power; and which the diffusion of knowledge and liberal institutions would speedily dispel. . . . I have myself seen carpenters of five or six different castes, and as many different bricklayers, employed upon the same building. The same diversity of castes may be observed among the craftsmen of the dockyards, and all other great works; and those who have resided for any considerable time in the principal commercial cities of India, must be sensible that every increasing demand for labour, in all its different branches and varieties, has been speedily and effectually supplied in spite of the institution of castes.' He also asserts that the same misery and indigence prevail among the Mussulman portion of India as the Hindoo, and refers it to other causes, to which we cannot now allude. He cites Bishop Heber's journal, as proving the great willingness of the Hindoos for engaging in, and their capability of executing, the various descriptions of employment.

It is nevertheless very certain that great evils are still experienced in India from the caste system, modified as it is. We believe they are not to be removed by any sudden or violent proceedings on the part of those who have the direction of the interests of our fellow-creatures in that extraordinary and interesting country. They will give way, as indeed they are doing, before the spread of intelligence, the increasing intercourse with Europeans, and the diffusion of the principles of that religion whose essential basis is the equality of mankind, and the importance of the individual in the eyes of his Maker, however mean he may seem in those of his fellow-creature. Until the opinion which still prevails of the moral distinction between castes succumbs before the progress of knowledge and religion, Europeans residing in India should be cautious how they treat the customs they find established with ridicule and contempt; for benefit will never result from hurting the feelings of those whose ignorance deprives them of the sources of enlightenment open to us; while a sense of wounded vanity, or mistaken piety, may produce a dogged adherence to the customs of their ancestors, and may shut their ears to future conviction.

'SKETCHES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER.'*

Mrs Gore is at present one of the most prolific writers of a fashionable class of works. With a lively fancy, considerable powers of observation, and a happy method of expression, her productions possess many attractions to the lounger in literature. We know of no drawing-room author who is more pointed or fascinating. Brilliancy of language and *persiflage*, however, are not qualities which can impart an enduring fame. Without breadth of sentiment, and a power of observation which looks beyond narrow conventional fields for materials, we can expect neither truth nor lasting appreciation. Like hundreds of others, Mrs Gore seems to be impressed with the odd idea that London is England; that the people who live in fine houses, and give fine dinners, and talk fine nonsense, in certain territories west of Temple Bar, are the people at large of this great empire—that the whole nation is squeezed into the bills of mortality. On some such notion as this the work before us is constructed. For 'Sketches of English Character'

* By Mrs Gore. 2 vols. Bentley, London. 1846.

—a sufficiently taking title—our accomplished authoress should substitute, 'Sketches of a few peculiarities observable in London.'

Looking no farther than the bricks which bound the Regent's Park and May Fair, Mrs Gore begins by lamenting the difficulty of finding any originality of character in the present day. 'In England, as elsewhere, every die is worn down, every angle rounded, every feature effaced, every salient point smoothed, pumiced, and polished into the most level monotony of surface; a surface from which neither dramatist nor novelist can extract either plot or character, without violating in the grossest manner the probabilities of civilised life.' That this may be true as respects certain departments of society, is perhaps indisputable; but to allege that 'in England' there is no longer originality or freshness, no variety, is only to confess that the inspection is confined to too narrow a field. From what do the great and varied movements of the provinces on matters of free and universal commerce, education, and philanthropy take their rise, but in that originality and vigour of sentiment of which Mrs Gore, in her drawing-room, seems to be uncognisant? England, in our opinion, while socially polished to a resemblance in external manner, never occupied a grander position as respects boldness and originality of conception. No age, however, can properly estimate its own character. We can only judge impartially in retrospect.

'Singing,' proceeds Mrs Gore, 'is now far from the only feat that is accomplished "by the million." People eat, drink, sleep, talk, move, think in millions. No one *dares* to be himself. From Dan to Beersheba, not an original left! All the books published seem to have been copied from the same type, with one of Wedgewood's manifold writers. All the speeches made might be stereotyped in January, by an able reporter, to last out till June. In society, men are packed one within the other like forks or spoons in a plate chest, each of the same exact pattern and amount of pennyweights.

'Would Shakspeare have invented Falstaff or Parolles in such an order of society? Would Scott have hit upon the Baron of Bradwardine or Lawyer Pleydell? Would even Fielding or Smollett have extracted the ripe humour of their inventions out of such a sea of batter? The few authors of fiction who pretend to individualise, are obliged to have recourse to the most unsophisticated class for elements of character; society of a higher grade being so used down into tameness, as to form one long, long Baker Street, or Guildford Street, of mean, graceless, and tedious uniformity—from number one to number one hundred, a hundred times ditto repeated.'

All this is more specious than just. Shakspeare's characters could not of course be discovered in the present day. They are things done and completed. But we shall not speak so confidently as to those of our own countryman—Scott. There are classes of society still to penetrate and illustrate. The misfortune is, that authors wont take the trouble to look for them. Scott did not wait at home, in an elegant study, to be visited by the originals of Douce David Deans, Edie Ochiltree, or Advocate Pleydell. Barring this unfortunate limitation of vision, Mrs Gore writes cleverly and well. She hits off London (west end) characters and modes of living to a tee. 'In London, whether the dinner occur at the house of a man of eight hundred a-year, or of eight thousand, you are cognisant, to a dish and a topic, what will be supplied for the delectation of your ears and palate. You eat the turbot and saddle of mutton by anticipation as you go along, and may chew the cud of the great letters of the ministerial and opposition papers, which anon you will have to swallow, diluted with milk and water by the dull, or vivified by a few drops of alcohol by the brilliant.

'In the evening entertainments, as at the dinners, "*toujours perdrix!*"—Jullien, Gunter, and Lord Flipflap—Lord Flipflap, Gunter, and Jullien! You see the same people waltzing, fiddling, and serving the refreshments, and hear the same phrases exchanged among them, at every fête given at the west end of the town between May and August. May and August? Rather say from A.D. 1835 to A.D. 1850!

'This tedious uniformity of conventional life, which has converted society into a paper of pins, with people stuck in rows, instead of minikins, is, we are told, the result of a high state of civilisation. The moment the English left off clipping their yew-trees, and laying down their gravel-walks at right angles, they transferred the system to society. "Ye fallen avenues!" (so pathetically sung by Cowper), you have *now* your parallels at every dinner party; and not a coterie in Grosvenor Square but presents the stiff, unmeaning rectangularity of Hampton Court Gardens.

'This eternal sameness of manners and opinions is, in fact, so notorious among ourselves, that no one ventures to say "It is a fine day," till he have ascertained whether such be the opinion of Lord Rigmarole or Mr Tompkins—whosoever may be the pope, or fugleman, or model-man of his set. And yet England still retains on the continent the distinction of being "*le pays des originaux;*" and one of the first ejaculations of a foreigner to an English person with whom he is on confidential terms is—"Admit that you are the oddest people in the world!"'

The cause of this generally uniform resemblance is alluded to as follows:—'The great origin of this peremptory uniformity is the influence of our habits of business. To facilitate despatch, everything the least out of the common way must be avoided, and all obstacles in the railroad of life removed. People have no time to lose in wonder. They like to find in the man with whom they have to deal a fac-simile of themselves, so that they can meet him, point to point, without demur or examination. As society is at present constituted, they know to an item with what and whom they have to deal in a stockbroker, banker, physician, or barrister. They could draw his portrait, or make a model of him, without ever having set eyes upon his face. Such people are made to pattern; and the type of each is as familiar to every mother's son of us, as though specifically sold at a turner's like a bat and ball.'

There is also no wonder now-a-days. Nobody is surprised at anything—always keeping in mind that 'nobody' means nobody in London. 'Time was that comets were esteemed prodigies, and produced a national panic the moment their tails whisked into sight; but now that their movements are as well understood and correctly chronicled as those of the sober-sided fixed stars, always winking in their proper places, people are delighted to be broken in upon by visitations which lend bloom to their roses and flavour to their vintage. Thanks to Van Amburgh and Carter, even lions and hyenas are tamed. Self-playing organs grind the oratorios of Handel into insignificance; and the Transfiguration of Raphael has lost its charm in the pale and worn-out lithographs which multiply and enfeeble its mysteries. The seven wonders of the world are in ruins; and the only wonder left is, that we cannot find out the secret of inventing an eighth.

'Our ancestors ran to look at an aloe in bloom, believing that it flowered but once in a hundred years. *We* know better; but the aloe has lost its charm. Our ancestors reverenced the oaks that extended their gigantic arms beside their dwelling, certifying its antiquity far better than the genealogical tree in their hall. *We* bring ancient trees in Pickford's vans to our lawns, and make them overshadow our upstart villas; but the oak has lost its charm. Our ancestors thought a shilling well spent for admittance to see the skeleton of a camelopard. *We* have giraffes giraffing unnoticed in the Regent's Park, and keep a serpentry for improving the domestic breed of rattlesnakes and boa-constrictors. But if Mungo Park or Waterton were to write their travels *now*, they would have lost their charm. The sting is taken out of everything: the flavour everywhere extracted!

'Even the most high court of parliament mumbles where it used to bite. Its thunderbolts have fizzed into squibs: its storms are rattled with a sheet of iron and a quart of peas. People care no more about appearing at the bar of the Reformed House than at the bar of the Eagle Tavern. The terrors of the place have vanished. The sultan, so terrible as the "turbaned Turk," is scarcely worth mentioning in a Fez!'

Yet Mrs Gore has hopes of the present lull passing away, and that by and by a really great man will arise. 'The first man who dares to think and speak for himself, and think and speak strongly, will become as Gulliver in Lilliput. The prodigious flock of sheep into which it has pleased our nation to subside, will follow at his piping. Let him ply his galvanic battery with address, and the corpse of our defunct literature will revive—making, perhaps, like other galvanised corpses, a few grimaces in the onset.'

Proceeding from general to particular definitions, the authoress offers a number of sketches illustrative of persons the most marked in this age of flatness. Among these we have sketches of 'Popular People,' 'the Gossip,' 'the Chaperon and Debutante,' 'the Standard Footman,' 'the Lady Patroness,' 'the Hotel-Keeper,' and so forth. One of the best in the lot is 'the Lady Patroness.' Provincial ladies may wish to know something of this great woman.

'In London life, patroness-ship is a matter of election. Among the two thousand noble or wealthy ladies whose names are supposed to lend grace to a subscription, or whose equipages, seen waiting at the private door of a Hanover Square bazaar, are known to increase its congregation of powdered footmen and wiggy body-coachmen, it is something to be solicited a sponsor for the nursling institution or starveling charity-school. In the country, on the contrary, it is a thing of inheritance.

'The great lady of any neighbourhood, whether a seventy-four duchess, or a gun-brig baronet's wife, becomes, as a matter of course, patroness of whatever attempts are to be made on the indulgence of the provincial public; nay, even the mayor's lady in a country town ascends the throne by right divine, failing higher branches in the succession.'

Plays cannot be got up for charity without this important personage; neither can charity sermons. 'You might as well have the plate at a cathedral door placed on a kettle-trivet, as in the hands of a pew-opener or churchwarden. A polite congregation loves to bestow its shillings and sixpences upon a charmer in a lilac satin pelisse, with French flowers in her bonnet. The lady patroness never looks more exquisite than when standing in the porch of an old country church receiving the copper contributions and courtesies of the poor old women in their red cloaks, who are willing to sacrifice their week's tobacco towards rebuilding the organ-loft; little surmising that the cost of the whole undertaking does not equal the value of the Brussels-lace veil of the lady who smiles so eloquent an appeal to their magnanimity. The harangue from the pulpit, the private badgering of the parish clerk, had failed to convince them—but who is to resist the elegance and affectation of the lady patroness?

'There are necessarily lady patronesses of all sorts and sizes, sects and opinions. The serious lady patroness—the great lady of Exeter Hall—the Madonna Laura of the Petrarchs in buzz wigs—the blue of Rivingtons and Hatchards—is the Hecuba of the tribe.

'A degree of respectability is attached to her rustling skirts, which ought to render them arrow-proof against the shafts of ridicule, even as the mail of a crusader or the scales of a crocodile. Her charity, unlike the charity that begins at home, is of the comprehensive species that wafts an obolus from Indus to the Pole, in order to furnish missionaries for the dusky tribes of heathenesse, and a maintenance for the still darker tribes lacking employment in the overstocked market of piety in Great Britain.

'Seldom, it is true, do we hear of these comfortable dames taking out twopence and giving them to the host in behalf of some needy wayfarer of the laity; more rarely still of their exercising their influence in society for the benefit of some victim of its injustice, its pride, or prejudice. When slanders and scandals darken the atmosphere, they are fain to let the wicked world have its way; unless when that way can be invaded by the thousand-parson force of prejudices stronger and more powerful still—crushed by the Thor-like hammer of a hierarchy, or brought down by the long rifle of a backwoodsman, taking his sly aim from behind the whited wall of evangelism. Devoid of all pretence to the heavenly meekness of genuine Christianity, the serious lady patroness *is* "puffed up"—"vaunteth herself"—and (under correction) "*doth* behave herself unseemly."'

But there are varieties of the character. 'Next comes the political lady patroness; the distributor of election ribbons, and other party gewgaws; the accredited monsterer of nothings inaudible in the gallery, lisped by the pap-boat members. Instead of the heaps of tracts damp from the press which moisten the carriage-cushions of the serious lady patroness, the morocco swabs of the political lady patroness are encumbered by the dog's-eared pages of some dry pamphlet—the last "striking effort" of the newest man of genius forced into bloom in the succession-house of her party.

'By vocation a fetcher and carrier of paper place-traps, she takes care to have the useful passages scored in pencil by the author, for the benefit of the minister's private secretary; and the objectionable ones scored in red ink by the minister's private secretary, for the instruction of the aspiring author. Not unfrequently the said author in his proper person usurps the place of his work, and is dawdled about in morning visits from house to house, in those environs of Grosvenor Square or Carlton Terrace which enshrine the penates of the great men of Downing Street.

'Next follows the literary lady patroness, a variety of the lion-feeder; saving that her lions are fed like courtiers—"promise crammed!" The literary lady patroness is a jackal to the annuals and other miscellanies of polite literature. She it is who provides a place in the alms-houses of the arts for Lord Thomas's verses or Lady Sarah's sketches; thereby eliciting the eternal gratitude of the editor, proprietor, printer, and binder of the golden library of the tabbies. She it is whose conversazione confers immortality on the unknown epic, and crowns with bays the prose of the poet and the poets of the prosy.

'Whereas the serious lady patroness is "an old woman clothed in gray," the literary one is usually a young one enrobed in cerulean blue. Mild as Helicon, she eschews the noisy gabble of her political rival, who appears to be over-talking a debate; and is measured in her dicta, and few and far between in her arbitrements, even as the solemn minute-guns of a quarterly review compared with the squibbing of a daily paper. Her gentle dulness recoils from the hurry and bustle of the great lady of the hustings; and, "like the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," she is usually to be found lolling dozily on the cushions of her boudoir, with the last volume of her latest protégé drooping from her hand!

'Never, however, does she fail to avail herself of your visit, to victimise you in favour of some subscription work or theatrical benefit—enabling you to see Shakspeare murdered in cold blood at the cost of two pounds two per hour. She is sure to have some Miss Seraphina Snobbs—"some virgin tragedy, some orphan muse"—to intrust to your sympathies. As a counterbalance to the enormous weight of advice wherewith she loads her unoffending protégés, she heaps up for their credit the half-crowns and half-sovereigns extorted from her friends, to be lumped into the subscription list as "Nine pounds eleven shillings and fourpence, collected by the Right Honourable the Countess of Indigo;"

beating out the gold of others into thin leaf, in order to gild the pill of her bitter counsel.'

We have, in these few passages, given perhaps a sufficient specimen of a work which, though not without faults—chiefly of omission—possesses a considerable fund of amusement; and will, we doubt not, add to the popularity of the fair authoress.

THE GREAT NORTHERN DRIFT.

Sir R. I. Murchison, in his late work on Russia, devotes a considerable space to an account of the blocks of stone, of various sizes, which are scattered in great profusion over a wide extent of that country, as well as over a large portion of the rest of Europe. These erratic blocks or boulders are composed of granite, quartz rock, and greenstones of various sizes, from three feet in diameter to nine and ten, some even of the enormous size of 40,000 cubic feet. They are scattered over an extent of country—from Hamburg on the west, to the White Sea on the east—covering an area of two thousand miles in length by four to five hundred miles in breadth. They have been termed erratic, as they have evidently been transported from a distance, and as they are common to the whole extent of country; while the detritus on which they frequently rest is composed of the local rocks and fragmentary matter of the separate districts, varying in character with the various rock formations of those districts. As these erratic blocks appear to be identical in character with the rock formations of the Scandinavian mountains lying to the north-west, and as the general direction of the drift has been traced as proceeding from north-west to south-east, the general term of 'Great Northern Drift' has not inaptly been applied to this deposit.

Though very generally scattered over the surface of the area just mentioned, yet there are some places where the boulders are wanting. In fact they appear to be distributed in zones or belts, in a longitudinal direction, with certain spaces between where none are to be seen. Generally, too, the higher portions of ground are thickly strewed with them, while none are to be found in the valleys. The largest masses of stone are found deposited in the northern part of the country, while towards the south the blocks diminish in size. Thus, in the neighbourhood of St Petersburg, masses of ten feet in diameter are of frequent occurrence, while around Moscow the blocks rarely exceed two or three feet in diameter; occasionally, however, some of the larger masses are found even a considerable way south.

As the greater part of the present surface of Russia, over which these boulders are so profusely scattered, is now level and uniform, with no high mountains or extensive declivities, the question arises—By what agencies were they transported to the positions which they now occupy? Sir R. I. Murchison is of opinion that the nature of the surface of the country precludes the idea that they were transported by glacier action at a period when the surface had already become dry land, and is more inclined to believe that the transportation took place while yet the present land was covered with the waters of the ocean. This transportation, he thinks, may have been due to the effects of two agencies. In the first place, to the action of 'waves of translation,' caused by the elevation of the Scandinavian mountains, by which an impulse would be given to the oceanic waves, sufficient, according to some late calculations, to produce the effect required; and, in the second place, to the transporting power of floating icebergs.

By this latter means, several of the phenomena attending the present position of the drifted masses can be readily explained. Thus the accumulation of blocks on the higher ground, while none are to be found in the valleys, may be accounted for by supposing that these prominences existed in the former seas, and that here the icebergs were arrested in their course, and detained till the summer sun melted them down, and liberated the imbedded masses of rock which they contained. The present aspect of the country exhibits these boulders as if they had been arrested while ascending declivities—as if they had been forced up-hill, and in a contrary direction to the present course of the flowing rivers; while there are evidently no high mountain-ridges near from whence they could have been derived.

The disposition of these blocks in zones or belts, with intervening spaces containing none, may be accounted for from the positions of the mountains towards the north and west, where they derived their origin. Thus a space of interruption between the mountain-chains in that direction, where no icebergs existed, and where of course there could be no fragments of rocks detached, would thus cause deficiencies in the currents, which bore from north to south in a regular and parallel direction.

There are strong grounds for believing, then, that during the period of the transport of this Great Northern Drift, the whole of the northern part of Russia was under water; that the Scandinavian mountains were alone elevated above the ocean; and that from this source were derived the masses of primary rocks which are now found so profusely scattered over the surface of the now elevated continent. At this period, too, the great Uralian chain appears to have existed as dry land, and to have formed a barrier to the extension of the erratic drift farther to the eastward. In the wide Siberian valleys to the eastward of this chain, and in the lake countries to the southward, there then lived innumerable herds of the mammoth and Siberian elephant, whose bones now strew those districts in immense profusion, and where even whole carcasses of those animals—with the flesh and hairy covering of the skins entire, and in singular preservation, amid the ever-during icebergs of that region—are not unfrequently met with. These animals appear to have been of a particular species, with long hair, fitting them for the vicissitudes of a northern climate, and with teeth so formed as to be adapted for masticating the twigs and succulent branches of trees as well as leaves. It is conjectured that, during the hot summers of the more southern part of the continent, these gigantic herds migrated to the borders of the cooler lakes to the northward, and that here many of them dying in successive seasons, left their skeletons; and not a few, perhaps, being suddenly enveloped in the cold of a changing climate, thus had their whole bodies effectually embalmed, and transmitted entire to a wondering posterity.

Another singular deposit in central Russia is a rich black earth called 'Tchornozen,' which occupies an area of the surface equal in size to a European empire.* It is deposited both in the valleys and higher grounds, and varies in depth from fifteen to twenty feet. Its particles are exceedingly minute, and in summer the least agitation raises a fine black dust in volumes from the surface of the turf. It forms one of the richest of soils, and produces several crops in succession without the application of any manure. According to several analyses, one hundred parts consist—of silex, 69·8; alumina, 13·5; lime, 1·6; oxide of iron, 0·7; organic matter, 6·4; humic acid, 1·7. It also contains a large proportion of azotised matter. Near the Caspian Sea it contains nitre; and in several places a considerable incrustation of salt. The original source of this immense deposit of earth has not been accurately determined. It probably owes its origin to a jurassic shale, which may have been thus finely disintegrated by the action of water. No traces of marine productions are found in it, and whether it has been formed by the action of the sea or of fresh-water lakes, is uncertain. Could it be transported to less favoured surfaces in other countries, there is perhaps in this vast deposit as much matter as would cover the whole of Britain with a soil as rich and fertile as the

* A slighter reference to this earth was made in a general article on Sir R. I. Murchison's book in a recent number.

most enthusiastic farmer could desire, while at the same time a sufficient depth would still be left for all useful purposes in the native region of this singular deposit.

THE LATE MR TEGG.

THE late Mr Tegg, whose decease we announced a few days ago, enjoyed for a long period an extensive reputation as a bookseller and publisher. His early career was one of struggling and difficulty, and his life presents another of the many instances, already recorded, of how much perseverance and earnestness of purpose can accomplish. At his death he left a large fortune. Mr Thomas Tegg was born in 1776 at Wimbledon, in Surrey. His father dying, he was left to the care of some friends, who sent him to Galashiels, in Selkirkshire, where, for the extremely moderate sum of ten pounds per annum, he was boarded, lodged, clothed, and educated by a Mr Graham, with whom he remained four years. At the end of that time he set out on a cold November morning to walk to Dalkeith, with nothing in his pockets but a letter of introduction to a party in that town, and a sixpence. There he obtained a situation. Removing to Edinburgh a short time after, he first saw Robert Burns, Hugh Blair, and Henry Mackenzie in the shop of Creech, which those worthies were in the habit of frequenting. From Edinburgh Mr Tegg found his way, after a time, successively to Berwick, Alnwick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Durham. After many privations and trials, he obtained employment in the last city. In after-years he visited Durham under more gratifying circumstances, having been honoured with an invitation by Dr Van Mildert, the bishop of that see. From Durham Mr Tegg removed to Sheffield, and worked in Mr Gale's printing-office, where he met with Thomas Paine, whose *Age of Reason* was first printed at Gale's press. His ambition, like that of almost every aspirant, was, however, turned towards the metropolis. Eventually he set out for London, where he arrived broken in spirit and low in purse. As he did not immediately obtain employment, his sufferings were great; but perseverance overcame them; and he entered the service of the then well-known publishers, the Messrs Arch and Co. of Cornhill, with whom he remained nine years. His care and prudence during that time placed him in a position to think of commencing business on his own account, and with that view he took a shop in Aldersgate Street, whence he afterwards removed to 111 Cheapside. In the former, Mr Tegg laid the foundation of his fortune; he commenced a system of evening book auctions, which he continued for many years, and which were afterwards profitably carried on by others in imitation of him. By means of these, and by entering largely into the publishing trade, either in issuing reprints or copyrights at a low price, he was, there can be little doubt, one of the most active pioneers of cheap literature, the blessings of which are now so extensively enjoyed. Mr Tegg was a man who combined powers of endurance under misfortune with determination of purpose in a remarkable degree. To use his own recent words—'Truly I can say that, passing through life, whether rich or poor, my spirits never forsook me so as to prevent me from rallying again. I have seen and associated with all ranks and stations in society. I have lodged with beggars; and had the honour of presentation to royalty. I have been so reduced as to plead for assistance, and, by the goodness of Providence, I have been able to render it to others.'—*Daily News.*

[We happen to have been a little acquainted with the late Mr Tegg, and can verify the above commendation of his character. Unlike many men who have risen from humble circumstances, he did not dislike alluding to the difficulties which he had encountered, but rather felt some degree of pride in telling how he had surmounted them. With a better education, the mind of Mr Tegg might have presented an aspect corresponding with his fortune. Even with the disadvantages under which he laboured from this cause, there was a largeness in his designs which argued no common man. Tegg's views were quite cosmopolitan. He did not think of publishing books for a mere London sale, but for the world. Calling himself a *book-merchant*, not a bookseller, his mind was constantly occupied with plans of universal publication. He despatched great cargoes of his wares to Australia, India, America, and other distant countries, receiving whatever articles could be conveniently sent in return. The last time we saw him in Cheapside, he had just received advice of a ship-load of wool being sent to him from New South Wales in liquidation of a debt for books. Never did we meet with a publisher so thoroughly imbued with the principles, and so eager to enter into the practice, of commerce. On inquiring to what he chiefly owed his success in life, he replied that it was to three things—punctuality as to time, self-reliance, and integrity in word and deed. In addition, however, said he, to these points, 'I have derived much advantage and comfort in life from being deaf, as well as blind, to all calumnies and attacks. I have never cared for what any one malignantly, or perhaps foolishly, said of me; neither have I been ready to resent real or imaginary affronts.' We believe that such is the acknowledgment of pretty nearly all men who have been successful in their career. There is no getting through the world with a temper which fires up at trifles. What the *Daily News* states regarding his concern in cheap literature is only an under-statement of the truth. We have understood that Mr Tegg was the earliest literary employer of the late Dr Birbeck; and that, by means of that gentleman and others, he was the first to attempt presenting scientific information in a cheap form.]

PEACE—PEACE!

THE *Bristol Young Men's Society* have sent the following address to the young men of New York. Involving some expressions which we should have been inclined to soften, it is an eloquent and arresting document, forming one of those signs of the times which public men would do well to study:—

'Brethren—We who now address you are associated in friendly union for the purpose of moral and mental culture. We are lovers of peace, believing that the principles of our religion forbid all war; and, following the blest example of other communities in our land, we send you peaceful thoughts, in order to prevent the monstrous sin and folly of the "trial by battle" between England and America. Human life, with all its untold mysteries and worth, we count a sacred thing, and utterly inviolable by the act of man; we therefore think that standing armies, warlike preparations, and death punishments, are foul blots upon the vaunted civilisation of this age, and melancholy proofs that Christianity is darkened, and that conscience slumbers, even in the most religious and the noblest nations of the earth. Is it not time, American brothers, that Christians should begin in earnest to make moral war against the great national sins and lies of the times? The brotherhood of man is part of the theory of every Christian church—and only of the theory. Commerce and science are the chief practical peacemakers; and our dwarfish Christianity almost leaves this heavenly work to them, and agitates the religious world with little surplice questions and metaphysical subtleties of doctrine—bitter and barren as the disputes between the Nominalists and Realists in the dark centuries.

'For nearly two thousand years there have been in the world divine principles which, if earnestly believed by those who have known them, would long ere now have made mankind one loving family, despite the accidents of colour, language, caste, and all the other different externals under which the essence of humanity dwells. We believe in this equal brotherhood of all men, not only as a theoretical truth, but as a future fact in the world's history—a coming reality, and perhaps not very distant. Believing this in our hearts, we repudiate national honour (as hitherto understood) as national infamy. We know of only one kind of honour wherewith nations or individuals ought to be invested, and that can be deserved only by those who practise justice, mercy, truth, and love. Military glory we abhor as unspeakable shame. We feel no patriotism but that which teaches us to regard the world as one country, and every human being our neighbour, to be dealt with after the Samaritan example.

'We have said nothing of the extensive and growing commercial intercourse between Americans and Englishmen, nor of the near relationship you and we bear to each other; our common language—almost immediate common

parentage. We do not forget these things; we deeply feel that they would invest the warfare between your nation and ours with special evils and horrors peculiarly its own; but we take our stand for peace on higher, deeper, wider principles than we can evolve from these circumstances of accident. We said that commerce and science are the chief peacemakers; but we have small faith that wars will permanently cease throughout the world till the principles of peace shall be part of the Christian's religion, and the Christian's religion shall be the religion of man.

'We earnestly commend these views to your deepest thought; and if you find them true, work with us in firm faith and cheerful hope till they take root in the Christian mind, and bless the world, or we are called from moral conflict here to everlasting rest.'

CAUSE OF DOUBLE FLOWERS.

The cause of double flowers has lately been explained in the *Revue Horticole*, on a rather curious and interesting principle. It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact, that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and these are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and 'to explain the phenomenon,' says the *Revue*, 'we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double plant is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation; that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of Ten Weeks' Stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; whilst, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say that, in keeping a seed for several years, we fatigue and weaken it so, that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds naturally, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many other observers, that melon plants obtained from seeds the preceding year ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; whilst, on the other hand, when we sow old seeds, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit, and plenty of it.'

BROTHERLY LOVE.

When do we begin to love people? When they begin to let us look into their hearts, and their hearts are found to be worth looking into.—*Cromwell's Literary Florets.*

PROSE AND POETRY.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry: that is, prose = words in their best order; poetry = the *best* words in the best order. —*Coleridge.*

'WORK FROM THE SOUL.'

COLOSSIANS iii. 23.

Work bravely and heartily now,
In the light beams of glorious day,
While the current of life in your veins
Runs joyous. Oh work while ye may!
For soon the dark night
Will her clouds spread around;
Who would happy be found,
Must work in the light.

Work heartily—not as a slave,
But lay all your strength on the oar,
And buffet the surf, till at length
You arrive at the opposite shore.
The heart that loves toil
Is buoyant and free,
As the waves of the sea
When in tempest they boil.

The Father of all glances down
On his sons as they strive in the race;
Upon all, first and last, he bestows
His looks of unspeakable grace.
Go on then in faith.
All that run well must win;
To faint were a sin,
Or to leave the good path.

The souls of the dead look to see
Their brothers who labour in fight.
Well know they the battle of life;
Even now they rejoice in the sight.
And the flash from their eyes
Fills the soldier with fire:
He never can tire
When such powers bid him rise.

Behold the bright crown of the brave,
How it glitters above in the sky!
He fears not cold death or the grave,
Who sets his affections on high.
Should idleness lurk
In the depths of your breast,
Look up to the blest,
See your crown—and then work.

TRETA.

MYSTERIOUS DEATHS.

It sometimes happens in the country that nearly a whole family is struck by malignant fever, and successively carried off. This happened lately at a farm-house in the south of Scotland. Not only did the farmer, his wife, and a female servant sink under the disease, but a son and daughter, and several other servants, narrowly escaped with their lives, and only by removing from the house. It was observed in this case that removal produced instantaneous improvement of health, but return to the devoted dwelling at once renewed the ailment. About the same time a similar tragedy happened near Stirling. A farmer, his wife, two sons, and a female servant, being the whole family, took ill of malignant fever, and died. The explanation which has been afforded to us in the first case perhaps supplies a key to all such mysteries. It has there been found that, immediately behind the house was a kind of mill-pond, into which every kind of refuse was thrown, or allowed to discharge itself, and that this collection of putrid matter had not been once cleaned out for a long series of years, no one dreaming of any harm from it. The momentous consequences from a cause so trifling, and the consideration that they might have been warded off by only a little knowledge, furnish ample matter for reflection. We are yet but in the infancy of an understanding of the subject of aërial poisons.

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The Royal Exchange, in general, has been more fortunate in finding historians than that portion of it which we recently described as 'Lloyd's Coffee-House;' still, the current descriptions are for the most part imperfect and incorrect, and utterly without the sanction of official authority.

Like everything in the city, the existence of the Royal Exchange is owing to individual enterprise. This is the spirit and essence of commercial prosperity. The merchant is generally the architect of his own fortune; his pursuits necessarily bring him into contact with his fellow-men; and thus, while the principle of association obtains with him, and expresses itself in the guild and the corporation, in his own person he maintains a special individuality. To him who would indulge personalities, and portray characteristics, a visit to the city would afford many examples—some strange and odd enough, but all striking, and strongly-marked. In other pursuits of life there is more or less of a professional costume, which sinks the man in the official; but the merchant pleases himself, or acts upon early associations, in his dress and conduct. His success mostly depends, indeed, upon the personal. The great Rothschild is said to have had his '*secret*,' which even his lady sought in vain to penetrate, and which was the basis of his success. Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, is an illustrious example of the truth of these remarks. Edward VI. consulted him frequently on the best manner of proceeding to rid himself of debt; and Sir Thomas devised 'a *secret* scheme' for this purpose, the evolution of which required two years' trial. It perfectly succeeded. His plan was, to take up in Antwerp two or three hundred pounds sterling in his own name by exchange, out of money to be privately furnished by his majesty—a process of liquidation so gradual as not likely to be perceived, or to occasion any fall in the rate of exchange. As the king's debts did not exceed L.108,000, with interest, the time claimed was amply sufficient for the purpose. The result was, 'to raise the exchange from sixteen shillings Flemish for the pound sterling to twenty-two shillings; at which rate,' says his biographer, 'Gresham discharged all the king's debts; and by this means money was rendered plentiful, and trade prosperous, while the credit of the crown became established on a firmer basis abroad than it had ever been before.'

It was during his residence at Antwerp that Gresham conceived the idea of a Royal Exchange for London—the former city having already provided itself with such an accommodation in 'the Burse,' a building of noble dimensions. It was one part of Gresham's character that he was a thorough Englishman, and had the interest and honour of his country always at heart. He showed this by his advice to Queen Elizabeth when in need of a loan: 'Not to use any strangers, but her own subjects, that it might be seen what a prince of power she was.' He was indeed anxious, in all cases, that the merchants of London should benefit by the discounts and interest accruing on such transactions; and took care that the counsel he had given should not fail for want of his own exertions. Having conceived an idea, he had faith in it, and thus accomplished it.

Intelligent, successful, liberal, munificent—such are the attributes which necessarily belong to the merchant-prince—such qualities rendered Sir Thomas Gresham illustrious. Of these, therefore, he must have been an eminent example—a marvel, among useful and honourable men, of honour and utility. If not less ambitious than his compeers, he was, in fact, more generous. This habit of mind was sometimes even ostentatiously exhibited. When Queen Elizabeth, in 1576, visited him at his residence in Osterley Park, he not only entertained her with extraordinary festivity, but on her objecting that the courtyard was too large, and would look more handsome if divided in the middle, he sent forthwith for workmen from London, who laboured in the night silently; and by the time her majesty rose in the morning, a wall was erected, producing the appearance she had desired.

A mind so constituted was not likely to permit London to want what Antwerp enjoyed longer than necessity obliged. He yielded to delay with reluctance. Our readers are already aware that, previously to the erection of the Royal Exchange, the merchants of London had been accustomed to assemble in Lombard Street, which took its name from the rich and extortionate Lombard merchants who, anterior to the year 1274, came from the four Italian republics of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice, and settling in England, wrung from the necessities of Edward I. those exclusive privileges which enabled them to oppress the English trader and insult the English king. Edward III., to put a stop to their career, seized on their estates; but they survived the misfortune to lend money to Henry VI., and to receive, as security for the sum advanced, a mortgage on the English custom duties. They continued in Lombard Street till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was reserved for Sir Thomas Gresham to confound their projects, and oblige them to quit the country. They are still remembered by their armorial bearings—the three golden balls, which pawnbrokers use as the ensign of their shops. The want of a Burse is said to have been felt also by the father and uncles of Gresham; and the desire to form one to have 'run in the family blood.' At length, in 1563, Sir Thomas announced his intention to erect one at his own expense. On the 4th January 1564 the offer was accepted by the Court of Aldermen, who forthwith engaged themselves

to supply a spot of ground for the purpose, and appointed a committee of aldermen and common councilmen to select a site. The Company of Merchant Adventurers were called on to contribute 400 marks towards the expense; and the several city companies advanced different sums by way of loan; care being taken to secure the benefit of the erection to the city in perpetuity. In fact, there is in the corporation books a special entry of a carouse held at the house of Mr John Ryvers, alderman, in which Sir Thomas, in the presence of witnesses, undertook, in case he should die childless, to bequeath the whole of the profits, in equal moieties, to the city and the Mercers' Company.

Certain houses formerly standing in Cornhill, and the alleys and lanes branching from it, having been removed, at the cost to the city of L.3737, 0s. 6d., Sir Thomas Gresham laid the first stone on the 7th June 1565, accompanied by a few aldermen, who, we are told by Stowe, 'every one of them laid a piece of gold, which the workmen took up.' By November in the following year, the building was completely covered in, and in a condition to receive the merchants. It was, however, not at first patronised as might have been expected; nor was it until two years after its completion that it received royal countenance. The queen then came into the city, and honoured the founder with her company at dinner. It was upon this occasion that it received the name of the 'Royal Exchange.' The architect employed by Gresham was a Fleming named Henryke, who seems to have designed it after the Burse of Venice, from which that of Antwerp was copied. Prints of it, as it then stood, still exist, dated 1569, with an inscription in French, Dutch, and Latin, in honour of the founder, whose crest—the grasshopper—surmounted the tower, and ornamented the corners of the building.

The royal visit was highly beneficial. Sir Thomas Gresham had remitted the rent for the year to the tenants of the shops that formed part of the building—a plan attended with so much success, that he was soon afterwards enabled to raise their rents considerably; for, owing to the show they made on the occasion of the queen's visit, the nobility commenced a custom of sending thither for the most costly articles, and thus the shopkeepers rapidly became rich. But for all this, in the first instance, the one man was wanting not only to commence the undertaking, but to induce his fellowmen, by rewards and promises, to promote by reasonable means their own interests. Thus it is that all great movements are really made; not by the large bodies who follow, but by the few individuals who lead. The mass of men, it would seem, are without providence, and need some Prometheus to volunteer for them, that they may reap the profit of enterprise without incurring the risk.

The history of the Royal Exchange, from this period to its destruction by the fire of London in 1666, is that of the country. The troubles of the great Rebellion, the character of the Commonwealth, and the nature of the Restoration, had each its type in connexion with this building. A statue of Charles I., which had been placed there, was removed on the 30th May 1648, and substituted with an inscription—*Exit tyrannorum ultimus*; which was in turn removed, and replaced with a new statue, after the return of Charles II. Here also, on May 28, 1661, the acts for establishing the Commonwealth were burned by the hands of the common hangman. The state of the Royal Exchange during the plague is told by Pepys and Lord Clarendon:—'By day, the streets presented a most frightful aspect of desolation and misery; and at night, the dead-carts, moving with slow pace by torchlight, and with the appalling cry, "Bring out your dead!" thrilled horror through every heart that was not, by suffering, hardened to calamity. The stoppage of public business was so complete, that grass grew within the area of the Royal Exchange!'

The statesmen of the famous period in which Gresham lived, and with whom he had intimate intercourse, were as eminent for their learning as for their political genius. The merchant was equally anxious to exhibit his love of letters as to advance the interests of commerce, and this the author of the Exchange showed by founding the college which is called after his name. He also provided that, after his death, the city should, out of their moiety of the property in the Royal Exchange, pay annual salaries of L.50 each to professors of divinity, astronomy, geometry, and music, who should deliver lectures at the founder's late residence. After the conflagration of the Royal Exchange, 'Gresham College' was, in the first instance, resorted to for commercial purposes; arrangements were there made for the accommodation of the merchants, until a new Burse could be erected.

The example having been once set, and the convenience of an Exchange having become apparent, the erection of the new Exchange needed not the special stimulus of an individual will, but was an object of desire to the general mind. A commercial city destitute of an Exchange was now thought, to adopt the language of Mr Malcolm in his *Londinium Redivivum*, 'as improper a residence for merchants as a parish without a church for that of religious people.' The first stone of the new building was laid on the 6th of May 1667. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect: the expense was shared between the Corporation and the Mercers' Company, and amounted to L.80,000. The royal consent was not obtained till afterwards, when Charles II. laid the base of the column on the west side of the north entrance on the 22d of October, on which occasion his majesty was feasted. The Duke of York and Prince Rupert laid the bases of other columns a few days subsequently, and were likewise civically regaled. The structure was completed on the 28th September 1669, and opened by the lord mayor, Sir William Turner, the king having been prevented from attending.

Owing to the fire of 1838, the Royal Exchange thus erected by Sir Christopher Wren is now only matter of history. The architecture, as most of us recollect, was beautiful—the four orders of the quadrangle being indeed magnificent, and richly decorated with the basements, arches of the walks, the cornices over them, the niches, statues, pillars, circular windows, entablature, pediments, and balustrade, all in correct proportion and arrangement. Its principal front was towards Cornhill; and on each side there were Corinthian demi-columns, supporting a compass pediment; within each of which were niches, containing statues of Charles I. and II. in Roman habits, by Bushnell. Within the quadrangle there were twenty-four niches in the intercolumns, with statues of English kings and queens—most of the kings before Charles II. being sculptured by Cibber. The centre of the area had for some time a statue of Charles II. by Grinlin Gibbons, which was subsequently displaced for one by Spileer, habited in the Roman style. In an obscure position under the piazza the statue of Gresham, too, had its niche; and nigh to it, that of one whose modesty would have been better content had his merit received no such acknowledgment—Sir John Bernard; to whom, in his lifetime, the memorial was erected as a mark of civic respect, but who could never bring himself to visit the walks afterwards.

We regret that the history of Gresham College is less satisfactory than that of the Royal Exchange. The civil wars and the fire of London having pressed hard on their funds, the city of London endeavoured to get rid of the cost of the lectures, which, though at first considered of great importance, gradually declined in interest. In 1768, an act of parliament was even obtained 'to make over the ground whereon Gresham College stood to the crown;' and a proposition was made by the city and the Mercers' Company to pull the college itself down, and build an excise office on the site; which was done. From the moment, indeed, that the founder conceived the generous idea of converting his own house into a college, there was a jealousy expressed. Sir Thomas

Gresham, it would appear from an address to him from the vice-chancellor and senate of the university of Cambridge, had made some promise of contributing towards building a new, or repairing an existing college. This design he seems to have subsequently enlarged. The enlarged design was approved of, but the site was objected to. The university authorities endeavoured to dissuade him from selecting London, lest it might prove prejudicial to Oxford and Cambridge. He himself had been educated at Cambridge, and this was urged as a reason why Cambridge should have a preference. We have seen that he persisted in his good intention of giving the city of London a college. We regret that the boon has been so ill received; and that, up to the present moment, it has been altogether abused, the lectureships being little better than sinecures.

We now come to the consideration of the subject in relation to the times in which we live. On the night of the 10th January 1838, the structure of Sir Christopher Wren was burned to the ground. On the particulars of this calamity we need not dwell; they are doubtless fresh in our readers' recollection. The merchants of London for a time made the Guildhall their place of meeting, and afterwards the area of the Excise Office—the site of Gresham House and Gresham College; thus, as far as circumstances allowed, re-enacting the scene of former times. In preparing to re-erect the Royal Exchange, many interests had now to be considered—those of the underwriters at Lloyd's, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and the shopkeepers who had occupied the ground-floor. An act of parliament was also necessary, which received the royal assent on the 10th August 1838, and empowered the Gresham Committee to purchase and remove all the buildings to the eastward, extending nearly to Finch Lane, and to raise L.150,000 upon the credit of the London Bridge Fund. Premiums were at length advertised for the three best designs. More than fifty competitors appeared. Three architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr Gwilt, and Mr Hardwick—were chosen to report on their productions; and these gentlemen considered that the designs numbered 36, 43, and 37, best answered the conditions prescribed; but declined to recommend them for adoption. To the artists—Mr William Grellicz, Mr Sydney Smith, and Messrs Chateauneuf and Mee—the premiums were nevertheless paid. Ultimately, a limited competition between five architects—Sir Robert Smirke, Mr Gwilt, Mr Tite, Mr Barry, and Mr Cockerell—was proposed, but only Mr Tite and Mr Cockerell entered the arena. The preference was at length given to Mr Tite; and on Monday the 17th January 1842, the foundation stone was laid by Prince Albert, with much state and ceremony, full descriptions of which appeared in the newspapers of the day. Within three years from that date the new Royal Exchange was completed—a very brief space of time for such a work, especially considering that it consists entirely of stone.

The structure does credit to the artist, and to a great extent realises the character of grandeur, simplicity, and usefulness which he desired to give to it. The west front is of course the principal feature. Here a portico is placed, superior in dimensions to any in England, and almost equal to any in the world. It consists of eight Corinthian columns, with two intercolumniations in actual projection, and the centre part also deeply recessed. The width is ninety feet, and the height from the ground to the apex of the pediment is seventy-four feet six inches. From the level of the street it is ascended by thirteen granite steps. Here, on the right and left of the entrance, are the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance for Assuring Shipping, Fire, and Lives. Next in dignity is the east front. In the projection of his plan, the artist had to conquer a difficulty relative to the situation of the tower, arising from the shape of the ground, because, to quote his own words, 'Any tower placed to agree with the lines of the south front must disagree with the lines of the east and west fronts, which are in different planes; and such an object, when seen from a distance, or from the area of the Exchange, would produce an effect that would be discordant and unarchitectural; because it would bring into distinct notice a fact which it should be the business of the architect to conceal. For a long time,' he continues, 'I contended with this difficulty, because I was anxious to place the tower or towers in the south front; but it was impossible to get over the irregularity. It would indeed have been easy to have concealed this defect in the drawings, or have kept it out of notice; but the result, when built, would only have ended, in my judgment, in disappointment and failure. For these reasons, and with these views, I have composed my design as it is now exhibited. I have placed a portico at the west end, and the tower at the east.'* The first storey of the tower, at the east front, is square, with ornamental pilasters; at the angles there is a niche, with a statue of Sir Thomas Gresham by Behnes. The figure is erect, fourteen feet six inches in height, and chiselled out of two blocks of Portland stone.† Above is an attic for the clock faces. The next storey is circular, decorated with Corinthian columns, and crowned with a leaved dome, surmounted by the vane—the famous grasshopper of the old Exchange, which, fortunately, the fire had not much damaged.

Under the tower, at the eastern entrance, there is a small area for giving light and air to the inner mass of that part of the building. At the north end of this area, as we have already said, is the entrance to Lloyd's. At the centre of the building, on the north and south, there are also entrances to the Merchants' Area. Both these fronts exhibit unbroken lines of entablature, with a repetition of rusticated arches for the shops, offices, and entrances. The architect made a point of this peculiar style. He had in his mind 'the universally-acknowledged good effect of the Bourse at Paris,' in which 'the lines are simple and unbroken, and the large arched windows surrounding the walls behind the columns have all the character of shops or offices.' 'We are deficient,' he adds, 'in England, of specimens of architecture of that unbroken kind. Were I to adduce instances, I should quote the National Gallery as affording an illustration of the bad effect of broken and detached masses, and the Reform Club of the excellent effect of continuous and unbroken ones.' The three middle spaces on the south side are deeply recessed, surmounted with richly-decorated windows; above the cornice are a balustrade and attic; on the north side the centre projects; and at the end spaces the pilasters are omitted; for two of the windows, niches are substituted—one of them to contain a statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton, by Joseph; and the other a statue of Sir Richard Whittington, by Carew.

Such is the architectural character of the building: among its accidental adjuncts are a peal, in the tower, of fifteen bells for three chimes, cast by Mears, and a clock constructed by Mr Dent, under the direction of Professor Airey, the astronomer-royal, the first stroke of each hour being true to a second of time.

Provision has been made in the new building against fire. The ground-floor, as in the old, is still appropriated mainly to shops and offices; but each is complete in itself, separated by party-walls and brick arches, as well from the apartments above as the tenements beside them; so that any accidental fire must be local.

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* Mr Tite's Letter to the Grand Gresham Committee, dated 27th April 1840.

† As whatever relates to Sir Thomas Gresham is interesting, we may record here the circumstance that a portrait, painted on panel, life size, of the royal merchant lately came, by bequest, into possession of the City Lecture Hall. The work is held to be a fine specimen of the arts of its period, and represents Sir Thomas at the age of twenty-six. He is attired in a plain black doublet, hose and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar—all indicative of the unpretending British trader. In one corner of the picture are the letters 'A. G.,' tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words, 'Love, serve, and obei;' and under that 'T. G.,' also tied by a knot; and upon the frame, which is of black wood, and of the same age as the picture, is the motto, 'Dominus Mihi Adjutor, T. G.,' repeated on each side.

We must not, however, conclude this paper without reference to the sculpture with which the new Royal Exchange has been adorned. That by Mr Richard Westmacott, in the tympanum of the pediment at the west front, deserves earliest and highest mention, both from its position and its merit. Allegorical in subject, it nevertheless avoids the objections to which such compositions are generally liable. It consists of seventeen figures, carved in compact limestone, and, with two exceptions, modelled as entire and detached figures. The centre figure, which is ten feet high, represents Commerce—with her mural crown, her cornucopia, beehive, and other accessories. Her left hand holds the charter of the Exchange, her right rests on part of a ship—two dolphins and a shell forming her pedestal. The groups on either side consist, on the right, of three British merchants in their civic robes—as lord mayor, alderman, and common councilman; two Asiatics, a Hindoo, and a Mohammedan, in appropriate costume; a Greek bearing a jar; an Armenian scholar, and a Turkish merchant: and, on the left, of two British merchants examining some woven fabric shown to them by a Persian; a Chinese; a sailor of the Levant; a negro; a British sailor cording a bale of cotton; and a supercargo, or factory agent. The opposite angles are filled with anchors, jars, packages, and other nautical and commercial emblems.

The internal area of the Royal Exchange is uncovered, presenting an open court, somewhat resembling the cortili of the Italian palaces; consisting, on the ground-floor, of Doric columns and rusticated arches, over which is a series of Ionic columns, with arches and windows under a pierced parapet. The upper storey also has arches: these are decorated with the arms of various nations, according to the order determined at the congress of Vienna—the arms of England occupying the centre of the eastern side. There is also a sheltered walk for merchants, with the ceiling and sides panelled, painted, and emblazoned with the arms of countries and monarchs; namely, Edward the Confessor, Edward III., Elizabeth, and Charles II. The south-east angle also boasts a statue of Queen Elizabeth, and the south-west a statue of Charles II.

It only remains now to speak of the statues of Queen Victoria inside the building, and of the Duke of Wellington without. The latter is a bronze equestrian figure, by Chantrey, and was composed of the metal of the guns taken from the enemy, contributed by the government, and valued at L.1500. The cost of the statue itself was L.9000. It was completed on the anniversary of Waterloo, the 18th June 1844, when the inauguration took place, at which the king of Saxony attended. On the 28th October following, the new Royal Exchange itself was opened by the Queen in person with great state and ceremony. It was not until the 27th of October in the next year that her Majesty's own statue was placed on its pedestal in the centre of the area. Of this work a friend thus writes:—'There is here no anachronism—no pedantry. It is the statue of Queen Victoria—her image as she lived—in the robes she wore, rendered poetic by the inspiration, and picturesque by the genius, of art; free from theatrical exaggeration; equally balanced, chaste, and pure, as well as noble. Such a portrait statue, produced for a Leo X., or a De Medici, or presented to the population of a mediæval city in Italy, would have given a triumph to the artist. Mr Lough deserved an ovation at the hands of the citizens. What will be thought in time to come of the age in which we live, when royal patronage, state commissioners, and the public money not only conspire to call out a *quasi* power of art from the depths of oblivion, but also conspire, meanwhile, to neglect a genius capable of giving honour and illustration to any age or nation?'

These remarks are somewhat enthusiastically expressed; but the inconsistency to which they point certainly provokes animadversion. The mercantile element clearly too much predominates, and the artistic is reduced to a mere accessory. The same remarks apply to literature, and the mode in which the Gresham lectureships are now managed. No amount of censure can be too heavy in condemnation of the present glaring neglect and misconduct. The site of the institution has been changed. The new Gresham College stands at the corner of Basinghall Street and Cateaton Street. It is of the enriched Roman style of architecture. There are a library, a lecture-theatre, and a professor's room; but the end for which these means have been prepared has yet to be secured. What would Sir Thomas Gresham himself have said to this? For the honour of the founder, and from respect to his memory, we call upon the authorities of the college to lose no time in making all needful and possible reforms. We know intimately well that there are many men of literary tastes among the merchants of London. Let them be consulted, and immediate measures taken for the prosperity of an institution not less glorious in its object than the Exchange itself. Literature and commerce are twin powers, and should never be divorced in operation: united, the progress of society proceeds safely, blending use with beauty; separated, wealth may be accumulated; but without intelligence to direct its aims, it is a mockery and a snare—a burden and a yoke. And such will be, must be, the reflections of every one capable of at all entering into the spirit of Sir Thomas Gresham.

A DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS OF CORSICA.

It is now nearly twelve years since an accident to the small trading vessel in which I had embarked for a passage from Palermo to Marseilles obliged us to bear up for Bastia, it being the only port then under our lee where we could get the damage repaired. This gave me an unlooked-for opportunity of visiting the birth-place of Napoleon. At that time steam-navigation in the Mediterranean was in its infancy (it is only on the great lines that it is good for anything yet), and the island of Corsica, lying out of the direct track of merchant ships, and having, besides, a bad general character for unhealthiness, was seldom or never visited. My own stay was necessarily so short, that I could see little, but the adventures of only one day have made much impression on my memory.

It was already dusk, when, from pitching and rolling upon the open sea, we suddenly slid into the quiet of the harbour; and there was barely light enough to show us the outline of 'Le Lion,' the singular rock, so called from its likeness to a couchant lion, which, with head and paws outstretched, lies, as it were, on guard before the entrance. The peacefulness of the evening was perfect. The broad dark sheet of the harbour lay at rest beneath the weakening light, growing blacker and blacker every minute, as the shadows of the overhanging heights steadily lengthened over its surface, till by degrees, as the actual outlines of the buildings on shore faded from the view, the glimmer of their lights in turn began to flicker along the margin of the basin. The land-breeze came sighing down upon us over the water, laden with the perfume of the orange-trees, and brought with it the hum of many voices from the promenade, on which the whole population had turned out to enjoy the refreshing coolness. When we landed, the night was, as I have said, too dark to distinguish anything; but in the morning we walked about the town, which is quite Italian in character; and the people, too, are Italian, or nearly so, with a perceptible dash, however, of the French in many of their customs, particularly among the ladies, who appear in the evening quite in Parisian costume. I naturally looked on every side for some monument of Napoleon; but, to my surprise, there was nothing of the kind. The emperor, it is well known, showed no favour to his native country—probably because his Corsican origin could not be expected to raise him in the

eyes of the French—and he is naturally no favourite in his birthplace. Our own hero, Nelson, on the other hand, was often mentioned, though this might have been in compliment to me as an Englishman. The remains of the works from which he cannonaded the place are still visible on a steep eminence overlooking the harbour.

The streets generally are high and narrow, as in most towns of Italian construction, and reasonably neat; and that is all. But the situation is very fine. Immediately behind the town the ground slopes gently upwards, forming the foreground to a bold line of precipitous heights, clothed along their flanks with vineyards and olive-grounds, and crested by groves of the ever-green oak; while above and beyond these, in the distance, the chain of the Monte Stello stands out clear and distinct against the splendid southern sky, with one bold serrated peak towering in the midst, like the central keep of the district. From a common effect of so transparent an atmosphere in these latitudes, the mountains, though in reality many miles off, seem to look into the town, forming, as it were, a Vandyked and irregular border to the blue mirror of the Mediterranean, which on every other side, save where it is dotted with a group of far distant islets, blends imperceptibly with the horizon.

It was impossible to see the magnificent mountain tops so provokingly near, without a strong desire to look at them more closely. For this, however, a guide was indispensable; and I found it no easy matter to get one. The Corsicans, like most southern people, seem to care very little for their scenery; and although almost at their doors, the mountains are as little known and traversed by them as the Grampians were by our grandfathers a hundred years ago. Like them, they have to plead in excuse that mountain travelling is neither very easy nor very safe. The only persons who are acquainted with these wilds are the banditti, who find them a capital stronghold from which to carry on their trade, either alone, or in conjunction with that of shepherds, goatherds, or smugglers, as the case may be. The guide whom at last I succeeded in finding was a very robber-like person, with a worn, suspicious face, bronzed almost to blackness by the sun, a magnificent spread of the chest and shoulders, and, to judge from the cordage of sinews about the calf of the leg, which the opening of his leathern gaiters showed in all their protuberance, no less gifted by nature with what is as necessary to a depredator as strength and hardihood—the power of running away. He made no secret himself of having been a smuggler; but whether he confined himself to levying contributions on the king's revenue, or varied it by raising them direct on the king's subjects, the gens-d'armes must have rejoiced at the cause, whatever it was, which led to his turning an honest man. Probably he might think open robbery too precarious—pleasant, but impolitic.

With this potent auxiliary—who turned out, as far as I was concerned, a very honest fellow—I started at sunrise, on a roasting July day, to visit the cavern 'Dei Quattro Banditti' (a congenial name), situated high up in the flanks of the aforesaid Monte Stello. I had always hitherto been disappointed in caverns; but this was situated in the heart of the scenery I wished to visit, and the story connected with it gave it interest. As the day's journey promised, at all events, to be very fatiguing, and part of the way at least was reported practicable for horses, a couple were hired, and a peasant engaged to bring them back. Though it was barely five o'clock A.M., by the time we had got out of the town it was oppressively warm; but we did not feel the sun at first, as our path led directly in among the vineyards; and for the next half hour we were trotting briskly forward under the overarching boughs, in a kind of half twilight, with an occasional bar of golden sunshine streaming on us from between the stems. Nothing can be conceived more delicious in such a climate than these bowers of coolness, with their long prospective avenues of leaves, and the perfect quiet, only broken by the hum of wasps and dragon-flies, or the twitter of a bird as it hangs pecking at the rich clusters of fruit overhead. From these we emerged suddenly into the full blaze of the sunshine, upon an arid table-land, bare of all vegetation save a few stunted juniper-bushes, and cut up by ravines and brooks, one of which, flowing direct from the Monte Stello, was to serve us as a guide. At the end of this plateau we had to dismount, and leave our horses with the peasant; the rest of our journey being a mere scramble, often on hands and knees, in many parts over ground of the most treacherous description, where the rains had washed away every trace of a path, leaving in its stead nothing but gravel and rolled stones, which slid from beneath our feet, and fell in showers into the muddy torrent below at a depth most unpleasant to contemplate. Two hours of this work took us at last into a kind of amphitheatre of black granite rocks, at the base of which we stood among a chaos of fragments, some of which, matted with moss, or in parts overgrown with bushes and brambles, seemed to have lain there ever since the creation; while others, from their fresh and splintered angles, had evidently rolled over from above at no remote date. Directly in front, the Fiumetta (so called) streamed in one clear pitch of two hundred feet at least, sending up a volume of spray, which the wind showered over us, and beyond. It was close to this fall that we were to look for the cavern. At this distance of time I have no clear recollection of the exact position in which it was placed with respect to the surrounding rocks, or of the path by which I attained it; but I recollect very vividly the uncomfortable sensations with which, on my foot slipping in one perilous stride, I found myself suspended between heaven and earth by the bough of a wild olive-tree growing in the face of the precipice. This I clutched just in time to save myself, and with infinite joy swung my body, safe and sound, past all danger of slipping, upon a ledge of rock not more than three feet in breadth, facing an oven-shaped hole, which was the portal of the cavern that had given me so much trouble to visit.

The cavern of the four banditti is so called from its having been the stronghold of four famous outlaws, who were enabled by it to escape destruction from the Genoese in a manner sufficiently remarkable. As we rested on the rock, before entering the cave, it was impossible not to admire the fitness of the place for the story connected with it. From here, we could look for miles over the valley of the Fiumetta, and the dim lines of the plain which we had traversed in the morning. Bastia itself lay out of sight under the shoulder of the hills; but the sails of the various vessels approaching or leaving its port were distinctly visible, like specks on the horizon. The entrance of the cavern was so narrow as to be invisible from below; but after creeping some yards through a kind of passage, like a fox earth, which reminded me painfully of the description in Guy Mannering of a similar place, it rose into a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. A dusky light streamed from above through some crevice in the rock, and served to give us a vague idea of its extent, without showing any visible termination. Where it fell strongest, the fragments of an earthenware pot and some scattered bones were lying; and in one part the side was still blackened with the smoke of the fire which had been reared against it. At the sight of these relics, the guide, who had till then fully maintained the lazy indifference of a son of the south, became amazingly energetic, and alternately vented curses against the Genoese, and ejaculations for the souls of the departed. As we rode back in the evening, I got him to give me the whole story, which he did with great gusto, evidently taking in it a professional interest.

The year 1729 is celebrated in the history of Corsica for the commencement of that series of intestine struggles which, after calling forth the energies of many remarkable men, of whom Paoli was the chief,

ended in substituting the French for the Genoese as its masters. The feeling among the islanders was generally in favour of the rising; but it was not without alloy. The Genoese had held the island for centuries; many avowed connexions had been formed with the natives; and many hearts which had beaten with mutual, though unavowed affection, were now to be separated for ever. Among other connexions of the kind, a girl named Cornelia Cartucci was at this time betrothed to Marcangelo Santi, a Genoese of noble family. Before the marriage could take place, the insurrection broke out, and Santi, under pretence of obedience to orders from his superiors, refused to complete the contract.

An insult of this kind is one which a Corsican never forgets or forgives. The four brothers of Cornelia vowed vengeance, and kept their vow. As a preliminary step, characteristic of the country now as then, they took to the mountains as banditti, and from thence despatched a letter to Santi, requiring of him, categorically, to fulfil his promise within one month from the date thereof; and if he should fail in so doing, declaring their deliberate intention to put him to death. The letter met with no attention; and within one week from the fatal limit, Francesco, the eldest brother, fulfilled the threat by pistolling Santi with his own hand in the high street of Bastia.

By this time the first burst of the revolt had been put down for the moment, and the Genoese, as is always the case with a weak government when it has been heartily frightened, prepared to punish all engaged in it to the uttermost. The assassination of Santi, though arising out of private pique, was still an outrage on one of the dominant party, and had originated in national differences. The commandant at Bastia set a price of one thousand crowns on the heads of the guilty parties, and promised an equal sum, and a free pardon, no matter for what crime, to any bandit who should succeed in bringing them to justice. The brothers, upon this, consulted with their partisans among the villagers, who, looking on them as sufferers in the national cause, were to a man zealous in their behalf. The pursuit threatened to be so very keen, that it was impossible to hope to lie hidden in the villages. Some time before, an ibex hunter had lighted upon this cavern: it was known, as they thought, only to themselves. The approach was by one path, and that exceedingly difficult; and even if they should be discovered, no amount of force, nothing but starvation, could dislodge them. Hither, then, the brothers retreated, with arms, ammunition, and a stock of food and water for a week, which it was agreed one or other of their friends should replenish every four days.

For nearly three weeks it seemed as if the bandits had vanished into air. The government, upon this, raised the reward to two thousand crowns—an immense sum for the time and country; and at length it had its effect. Four bandits, called the robbers of Ficaja, volunteered upon the conditions proclaimed, and were accepted. They had not been long upon their quest, before they noticed the regular departure of one or other of the peasants with a much larger supply of food and water than could be wanted for one day's field-work. The next emissary was followed, and tracked to the hollow among the cliffs; but there the clue stopped. Along the wide face of the precipices no smoke or sign of life was to be seen, and the absolute silence was only broken by the croaking of the ravens, which had their nests among the crags. Convinced, however, that their object could not be far off, three of the men remained to watch, while the fourth was despatched to communicate the news of their discovery at Bastia.

At this news the Genoese were in ecstacies of joy proportional to their previous disappointment. A company of voltigeurs were immediately despatched; the church bells rang out in the villages; and, as the peasantry had no alternative but to obey, in less than three hours five hundred armed men were assembled. The whole force was immediately marched up the mountains, and so stationed as to cut off all access from without. Every approach to the stream was especially guarded; and as no water could be got among the granite rocks, it was confidently expected that thirst alone would force the bandits into a surrender.

The situation of the besieged was horrible. The magnitude and disposition of the force took away all hopes of escape. Five days had passed since they had received their usual supplies, and there was only a piece of bread remaining, and no water. Death, however, was equally certain whether they surrendered or not. Their position was impregnable; and they took a common oath to hold out to the last, and prepared to endure the silent progress of hunger and thirst with that tenacity of passive sufferance characteristic of a southern people. The small piece of bread—about eight ounces—which remained was divided into four equal parts, and served them for a meal the first day. A second, a third, and a fourth day were passed in quiet endurance. By the end of the fourth they had devoured their shoes, belts, and everything which could prolong life. But their hunger was nothing to the raging of their thirst. Not a drop of rain had fallen: the sky remained a cloudless blue; and, as the climax to their suffering, they could hear, almost underneath their feet, the rushing of the stream, without a possibility of reaching it. They had not been without hopes of deliverance by assistance from without; but though the peasantry carried their sympathy so far as to offer up prayers for them in the churches, their spirits were too much broken to offer actual resistance to the authorities.

On the fourth evening, Pasquale, the youngest, proposed to surrender, since nothing could be equal to what they actually suffered. But Francesco refused. 'I am very sure,' he said, 'that I shall die myself, as my hand has brought this on us; but you may still escape; and if not, better we die as we have lived together, than give a triumph to our enemies.'

It seemed as if his words were prophetical. The next morning a gray mist was on the sky, heavy clouds were sweeping along the lower range of the hills, and the lightning was very frequent, broad, and deeply-tinged with blue. At length, in the afternoon, the storm burst upon the encampment, which lay completely exposed to its fury. The Fiumetta, which, from the protracted drought, had scarcely run on the preceding day, came down in a wall of water, which soon boiled up over its narrow sides, and cut off the Corsicans on the hither side from the Genoese beyond. The tents were blown down; the rain had put out the watch-fires; and as the night came on without a star in the heavens, each group remained crouched together at its post, dreading to stir in the absolute darkness. To the brothers the storm and the darkness seemed a direct interposition of Providence in their favour, which nerved them to make a desperate effort to escape. The descent to the base of the precipice was one hundred and sixty feet in depth, and nearly perpendicular. By cutting into strips all that remained of their garments, and tying them together, a line was formed, which barely reached half-way down, and the chance was slight of finding the proper footing during the remaining half. The same darkness, however, which made it perilous to them, veiled them from their enemies; and if the rock had fallen, it would not have been heard amid the roaring of the torrent and the storm combined. They made the attempt, and Pasquale and Dominico reached the bottom in safety. Francesco was last, and had achieved two-thirds of the descent, when Salvator, the third, who was immediately beneath him, feeling his own footing give way, threw up his arms, and caught with the strength of despair at the stone on which Francesco was standing; it loosened beneath the double strain, and a sudden rush through the air told the brothers their fate.

'And did the others escape after all?' I asked, as

simultaneously with the end of his story we paced into Bastia.

'They escaped, excellenza, to Napoli, where Pasquale died. Dominico was my mother's uncle, excellenza—a famous bandit! Such an eye, such a shot! nomo bellissimo! who never robbed less than twenty crowns, or missed confession at Easter in his life!'

GOUGH, THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

THE republication in this country of a little volume, of which seventeen thousand copies have been sold in America, makes us acquainted for the first time with a very remarkable young man, named John B. Gough, who has, within the last three years, sprung from the ranks of the working-classes in that country, and, we may add, from the degraded herd of the dissipated, and is now in the full blaze of popularity as an apostle of the Whitfield class, but in the immediate cause of total abstinence. The volume is entitled, 'The Hand of Providence Exemplified in the History of John B. Gough.'* It is chiefly an autobiography; and a most extraordinary revelation does it give of human error and misery. The author has evidently regarded it as a sacred duty to expose every circumstance in his career as a sot, in order to tell upon the unhappy beings who are still under the bondage from which he is emancipated. There is much eloquence in the volume; and, what is more surprising, there is much naturalness and affecting simplicity. We therefore recommend it even to those who merely read for amusement, or with the general desire of studying the features of our common nature.

Gough was the son of an English private soldier, and came to America, at twelve years of age, in the service of an emigrant family, who undertook the care of him. In consequence of dissatisfaction with his treatment in this family, he found himself, at fourteen, a friendless adventurer in the streets of New York, with half-a-crown in his pocket. He got employment as an errand-boy; and by and by his mother and sister came from England to join him. The mother, however, who was an excellent person, soon after died; the sister went to a trade in another city; and the poor youth was once more alone in the world. It is easy to see that, with an ardent temperament and some lively talents, Gough was exposed, in such circumstances, to great danger. It is certainly not surprising that, when he attained manhood, his original moral impressions were obliterated, and he was become a person of reckless life. Possessing a good voice for singing, and a power of telling comic stories, he was tempted into the society of thoughtless young men, who taught him to drink. Then ambition led him to forsake his trade as a bookbinder for the stage; but meeting only with disappointment, he returned to work. Still, he was restless and unsteady. At about twenty years of age we find him engaged in a fishing adventure in the bay of Chaleur; and soon after he married the sister of the owner of the vessel. Before this time King Alcohol had marked him as one of his most devoted subjects.

At Newburyport, where he set up house as a married man, he for a little while maintained an effort at reformation. 'I recommenced,' says he, 'attending a place of worship, and for a short time I attended the Rev. Mr Campbell's church, by whom, as well as by several of his members, I was treated with much Christian kindness. I was often invited to Mr Campbell's house, as well as to those of some of his hearers, and it seemed as if a favourable turning-point or crisis in my fortunes had arrived. Mr Campbell was good enough to manifest a very great interest in my welfare, and frequently expressed a hope that I should be enabled, although late in life, to obtain an education. And this I might have acquired, had not my evil genius prevented my making any efforts to obtain so desirable an end. My desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier against all improvement; and, after a few weeks, every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed. Again I grieved the Spirit which had been striving with my spirit, and ere long became even more addicted to the use of the infernal draughts which had already wrought me so much wo than at any previous period of my existence.

'And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work; and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth I should find another. Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated in bar-rooms and parlours, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford to put on, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets, I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half-recognition; and, to a sensitive spirit such as I possessed, such treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification caused by such treatment, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also; and once on asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. And could I wonder at it? No. Although I may have used bitter words against that parent, my conscience told me that he had done no more than his duty, in preventing his son being influenced by my dissipated habits. Oh how often have I lain down and bitterly remembered many who had hailed my arrival in their company as a joyous event! Then plaudits would ring in my ears, and peals of laughter ring again in my deserted chamber; then would succeed stillness, only broken by the beatings of my agonised heart, which felt that the gloss of respectability had worn off, and exposed my threadbare condition. To drown these reflections, I would drink, not from love of the taste of the liquor, but to become so stupified by its fumes as to steep my sorrows in a half-oblivion; and from this miserable stupor I would wake to a fuller consciousness of my situation, and again would I banish my reflections by liquor.'

A kind-hearted countryman not only succoured him in his extremity, but set him up in business. Drink, however, brought him to ruin in five months. The details which he gives of his habits surprises us; for it is uncommon for the young in our own country to keep liquor constantly beside them in order to maintain an enduring intoxication. 'To what shifts,' he says, 'was I reduced in order to conceal my habit of using intoxicating drinks! Frequently have I taken a pitcher, with a pint of new rum in it, purchased at some obscure groggery, and put about one-third as much water as there was spirit in it at the town-pump, in the market square, in order to induce persons to think that I drank water alone. This mixture I would take to my shop, and for days and days together it would be my only beverage. In consequence of this habit I would frequently fall asleep, or, if awake, be in so half-torpid a state, that work or exertion of any kind was quite out of the question; and after an indulgence in this practice for some time, I was compelled to remain at home from sheer inability to enter on active duty. I grew of course poorer and poorer, and my days dragged wearily on. At times I almost wished that my life and its miseries would close.'

His wife having left him temporarily one morning on a visit, Gough, finding his home somewhat lonely, commenced drinking at a gallon of West India rum which

* London: Darton and Clark. 1846.

he had in the house. 'Although the morning,' says he, 'was not far advanced, I sat down intending to do nothing until dinner-time. I could not sit alone without rum, and I drank glass after glass until I became so stupified, that I was compelled to lie down on the bed, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as I persuaded myself, too late to make a bad day's work good. I invited a neighbour, who, like myself, was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with me. He came, and we sat down to our rum, and drank together freely until late that night, when he staggered home; and so intoxicated was I, that in moving to go to bed, I fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time unable to rise. At last I managed to get to bed; but oh! I did not sleep, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. I awoke in the night with a raging thirst. My mouth was parched, and my throat was burning; and I anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which I sought to quench my dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so I went on, swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until at last I had drained the very last drop which the jar contained. My appetite grew by what it fed on; and having a little money by me, I with difficulty got up, made myself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which I returned to the house. The fact will perhaps seem incredible, but so it was, that I drank spirits continually without tasting a morsel of food for the next three days. This could not last long; a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and mine was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

'I began to experience a feeling hitherto unknown to me. After the three days' drinking to which I have just referred, I felt one night, as I lay on my bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon me. It was as if I had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow which had prostrated me repeated. There was a craving for sleep, sleep—blessed sleep! But my eyelids were as if they could not close. Every object around me I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hearing became unnaturally acute. Then to the singing and roaring in my ears would suddenly succeed a silence so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it. At other times strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start like a guilty thing. But the horrible burning thirst was insupportable; and to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched again and again the rum bottle, hugged my enemy, and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use—none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one against the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dozed a little; but feeling a warmth on my face, I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort I threw the pillow from the bed, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency. How long I lay I do not exactly know, but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbours, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed was smouldering, and in a quarter of an hour more must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate; for it is more than probable that, in my half-senseless condition, I should have been suffocated or burned to death! The fright produced by this accident and very narrow escape in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than anything else was the exposure. Now, all would be known, and I feared my name would become more than ever a byword and a reproach.'

The consequence of this bout was an attack of delirium tremens, the sensations of which he describes with fearful fidelity. Returning to work as a journeyman, he endeavoured to indulge in his vice without exposing himself to the world; but with all his anxiety on this point, his habits became notorious, and he sank into disrepute and poverty at the same time. In the midst of domestic miseries thus produced, his wife and surviving child perished. He continued to drink while they lay dead in the room beside him. 'There, in the room where all who loved me were lying in the unconscious slumber of death, was I gazing, with a maudlin melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and in agony of soul pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed, after a draught of rum, which I had obtained and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch.'

Amidst all this horrible conduct, he contrived to obtain at least occasional employment. We could suppose that there was something about him that awakened a kind interest in those around him, notwithstanding every delinquency. Indeed there can be no doubt, both from his earlier and his latter life, that there were noble natural elements in this man; only for the meantime enchained in debasement by passions to whose undivided control he had been exposed in the course of a morally-unprotected youth. The *good* in him was every now and then endeavouring to break through. 'My custom,' he says, 'was to repair to the lowest grog-shops, and there I might usually be found, night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down, and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers, who supplied me with drink in return. Who would have recognised in the gibing mountebank, the circle of a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents—one who *had* been devoted and affectionate not so very long before—one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow? At times my former condition would flash across my mind, when, in the midst of riot and revelry, conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in my heart, making it bleed again, although I was forced to hide the wound. And through the mists of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee, and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions at certain seasons, reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven; and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

> "See a hand they could not see,
> Which beckoned me away."'

Gough was a wretched, broken-down, half-ragged outcast, whom all had learned to shun, when one evening, towards the close of 1842, some one tapped his shoulder as he walked along the street. He could scarcely believe his senses, when, turning round, he found a person looking kindly upon him—the first time such a thing had happened for many months. This was an emissary of temperance, who had marked his miserable state. Gough was, by the winning kindness of this person, induced to come to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. He felt at first a sense of relief, and a pleasure arising from the honest desire to keep a good resolution; but for a week his sufferings, from an enfeebled system, deprived of its usual though unnatural pabulum, were dreadful. Fortunately, by the persevering support of the good men amongst whom he had fallen, he was preserved from relapse. Behold now a strange metamorphosis—the miserable drunken book-

binder finds that he can speak in public, with effect, upon his late errors! It is discovered that he has gifts calculated to be of great service in one of the highest of causes. His religious feelings return; his admirable inherent morale is fully evoked; a wonderful oratorical power breaks out in him. Multitudes come full of eagerness, and hang for hours upon the voice of one whom, a few weeks ago, all were anxious to shun. In short, Gough begins to circulate from one temperance meeting to another, until he finds it necessary entirely to abandon his original trade. During the two ensuing years he laboured with astonishing activity and success. 'From the 15th of May 1843,' says he, 'to the 1st of January 1845, I travelled more than twelve thousand miles by land and water; delivered six hundred and five public addresses in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air—one hundred and ten of which were in the city of Boston alone; and obtained thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures to the total abstinence pledge.' It can only be mentioned to his honour, that he made *one lapse* a few months after taking the pledge, for he was the first to announce it himself; and his contrition appears to have been deep, sincere, and effectual.

Gough is now running the career of a popular orator in his own country. A gentleman who went from curiosity to hear him at Philadelphia, and was induced by his eloquence to take the pledge, describes the excitement previous to the orator's appearance as excessive. The scene is a church; and while a little group are pushing through the crowd towards the pulpit, intense curiosity is expressed to know which is *he*. At length a young man is distinguished. 'That's he!' whispers everybody to everybody else.

'What! that pale thin young man, with a brown overcoat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated, that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass—*that* him who has swayed multitudes by his oratory—made strong men weep like little children, and women sob as if their hearts would burst! Yes; look at his large expressive eyes—mark every feature—and you see the stamp of no common man there. The young apostle of temperance *is* before us.

'After a brief address from Mr Marsh, and a prayer from the pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very scrutinising eye to detect on the brow of youth furrows which time and trouble had prematurely ploughed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation (if I may so describe it), and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it. A quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple—plain black. Taken altogether, I have seldom, at a first glance, felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr Gough.

'It would be easy enough to give the *matter* of Mr Gough's address; but to convey anything except a very slender idea of his *manner* would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated, he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, or those of others which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful, that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. To me intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr Gough on his audience seemed to be profound; and many of his pathetic anecdotes drew tears "from eyes unused to weep."

'It being Sabbath evening, Mr Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvellously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter anything approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education (a fact which none would have suspected); that he had left England at twelve years of age; had suffered from poverty and want in their direst forms; and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly *alone*. It was the most awfully interesting autobiography I ever listened to.

'During that week and the week following Mr Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery and pulpit stairs, and aisles, were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him; and even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr Gough enchained that vast audience for two hours by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment he convulsed them with merriment, and then, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions; and yet, withal, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admire—the man or his matter.'

ANALYSIS OF A PIECE OF MUSIC.

Novelists and essayists have so frequently found the manner of the performance of what is called a 'piece of music' a fruitful theme for ridicule—beholding something so excessively ludicrous in the diffidence, whether affected or real, of the performer, and in the paidolatry of some music-loving father or mother, as the musical young lady of the family is seated at the piano—that the subject is worn to a thread by the constant rough handling it has experienced. Let ours be the attempt to elicit a little amusement from the 'piece' itself, out of which it may be drawn perhaps quite as abundantly, and in a far more kindly manner, than if we were to satirise the timidity, or denounce the defects, of that large class of ill-used people, the piece performers.

'Pieces'—apt name! there is no such thing as an 'entire' in the technology of music—may be classed under the heads reprehensible and laudable. The first we consider, as including all variations or concerted pieces upon airs of intrinsic value—more's the pity; and the second, all other original music, such as overtures, oratorios, &c. Well, then, we may premise that all these reprehensibles have what is called an introduction, as if to beg your favour for what is to come. The introduction commences with a couple of bang-bangs—saving your ears—designed to call attention; and as they not unfrequently fail of this effect, not uncommonly they are made to extend along the first line, by which time, in common politeness, you must have been silenced. This extraordinary beginning is made to wear a particularly awful aspect, if the air is grave or sad, and is suffered to bear a more lively character if the same is more or less vivacious. These primary concussions are succeeded by a combination of the most

astounding successions of notes or 'runs' the ear can conceive—of which the main object would appear to be to make sure that all the notes of the piano are ready for circulation. One or two such eruptions follow; and then comes a pause; during which the exhausted player and the unfortunate playee are supposed to take wind, anticipatory of the charge which is to come. The introduction then proceeds to cut to pieces the air, which is to undergo future anatomisation throughout the twelve pages of the piece; and taking one little bit and putting it here, and another and fixing it there, it is judiciously contrived to convey an impression of the most profound obscurity, and uncertainty as to what is to be the nature, or what could possibly be the name, of that air. Thus we analyse the first five double lines of the first page. The sixth and last most commonly combines an extraordinary evolution—of which, to an unmusical reader, the best idea may be gathered by comparing it to a very active run up stairs, followed by an equally rapid run down, with two more concussions, and three or four notes, which leave an impression of vacancy on the ear, analogous to that which would be produced if, in the recitation of some lines of poetry, three or four words of the concluding line should be repeated, and the last few words necessary to complete rhythm and rhyme left out. As might perhaps be anticipated, the object of this curious conclusion to the introduction is to work up the curiosity of the hearer to that pitch of excitement which will make him most delighted to welcome the air as something which, after so much of the execrable, shall at least be tolerable.

Then comes the air, so soon to be cruelly victimised. It is the conception of some master-mind; and its sweet notes, its simple chords, and its unaffected grace, one would suppose would touch the hard heart even of a variation composer. No; never did sacrificial knife plunge more ruthlessly into the heart of an innocent garland-crowned victim, than does the scalpel of the composer dive into this unfortunate air. Why are not bad airs selected to be mangled and deformed—a proceeding which would be perfectly justifiable and laudable? The answer is, it is a grain of gold alone which can overspread a wire of baser metal, and give it its lustre for hundreds of yards in length.

Then we come to 'the variations;' so called, perhaps, because they differ as much as possible from the original air. The peculiarity about this, which forms the principal portion of the piece, consists in the ruthless manner in which all the most beautiful parts of the air are sliced up. Thus, if the piece consists of a series of variations upon the air of 'Auld Lang Syne,' the first line, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,' will be dealt with in this manner:—'Should,' and its corresponding note in the air, will be placed first at the beginning, then at the middle, and then at the end of a series of such runs up and down stairs as were before mentioned; and after having been shuttlecocked through many a bar, will be cast aside, to give place to a novel succession of the same, or similar manœuvres, to be played off upon 'auld—acquaintance—be—forgot.' The chances are twenty to one if the last variation will not prove a relentless massacre of the air entire, ingeniously effected by some alteration of its measure, or by a reset of the same notes with the interposition of a few very original ones into a set of quadrilles, or a waltz, or a polka, or some such other intricate composition. But the piece of music has its end, long and tedious as it may be. The finale comes at length to close the scene, and commences by the performance of the air in its unmutilated proportions, which must be looked upon merely as a placebo for that which is to come. Then succeed fresh scamperings up and down—we mean along the key-board; and then our by-this-time very 'auld acquaintance' is caught up again, and becomes symbolised by a profusion of shakes, unquestionably illustrative of the perfect heartiness of the welcome of such an 'auld-lang-syne' friend; while 'never brought to mind' is given with dreadful pathos, as if, at the bare supposition of such an event, the entire body of the instrument were falling into convulsions. And thus to the melancholy end of the song; until its metamorphosis is so complete, that, to the best of our conceptions, were its venerable old composer to awake from the tomb, and behold his unhappy offspring in its new clothes, there could scarcely be a possibility of his recognising it.

To us by far the most amusing, as well as the most welcome portion of the piece, is that which forms its absolute conclusion. The great fun here seems to be just this—that you are to be continually deceived as to the downright end of all. Long before ever the last page is executed, one would be ready to swear that the whole was done; yet just as your mind is made up about it, there comes a surprising explosion, which undoes all that had been done before. Then you are carried over the same ground again. Surely here we are at last at the terminus? Vain is the hope! You turn away in despair, out of which nothing can arouse you but the thunder of the actual end, which seems as if the piano had been stuffed with gunpowder, and set light to—an explosion which is followed by the final prolonged growl of the weary bass, as it goes back to a state of rest.

To be serious. What, in the abstract, can be more absurd than such a composition as that we have been analysing—successful only in this, that it mutilates the beauty, and destroys the stern, solemn, and venerable aspect of our national airs? What can be greater than the folly of cutting to pieces such airs as 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' 'Rule Britannia,' 'God save the Queen,' 'Of a noble race was Shenkyn'—preserving only enough of their peculiarities to render them occasionally recognisable, if so much, and converting alike the most grave, mournful, and touching airs with those whose associations and antiquity entitle them to our regard and respect, into such harlequinades as quadrilles and waltzes? It is as if a modern upholsterer were to trick out with the gay decorations of our time the sober and majestic grandeur of some gray old castle.

Such is a species of caricature upon the original airs, which, if it applied equally to the words, no person would fail to condemn. And who will tell me that the words, either for their beauty or appropriateness, are entitled to more respect than the music which conveys and animates them?

There is a rage in the present time for hunting up the very noblest of our airs, and transmuting them, with the addition of a large quantity of alloy, into quadrilles and polkas; and thousands of giddy feet dance to parodies of that music which, at another epoch, fired the courage of our ancestors, and kindled their valour on the field of battle.

I could almost wish that the pibroch and harp had been silent, rather than that their outpourings, at the most solemn and pathetic seasons, should be mimicked in the polka, the waltz, or the quadrille.

Of the national music of our sister country we say nothing, but that the airs seem principally made to be danced to, and that fightings and buryings appear to be regarded in such a funny light, as to divest us of much of our pity when we behold them cleverly dissected under the experienced hands of some of our modern composers.

As all reformations are works of time, we lay down our pen without any over-sanguine expectation of, in our day, witnessing such a revolution entirely accomplished as that the class of compositions we have shortly criticised shall be no longer in existence. Posterity will look back upon them as amongst the follies and infirmities of our period, and perhaps some bi-

millenarian reader, in looking over a *few* of our back numbers, will appreciate our effort and say, and perhaps write to the editor and tell him, that here was another essay fifty years before its time.

GEOLOGICAL CONNECTION OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

It has long been a favourite subject of speculation whether the island of Great Britain was not formerly a part of continental Europe, the junction being at what is now the Straits of Dover; in other words, whether France and England were not conjoined by a narrow isthmus, just as Africa is united to Asia by the isthmus of Suez, or North and South America by the isthmus of Panama. This opinion, startling to those little acquainted with geological phenomena, was entertained by Volscus, Niger, Honoratus, the French poet Bartas, and by several of our own early writers, as John Twin, Dr Richard White, and Richard Verstegan. So late as 1753, a society at Amiens made it the subject of a prize essay, which was gained by the philosopher Desmarest, then beginning to attract attention by his talent and ingenuity. The latter founded his arguments chiefly on the identity of composition of the cliffs on the opposite sides of the strait—on a submarine ridge which extends from Folkestone to Boulogne, at a depth of only fourteen feet at low water—and on the identity of the noxious animals in England and France, which could not of themselves have crossed the existing channel, and which could never have been introduced by man. The demolition of the isthmus he attributed to the preponderating violence of the oceanic current from the north, and to a slight elevation of the German Ocean above the waters of the English Channel. Desmarest's views are generally entertained by modern geologists, and, among others, by Mr Lyell, who observes—'It will hardly be disputed that the ocean might have effected a breach through the land—which in all probability once united our country to the continent—in the same manner as it now gradually forces a passage through rocks of the same mineral composition, and often many hundred feet high, upon our own coast.' It is not to add any new argument in support of this theory that we now direct attention to the subject—for we believe most geologists are at one as to the former union of the two countries—but to draw attention to the views and arguments of Richard Verstegan, which were published two hundred and forty years ago, and from which, one would think, Desmarest has borrowed everything of value in his celebrated Prize Essay. Verstegan's opinions are given in the fourth chapter of his 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities, concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation'—a rare and curious volume of considerable merit, dedicated to James I. of Great Britain. We shall here extract his principal arguments, merely modernising the orthography, so as to render them more readily intelligible to the ordinary reader.

Referring to the great resemblance between the cliffs of Dover on the one side of the Channel, and of Boulogne on the other, he justly observes that they are both of one kind of substance; 'that is, of chalk and flint, the sides of both towards the sea plainly appearing to be broken off from some more of the same stuff or matter that it hath some time by nature been fastened unto; the length of the said cliffs along the sea-shore being on the one side answerable in effect to the length of the very like on the other side, and the distance between both not exceeding twenty-four English miles, are all great arguments to prove a conjunction in time long past to have been between these two countries, whereby men did pass on dry land from the one unto the other, as it were over a bridge or isthmus of land, being altogether of chalk and flint, and containing in length about the number of miles before specified, and in breadth some six English miles or thereabouts; whereby our country was then no island, but a peninsula, being thus fixed unto the main continent of the world.

'Some may here object that other hilly parts of cliffs of the sea-shore are in many other places seen to be broken away, as steep and as straight down as these here spoken of; which I confess to be true, and thereunto do answer, that it is a plain sign that the violence of the sea has so worn and eaten out the sides of them beneath at the bottom, that the upper part, for want of under-propping, hath fallen down. And, moreover, where it also is found that inland rocks or hills are seen to have had some part of them broken away, as I have observed in passing the Alps and other mountains, this may well be thought to have proceeded, in old time, by occasion of earthquakes; but the breaches found in rocks are never seen to pass all along in any sort of evenness, but here and there without any kind of course or order. Besides, they are formed craggy by nature, or the wind and the rain having long since beaten away the earth from them, may thus have left them to appear the very true anatomies of themselves.

'It is further to be noted, that in our ancient language the cut off or broken mountains on the sea-sides are more rightly and properly called cliffs, than by the name of rocks or hills, that appellation being more fitting unto the inland mountains; but the name of cliff, coming from our verb to cleave, is unto these more aptly given, for that they seem unto our view as cleft or cloven from the part that some time belonged unto them; and albeit (as I said before) many cliffs are in many places of the sea-shore to be seen, as well as at Dover, yet are they not seen so to be answered and corresponded unto by others right over against them, nor to be of such nearness, and such self-matter or substance, as these have here been shown to be. This conjuncture to have remained for some space after the great and general deluge, and the breach and separation of England from France by the said deluge not to have been caused, is by sundry reasons to be proved.'

Our author here proceeds to show that the Netherlands and adjoining low countries formed, at no very distant period, the bottom of the ocean; in other words, that the German Sea then extended over a considerable portion of the present continent of Europe. He thinks this is abundantly evidenced by the general flatness of the country; by the nature of the soil, which is, to a great depth, an admixture of sand, gravel, and other oceanic silt; and by the fossil remains found far inland, such as beds of shells in the undisturbed position of their growth, the skeletons of large cetacea, and other marine exuviæ. These shells, he maintains, could not have been brought together by the deluge, which was a temporary and violent cataclysm, and would consequently have deposited in a confused and broken manner; but must have grown and increased *in situ* for many centuries after the flood, and ultimately have been deserted by a quiet and gradual recession of the sea. 'An apparent reason,' he continues, 'must then be sought how it hath come to pass that these Netherlands, having been sea, have become to be land; and if so be that this question were moved of such parts only of these countries as Holland and Zealand, and their confines, which may, by the sea's inundation (as before hath been said), easily be drowned and made sea again, it might, by the ordinary answer that the sea doth often gain in one place and lose in another, soon be resolved. But speaking of these parts of Flanders and Brabant, which having been sea, and being become land, can no more, by any inundation, be made sea again; this, I say, requireth an imminent reason to be sought for, the which cannot be found but in the breaking of the German Ocean through that isthmus or narrow passage of land which once conjoined England to France, by which only means the sea, finding out a new course, all the even parts of the Netherlands having (as is aforesaid) before been sea, become eftsoons dry land; even as by common experience we see that watery or moorish grounds are drained dry, when an issue may

be found to lead away the water to some lower channel, pool, or river. And even so, in like manner, this breach in our isthmus being once made, and the sea having been before the said breach somewhat lower on the west side thereof than on the east side, the course of the water, by a natural readiness, taking scope down through this new channel (which before was only a kind of gulf, as is the Red Sea) towards the most huge western ocean, the greater divider of Europe and Africa from the late-found America, it did without all doubt work this great effect; and no way is there else to be found or imagined whereby these seas might be drained or drawn away, to make these former shallow places to appear and become dry land, but only by this way and course.

'That the sea on the west side of the said isthmus was lower than the sea on the east side thereof, is, besides this great work thereby wrought, to be judged by the sundry flats and shallows on the east side, as well on the coast of England as of Flanders; yea, one in a manner lying between Dover and Calais, of about three English miles in length, of some called our Lady's Land; and contrariwise on the west side, no such flats at all to be found, whereby may well be gathered, that as the land under the sea remaineth on the one side lower than on the other, so accordingly did the sea also. It is, moreover, to be judged by the very present course of the sea, for it is observed that the current of the water is more swift down the channel towards the west, than from the west unto the east; old shippers of the Netherlands affirming that they have noted the voyage from Holland to Spain to be shorter by a day and a-half's sailing than the voyage from Spain to Holland. That seas are different in height one from the other, even in places where they have but narrow separations of land between them, is very manifest; as in the case of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—the former being many feet higher than the latter.

'Another reason there is that this separation hath been made since the flood, which is also very considerable; and that is, that the patriarch Noah, having had with him in the ark all sorts of beasts (all else besides throughout the whole world being destroyed), these, then, after the flood being put forth of the ark to increase and multiply, did afterward in time disperse themselves over all parts of the continent or mainland; but long after it could not be before the ravenous wolf had made his kind nature known unto man, and therefore no man, unless he were mad, would ever transport of that race, for the goodness of that breed, out of the continent into any isles; no more than men will ever carry foxes (though they be less damageable) out of our continent into the Isle of Wight. But our isle, as is aforesaid, continuing since the flood fastened by nature to the great continent, these wicked beasts did of themselves pass over; and if any should object that England hath no wolves in it, they may be answered, that Scotland being therewith conjoined, hath very many, and so England itself some time also had, until such time as King Edgar took order for the destroying of them throughout the whole realm.

'But now, whether this breach of this our isthmus were caused by some great earthquake, whereby the sea, first breaking through, might afterward by little and little enlarge her passage, or whether it were cut by the labour of man, in regard of commodity by that passage, or whether the inhabitants of the one side or the other, by occasion of war, did cut it, thereby to be sequestered and freed from their enemies, must needs remain altogether uncertain; but that our isle hath been continent to France, and that since the deluge, hath here been shown; and although not out of the writings of old authors, yet by evident reasons and markable demonstrations, such as well in this case are to be allowed for sufficient authors; yea, and that before such as might perhaps deliver us some such report upon some other's hearsay, and want such due proofs as here have been alleged to confirm it. And no marvel is it that in old authors no relation of this is found, considering that they must be very old that hereof must make mention; yea, they must have been such as in those times must have lived about these parts, or had good means from these parts to have understood it; both which, considering those so very ancient ages, and the want of knowledge of letters generally of all people in these parts of Europe, cannot possibly be expected.'

Such are the arguments of old Verstegan; and, considering the state of science at the period when he wrote, one cannot help giving him the credit of extraordinary ingenuity and knowledge. After the lapse of a century and a half, Desmarest only followed in his footsteps; and modern geologists, with all their additional facilities, can add but few if any facts of importance to those advanced by the restorer of 'Decayed Intelligence.' It is true that the cause which he assigns for the emergence of the Netherlands, even if it had existence, would only partially account for the result. We must seek for the main cause of this phenomenon in that gradual upheaval of the European continent which is so abundantly demonstrated by the raised beaches found all along the shores of our own island, as well as those of Scandinavia, France, and Portugal. But dismissing altogether the argument drawn from this source, we have still in Verstegan every item of evidence which others have adduced to prove the former geological union of England and France. Recent soundings have shown that the German Ocean gradually becomes more shallow toward the Straits of Dover, till it reaches a minimum of some sixteen or eighteen fathoms; and that so soon as the Straits are passed, the English Channel gradually deepens towards the west, so that the narrow channel between Dover and Calais may be said still to part two great seas. We have evidence, too, that the cliffs on each side are yet subject to a considerable waste—an estimate of which may be formed from the fact, that those at Folkestone have, within the memory of persons living, been washed away to the extent of ten rods. These, and a few similar minutiæ, which tend to corroborate the opinions of Verstegan, are all that can be gathered from recent sources; so that to him may be fairly ascribed the honour of attempting, on philosophical grounds, to demonstrate that at one time 'our country was no island, but a peninsula fixed unto the main continent of the world.'

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

II.—ODOARDO AND GILDIPPE.

The story of Odoardo and Gildippe gives a pleasing picture of wedded love, which will make it not inappropriately follow the episode of Olindo and Sophronia. Gildippe is one of those warlike heroines in which Tasso seems so much to delight, and which, though a little repugnant to our modern ideas of woman's sphere and character, are yet quite in accordance with the age depicted in the poem. At the period of the Holy Wars, when old age quitted the peaceful fireside for the tumult of battle, and even childhood left its sports to follow arms,* it was not surprising that woman should forget her weakness in the general enthusiasm. And surely, if anything could justifiably allure a woman from the scene of her quiet domestic virtues to a life of warfare, it would be the high and holy motive of conjugal love. Therefore Gildippe seems feminine

* A French boy, of the age of twelve, seized with enthusiasm, travelled through France in, we believe, the reign of St Louis, declaring that the Holy Sepulchre could only be won by children, and that he was sent to command the infantile army. Such was the fanaticism of the time, that numbers of the nobility sent forth their children on this wild exploit. The poor young creatures wandered through Europe, asking at each town 'if this was Jerusalem?' Many of them perished on the way, some were shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, and none ever reached the Holy City.

and loveable, even in the midst of war and carnage; in this excelling even the noble and beautiful Clorinda.

The episode of Gildippe and Odoardo extends over the whole poem. Tasso takes it up at intervals, and then relinquishes it for the history of some more prominent character. The first time the poet alludes to this faithful pair, is when he is enumerating the chieftains of the allied army before Jerusalem. He has been recounting the names of the Lombard generals, and bursts forth thus: 'Oh Gildippe and Odoardo, wedded lovers! whither do ye beguile my muse, already wearied with enumerating so many glorious names? Oh tender pair, united in battle as in marriage-bonds, death only can have power to separate you!' Tasso then continues—

In love's dear school what lesson is not taught?
There learnt Gildippe warrior brave to be;
Ever at her beloved's side her lot,
Their lives entwined, hang on one destiny.
No blow could fall on one, that wounded not
The other, suffering in fond sympathy;
One being struck, the other seems to languish;
One pours forth blood, the other tears of anguish.

After this pleasing description of their perfect union, the loving pair are not again mentioned until the ninth canto, when Gildippe appears in the battle with Soliman. She meets with Clorinda, and the two Amazons—Pagan and Christian—try their prowess in single combat, until Guelph, a German leader, comes to the succour of Gildippe. Tasso is again silent as to the fortune of these wedded lovers, until the last canto, when he describes the concluding and victorious assault of the Crusaders upon Jerusalem. And here the stanzas which precede the continuation of Gildippe's story present to the mind's eye such a vivid and beautiful picture, that, although scarcely connected with the tale, we cannot resist translating them :—

Great was the sight, and wondrous to behold,
When face to face the opposing armies came.
Ranged in long order stood the squadrons bold,
Ready for the assault, athirst for fame;
In the free wind waved every banner's fold,
And tall plumes nodded over casques of flame;
Jewels, devices rich, gold vestures, shone,
And bright steel darted lightnings in the sun.

The multitude of spears on either side
Make both the armies like dense forests seem;
Each lance is laid in rest, each bow-string tried;
The slings are made, the quivering javelins gleam.
While each proud charger scents the battle wide,
And seconds its bold master's glory-dream;
Neighing, it paws the ground in noble ire;
The swelling nostrils breathe out smoke and fire.

Beautiful in its horror is the sight,
From all its fearfulness in rapture born;
Even the loud, harsh trumpets give delight
To the glad ear—even the wild-ringing horn;
The Christian bands, though fewer, seem more bright
In dress and armour, which their ranks adorn;
Clearer their warlike shrill-voiced trumpets sound,
More gaily flash their weapons fair around.

Their trumpets give the signal; loud replies
From forth the Pagan army wild resound;
The Franks, with bended knees and reverent eyes,
In deep contrition kiss the holy ground;
The space that 'twixt the two ranged armies lies
Grows less, then vanishes. Together bound
In deadly conflict, now both wings engage,
And the front troops press on with equal rage.

What noble hand now struck the foremost blow,
And deathless honour from the victory gained?
'Twas thine, Gildippe, thine, which laid all low
The proud Hyrcanus, who in Ormus reigned;
Such glory Heaven, all-seeing, did bestow
Upon a woman's hand. The dart remained
Within Hyrcanus' breast; he, dying, gave
Praise to the hand that sent him to the grave.

The bard then goes on to relate how his fearless heroine slew other chieftains of the Pagan army—Tossiro, Artaxerxes, Alarco, &c.; particularising the manner of their death. These stanzas we pass over, and proceed to the next.

And others, whose bright names the rust of ages
By slow degrees has overcrept, she slew;
The Persians gather where the battle rages,
For the rich spoil that glitters in their view;
But fearful love the faithful spouse engages
To seek his dear one in this danger new;
Now joined in arms, advance the noble twain,
And added strength from that close union gain.

A warfare new and strange they now essay,
This generous and love-united pair;
Each one, of self regardless, strives alway
To guard a dearer life with anxious care;
Gildippe's fearless arm drives far away
The blows that menaced her beloved there;
He, circling round, defends her with his shield,
Willing his life in that fond cause to yield.

This picture of loving union throws a charm over even the horrors of the battle-field. 'While these twain made fierce havoc among the Persians,' continues the poet, 'the king of Samarcand did the like among the Christians. Death followed wherever his tall charger was seen. Happy the Frank who was slain by his weapon, and not trodden under his horse's feet!' Gildippe alone dared to oppose the barbarian monarch. 'She struck him where the diadem on his helmet gleamed in purple and gold; and the haughty head was forced to bend. The Pagan king, in rage and fury, returned the blow, and the Amazon fell senseless; but her faithful husband supported her in her seat. Fortune favoured them, or perchance the king respected her courage, for he ceased the attack. So the bold lion, disdaining a fallen man, looks upon him, and passes by.'

The poem hastens to its close; and Tasso once more leaves Odoardo and Gildippe, and relates the progress of this last great battle. Many stanzas after, he again returns to them in this stanza—

Oh, fair Gildippe! Odoardo true!
Your noble deeds and your most bitter fate,
As far as these my Tuscan rhymes can do,
I, in a stranger's tongue, will consecrate;
That every age may fondly point to you,
And your tried love and valour celebrate;
And every loving heart in after years
Bedew my mournful song with pitying tears.

Gildippe spurred her courser where the Sultan Soliman was carrying death and slaughter among her Christian brethren. She wounded him, and his shield fell to the ground. He, recognising her, called her opprobrious names. 'Better would it be for thee, oh, vile woman!' he cried, 'did thou use the needle and the spindle, than the sword and spear.'

He ceased, and by unrighteous fury driven,
Directs a cruel and impetuous blow,
Which pierces through Gildippe's cuirass, even
To that soft faithful breast which throbs below.
From her weak hand her courser's reins are riven,
Upon the earth she falls, down sinking slow.
The wretched Odoardo sees her fate,
A vain defender, powerless, but not late.

Wo for the tender spouse! Revenge and love
Strive in his heart, and goad him fiercely on;
Love to his dear wife's succour does him move,
Revenge her cruel fortune to atone
Upon the slayer; his true love to prove,
He both these impulses fulfils in one;
His left arm folds her close with fondest care,
The right hand his avenging sword does bear.

But his firm will fails, aided not by might,
Against the powerful foe with victory swelling;
Helpless to shield his love, or meet in fight
Him who her soul chased from its beauteous dwelling;
The faithful arm one fierce blow severs quite,
From its support the burden dear compelling;
Gildippe sinks to earth: he, struck with death,
Soon follows, clasping her with dying breath.

As a tall elm whom the fair matron-vine
In nuptial bonds encircles closely round,
Cloven by axe, or thunderbolt divine,
Falls sudden, bearing with it to the ground
Its spouse, and tears the green leaves whose fond twine
Adorned it, and the clusters rich that crowned;
While its bent boughs a requiem faint are sighing,
Not for itself, but her beside it dying:

So Odoardo falls; but mourns alone
Her now for ever with him joined in fate.
Both strive to breathe one tender dying tone;
Words fail in faint sighs inarticulate:
Their loving gaze meets mingled into one;
Closer they cling together, ere too late;
At once light fades upon each closing eye;
United, up to Heaven the fair souls fly.

D. M. M.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

CILIARY MOTION.*

If a common sea mussel—the upper valve being removed—is placed upon the field of a microscope of very ordinary magnifying powers, and its outer edge carefully examined, it will be noticed that sundry minute particles of dust, which have accidentally fallen into the liquor of the shell surrounding the fish, are being hurried, in apparently rapid motion, along the edge, and in other directions over the surface of the creature, by no means in a confused or uncertain manner, but in determinate and unchanging directions. The motion will continue for a length of time after the fish is opened, occasionally becoming very faint and indistinct; and then, by the addition of a little sea-water, recovering its former vigour. After a time, however, it ceases entirely, and cannot then be restored. This motion is termed 'ciliary motion,' from a cause which will be immediately obvious. If now the magnifying power of the instrument is increased, and the observation is directed to the very edge of the floating portion of the mussel—forming a part of the gills—it will then be seen that there are a number of minute hairs, or hair-like processes, which form a fringe to the margin. These are agitated by a series of movements of a very singular character; the motion has been aptly compared to waving of corn before the wind, a comparison which will convey the best idea of the phenomenon to those who are unable to witness it. A series of rapid undulations may be observed to affect these minute organs, as if they were bent before the stream of agitated water which is passing along them, the reverse being true; namely, that the motion of the water and its particles is due to the unceasing agitation of the processes, which act as so many fans to impel it onwards. These little hairs never move in the opposite direction. Thus, if the motion is from right to left, it never changes to one from left to right. This is most remarkable when a small piece of the gills is cut off with a pair of scissors, and examined: it will be seen to move through the water in precisely the opposite direction to the motion of the processes, proving the independence of the movement with reference to the control of the animal, its persistence after a portion only of the membrane is separated from the body, and the unalterable character of the movement. These minute hair-like organs have received the name of 'cilia,' from a Latin word signifying the hair of the eyelids.

Ciliary motion is found in almost all classes of the animal kingdom; from the humbler orders of infusory animalcules, even as high in the zoological scale as man himself. There are probably few other phenomena common at once to the lowest and most exalted classes of organised beings. It is singular to find that its importance to the existence and wellbeing of the creature is inverse to the rank, so to speak, borne in the scale of creation by the creatures in which it has been discovered. In the higher orders of animals—the vertebrated—it performs a useful, but not a very important part, and is found in the lungs and respiratory passages, keeping them clear from obstruction by producing a motion in the direction of the outlet, and impelling the secretions of those organs in that direction in which they will find their easiest escape. It is in the more lowly forms of existence that we are to find examples of its more interesting functions—in the microscopic animalcule, the polype, and the sponge.

The sea mussel is provided with cilia over its entire respiratory surface. Their motion may be watched—and a curious amusement it is—by throwing a little fine charcoal powder into the water. A current is seen to set inwards at several points, and another to emerge from the shell. This may be seen before the shell is opened; when opened, the powder is seen to be conveyed by the water over the gills and their appendages, to penetrate underneath the mantle or cloak, as it is called, and then is carried to the excretory orifice of the animal. It is by this means that the water is renewed over the entire respiratory surface; and when one portion of it is deprived of the oxygen it holds in solution, it is made to give place to another, with a fresh supply of this important ingredient. It is thus, in short, that the mussel breathes: a cessation of its ciliary motion being equivalent to suffocation in higher classes of animals. The fact is inexplicable, but it is a well-known truth, that pure fresh water instantly stops this motion in the sea mussel.

Ciliary motion is not confined, in this creature, to the mature individual, but exists even when the mollusc is in its embryotic state. Take the minute egg, not more than a few days old, and the little neride containing the embryo will be seen revolving, in the fluid which surrounds it, in a spiral manner, describing circles of almost mathematical precision, while the little embryo within also sets up a similar motion, traversing round and round the interior of the neride, like a planet in its orbit. This remarkable phenomenon was first discovered by a celebrated physiologist, Leuwenhoeck,* who writes, 'that he was so much delighted with the spectacle of the young mussels turning round within the egg, that he spent two hours, along with his daughter and his draughtsman, in contemplating it.'

Previous to the improvements now made in the microscope, and in conducting microscopic researches, these movements were attributed to a series of attractions and repulsions exerted on the surrounding fluid by the body of the animal: one of those foolish evasions of a direct confession of ignorance, with which the sciences at a former period were obstructed and encumbered. The motion is distinctly referable to cilia, which have been discovered on the surface of the embryo—the object to which it is subservient is, as in the grown mollusc, the renewal of water for respiration; and it is noticeable that the cilia are placed in that portion of this very young embryo where, at a future time, the gills are to be formed—the gills being its organs of respiration.

In the ova of the frog, the water-newt or salamander, both inhabitants of every reedy pool, and others of the batrachian reptiles, the same curious phenomenon has been discovered; and minute currents of water, in different directions, are seen to cross the surface as soon as the little creature is itself at rest. The surface of the tadpole, which is the young frog in the earliest stage of its existence, is completely covered with cilia. Under a good microscope, the tail of these tiny creatures forms an extremely pretty object. At its margin, the cilia are distinguished by their flashing appearance; and if a little piece is snipped off, it will swim rapidly through the water; or, if ciliated on one side only, it will revolve just as a boat when impelled only by one oar at the side. As the creature advances to maturity, it loses these organs.

In these few instances we have seen illustrations of one of the fundamental functions of the ciliary movement—the renewal of water for respiration; and we can scarcely too much admire the simplicity and efficacy of the apparatus by which this end is accomplished. As the motion is involuntary in most cases, where this is the only object to be gained, the animal is unconscious of the fatigue of respiration—a provision which, when

* For an ample and laborious research into the anatomy and physiology of these organs, the reader is referred to a monograph of Dr Sharpey's, in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.

* Quoted by Dr Sharpey.

the density of the respirable medium, water, is considered, strikes us with peculiar force.

The production of locomotion is the second of the intentions of ciliary movement, and is often combined with another effect of an interesting nature—the capture and prehension of the food. It has been observed, that when a live sponge is watched in its native element, numerous little particles contained in the water are carried at some points into its substance, and are emitted at others. This motion is incessant, and takes place at every part of the surface. The sponge, it may be mentioned, is now thoroughly believed to partake of an animal nature. If closer attention is bestowed upon the creature, the water is seen to pour from the summit of the little conical eminences studding the surface, and to enter in at the numerous minute pores which perforate the rest of the substance. Cilia have not yet been discovered in the sponge; but there is no doubt that, though so minute as to escape the powers even of our best microscopes, they produce these currents — impelling the water through the channels of the sponge to the openings where it escapes, and thus causing an influx to supply its place. In the ovule of this and other zoophytes, cilia have been distinctly made out, which, by analogy, affords strong reasons for believing them to exist in the adult animal. Dr Grant, who has minutely investigated the microscopic structure of sponges, has remarked that the ovum possessed cilia only at one portion of the surface; the tail, so to speak, being uncovered. In consequence of this arrangement, the larger end is directed forwards. When the ovum is detached from the parent, the cilia endow it with the power of locomotion; and it is immediately thus transported to a distance from the parent, swimming straight forwards until it meets with some object to which it can be attached. From that period the cilia produce currents in the surrounding water, for some time serving principally as respiratory agents; and when the animal is matured, becoming, in addition, the means of drawing its food into its substance. How remarkable a provision for the dissemination of the individual! The polype—in which it is also found—and the sponge possessing a fixed character, which assimilates them to the vegetable kingdom, are unable to secure themselves from the overgrowth and localisation of their offspring; but we see that the little ova are temporarily gifted with locomotion to a degree sufficient to carry them to an appropriate situation for their future growth, and thus the same end is obtained—a provision which will immediately suggest its analogue in the vegetable world, where, by many beautiful mechanical contrivances, with others of an almost life-like character, the perpetuity and dispersion of the species are secured. The down of the thistle, and the cilia of the young polype, afford us striking examples of the harmony and wisdom of design pervading the works of Providence.

The adult polype is indebted to these little organs for the capture of its prey. Many polypes, as the Campanularia, or Bell-flower species, are provided with fringes of feelers, or tentacula, surrounding their mouths; these are beset with rows of cilia, which, when the creature is at rest, produce rapid currents and eddies in the water. Their motion is so arranged as to propel the water containing their prey into the mouth of the polype; there another class of cilia whirl them round the throat, and subsequently around the stomach; and such particles as are inappropriate for food are cast back, and appear with the water to form an issuing stream from near the mouth of the creature.

At the bottom of the scale, cilia form appendages of the utmost value and importance, and are found to discharge the three functions already enumerated in the same creature. Infusory animalcules of the simplest class and most primitive structure are covered with them, so as to appear quite hirsute beneath the microscope; their amazing activity—an activity so disproportionate to their size—impelling them to unceasing motion, is solely due to the surface-covering of cilia, which act like so many dwarfish oars to propel the creature along. The comparison, singularly, is more faithful than might at first appear, since the motion of the cilia is precisely similar to the motion of an oar: the process describing a cone in its revolution—the centre of motion being seated at its root, as at the rullock, or row-lock, of the boat.

The wheel infusorial animalcule presents us with a modification of ciliary motion which long puzzled the microscopic anatomists of another day, many of whom were at a complete loss to account for the anomaly, as it appeared to them. The cilia are arranged in circles, upon the end of two little processes, placed generally near the greater extremity of the creature. When the attention is directed to these circles, they bear precisely the appearance of two diminutive cog-wheels revolving on a central axis; their motion is not constant in the same direction, but alternates, and is first in one direction, and then in the opposite. Leuwenhoeck says, 'imagine two wheels set round with points of needles, and moved very swiftly round from west by the south to the east.' We cannot conceive of any such rotatory motion in the living body, as it requires the disunion of the circumference of the wheel from the axis before it can be commenced; only to mention which, is sufficient to show the impossibility of this rotation being real.

It is an optical illusion, to use an expressive, but incorrect phrase, and has been attributed by Dr Sharpey to the effect of a series of undulations passing around the circle, and following each other with great rapidity in every part of the circle, which would convey to the mind the impression of a rotatory motion. Analogous, though differently placed, to the giant paddles of a steamboat, they carry the creature through the water, are subject to its control, and are set in motion or arrested at its pleasure. They produce, when the animalcule fixes itself, circular eddies or whirlpools in the water, whose motion is so vigorous that Leuwenhoeck remarks, that many animalculæ, possessed of tolerably strong powers of locomotion, when they came within them were whirled about for some time; into these vortices, those particles which form the food of the wheel-animal are, as it were, aspired, while it rejects those which are unfit for that purpose, and throws them back. Many of these rotiferæ are not endowed with locomotion, but adhere to the leaves and stems of aquatic plants; and in them the object of the motion is obviously to bring from the surrounding water the food of the animal into its mouth.

It must not be forgotten that the organs we have thus shortly described are, though of such consequence to the creatures they are found upon, yet of an amazingly minute size. In the mussel, where they are said to be rather large, they do not measure more than the thousandth of an inch in length; in some other animals they have been estimated to be as small as the twenty-five thousandth of an inch long; so that, were a hundred thousand cilia laid end to end, they would only measure four inches in length! These are expressions of size, however, which give an indifferent idea of their excessive minuteness to the reader unaccustomed to micrometric research. A more adequate conception may perhaps be formed from the reflection, that a drop of water may contain some thousands of microscopic animalculæ, whose dimensions are so minute as to call for the use of some of the higher powers of the instrument for their detection. Now the general surface of these beings is covered with cilia. Ehrenberg, the zealous and patient investigator of the infusoria, conceives that he has detected at the base of each cilium a minute muscle, which he supposes confers motility to the organ.

It is remarkable, however, that electricity, otherwise an almost universal excitant of muscular contraction, appears to exercise no perceptible influence upon ciliary motion. A Leyden jar has been discharged through a mussel, but the experiment was productive of no visible effect, either in the retardation or acceleration of the movement.

It has been already observed that pure fresh water instantaneously stops the ciliary motion of the sea mussel. This is a general rule with all other marine animals; and it is singular that while pure water exercises this deleterious influence upon it, tolerably strong solutions of certain poisonous drugs, even solutions of prussic acid, opium, belladonna, and strychnia, are quite innocuous. Again, in the vertebrata, a little blood, if smeared over the ciliated membrane, will preserve the motion for some days; but if a little of this fluid is applied to the cilia of invertebrata, it instantly arrests their movement.

Ciliary motion, in cold-blooded animals, endures for an almost incredible period after their death. Thus in the tortoise, it remained for upwards of a fortnight after the death of the creature: it soon ceases, however, after death in the warm-blooded tribes.

On the whole, even in the cursory and imperfect glance we have taken, we may behold in ciliary motion a phenomenon of a very singular and interesting character; generally recognised, however, to exist only by the minority of the students of nature. Still it is a subject which is entitled to a more universal recognition, whether we regard the extensive series of creatures in whom it is found, or as it exhibits the exquisite handiwork of the Creator, or indeed as one of the many wonderful revelations of the microscope.

PHILOSOPHY OF TOYS.

Give a child a small box, and it will probably examine it all round, and in a very short time toss it away. The sight gratified a little, a change of image was desired, and this was the most obvious method of procuring a change. By this act the child brings up the consciousness of exertion; and the sight of a moving thing reproduces former images of motion and activity. Show it that the box opens, and it resumes the study of it—shuts it itself, opens it again; thus reverting from image to image, and delighting in the transformation, as the work of its own hands. It will not be long ere it resorts to the extreme step of throwing it away, and seeking it back to throw away again. From this and all other observations on childhood, we can see that a toy, which has nothing moveable or changeable about it, is a very imperfect thing: it has little source of thought in it. With a finely-finished toy—an effigy of a man, a dog, or a bird—a child will not lose much time ere it treats it as it would a stick, or a spoon, or an old canister; namely, beat the table with it to produce melody, and the ideas of life and motion, and self-exertion—toss it away, or apply it to its mouth to restore part of the pleasure of sucking the breast. It is a very common error to confound toys with ornaments in amusing children. We hear a nurse, on holding up a pretty bauble to an infant, saying, 'See, such a pretty,' as if the child's capacity of enjoyment as yet contained nothing but a love of dazzle. It is common, too, to present to the eye what is not given into the hand—a very thankless indulgence. The sense of beauty and of nice imitation are of late growth. What childhood needs is copiousness of images, resembling and fit for restoring those broad palpable ideas which it has been able to gain—to keep the faculty of identification and recovering of the past working all the day long. It is thus preparing itself for the highest operations of intellect in mature life. By indulging it in noises and rapid motions of all kinds, we are, besides breeding happiness, cultivating ideas of activity, bustle, and life, which are the foundation of the habits of the smart and active workman or man of business, the animated vehement orator, or the stake-all enthusiast.—*Westminster Review.*

STIMULANTS.

The flesh of animals and fermented liquors being much more stimulative than fruit and farinaceous vegetable substances, appear to impart considerably more strength and vigour to the muscular system than the latter; and doubtless while the stimulation lasts, a person is capable of much greater exertion under it; but the only sure way of permanently increasing the powers of the muscular system, is by a natural and nutritious diet, along with judicious exercise. The mode in which stimulants act, is by exciting the nervous energy, and quickening the circulation, and thus producing rapid transformations of the tissues throughout the whole structure; and while these changes are taking place—whether as the effect of animal food, fermented liquors, anger, madness, fever, or exercise—the muscular power is (for the time) increased; but exhaustion constantly succeeds, and will invariably be in proportion to the degree and duration of their action. Exercise, however, is the only safe and legitimate stimulant in a normal state of the system; for it creates a healthy demand for renewal, by promoting the requisite decomposition of structure; while the others destroy the balance between decay and reproduction, and thus lay the foundation of local or general disease.—*Fruits and Farinacea.*

DRIVE YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET NOT IT DRIVE YOU.

Energy and force of character are among the first requisites essential to success in business. A man may possess a high degree of refinement, large stores of knowledge, and even a well-disciplined mind, but if he is destitute of this one principle, which may be termed resolution of soul, he is like a watch without a mainspring—beautiful, but inefficient, and unfit for service. Man was never made to act the part of an automaton, or mere machine. His powers are not designed to move quite so mechanically. He is to act, as well as to be acted upon. He must give life and stimulus to his calling. Is he not endued with a life-giving power, whose emanation is referred to that original source whence alone can be derived all inspiration? Man's efficiency must give character to his business. That employment, upon which is stamped the impress of a living and energetic soul, will do honour to any man, in any place, or at any age. It is poor policy, indeed, to loiter till driven by force. We thereby lose all the pleasures of satisfaction. Voluntary service, urged forward by a determined purpose, will give hopeful assurance if not a full warrant of success, and all the happiness of a just conquest. Behold the sluggish man! His occupation is a worthy one, but it finds him unworthy of the trust. It presses upon him with all the demand of imperative necessity. It finds him but a drone. He is confused by a multiplicity of cares. He is pressed down by a crowd of responsibilities, but makes no generous effort to discharge one of them. Thus his occupation suffers, his family are in want, and that good name, which is better than great riches, is lost. True, man is said to be a creature of circumstances, and he ought to be, in a sense, subject to the superintendence of a leading Providence; but this does not justify inertness of character. Man, by his own decision of character and determined spirit, can do much to remove and surmount the inconveniences and barriers incident to human life. Then be resolute, and both you and your business will 'go on and prosper.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

LADIES' SHOES.

If shoes were constructed of the shape of the human foot, neither too large nor too small, and making an equal pressure everywhere, corns and bunions of the feet would never exist. But, unfortunately, shoes are seldom made after this fashion; and in ladies' shoes especially, there are generally two signal defects—first, the extremity of the shoe is much too narrow for that part of the foot (namely, the toes) which it is to contain; and, secondly, for displaying as much of the foot as possible, the whole of the tarsus and metatarsus is left uncovered, and the pressure of the shoe in front is thrown entirely upon the toes. The toes are thus first squeezed against each other, and then pushed out of their natural position; and all the projecting points, chiefly where the joints are situated, are pinched and tormented, either by the neighbouring toes, or by the leather of the shoe; and thus it is that corns of the feet are generated.—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

We regret to learn that we have been led into a mistake regarding the original source of the maxims on 'Moral Courage' which appeared in No. 122. They first appeared in a London weekly newspaper—*the English Gentleman.*

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WHAT WOULD THE WORLD DO WITHOUT POKERS?

Considering tongs, shovels, and pokers allegorically, I would say that the two former are useful instruments in their way. The world would get on very indifferently without them; in fact it would relapse into barbarism again were such a calamity to befall us. Shovel and tongs are therefore to be regarded with no ordinary veneration, and cherished with no ordinary care; but they do not, to my mind, possess that attraction, or excite that interest, which I find in everything that a true, genuine, unflinching poker says or does. Let me defend my predilection. Does not the poker come into requisition fifty times for once that we have to call in the aid of either shovel or tongs?—therefore a poker is fifty times as useful as either of the others. Is not the poker plunged into red-hot flames and fervid embers, while the lazy shovel or the awkward tongs escapes with a mere singe of the nose?—consequently the poker, no doubt, is the bravest of the three. And thirdly, the poker is the most indispensable of all; for we can conceive of a make-shift for a shovel, and of a very primitive substitute for a tongs, but there is no conceivable means of doing without a poker. In either of the former events, the fire of the world might, at the worst, only contract in size; but it would burn cheerfully up by the strenuous stirring of a few active pokers; while, if they became defunct, miserable Tellus would cool down to its smouldering centre, and all mundane fire would give up the ghost.

But with a qualification. Pokers add little or nothing to the fire. Under their exertions it may burn fiercely for a time; but without the provision for its continuance, effected by means of the shovels and the tongs, the blaze will eventually die down, and slumber in ashes—out of which no poker can produce genial warmth, until a new race of shovels and tongs supply it with fuel again. Such fires have blazed, have died down, and are slumbering at Athens, at Rome, and in Egypt, and on other ancient hearths, where the sacred element was too ill fed and too sharply stirred to have a long life of it. But, on the contrary, a shovel may cast up the half-consumed embers, and a tongs may lay on heap above heap, a Pelion upon an Ossa, of new fuel, and the result of their united exertions may be to do more harm than good, without our friend's assistance. *Then* all goes well; the flames burst forth, and the fire glows.

Again, each in its place. Should a shovel make the absurd attempt to become a poker, or a poker a shovel, or a tongs either a poker or a shovel, the step is one of signal failure; and each, growing wiser by experience, retires to its appropriate sphere of utility, where, by their mutual co-operation, they are the combined instruments of much and unqualified good.

Now, to extend our allegory—still confining our attention to the class whose unflattering appellative heads this paper—we may consider pokers in their relation to science, to literature, to politics, and to social economy.

Scientific pokers are perhaps, though of the greatest use, of less frequent requisition than similar individuals in other departments of the intellectual world. The periods at which they arrive are more widely sundered than in other instances—a peculiarity which is attributable to the slow progress of the revelation of truth, the especial work of the shovels and the tongs. And as to poke a scanty fire would be to extinguish it, so we may find that periods of comparative repose ensue in the exertions of this description of pokers—a repose which may endure for years, so as to make the blaze intermittent, and thus to allow sufficient time for the re-accumulation of fuel. The poker, however, must awake out of sleep. Vain are the labours of Philosopher Tongs; vainly does he pull forth out of darkness and obscurity the fresh materials which form the support of the scientific fire before whose altar he worships; vain are his operose calculations; vain his delicate experiments; vain his profoundest researches. He heaps up fuel upon a fire which will never warm him—which will never return him, while he lives, one grateful ray of generous heat for all his assiduity; and he may descend to the grave, as many have done before him, with the melancholy spectacle of the mere smouldering of the fire he adored before his eyes, if some vigorous poker does not step in to its rescue. Watch the poker at work. Observe how carefully are all the defunct ashes raked away. 'Tis to no purpose to hammer at the fuel, as some unwise pokers do; the fire burns never the better until all the old, decayed, smothering dust is removed. Frequently the Philosopher Tongs will put his fuel on in his own obstinate way, the consequences of which are seriously detrimental; but the poker arranges them afresh—sometimes, perhaps, with an over-rude hand or over-sharp blow. Then the fire springs up, the air breathes upon it, a new light flashes upon it all, and it lives; and now and then—though this is by the by—the philosopher, when he has become Old Tongs, before he dies, may thank his stars that science has its pokers.

The literary poker is a stirring and eminent individual, and has often work enough to do to keep all alive. The antiquarian old shovel, Dr Dryasdust, may grub on among the cold embers of a former fire, from early youth to hoary old age, despising the assistance of fresher material, and deluding himself into the belief—one of a remarkably determined nothing-like-leather-ian character—that dead ashes are the most appropriate fuel; while he and Young Tongs may engage in a furious and unchristian civil war with one another upon the relative value and importance of ancient and modern

truth, until a sickly, waning, flickering spark may be all that remains of the element which is the object of their mutual veneration; when timely aid comes from the poker. Stirring out all the useless portions of Dr Dryasdust's labours, combining all that is of value in them with the more fiery matter supplied by Young Tongs, he causes the spark to take heart of grace again. What is good of the past and precious of the present unite together, and, in their combination, cherish the blaze until it glows, and becomes a blessing and a benefit to mankind.

The political poker is perhaps more frequently in the fire than any other, and may be said to be an organ of much good, alloyed with some little evil. He is a character who, by his incessant commotions, must always command public attention. He had rather be the stirrer up in an indifferent cause, than be laid down in inglorious inactivity. This is his infirmity. He takes, unfortunately, too intense a pleasure in exciting the coals; and, not content with clearing out dusty old abuses, and administering a seasonable blow to those of modern growth, he is only too well pleased, and too much in his element, when he has succeeded in producing a roaring fire in the constitution, until at length the heat he has contributed to create inflames and burns his own fingers. Pokers of this class abhor the name of stagnation. No smothering up of any flame, no hidden sparks, no stoppage of any of the vents, no quiet going to sleep of a few inoperative measures for them! Whether he is detected in the thunderings of the press, or in the office of chief poker to the Houses of Lords or Commons, Mr Poker is the same fire-loving individual; and Premier Tongs with his new imposts, and Secretary Shovel with his old ones, stand in common and uncommon dread of his onset, as he partakes of the Malay disposition, running a muck alike upon friend and foe. I do not think insincerity is a fault of political pokers in general; I believe them to have a single eye to the service of their country—a virtue which would redeem them from the condemnation of errors more grave than the effects of an overprecipitancy of disposition. If Premier Tongs wishes to overload the constitutional fire with some heavy expenses, and lays on load after load, until the enfeebled flame has scarcely a crevice left open, up starts the chief Commons poker, and knocks away piece by piece, until some more moderate amount is left, when he sits down again, getting no thanks for his efforts, and no applause for his labour, but supported by an invincible determination to struggle to the last for the public weal. Or sometimes the poker steps into the accounts of public offices, stirring out some half-hundred sleepy young sinecurists, or giving a seasonable rap on the head to as many lazy old clerks and officials, and carrying blank dismay into the remotest corners of the departments, by dismissing some of the dustiest of the cinders and the most stylish of the young sparks. Then, being ridded of the unnecessary incumbrances, things carry on bravely, and the poker, rewarded as before, lays himself by for the next emergency. The tendency of the political poker, we have admitted, may be to agitate too often, to turn things topsy-turvy too frequently. It is a venial fault; for Premier and Secretary Tongs and Shovel are labourers of such indefatigable dispositions, as to provide him with ample occupation at all times. Political pokers are a select class: few are bold enough to undertake, or successful in undertaking, the arduous office. Few, moreover, possess integrity of principle in that high degree which can alone constitute an effectual political poker. It is a degree of principle which, where they are productive of mischief, cannot overlook the errors of a friend, or spare those of an adversary. But I must add, that it is a class apt to attach to itself an overweening sense of its own importance—the not unnatural consequence of the immense effects they are conscious of producing. Whether to the political poker this self-adulation is an equivalent for the solitude of his isolated condition, we must leave to metaphysicians, or to other moralists, or to himself, to determine.

In the social economy, we select two examples of pokers for examination; they happen to be of opposite sexes. I regret to say that they are of opposite characters—the one stirring up schism and mischief, the other being an instrument of unwearied service in the better cause of promoting the good, and advancing the improvement, of the circle it is found in. Both classes exist in large cities, but come into greatest prominence in the county towns and villages of our empire, where the baneful influence of the one, and the beneficial efforts of the other, are well-marked. As a general rule, the class of pokers we reprehend is of that sex whose more especial office it is believed to be to heal the wounds of an enemy, and to pour balm into the offended ears of estranged friends. Every village is unfortunate enough to possess one or more of such pokers. Their operations are destructive of peace and love; they kindle fiery flames in happy families; they set old friends at fierce enmity one with another; they spread abroad, heedless of the consequences, the burning fire of scandal; and perpetrate such other acts of an incendiary nature, as to set town, and village, and hamlet in a diurnal combustion, making that which was Plato's astonishment—that a single day should pass without a universal conflagration—a circumstance of the rarest possible occurrence. Many heartburnings do these ruthless pokers keep alive, which would otherwise quietly go out—spending their unhappy lives in creating such uncomfortable warmth of feelings around them, as to keep the little village, and everything it contains, glowing like an oven. I make one excuse for such pokers: I cannot believe it to be their deliberate intention to set people by the ears; I think they are unhappily ignorant of the dangerous consequences of the slightest poke in some fires fed with very combustible fuel. Generally, it is my opinion they have no idea of the flame they have fanned up, until they find, in perplexed astonishment, it enkindles around themselves.

The second order of pokers are of a greatly diverse character. They are to be found in the public men of the village. Perhaps there is not one village nestled in the deep recesses of our land, which has not its public man; and a happy possession it is to have, as he is the life of the place. The village poker is a person of much information, of considerable tact, and of an untiring spirit of activity; a person who, even out of the heavy clodpoles that surround him, will evoke some latent spark or two of beneficial fire. If, during his absence, the lazy corporation—oppressed with whisky fumes, obscured with tobacco smoke, and overloaded with business—have passed the unanimous resolution of putting off to the next meeting that which was the professed object of this—the audit of the town accounts, and the speech of the town-clerk—some lucky event directs the poker there; the aspect of things brightens up at once. Two of the most factory-chimney-like of the pipes are put out in no time; the necessary business does not look so bad after all; half an hour sees it in a fair way of being satisfactorily concluded; and in an hour's time, to the immense amazement of the old gentlemen, all is completed, and a vote passed to demolish half of an old street, and to rebuild it with the surplus fund—an event which five out of the number had been heard, on a previous occasion, to assert as likely to occur synchronously with the upspring of the fifth generation therefrom. It was the poker who organised the gas company, and laid down the pipes, and illuminated the town. It was the poker who was actually president of the water-company; and succeeded, after five years' declamation against the water-carts, in laying on water *ad libitum* in every house in the town. It was the poker who pushed his zealous inquiries into the misappropriation of trust funds of the orphan school, who kicked the nefarious treasurer out of his well-feathered nest, and sent away the secretary with an uncomfortable flea

in his ear; and thereafter doubled the number of orphans admitted. It was the poker who demolished three out of the five turnpike-gates, so long looked upon as the natural defences of the village. In a word, the village poker is the mainspring of every movement which will ameliorate the condition of his poorer townsmen; nor less does he regard the real advancement of the happiness of the richer ones. He kindles charity in these, he warms up gratitude in those; and looking only at his face, suffused with overbrimming kindness and animation, who will hesitate to pronounce him to be a happy and a useful man?

To drop the metaphor here. There is surely some gleam of truth to be found under its guise, which may redeem these pages from the character of frivolity. Some of these emblematic personages find their originals in the world around us, moving in spheres far remote from one another, but all tending to advance our condition, and to keep us up to our epoch. Few will deny that there is a natural tendency to a relapse to be found in man, and strikingly illustrated in nature. Thus the exquisitely pencilled flower, perfected by art, not only produces seeds which form vile and worthless florets, but even when propagated by division, ultimately degenerates, and is lost. Nor does the history of the human race furnish us with less remarkable evidence of this law, as testify the present condition of the enslaved Egyptian, the effeminate Roman, and the spiritless Greek; and we possess more modern examples of such lapses into barbarism. While, then, we cannot too much overvalue the unceasing efforts of the classes of men who may be called shovels and tongs, to supply man with everflowing springs of knowledge, we are not, on the other hand, to depreciate or to forget that it is by the exertions of a few active minds that such knowledge is made available to mankind, and that a steady advancement in the sciences, in literature, and in civilisation is secured.

These are spirits possessed of, rather, it may be said, gifted with, unusually clear perceptive powers; well able to separate the chaff from the good grain, and endowed with a peculiar aptitude of arranging, and placing in their appropriate order and bearing, the facts which fall beneath their notice. It is by this means that a new, and generally the correct, light is thrown upon subjects which, without such aid, would continue to retain, and might possibly increase, their obscurity. Not that the class I have called pokers is an unmixed class; not that, by their individual exertions, such men do not contribute fresh knowledge to the mass; but that the most striking characteristic of such individuals lies principally in their discharging that office which it has been the intention of this paper to explain—poking.

The science of chemistry furnishes us with an instance in point. For years past it had been growing in importance in the accuracy of its researches, and in the number of its fundamental truths; yet it lay in a condition of stagnation, or nearly so, with reference to its practical utility in agriculture, and in the science of medicine, until Baron Liebig arose; and by the new light by him disclosed, by the peculiarly ingenious manner in which well-known facts were arranged by him, and reasoned upon, and by the striking inferences he has drawn from thence, he has given an impulse to the science in these two important departments which will continue to be felt, and whose beneficial effects cannot fail to endure, for a considerable period. Now, Baron Liebig I recognise as an eminent instance of a poker.

Such men are and will be continually born into our world before their epoch; and while we admit that the general development of truth is gradual, we contend that in the class we have considered is to be recognised an order of men created to expedite its progress, and to usher in the spring of a day of knowledge still remote. The elements of the moral world, like those of the physical, are metaphorically of a combustible character. Under ordinary circumstances, combination takes place only at the surface, and then ceases; things now require turning about, and this commixture devolves upon the pokers; and immediately fresh compounds are produced; and so on from age to age.

Again, the ashes of a previous generation have been, and are, and will yet be, great obstacles to the progress of information. Preconceived opinions and hereditary prejudices—bequeathed, like the Spanish chess-games, from father to son—must long continue to stop the advance, and stunt the growth, of knowledge. For their removal we are to look to the class of men here allegorised. It was the dust and ashes of an Aristotelian philo-sophistry which blinded and enthralled the world for two thousand years, until Francis Bacon thrust it aside.

I would drop this paper here, as a stone into water, believing that it will create around it circles which will extend infinitely wider than the first little ring from whence they originate. As the experience and observation of every reader must furnish him with many other instances of the order of men I have commemorated, he may be induced perhaps, after such reflection, to assent to the implication contained in my question, and exclaim with me—'What *would* the world do without pokers?'

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

Few subjects are more interesting, and none more important, than the process by which the surplus population of Europe is every day being poured into the unpeopled districts of the old and new world, forming there the framework of future nations, which are doubtless destined to carry our knowledge and the traditions of our society to a period when we ourselves may no longer exist as nations. Hitherto the stream has flowed principally from the United Kingdom, particularly Ireland, which the difficulty of obtaining subsistence must, for many years to come, make an emigrating country. An unexampled peace of thirty-one years' duration has likewise had its natural effect on the continent, by the immense increase of population, to stimulate emigration; but more slowly and partially than among us; and it is only within the last ten years that it has grown to an amount, and assumed a direction, which promises serious results.

France has not for the last century been an emigrating country, which may mainly be accounted for by the less independent and energetic character of the people; the greater comfort of the peasantry, who are almost all small proprietors, farming their own lands; and, above all, the enormous chasm in the population left by the revolutionary wars, which alone are computed to have swept away thirteen millions of Frenchmen. Even in Algeria, which, from its nearness to France, and from the constant premiums, in the shape of land for nothing, held out by the government, was most likely to attract native emigration, the number of French is considerably inferior to that of the other settlers. The majority are Spaniards or Maltese. Belgium has twofold resources in its manufactures and admirable agriculture, which have hitherto sufficed for the employment and support of its dense population; and the other European states contain in themselves, for the most part, large tracts of thinly-peopled or unoccupied land, sufficient to sustain the surplus mouths for a number of years to come.

Germany is the only other country, besides Great Britain, from which emigration takes place on a great scale, and is likely to lead to important results. Since the year 1840, she has sent out annually 60,000 settlers; about our own average. In the present year, the number is stated in the English papers at 80,000. It is very probable that this number will continue for the future, and even increase, as the predisposing causes are not occasional, but permanent, in the subsisting state of the

country. The reasons which are all-powerful there, are not the same as actuate us. The results, too, are very different; and their great extent, with the little attention hitherto bestowed on the subject, will be our best apology for considering it a little more in detail.

One great peculiarity in German emigration is, that it is directed exclusively to the United States of America. Some have been tempted to settle at the Cape of Good Hope, in Brazil, or in Algeria; but the number is inconsiderable. New Zealand has also been tried; but with no great promise of success. Perhaps the greatest number of Germans collected in any one place out of their own country is at Paris, where, among other trades, there are two thousand boot and shoemakers alone, and, at the lowest computation, four thousand master tailors and journeymen. It is curious that the Germans, to whom we certainly attach no distinguishing ideas of elegance, should have so completely absorbed the business of adorning the outer man in the city which prides itself, above all others, on its taste. So far is this carried at present, that the native French aspirants for custom are in the habit of appending to their names a German suffix. Pierre becomes Pierremann; Lenoir, Lenoirmann; Paul, Paullmann, &c.; just as many a tyro in the musical world among us ends his name in *ti* and *tini*, without having a drop of Italian blood in his veins. But these Germans at Paris can hardly be classed as emigrants, since most of them are young unmarried men, who merely go to France to accumulate, in the least possible time, as much as will set them up in business at home. The chief emigration to America at present is from the Upper and Middle Rhine, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Wurtemburg, the two Hesses, and Bavaria. In Bavaria especially, whole village communities sell their property for whatever they can get, and set out, with their clergyman at their head. 'It is a lamentable sight,' says a French writer, 'when you are travelling in the spring or autumn on the Strasburg road, to see the long files of carts that meet you every mile, carrying the whole property of the poor wretches, who are about to cross the Atlantic on the faith of a lying prospectus. There they go slowly along; their miserable tumbrils—drawn by such starved, drooping beasts, that your only wonder is, how they can possibly hope to reach Havre alive—piled with the scanty boxes containing their few effects, and on the top of all the women and children, the sick and bedridden, and all who are too exhausted with the journey to walk. One might take it for a convoy of wounded, the relics of a battle-field, but for the rows of little white heads peeping from beneath the ragged hood.' These are the emigrants from Bavaria and the Upper Rhine, who have no seaport nearer than Havre. Those from the north of Germany, who are comparatively few in number, sail mostly from Bremen. The number of these likewise is increasing. From 1832 to 1835 inclusive, 9000 embarked every year from Bremen; from 1839 to 1842, the average number was 13,000; which increased to 19,000 in the year 1844.

Society in Germany is so much more rudimentary than in England, that it is remarkable to see this same tendency exhibiting itself in the two nations. In Germany population is comparatively sparse, in Great Britain it is dense; in the one there is great wealth and profound poverty, in the other the extremes of property rarely exist; the one has a large and dominant town population, the other has fewer towns in proportion than any country in Europe; the one teems with political activity, in the other political activity is not, or at least has not yet taken to itself a practical presence and a name.

The dread of destitution is a motive to emigrate in Germany, as in England; but not a principal motive. This is clear from the fact that the emigration does not take place in those districts where there is most want, but exists equally where population is dense, and where it is thinly distributed. In Westphalia, for instance, a great number of small proprietors have lately sold their lands, and sailed for America—each of whom, it is reckoned, has taken with him at least thirty pounds' worth of goods and money. The Bavarians emigrate alike from the Rhine country, where population is thickly clustered together, and from the upland districts, where there are not eighty inhabitants to the square mile.

The one great cause of this almost national movement is the desire for absolute, political, and religious freedom; the absence of all restrictions upon the development of society; and the publication of opinions which cannot be realised at home. The great agitation in society, caused first by the French domination, and then by the convulsive rise against it, has never passed away. In that gigantic struggle, when everything rested on the popular soul, the bonds of privilege and class were tacitly abandoned, and could never thenceforth be reunited as before. The promises of having constitutional governments at that time, made by the sovereigns to their subjects, have been but partially fulfilled. There is nothing that can be called oppression on the part of the governments; the mass of the people are well satisfied with their rulers—and with reason, for the actual executive has been generally excellent; but there are many restrictions, and the young, the restless, and the imaginative thirst for their ideal freedom, and many of them seek for the realisation of Utopia in America. Complete religious equality is a still more powerful want in a country where Catholics and Protestants are so nearly balanced, and where the state of parties is such, that the minority in faith, though nominally equal in law, must always live under the cold shade of an alien creed. This of itself has urged many across the Atlantic. It is probable that the present schism among the German Catholics will add to the number of the emigrants from religious causes.

Another motive has been the great success of some of the earlier settlers. The Moravians and Shakers, who have emigrated from Germany, have worked wonders in some parts. In 1815, the Separatists, another religious body, sometimes called Rappists, from their head, M. Rapp, sailed from Wurtemburg with a capital of only L.1200 pounds, and formed a settlement on the Ohio. At the present time, the real property in land belonging to the society is reckoned at L.340,000, exclusive of personal property, and a large sum of money in the funds. The success of the colony of Zoar has been equally striking. It was founded twenty years ago by a few families with a scanty capital, and now possesses 40,000 acres of land, a disposable capital of L.100,000, and an immense quantity of machinery and stock, foundries, tan-pits, and mills in abundance. This extraordinary affluence is because these two colonies were founded on the principle of a community of property, and have been throughout under a strict religious government. But the present emigrants forget this; and looking only at the prosperity achieved, they think that as the Moravians and Rappists have succeeded, they must succeed to the same extent, without either the same capital or self-denial.

It is not to be expected that the German governments should look with indifference on this constant and increasing defalcation of their subjects. It is not, as we have said, the very poor that emigrate; they cannot, in fact; but it is those who have some little to spare. Every emigrant is reckoned to take with him equal to L.25 of English money, which would give an annual subtraction of L.1,500,000 pounds—a serious loss in a country which has little superfluous capital. And be it remembered that this is all loss. Lord Brougham said, in one of his speeches, with equal truth and force, of the English emigrants, that not an axe falls in America but sets in motion a shuttle at Manchester. But the Germans in America consume English, not German commodities, and remit nothing to Germany in the shape of produce. As it is hopeless to try to stop the tide, the German governments have exerted themselves of late to turn it in a direction nearer home

—to Hungary and the countries along the Lower Danube, where there is an immensity of rich virgin soil untouched. Austria, in particular, is naturally very much interested in establishing a German population in Hungary, to balance the Slavonic element; and with this view a number of pamphlets have been drawn up and circulated, with a comparative view of the advantages of emigration to Hungary and the United States, but as yet with little effect.

Another plan of an opposite kind at present in agitation, from motives of humanity as well as expediency, is, that the Zollverein (customs' union) should appoint a resident agent at Washington, to be at the head of the consular body, and in connexion with the emigration committee sitting at Bremen, so as to have some effective control over the emigrants. Many of them have been grievously cheated by speculators, and the accommodation on board the emigrant ships generally is very bad. The Zollverein is to convey them in its own vessels, and not less than two hundred at a time; which would be a general saving on the present rates of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. On their arrival, the consuls are to take charge of them, and see them conveyed safely to their destination. To pay the expenses of the passage, and for the foundation of pauper colonies, the Zollverein to devote an annual sum of not less than L.80,000. Such is the outline of the plan; which is likely, in part at least, to be carried into execution.

The most important point connected with the subject, is the influence which such an annual influx of a foreign population, speaking the same language, and nearly all professing the same (the Roman Catholic) faith, cannot fail to exercise upon the future destinies of the United States. At present, as the whole stream is poured into the same country, the annual number of German settlers considerably exceeds those from Great Britain and Ireland. There are of the former resident in America, according to the last census, about four millions. But this is not all. If, like the English and Irish who cross the Atlantic, they were to spread themselves over the continent indiscriminately, wherever there was the greatest chance of success, the whole, in the course of one generation, or two at most, would blend insensibly with the majority. But they carry out with them all the passions, prejudices, and dispositions of the fatherland, and keep them immoveably. The great object of each family that successively arrives, is to fix itself as near as possible to its relatives, if it has any; if not, to its countrymen. Every settlement thus becomes the nucleus of a pure German circle, which is born, marries, and dies within itself, and with the least possible admixture of Anglo-Americans. In the reign of Queen Anne, a numerous colony from the Palatinate settled on the upper waters of the Hudson, where, after a century and a half, their descendants remain to this day a separate people. 'These honest folks,' says one of their countrymen, 'though living amongst Anglo-Americans for the third and fourth generation, can neither read nor write the English language; and adhering to their axiom, never to become Irish (thus they designate the Anglo-Americans, who take their revenge by nicknaming them Dutch), they are contented with their own German idiom.'* It is the same with them everywhere. Chance or preference directed the first settlers towards Pennsylvania. To Pennsylvania, accordingly, the stream has steadily set ever since; and the result is, that the German population of that state already balances the Anglo-Saxon; and, in the adjoining state of Ohio, stands as three to seven. Next to these, the greatest number is found in Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, neither going far to the north or south of the same parallel. In most of these states, the debates in the houses of representatives and the laws are printed alike in German and English. If this emigration continue in its present extent and direction, and in the course of time—what is sufficiently probable—a disruption of the great American confederacy should take place, a second Germany will have arisen beyond the Atlantic, and monopolised, along the head waters of the Delaware and Ohio, the possessions of the children of Penn.

* North America and the United States as they are. London: 1826.

DICKENS'S PICTURES FROM ITALY.*

A BOOK on Italy, by Mr Dickens. The reader of the Boz novels will not expect, from such a production, anything beyond the impressions of a sprightly, intelligent mind, communicated with quaint, imaginative pleasantry—and he will not be disappointed. The book really is, as its author unassumingly describes it, 'a series of faint reflections—mere shadows in the water—of places to which the imaginations of most people are attracted in a greater or less degree.' Of classical enthusiasm there is none, of archæology nothing, of art mania hardly a vestige. It is the externe only which is here touched on. Nor *could* the book be otherwise, for it is hardly bigger than *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

The author enters Italy by Genoa, visits the Lombardy cities, tarries at Rome and Naples, and returns by Florence. Chit-chat about roads, conveyances, inns, is everywhere prominent; but then it is so much better than the chit-chat of common-minded persons. The best part of the book, to our apprehension, is that regarding Rome, which our author saw at the beginning of February (1844), during the festivities and frivolities which precede Lent. His fidelity to the minute and familiar here serves him in good stead; and the result is a description which we *feel* to be like what would strike our senses in the actual scene. The first impression at a little distance was, that Rome resembled London: 'innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses rising up into the sky, and high above them all one dome.' On the side of the town by which he entered there were no ruins or other tokens of antiquity. 'There seemed to be long streets of commonplace shops and houses, such as are to be found in any European town; there were busy people, equipages, ordinary walkers to and fro; a multitude of chattering strangers. It was no more *my* Rome—the Rome of anybody's fancy, man or boy—degraded, and fallen, and lying asleep in the sun among a heap of ruins—than the Place de la Concorde in Paris is. A cloudy sky, a dull cold rain, and muddy streets, I was prepared for, but not for this; and I confess to having gone to bed that night in a very indifferent humour, and with a very considerably-quenched enthusiasm.'

The Grecian architecture of St Peter's, the character of many of the decorations, the tawdry style in which many of the ceremonials are arranged, disappoint him. The very persons engaged do not appear to regard the religious shows of this time with respect; hence they do not look real, and this adds to the disappointment of the stranger. We come by and by to the Monday afternoon of the carnival; and here the Boz power is pretty fully called out. The author and his party get into a carriage, whose proper decorations are all lined with white cotton or calico, and which contains basketfuls of nosegays, and sacks of sugar-plums. This, with wire masks for the face, is the proper style in which to appear on that occasion: the reasons will be seen. 'The Corso,' says Mr Dickens, 'is a mile long; a street of shops, and palaces, and private houses, sometimes opening into a broad piazza. There are virandas and balconies, of all shapes and sizes, to almost every house—not on one storey alone, but often to one room or another on every storey—put there in general with so little order or regularity, that if, year after year, and season after season, it had rained balconies, hailed balconies, snowed balconies, blown balconies, they could

* Published for the author by Bradbury and Evans, Whitefriars, 1846.

scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner.

'This is the great fountain-head and focus of the carnival. But all the streets in which the carnival is held being vigilantly kept by dragoons, it is necessary for carriages, in the first instance, to pass in line down another thoroughfare, and so come into the Corso at the end remote from the Piazza del Popolo, which is one of its terminations. Accordingly, we fell into the string of coaches, and for some time jogged on quietly enough; now crawling on at a very slow walk, now trotting half-a-dozen yards, now backing fifty, and now stopping altogether, as the pressure in front obliged us. If any impetuous carriage dashed out of the rank, and clattered forward, with the wild idea of getting on faster, it was suddenly met or overtaken by a trooper on horseback, who, deaf as his own drawn sword to all remonstrances, immediately escorted it back to the very end of the row, and made it a dim speck in the remotest perspective. Occasionally we interchanged a volley of confetti with the carriage next in front, or the carriage next behind; but as yet, this capturing of stray and errant coaches by the military was the chief amusement.

'Presently we came into a narrow street, where, besides one line of carriages going, there was another line of carriages returning. Here the sugar-plums and the nosegays began to fly about pretty smartly; and I was fortunate enough to observe one gentleman, attired as a Greek warrior, catch a light-whiskered brigand on the nose (he was in the very act of tossing up a bouquet to a young lady in a first-floor window) with a precision that was much applauded by the bystanders. As this victorious Greek was exchanging a facetious remark with a stout gentleman in a doorway—one-half black, and one-half white, as if he had been peeled up the middle—who had offered him his congratulations on this achievement, he received an orange from a house-top full on his left ear, and was much surprised, not to say discomfited—especially as he was standing up at the time; and, in consequence of the carriage moving on suddenly at the same moment, staggered ignominiously, and buried himself among his flowers.

'Some quarter of an hour of this sort of progress brought us to the Corso; and anything so gay, so bright, and lively as the whole scene there, it would be difficult to imagine. From all the innumerable balconies—from the remotest and highest, no less than from the lowest and nearest—hangings of bright red, bright green, bright blue, white, and gold, were fluttering in the brilliant sunlight. From windows, and from parapets, and tops of houses, streamers of the richest colours, and draperies of the gaudiest and most sparkling hues, were floating out upon the street. The buildings seemed to have been literally turned inside out, and to have all their gaiety towards the highway. Shop-fronts were taken down, and the windows filled with company, like boxes at a shining theatre; doors were carried off their hinges, and long tapestried groves, hung with garlands of flowers and evergreens, displayed within; builders' scaffoldings were gorgeous temples, radiant in silver, gold, and crimson; and in every nook and corner, from the pavement to the chimney-tops, where women's eyes could glisten, there they danced, and laughed, and sparkled, like the light in water. Every sort of bewitching madness of dress was there. Little preposterous scarlet jackets; quaint old stomachers, more wicked than the smartest boddices; Polish pelisses, strained and tight as ripe gooseberries; tiny Greek caps, all awry, and clinging to the dark hair, Heaven knows how; every wild, quaint, bold, shy, pettish madcap fancy had its illustration in a dress; and every fancy was as dead forgotten by its owner, in the tumult of merriment, as if the three old aqueducts that still remain entire had brought Lethe into Rome upon their sturdy arches that morning.

'The carriages were now three abreast; in broader places four; often stationary for a long time together; always one close mass of variegated brightness, showing the whole streetful, through the storm of flowers, like flowers of a larger growth themselves. In some, the horses were richly caparisoned in magnificent trappings; in others they were decked from head to tail with flowing ribbons. Some were driven by coachmen with enormous double faces, one face leering at the horses, the other cocking its extraordinary eyes into the carriage, and both rattling again, under the hail of sugar-plums. Other drivers were attired as women, wearing long ringlets and no bonnets, and looking more ridiculous in any real difficulty with the horses (of which, in such a concourse, there were a great many) than tongue can tell or pen describe. Instead of sitting *in* the carriages, upon the seats, the handsome Roman women, to see and to be seen the better, sit in the heads of the barouches at this time of general license, with their feet upon the cushions; and oh the flowing skirts and dainty waists, the blessed shapes and laughing faces, the free, good-humoured, gallant figures that they make! There were great vans, too, full of handsome girls—thirty or more together perhaps—and the broadsides that were poured into and poured out of these fairy fireships, splashed the air with flowers and bonbons for ten minutes at a time. Carriages, delayed long in one place, would begin a deliberate engagement with other carriages, or with people at the lower windows; and the spectators at some upper balcony or window, joining in the fray, and attacking both parties, would empty down great bags of confetti, that descended like a cloud, and in an instant made them white as millers. Still carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Men and boys clinging to the wheels of coaches, and holding on behind, and following in their wake, and diving in among the horses' feet to pick up scattered flowers to sell again; maskers on foot (the drollest, generally) in fantastic exaggerations of court-dresses, surveying the throng through enormous eye-glasses, and always transported with an ecstacy of love on the discovery of any particularly old lady at a window; long strings of Policinelli, laying about them with blown bladders at the ends of sticks; a wagonful of madmen, screaming and tearing to the life; a coachful of grave Mamelukes, with their horse-tail standard set up in the midst; a party of gipsy-women engaged in terrific conflict with a shipful of sailors; a man-monkey on a pole, surrounded by strange animals with pigs' faces and lions' tails, carried under their arms, or worn gracefully over their shoulders; carriages on carriages, dresses on dresses, colours on colours, crowds upon crowds, without end. Not many actual characters sustained or represented, perhaps, considering the number dressed; but the main pleasure of the scene consisting in its perfect good temper; in its bright, and infinite, and flashing variety; and in its entire abandonment to the mad humour of the time—an abandonment so perfect, so contagious, so irresistible, that the steadiest foreigner fights up to his middle in flowers and sugar-plums like the wildest Roman of them all, and thinks of nothing else till half-past four o'clock, when he is suddenly reminded (to his great regret) that this is not the whole business of his existence, by hearing the trumpets sound, and seeing the dragoons begin to clear the street.'

Our author next describes the race—always an important feature of the carnival. The horses, at a given signal, are started off. 'Down the live lane, the whole length of the Corso, they fly like the wind, riderless, as all the world knows, with shining ornaments upon their backs, and twisted in their plaited manes, and with heavy little balls stuck full of spikes dangling at their sides, to goad them on. The jingling of these trappings, and the rattling of their hoofs upon the hard stones; the dash and fury of their speed along the echoing street; nay, the very cannon that are fired—these noises are nothing to the roaring of the multitude, their shouts, the clapping of their hands. But it is soon over—almost instantaneously. More cannon

shake the town. The horses have plunged into the carpets put across the street to stop them; the goal is reached; the prizes are won (they are given in part by the poor Jews, as a compromise for not running foot-races themselves); and there is an end to that day's sport.'

Mr Dickens's impressions, from the numberless churches and their contents—pictures, and other decorations—are not favourable. The English common-sense seems to be everywhere a rebel. The scene in and around the churches is always the same—a mixture of respect and indecorum. 'In one, a lady got up from her prayers for a moment, to offer us her card as a teacher of music; and in another, a sedate gentleman, with a very thick walking-staff, arose from his devotions to belabour his dog, which was growling at another dog, and whose yelps and howls resounded through the church as his master quietly relapsed into his former train of meditation—keeping his eye upon the dog at the same time, nevertheless.' One thing everywhere present—the money-begging box. Even art has its ludicrous side. A flight of steps, leading to the church of Trinita del Monte, is the place of resort for the artists' 'models,' and there they are constantly waiting to be hired. 'The first time I went up there, I could not conceive why the faces seemed familiar to me; why they appeared to have beset me for years, in every possible variety of action and costume; and how came it to pass that they started up before me, in Rome, in the broad day, like so many saddled and bridled nightmares? I soon found that we had made acquaintance, and improved it, for several years, on the walls of various exhibition galleries. There is one old gentleman, with long white hair and an immense beard, who, to my knowledge, has gone half through the catalogue of the Royal Academy. This is the venerable or patriarchal model. He carries a long staff, and every knot and twist in that staff I have seen faithfully delineated innumerable times. There is another man, in a blue cloak, who always pretends to be asleep in the sun (when there is any), and who, I need not say, is always very wide awake, and very attentive to the disposition of his legs. This is the *dolce far' niente* model. There is another man, in a brown cloak, who leans against a wall, with his arms folded in his mantle, and looks out of the corners of his eyes, which are just visible beneath his broad slouched hat. This is the assassin model. There is another man, who constantly looks over his own shoulder, and is always going away, but never goes. This is the haughty, or scornful model. As to Domestic Happiness, and Holy Families, they should come very cheap, for there are lumps of them all up the steps; and the cream of the thing is, that they are all the falsest vagabonds in the world, especially made up for the purpose, and having no counterparts in Rome, or any other part of the habitable globe.'

We conclude with a bit of true Bozzism, showing that home is, after all, his proper field. Speaking of his excursions in and around Rome, he says he often encountered a company of English; one Mr Davis, and a small circle of friends. 'It was impossible not to know Mrs Davis's name, from her being always in great request among her party, and her party being everywhere. During the Holy Week, they were in every part of every scene of every ceremony. For a fortnight or three weeks before it, they were in every tomb, and every church, and every ruin, and every picture gallery; and I hardly ever observed Mrs Davis to be silent for a moment. Deep under ground, high up in St Peter's, out on the Campagna, and stifling in the Jews' quarter, Mrs Davis turned up all the same. I don't think she ever saw anything, or ever looked at anything; and she had always lost something out of a straw hand-basket, and was trying to find it, with all her might and main, among an immense quantity of English halfpence, which lay, like sands upon the sea-shore, at the bottom of it. There was a professional cicerone always attached to the party (which had been brought over from London, fifteen or twenty strong, by contract), and if he so much as looked at Mrs Davis, she invariably cut him short by saying, "There, God bless the man, don't worrit me! I don't understand a word you say, and shouldn't if you was to talk till you was black in the face!" Mr Davis always had a snuff-coloured greatcoat on, and carried a great green umbrella in his hand, and had a slow curiosity constantly devouring him, which prompted him to do extraordinary things—such as taking the covers off urns in tombs, and looking in at the ashes as if they were pickles—and tracing out inscriptions with the ferrule of his umbrella, and saying, with intense thoughtfulness, "Here's a B you see, and there's an R; and this is the way we goes on in; is it?" His antiquarian habits occasioned his being frequently in the rear of the rest; and one of the agonies of Mrs Davis, and the party in general, was an ever-present fear that Davis would be lost. This caused them to scream for him in the strangest places, and at the most improper seasons. And when he came, slowly emerging out of some sepulchre or other, like a peaceful Ghoule, saying, "Here I am!" Mrs Davis invariably replied, "You'll be buried alive in a foreign country, Davis, and it's no use trying to prevent you!"'

TRADE AND PUBLIC BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The materials which we have hitherto derived from the Club-Books have belonged to the regions of poetry, romantic fiction, or personal adventure. On the present occasion we are led into a totally different track, by having our attention directed to a paper which affords us the means of estimating the progress made by Scotland in wealth and prosperity during a period of two centuries. In 1656, a report was prepared for the use of the government of Oliver Cromwell, of which the following succinct account is given by the gentleman who presented the work to the Bannatyne Club:—'Mr Tucker, the author, was sent by the government of England for the purpose of introducing order into the collection of the revenues of excise and customs, and appointed one of the commissioners of the Scotch board. He appears to have possessed very eminent qualifications for a task which, in the state of the country at that time, must have been attended with great difficulties; and he has communicated the result of his inquiries and personal observation with great clearness and ability in this report. It affords a comprehensive view of all the details connected with the collection of these taxes, and some account is given of every harbour and creek upon the coast to which vessels resorted at that time.'

It is very clear that one of the vital elements of a strong orderly government must be a full knowledge of the resources of the country—whether in the shape of land, commerce, industry, or accumulated capital. The financier who calculates the produce of any given tax must be well supplied with such information; and it is in those countries where taxes are levied rather as a badge of subjection than for the useful purposes of government, that such knowledge is neglected. Oliver Cromwell, and the able men by whom he was surrounded, had a keen eye towards everything that was thoroughly useful to the government, and through the government to the community. His services towards the purely utilitarian purpose of preserving fixed records of the resources of the country, may not seem very great in the eye of hero-worship; nay, an allusion to them may suggest a sneer about 'humdrum,' or 'dry-as-dust;' but, nevertheless, there are many who will be disposed to give more admiration to these efforts than to his incomprehensible speeches. One of his darling projects was the establishment of a general system throughout England for the registration of land. It was precisely such a system as he found at work in Scotland—a set of records in which all operations regarding land, whether relating to absolute conveyances

or to securities, should be engrossed. Ludlow tells us how hard a battle he fought for this project, and how he was defeated by the lawyers, or, as he said, 'found the sons of Zeruiah too strong for him.' He made a general valuation of all the lands in Scotland, for the purpose of regulating the proportional allotment of the land tax. At the Restoration, it was, with most of the Protector's new projects, revoked; but it was found so convenient an arrangement, that the new government felt it expedient afterwards to have recourse to it, and it was called the 'valued rent'—being in fact the only valuation which has been made of the landed property in Scotland, and, as such, still employed for purposes of taxation.

Mr Tucker's report exhibits to us one of these projects for making the government acquainted with the resources of the country. We possess so few materials for ascertaining the pecuniary means, the trade, and the industrial habits of our ancestors, that any such collection is a valuable medium of comparing our own state with theirs. In the seventeenth century, and indeed down to a late period, the customs collected were not only on goods imported, but on those exported; because it was supposed to be a crime to provide our neighbours abroad with the valuable commodities which our artificers made and our husbandmen raised. Some of Mr Tucker's chief difficulties are in the devising means for enforcing the customs outwards—men being so naturally perverse, that when they created a commodity for which a foreigner would pay them better than a native, they thought themselves entitled to sell it without paying a tax for the privilege of doing so. We shall give some examples of the customs' receipts reported by Mr Tucker, and compare them with late results. The accounts are stated in periods of four months. Taking three of these for the year ending in September, we find that the annual income of the custom-house at Leith was L.2335. The corresponding sum for 1844 was L.631,926. The amount raised in Dundee in 1646 was L.501; in 1844, it was L.42,737. Those who have noticed the relative shipping of the two towns, Leith and Dundee, may be astonished that there should at this day be such a difference in their customs' returns in favour of the former; but it must be remembered that the imports to Leith are chiefly for the consumption of an affluent district, and thus consist of highly-taxed articles—such as wine, spirits, groceries, &c.; while those of Dundee are mainly for manufacturing use, and so consist of raw materials, paying duties comparatively small. To return to Mr Tucker. His statement of the customs collected at Aberdeen shows an amount of L.573; in 1844, the corresponding amount was L.76,259. Among the remarkable things, however, in this report, is the approach that seems to have been made by places now wholly insignificant to rivalry with the principal seaports. Thus at Borrowstonness, or, as it is contracted, Bo'ness, Tucker reports a collection of L.1569; in 1843, the sum collected was L.8961; a great improvement on the immediately preceding year, when it was only L.3327. Burntisland, which is now merely a ferry harbour, collected a custom of L.413. With these we may contrast Glasgow, which, in 1656, produced L.554; in 1844, L.551,841. The small old boroughs, which the steamboat traveller sees studded on the fringe of the coast of Fife, were in Mr Tucker's time considerable places, and he is at pains to enumerate their shipping. Thus we find that Anstruther had ten vessels; exactly the same number as Dundee. Wemyss, now a village with four or five hundred inhabitants, had six vessels; and its neighbour, Pittenweem, two. Burntisland had seven vessels; Dysart four; and Kirkcaldy, still a flourishing place, though not proportionally so eminent as it was, had twelve. Glasgow had precisely the same number. The tonnage seems to have been distributed between these places with tolerable equality. The highest in Glasgow was one hundred and fifty, while the highest in Kirkcaldy was one hundred; but then the lowest in Glasgow was twelve, while the lowest in Kirkcaldy was thirty. It is almost unnecessary to state that the twelve ships of Glasgow have now increased to between three and four hundred, and that its tonnage of 1660 has increased to 58,478.

Mr Tucker gives us some curious pictures of the state of the times. The method of collecting the revenue of excise was by farming it out; that is, by letting it to the highest bidder, as turnpike tolls are let, and allowing the tenant to make what he might of his bargain. A salaried collector generally gets a per centage on the sum realised by him. It is at once pretty clear, that when a man gets the whole sum he collects, instead of such a proportion, he will be much more zealous in enforcing the law, and will endeavour to recover sums which the hired fiscal officer would give up as bad debts. Hence farmers of the revenue have been in all ages proverbial as oppressors. When the members of a convivial party were telling their stories of murders and robberies, Voltaire, who was called on to contribute his tale, said, 'There was once a farmer-general—you know the rest.' Tucker tells us precisely what we would expect, that there was great competition among the local lairds and corporate bodies to obtain the lease of the excise, on account of the power and consequence so bestowed on them. He says, 'The strong and fervent desires which partly the violence of some of the farmers, and partly an innate propensity and inclination of being despotical, had kindled in many to farm their own counties and burghs, increased the number of the proposers, and put an opportunity into the hands of the commissioners not only to make some improvement, but, after some time spent in treaty (in which they had much of trouble to wrestle with), to let the whole at the rates and rents mentioned in the account thereof hereafter following, much to the content and satisfaction of the shires and burghs generally, the shires of Mid-Lothian, Argyle, and Bute excepted, which remain to this day undisposed of by way of farm; the former because of its vicinity to the town of Edinburgh, and their tack; and the latter in respect of the country itself, being wholly highlands, into which the commissioners did take care to send one of their own countrymen, who returned as he went, without doing anything; and after that, had some intentions of commissioning some officer of the nighest garrison. But there being some hopes given by the marquis that there should be somebody sent from the country who should do the business, they took hold of the opportunity of one related to the Campbells of that country, who at that time offered himself, and was convinced might be the person hinted, and therefore waived their former resolution, and gave him their commission; who, with the assistance of his friends, did collect some L.30; but was afterwards, at his being in Isla, and when he was in the execution of his trust, stabbed in the shoulder by one of his countrymen, who fled thereupon into Ireland, and hath for some time lain under the cure of chirurgeons, and at my coming away continued so, languishing without any hope of recovery.'

A vain effort had been made to separate the mere right of demanding and collecting the money from that of enforcing payment by process of law. It was thought that it would be more just and conciliatory to give the latter functions to some fixed judicial body. It was in the end necessary to 'let the farmers loose,' as Mr Tucker vividly expresses it, on the people. 'As the commissioners could very much have wished, they might have found so plentiful a choice of farmers, as that it might have been within their power to have made election of the best qualified, related, and substantiallest of them; but an inevitable necessity casting them upon some determinate persons, they had nothing more to do than to consider of the best way of proceeding according to the juncture of things; and therefore duly weighing as well the quality of the farmer, as having a regard to the temper and humour of the people, and finding part of the farmers to be English, and not ac-

quainted either with the thing, persons, or places, and the rest Scots, and in this respect more qualified and less obnoxious, but naturally rigid exactors, apt to avenge private quarrels or discontents under colour or pretext of public employment, and most of them generally strangers to the particular work in which they engaged. And considering withal the people on the other side, through poverty and an innate habit of their own, to be cross, obstinate, clamorous, and prone to apprehend every action an oppression or injury, and again to repel both either with noise or force. For prevention, therefore, of any provocations that might happen to be given, either by the indiscretion or violence of the farmers, and to leave the people masters of their own peace and quiet, the commissioners did resolve to reserve the judicial part in themselves, and to give the farmer only the collective power; which was done accordingly.

'Of this, observation was soon made by some of the most intelligent sort of people, and by them infused into the rest, which made a general deficiency in every one. Very few, or none, would pay any money, suffer any distress, or obey any summons; insomuch that the commissioners were enforced to retract their former resolution, and to let the farmer loose to the full execution of all the powers and authorities of the several acts and ordinances, but against and upon such only as should refuse to give due obedience; that so they might have a just sense that the commissioners did still retain, and should have continued, their first tenderness towards them, had they not been enforced to depart from it, not out of any levity or inclination in themselves to vex or disquiet the people, but from the just necessity they had of compelling them to submit to, and comply with, the laws of excise.

'The cause of the people's obstinacy and the commissioners' lenity being at once taken away, every one, acted by his fear and the expectation he had of suffering the penalties of the law, began to provide for his own peace and security, by a timely conformity, and so made way for the more easy and vigorous carrying on of things in the future.'

Nothing is known of Mr Tucker's private history. He was apparently an able and judicious man, and his composition is lively and expressive. As a specimen of his similies—he speaks of 'how much an act of inadvisedness it must needs be esteemed in any that should adventure to frame a vest or garment for a body, whose measure had never yet been taken, without viewing it in its parts and dimensions.' May we infer from this that Mr Tucker was brought up to the honourable profession of making garments?

We shall conclude with a curious and very distinct notice of the state of the salt manufactories in Scotland, the social condition of the persons employed, and the method in which their business was conducted.

'The proprietors or possessors of the pans are usually called masters, and the workmen, who actually labour in and about these pans, are termed makers, who receive no certain salary or wages from those masters of theirs, but do contract, upon receiving such a quantity of coal, to make and return the master such a quantity of salt as be agreed upon betwixt them; the overplus (whatever it is) that is made remaining to them for their pains, which they usually sell to cadgers, and other poor people, who carry the same about in creels, on horseback, or otherwise, up and down the country, for the expense and consumption thereof. The other, which is the master's, is laid up in his girnels or stores, and for the most part sent out afterwards in great parcels either for England, or some foreign parts beyond the seas. This being the manner and practice of the salt-works in these parts, and the collectors, for the better keeping and framing an account, calling upon those masters to make weekly entry of what salt was made at their pans, they refuse the doing thereof; dispute the letter of the act; conceding the chief scruple, and granting that indeed the makers were liable, but that they, being no such, and their workmen being the makers, they, and only they, were the persons liable to make entries, and be accountable for what was made; and pray therefore that they may be proceeded against according to the law: with this distinction, they challenge a freedom to themselves from being liable; and that, if yet they must remain responsible, that they ought to be so for no more than come into their girnels, as not knowing what else or more was made at any time at their pans. And to require an account, or anything else of the workmen—who, besides their infinite poverty and miserableness, are (were it not a breach of charity) to be esteemed rather brutes than rationals—was a thing altogether impossible, nor ever can be reputed so much as probable by any who have ever seen either the persons or the places; and as it was not to be effected in any manner of way whatsoever, without the appointing of some person night and day to attend every particular pan when it was boiling, by which the charge would certainly have been greater than the receipt, so the officers could not meet with, or discover half the salt that was sold, in respect the same was sold, delivered, and carried away always in the night, insomuch as none, or seldom any notice could at any time be had or taken of the same; or if there were, not without the danger or hazard of some mischief to ensue thereupon.'

THE BEAR-CHASE.

A SOUVENIR OF AN OLD HUNTER.

[From the French.]

One evening, a short time after the battle of Fontenoy (1745), a group of the king's body-guard was congregated near the Latona basin, at Versailles, listening to two of their number discussing a subject which at that period was rarely a matter of controversy in military circles.

'Refuse a duel after a public affront!' exclaimed the tallest of the speakers, whose bronzed features were rendered almost ferocious by a thick red mustache: 'it is a stain that all the waters of the deluge would not wash away.'

'I repeat, Monsieur de Malatour,' replied the other in a calm, polite tone, 'that there is more true courage in refusing than in accepting a duel. What is more common than to yield to passion, envy, or vengeance; and what more rare than to resist them? Therefore it is a virtue when exhibited at the price of public opinion; for what costs nothing, is esteemed as worth nothing.'

'A marvel! Monsieur d'Argentré, I would advise, if ever the king gives you the command of a company, to have engraven on the sabres of the soldiers the commandment—"*Thou shalt do no murder.*"'

'And wherefore not? His majesty would have better servants, and the country fewer plunderers, if we had in our regiments more soldiers and fewer bullies. Take, as an example, him with whom you seem so much incensed: has he not nobly avenged what you call an affront by taking, with his own hands, an enemy's colours, while your knaves most likely formed a prudent reserve behind the baggage?'

'Cowards themselves have their moments of courage.'

'And the brave also their moments of fear.'

'The expression is not that of a gentleman.'

'It is that of Monsieur de Turenne, whose family equalled either of ours, and who avowed that he was not exempt from such moments. Everybody has heard of his conduct to a braggadocio, who boasted in his presence that he had never known fear. He suddenly passed a lighted candle under the speaker's nose, who instantly drew back his head, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who laughed heartily at this singular mode of testing the other's assertion.'

'None but a marshal of France had dared to try such a pleasantry. To our subject, sir. I maintain that your friend is a coward, and you——'

'And I——' repeated D'Argentré, his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed.

'Holla, gentlemen!' exclaimed a third party, who, owing to the warmth of the argument, had joined the group unperceived. 'This is my affair,' said he to Monsieur d'Argentré, holding his arm; then turning to his adversary, added—'Monsieur de Malatour, I am at your orders.'

'In that case, after you, if necessary,' said D'Argentré, with his usual calmness.

'By my honour you charm me, gentlemen! Let us go.'

'One moment,' replied the new comer, who, young as he was, wore the cross of St Louis.

'No remarks. Gentlemen, hasten.'

'Too great haste in such cases evidences less a contempt for death than an anxiety to get rid of his phantom.'

'I listen, sir!'

'Monsieur d'Argentré just now stated that the bravest have their moments of fear. Without taking as serious his anecdote of Monsieur de Turenne, I shall add that, with the exception of the difference that exists between muscles and nerves, the courage of the duellist is more an affair of habit than of principle; for it is the natural state of man to love peace, if not for the sake of others, at least for himself. Do you wish me to prove it?'

'Enough, sir: we are not here to listen to a sermon.'

'Yet a moment. Here is my proposition: we are all assembled this evening previous to our leave of absence: I invite you, then, as also these gentlemen present, to a bear-hunt on my estate, or rather amongst the precipices of Clat, in the Eastern Pyrenees. You are very expert, Monsieur de Malatour—you can snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces, and you have no equal at the small-sword. Well, I shall place you before a bear, and if you succeed—I do not even say in lodging a ball in his head, but merely in firing upon him—I shall submit immediately after to meet you face to face with any weapons you choose to name, since it is only at that price I am to gain your good opinion.'

'Are you playing a comedy, sir?'

'Quite the contrary. And I even repeat that this extreme haste shows more the courage of the nerves, than of the true courage arising from principle.'

'What guarantee have I, should I accept your proposition, that you will not again endeavour to evade me?'

'My word, sir; which I take all my comrades to witness, and place under the safeguard of their honour.'

There ran through his auditory such a buzz of approbation, that De Malatour, though with a bad grace, was obliged to accede to the arrangement. It was then agreed that, on the 1st of September, all present should assemble at the Chateau du Clat.

Whilst the young lord of the manor is making the necessary preparations for their reception, we shall explain the accusation of which he was the object, yet which had not branded him with any mark of disgrace among a class of men so punctilious on the point of honour.

The young Baron de Villetreton, in entering amongst the gentlemen who formed the household guard of the king of France, carried with him principles which remained uncorrupted amidst all the frivolities of one of the most licentious courts in Europe. Such, however, is the charm of virtue, even in the midst of vice, that his exemplary conduct had not only gained him the esteem of his officers, and the friendship of his companions, but had attracted the attention of the king himself. One alone among his comrades, Monsieur de Malatour, took umbrage at this general favour, and, on the occasion of some trifling expression or gesture, publicly insulted him. Villetreton refused to challenge him, as being contrary to his principles, but determined that this seeming cowardice, in not fighting a well-known duellist, should be redeemed by some action of *eclat* during the campaign just commenced. That moment had arrived; and for his noble conduct in taking the English colours at the battle of Fontenoy, he received the cross of St Louis from the king's own hand on the field, the eulogium of Marshal Saxé, and a redoubled enmity on the part of De Malatour.

The first care of the young baron on arriving at his estate was to call his major-domo, an old and faithful servant.

'I have business of thee, my master,' said he, cordially shaking him by the hand.

'Speak, monseigneur,' replied the pareur, who was deeply attached to his young lord: 'you know the old hunter is yours to his last drop of blood.'

'I never doubted it, my old friend. Did you receive my letter from Paris?'

'Yes, sir; and those gentlemen, your comrades, will have some work before them.'

'Are there bears already on the heights then?' asked Villetreton, extending his hand in the direction of one of the lofty peaks, whose summit, covered with snow, glittered in the morning sun.

'Five in all—a complete *ménage*—father, mother, and children; besides an old bachelor, whom the Spaniards have driven to this side.'

'In less than a week we shall go in pursuit of them. Do you know, pareur, some of my comrades are rather rough sportsmen: there is one of them who is able to snuff a candle with a pistol at twenty paces.'

'Easier, perhaps, than to snuff a bear at four,' replied the old man laughing.

'That is what I said also. But as I should wish to judge for myself of his prowess, you must place us together at the same post—at the bridge of Maure, for instance.'

'Hum!' said the pareur, scratching his ear; 'it would better please me to have you elsewhere.'

'Why?'

'Because, to guard this post, a man ought to be in a state of grace, for he will be between two deaths—the bears and the precipice.'

'I know the one, and do not fear the other; thanks to your lessons.'

'I am sure of that. But, with your leave, I should like to guard the bridge myself.'

'You are sure, then, that the bears will pass that way?'

'Sure—yes; but quite sure—no. Recollect that they are sullen and prudent beasts, which never confide their plan of route to any one.'

'It is agreed on. I shall guard the bridge with my comrade. Now, go and have the trackers ready.'

'Very well, very well,' murmured the pareur as he retired; 'I shall have my eye on him.'

Eight days afterwards, all those invited, not excepting Monsieur de Malatour—who, despite the delicate attentions of the host, preserved a cold reserve—were assembled at the chateau. The magnificent grandeur of the Pyrenees, their shining summits relieved against the blue sky of Spain, was an unlooked-for pleasure to the greater number of the guests, who for the most part belonged to the rich and fertile plains of the interior.

The morning following their arrival, a body of trackers and scouts, provided with all manner of discordant instruments—trumpets, saucepans, drums, &c. &c.—were assembled under the walls of the chateau, with the pareur at their head; while by his side stood the mandrin, who proudly guarded a dozen large mastiffs, held in leash by his vigorous helpers. The young baron and his friends, armed with carabines and hunting-knives, had scarcely appeared, when, by a sign from the pareur, the whole troop moved silently forward. The dogs themselves seemed to understand the importance of this movement; and nothing was heard but the confused tramp of feet, blending with the noise of the distant torrent, or, at intervals, the cry of some belated night-bird flying heavily homeward in the doubtful glimmer of the yet unopened day.

As the party reached the crest of the mountain which immediately overhung the chateau, the first rays of the sun breaking from the east glanced on the summit of the Pyrenees, and suddenly illuminating the landscape, discovered beneath them a deep valley, covered with majestic pine-trees, which murmured in the fresh breeze of the morning.

Opposite to them, the foaming waters of a cascade fell for some hundreds of feet through a cleft which divided the mountain from the summit to the base. By one of those caprices of nature which testify the primitive convulsions of our globe, the chasm was surmounted by a natural bridge—the piles of granite at each side being joined by one immense flat rock, almost seeming to verify the fable of the Titans; for it appeared impossible that these enormous blocks of stone could have ever been raised to such an elevation by human agency. Sinister legends were attached to the place; and the mountaineers recounted with terror that no hunter, with the exception of the pareur, had ever been posted at the bridge of Maure without becoming the prey of either the bears or the precipice. But the pareur was too good a Christian to partake of this ridiculous prejudice: he attributed the fatality to its real cause—the dizziness arising from the sight of the bears and the precipice combined, by destroying the hunter's presence of mind, made his aim unsteady, and his death the inevitable consequence. He could not, however, altogether divest himself of fears for his young master, who obstinately persevered in his intention of occupying the bridge with his antagonist.

After placing the baron's companions at posts which he considered the most advantageous, the pareur rejoined his men, and disposing them so as to encompass the valley facing the cascade, commanded the utmost silence to be preserved until they should hear the first bark of his dog. At that signal the mastiffs were to be unleashed, the instruments sounded, and all to move slowly forward, contracting the circle as they approached the cascade. These arrangements being made, the pareur and his dog, followed by the mandrin alone, disappeared in the depths of the wood.

For some minutes the silence had remained unbroken, when suddenly a furious barking commenced, accompanied by low growling. Each prepared his arms; the instruments sounded; and the mastiffs being let loose, precipitated themselves pell-mell in the direction of the struggle. Their furious barking was soon confounded with the cries of the hunters and the din of the instruments, mingled with the formidable growling of the bears, making altogether a hideous concert, which, rolling along the sides of the valley, was repeated by the distant echoes. At this moment the young baron regarded his companion, whose countenance, though pale, remained calm and scornful.

'Attention, sir,' said he in a low voice. 'The bears are not far from us: let your aim be true, or else——'

'Keep your counsels for yourself, sir!'

'Attention!' repeated Villetreton, without seeming to notice the surly response—'he approaches!'

Those who were placed in front of the cascade, seeing the animals directing their course to the bridge, cried from all parts, 'Look out, look out, Villetreton!' But the breaking of branches, followed by the rolling of loosened stones down the precipice, had already given warning of the animal's near approach. Malatour became deadly pale; he, however, held his carabine firmly, in the attitude of a resolute hunter.

A bear at length appeared, with foaming mouth and glaring eyes, at times turning as if he would fain struggle with his pursuers; but when he saw the bridge, his only way of escape, occupied, he uttered a fearful growl, and raising himself on his hind legs, was rushing on our two hunters, when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell dead at their feet.

Malatour convulsively grasped his gun—he had become completely powerless. Suddenly new cries, louder and more pressing, were heard.

'Fire! fire! he is on you!' cried the pareur, who appeared unexpectedly, pale and agitated, his gun to his shoulder, but afraid to fire, lest he should hit his master.

The latter, perceiving his agitation, turned round: it was indeed time. On the other side of the bridge, a bear, much larger than the first, was in the act of making the final rush. Springing backward, he seized the carabine of his petrified companion, and lodged its contents in the animal's breast ere he could reach them. He rolled, in the death-struggle, to where they stood. All this was the work of an instant. The knees of the hardy old pareur shook with emotion at the escape of his young master; as for Malatour, his livid paleness, and the convulsive shuddering of his limbs, testified the state of his mind.

'Take your arms,' said the young baron, quickly replacing in his hands the carabine; 'here are our comrades—they must not see you unarmed; and, pareur, not a word of all this.'

'Look!' said he to his companions as they gathered around, pointing to the monstrous beasts—'one to each. Now, Monsieur de Malatour, I wait your orders, and am ready to give the satisfaction you require.'

The latter made no reply, but reached out his hand, which Villetreton cordially shook.

That evening a banquet was given to celebrate the double victory. Towards the end of the repast a toast to 'the vanquishers' was proposed, and immediately accepted. Monsieur d'Argentré, glass in hand, rose to pledge it, when Malatour, also rising, held his arm, exclaiming—'To the sole vanquisher of the day!—to our noble host! It was he alone who killed the two bears; and if, through his generosity, I have allowed the illusion to last so long, it was simply for this reason: the affront which I gave him was a public one—the reparation ought to be public likewise. I now declare that Monsieur de Villetreton is the bravest of the brave, and that I shall maintain it towards all and against all.'

'This time, at least, I shall not take up your gauntlet,' said Monsieur d'Argentré.

'There's a brave young man!' cried the pareur, whom his master had admitted to his table, and who endeavoured to conceal a furtive tear. 'Nothing could better prove to me, sir, that, with a little experience, you will be as calm in the presence of bears, as you are, I am sure, in the face of an enemy.'

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

May 1846.

London is now at its busiest. Exeter Hall is scarcely ever cool, so rapidly does one public-meeting follow another; and at various dinner parties, wherever you go, there are lots of country friends, all come up on errands of business, charity, or curiosity. I do not, however, see many novelties in the way of shows. One of the prettiest of the season is a panorama of Constantinople, a visit to which realises, to a wonderful degree, that great and interesting city. Those interested in the colony of New Zealand have an opportunity of seeing much to please them at the Egyptian Hall, where, besides a large number of excellent views, taken by an artist on the spot, there are a few live chiefs in appropriate costume. These, and other sights of the ordinary class, yield in attractiveness to that marvel of art, 'London by moonlight,' at the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park. The panorama of 'London by day' continues to be shown in the same establishment; the view at night being extended, as I understand, in front of it. The charm of the night scene consists in the skyey and atmospheric effects. The moon is an exceedingly well-got-up moon, only a *leetle* too green in tinge; and the stars twinkle just as real stars are in the habit

of doing. The illusion is helped by the vibratory sparkling of the moonbeams in the Thames, with occasional flashes of lightning, the roar of thunder, and an imaginary shower, that almost makes you feel for your umbrella. What a pelting rain they seem to be getting down there in St Paul's churchyard! The shower having passed, the sky brightens up, and thin fleecy clouds, slowly sweeping across the moon, seem to dissolve into air, and are lost. This part of the illusion is, on the whole, done with good effect, by means, as I imagine, of a magic lantern. The pleasure of the spectacle would doubtless be much enhanced if the people who go to look at it would hold their peace, or speak only in a whisper; instead of which, you hear a dozen voices roaring out, 'Yes, there is my shop, and the very lamp in the window!' 'I cannot make out where I am.' 'Don't you see that is Christ's Hospital, and that the Thames over there?' 'Oh la! how beautiful—how very like!' 'Well, I never!'—and so on. A hint from the manager to keep silence would be well directed; but as it might be considered unconstitutional, John and Mrs Bull would probably lodge a protest, and speak louder than ever, 'if only to vex 'em.'

There has been nothing very remarkable doing amongst the booksellers this spring. One is tempted to suspect that there is now a dearth of great men in all departments. England, like an ill-kept shop, seems to be at present out of first-class goods. It has no great statesmen, great authors, great actors, great philosophers, or great anybody—except in their own estimation. Out of the universal dulness the fine arts seem to be struggling. There is a marked improvement in pictorial art. The exhibition of the Royal Academy, opened in May, is unquestionably among the best which has yet taken place. There are fewer indifferent pieces, and more of a superior order, than I have observed at any previous exhibition. The pictures considered most successful are those of Mulready, Landseer, Roberts, Stanfield, and Cooper. There are some capital portraits, among which are a few good ones by Scottish artists, Mr Watson Gordon still bearing the palm. In sculpture, I would particularise a statue of Eve by Marshall, and the statue of the late David Hare of Calcutta, a person who distinguished himself as an advocate for education in India.

Talking of the fine arts, I hear that Scotland is shortly to be illustrated by a series of engravings, as numerous and splendid as those in Roberts's magnificent work on Egypt and Palestine—the whole to be accompanied with descriptive letterpress. For this gigantic enterprise—undertaken unitedly by an Edinburgh and London publishing house—Mr Roberts, among other artists, is secured. He has stipulated, I am told, to execute all the fine old abbeys and cathedrals, forty in number, from the Borders to Kirkwall; and, I believe, may be expected in the north with his sketch-book some time in the approaching summer or autumn. I augur the better for this scheme, in as far as I happen to know that it is accordant with an old and cordially-cherished wish on the part of Roberts.

Still talking of art—what a great improvement has latterly taken place in London street-architecture. No houses are now reared in that bald, commonplace style so common in the reign of George III. A taste has sprung up for the rich Italian or Elizabethan models, with good cornices and balconies. Some fair specimens of this *renaissance* are observable at the new openings into Leicester Square, and in the junction between Oxford Street and Holborn. I do not, however, besides these, see any other works in progress for the improvement of the denser parts of the metropolis. Every one acknowledges that the Metropolitan Improvement Commission is a very sorry affair; just as somnolent as any corporation needs to be. One could almost wish for a year or two of a smart despotism, to make things affecting the general welfare jog on a little faster!

I observe that the wooden pavement, of which so much was said a few years ago, will not answer. In some places it is worn into great hollows, and at others is in the course of removal, stone resuming its place. The great objection to this species of pavement, is its slipperiness for the horses in wet weather. Wearing smooth by friction, and getting filled up in the seams, it presents a smooth polished surface, on which the poor animals may be said to skate rather than run, every foot sliding in advance of the part on which it happens to fall. To obviate this serious defect, the wooden pavement of Regent Street has been lately covered with small broken stones, and is now a kind of macadamised floor. This may answer to a certain extent; but it must be considered a virtual abandonment of wooden pavement. Stone, stone! nothing but the hardest stone will do for the paving of this trafficful city! everything else being soon ground to batter. The plan adopted for laying down stone where wood is taken up seems excellent. The stones are narrow—not more than three inches across the face, and of perhaps a foot in length. They are set like bricks on edge, the thin face uppermost; and are well bedded and united on a solid level basis with finely-slaked lime. The causeway so formed resembles a wall lying on its back, and presents a firm and equal resistance. As the stones are small, the noise and jolting are less felt than on the old broad courses. I believe, after all, that the mode of causeweying with small stones in the manner described will finally prove to be in all respects the best.

The prodigious throng of omnibuses through the streets seems to me ever on the increase, and every year the limits of the sixpenny rides are extending. In one direction you may now travel seven or eight miles for sixpence. At the same time, the thoroughfare of passengers by the steamboats on the Thames is also increasing and cheapening to a wonderful degree. The other day I went from Hungerford market to London Bridge for a penny! Such is now the veritable fare charged at least by some of the boats. There are eleven, I am told, flying up and down the Thames at this rate between Westminster and London bridges. Judging from the crowd in which I formed a unit, these penny fares will turn out not a bad speculation. The eleven vessels are said to make thirty-two trips per hour, or three hundred and twenty trips in the day, which, taking forty as the average number of passengers each journey, will make a total of 12,800 daily, or L.53. The sixpenny boats, of which several passed us, seemed to be scarcely affected by the opposition; such is the immensity of the human stir in London.

The very extraordinary desire lately manifested for all sorts of ancient ornament has given rise to various inventions; supply in this, as in everything else, following close on demand. I shall refer only to articles of the carved-wood species. By the first invention to be noticed, leather is substituted for wood. The leather, being reduced in a steam trough to a tenacious pulpy substance, is forced, by a combination of hydraulic and pneumatic pressure, into a metal mould, hollowed out according to the required design. When removed from the mould, and dried, the leather, now in shape, possesses a fine brown hue, resembling ancient carved walnut wood, and is as sharp in outline as if fresh from the knife of the carver. The objects produced by this curious process are very beautiful, and are of many varieties. Book-covers, card-cases, mouldings for libraries, ornaments for the roofs of apartments, and picture and mirror frames, are among the articles for which the invention is adapted. The whole of the decorations of a cabinet, nine feet by seven, lately constructed for her Majesty, were of this kind of stamped leather. When a mould of any design is cut, any number of impressions can of course be taken at a comparatively small cost.

The invention which may be next adverted to, consists in stamping wood with a hot metal mould, and so burning it into the required form. The heat is not so great as to char or destroy the wood during the process. When the mould is withdrawn, it leaves a dark, half-

burnt surface, which being scraped off, a fine brown antique tinge is found to remain. There is, however, a certain want of sharpness in the outlines, which must be given by a carving tool with hand labour. Any kind of old carving can be very nicely and cheaply imitated by this plan. For backs of chairs, lids of boxes, door panels, wooden mouldings of all kinds, and so on, it is admirable. Suppose you see a fine old carved door, of which you would like to have a copy, you take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. From this you get a mould of iron in relief; then from this you get a mould in iron sunk; that is, a durable and workable duplicate of the plaster cast. With this heated to the proper temperature, and applied by machinery, the wood is stamped. A door exactly resembling the original is the result. Such will afford a rough idea of this ingenious process, which is particularly suited for imitating old carvings of a certain class. Any carving from an original or from a copy can be produced, I believe, at a third or fourth, and in some cases a sixth, of what it would cost by hand labour. The process is the subject of a patent.

The method of producing beautiful carvings by burning, is unfortunately defective in one particular, and this, I fear, must limit its general adoption. A stamp cannot go round corners, or behind the parts intended to be in bold relief; it can sink only straight down. For example, we may stamp a face, but not a whole head, unless, indeed, we employ a stamp for both front and back. Hand-carving partly repairs this defect; but that is expensive, besides being otherwise objectionable. For all very complex carvings, therefore, and all carvings of objects back and front, round and round, we must have recourse to a different process, and this brings us to the third invention.

Carving by machinery is not altogether new, but it was reserved for Mr Jordan to realise a scheme, the most perfect which can be conceived, for producing several copies at once of any imaginable piece of carving. In this, however, as in the two previously-mentioned processes, a model must in the first place be formed; and therefore, when only *one* of any piece of carving is wanted, it is the best way still to execute it with the hand. A model, however, for machine carving, may be made in wax, then transferred to plaster of Paris, whence a model in type metal may be procured. With this model, or with a previous carving, which is to be copied, the operator commences. The model is fixed, with its face uppermost, in the middle of a table, which, by means of a double action beneath, may be guided in any direction on a horizontal plane; the action being properly two combined movements at right angles with each other. At the distance of a few inches, on each side of the model, are fixed the two pieces of wood which are to be carved. Over the table is a beam, holding three tools, with the points downwards. These tools are in a line, and of precisely the same length. The central tool, called the tracer, does not cut; it terminates in a small round knob: the two side tools are sharp, like gouges, and are turned rapidly by bands from the moving power. The whole trick of the carving now consists on moving the table below these instruments, so as to bring the model in contact with the tracer. In doing this, the two rough pieces of wood are at the same moment brought under the cutting tools, which whirl about at a great rate. A treadle, moved by the foot, raises or depresses the beam. In this manner, as the knob of the tracer rises or falls, gently pressing on the inequalities of the model, so do the cutters rise and fall, gouging out the hollows, and leaving the higher parts standing. As the operator, by keeping his eye fixed on the tracer, causes it to feel its way, so to speak, over the whole surface of the model, two exact counterparts, by the corresponding movements of the cutters over the wood, are necessarily produced. This is but a very imperfect sketch of the process, but it may serve for general information. For the sake of simplicity, I have spoken of a table and beam, whereas the whole is an apparatus of iron, with screws, shifts, and all other requisite appliances. To each machine there is one operator, and so simple are his duties, that an ordinary carpenter will become a proficient in a few days. It was with no ordinary degree of pleasure that I visited the establishment of Messrs Taylor, Williams, and Jordan, Belvidere Road, Lambeth, where a number of these carving machines were busy at work, the whole moved by a powerful steam-engine. Mr Jordan kindly explained the various parts of the process; and showed how, by changing the position of the wood, the tools would reach behind the exterior, or be made to cut on all sides, thus executing objects which no direct stamping could perform. He likewise mentioned that the process was as well adapted for sculpturing marble as for carving wood; and that he expected to place on his machine blocks of stone several tons in weight. When this is done, copies of the finest statues in marble will be obtainable at a price far below what they would now cost. I was shown various products of the machine in wood, possessing great beauty of design and finish, the minuter parts being aided by hand labour: among other specimens, I observed oak panels, with different devices, preparing for the new Houses of Parliament. Wood may be carved by this apparatus at about half the charge for hand labour. Carving effected by burning is, therefore, much the cheaper and more accessible of the two. I have no doubt, however, that there is plenty of room for all the plans which have been devised.

To change the subject. I attended a soirée a few evenings ago at the British and Foreign Institute, where about a hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled for conversation and music. The rooms were splendidly lighted up, the whole forming a gay scene. We had some good music, vocal and instrumental, chiefly by foreigners lately come to London—this being a place where many of them make their début. I was particularly charmed with the performance of a M. Lavigne. In the hands of this person, and provided with a great number of keys, the hautboy seems to become a new instrument. In its old state, it had a sharp buzzing sound—a want of softness and volume, which caused it to be generally laid aside: it disappeared before the German flute and clarionet. From the beauty of the notes brought out by M. Lavigne, I should anticipate the revival of the instrument amongst us.

Dr Reid's process of ventilating the new Houses of Parliament has lately been the subject of no little controversy. Clever, but not particularly good-natured attacks on the doctor have appeared in the Quarterly Review and Times; and these, contrary to the usual love for fair-play in the English character, have inclined the public to set down his process as altogether visionary and impracticable. Taking some interest in the subject, I called the other day on the doctor, and found him as hearty as ever in the carrying out of his principles. He declares that there is scarcely a word of truth in the attacks made on his operations; but as the merits of the whole case are under official investigation, he declines to make any counter-statement in the newspapers. I may meanwhile remark the one predominant feature of all the attacks on Reid—a perfect oversight of the fact, that plans of ventilation are an effort to extinguish an existing evil, which affects the comfort and health of persons assembling in public, and even private buildings, to a vast extent. It seems purely the war of ignorance, childishly content with present unseen ills, against science, in her efforts—perhaps at first unavoidably defective, and at the best tentative—to substitute a better system. In looking over the parliamentary reports, I observe that Dr Ure, and other scientific men who were examined, all concurred in declaring that ventilation could be properly effected only by special structural arrangements; that to leave ventilation to come by doors and windows was absurd, for it was no proper function of these apertures to afford a supply of air. Parliament agreed in this reasonable proposition, and sought out Dr Reid to carry its wishes into execution; yet at every stage, as I understand, has he been interrupted

and thwarted. With everything to discourage, it must have required no ordinary degree of fortitude to face so vast an undertaking. The new Houses of Parliament, as is well known, are set down in a kind of pit. Perhaps the very worst situation in Westminster has been pitched upon. Originally a swamp gained from the river, the spot is environed by common sewers and springs, which endanger the foundations, and impregnate the air with miasma. Added to this source of atmospheric impurity, is the smoke poured from thousands of dwellings in the neighbourhood at a higher level; and how, in such circumstances, fresh air could be obtained by ordinary appliances, it would be somewhat difficult to discover.

I have seen a report in the newspapers, that a mine of diamonds has been discovered somewhere; but on making inquiries in London, it appears that these newly-discovered gems have not the proper brilliancy, and that therefore the better kind of diamonds are as expensive as ever. One of the finest suites of diamonds on sale in the metropolis has just been brought to the hammer, in the disposal of a jeweller's bankrupt stock. It consisted of a necklace, ear-rings, brooch, and bracelet, composed of four hundred carats of emeralds, and two hundred carats of diamonds; the bright green of the larger emeralds contrasting well with the lustrous white of the diamonds. It was altogether a splendid suite of ornaments; but the necklace, which was the principal article, had rather a heavy effect, being apparently calculated to set off a lady of large size. The lowest shop price asked for the whole had been L.8000. Curious to see who would buy these costly gems, I went, on the day of sale, to Christie's auction-room, King Street, St James's. There were not many people present; some Jew dealers forming the chief part of the audience. After a short bidding, the suite was knocked down to the Duke of Cleveland for L.3425. This was considered a great bargain for his Grace.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I. It is a well-known fact that none of the inferior animals can make a fire. Even the orang-outang, when he comes upon a fire left by man in the woods, though he may warm himself by the embers, never thinks of prolonging the blaze by adding fresh fuel: this is a step beyond the range of his capabilities. Man alone is a fire-using animal; and however simple it may appear, the lighting of a fire is an art, and an art that requires some skill too, as any one may ascertain who attempts it for the first time. Amongst the thousands of individuals in civilised society, how very few (except those regularly trained to it) could kindle a fire if left to their own resources! Yet how expertly will every savage perform this office. Mr C. Darwin thus describes the operation as performed by his two Tahitian guides, after they had taken up their night's lodgings on the ridge of a high mountain:—'By the aid of strips of bark for twine, the stems of bamboos for rafters, and the large leaf of the banana for a thatch, the Tahitians in a few minutes built an excellent house, and with the withered leaves made a soft bed. A light was procured by rubbing a blunt-pointed stick, of a peculiarly white and very light wood, in a groove made in another, until, by friction, the dust of the wood became ignited. This was the work of a few seconds; but to a person who does not understand the art, it requires the greatest exertion. Having made a small fire of sticks, they placed a score of stones, of about the size of cricket-balls, on the burning wood. In about ten minutes' time the sticks were consumed, and the stones hot. They had previously folded up, in small parcels of leaves, pieces of beef, fish, ripe and unripe bananas, and the tops of the wild arum. These green parcels were laid in a layer between two layers of the hot stones, and the whole then covered up with earth, so that no smoke or steam could escape. In about a quarter of an hour the whole was most deliciously cooked.'

The Guacho, or native of the Pampas, uses a different method in procuring a fire. Taking an elastic stick, about eighteen inches long, he presses one end on his breast, and the other, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part, like a carpenter's centre-bit, till the wood ignites. In the chill and humid climate of the Falkland Islands, the same observant traveller again remarks—'It was very surprising to see the Guachos, in the midst of rain, and everything soaking wet, with nothing more than a tinder-box and a piece of rag, immediately make a fire. They sought beneath the tufts of grass and bushes for a few dry twigs, and these they rubbed into fibres; then surrounding them with coarser twigs, something like a bird's nest, they put the rag, with its spark of fire, in the middle, and covered it up. The nest being then held up to the wind, by degrees it smoked more and more, and at last burst out into flames. I do not think any other method would have had a chance of succeeding with such damp materials.'

II. It is singular to think that our ancestors, the ancient Britons, lived in a state of almost complete nudity; and that in this state they enjoyed robust health in a climate that to us, their civilised descendants, demands many folds of warm clothing, besides comfortable houses and fires. Yet the natives of Patagonia, inhabiting a country still colder than Britain, go quite naked at the present time. They are described as a tall and robust race, though living in the lowest grade of savage simplicity. Such is the effect of habit in the animal system. Perhaps, on the whole, a low temperature is more conducive to both mental and bodily vigour than a high one, for, generally speaking, nations of the temperate and even frigid zones are found more energetic than those of the torrid. Yet it is only in so far as the severity of the climate enjoins industry and the arts, that these favourable results occur, for Mr Darwin's description of the natives of Wollaston island, Terra del Fuego, is by no means an engaging one. 'While going on shore,' says he, 'we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives have Guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked; and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked child. These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, their gestures violent, and without dignity. Viewing such men, one can hardly make one's-self believe they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world.'

III. The inhabitants of mountainous countries remain much more fixed and rooted to their native soil than the inhabitants of plains. The Welsh and Highland Scotch have stuck to their mountains, and kept themselves apart from other races, for many centuries; while the inhabitants of the plains and more accessible parts of Britain have undergone interminable intermixtures. There is a people inhabiting the mountainous parts of the north-west of India, called the Sia-posh, that in physical appearance, manners, and language, preserve much of the character common to the original stock whence the great Indo-European nations sprung. Take one of these large-featured, fair, blue-eyed, and red-haired Indians, and place him beside a Scot or Welshman, and the physical resemblance will be very apparent. What appears even more strange, their languages will be found to have had the same derivation, and a great many words are still common to the three. Thus many names of familiar objects are nearly identical in the Sia-posh, the Welsh, and the ancient Erse; and so are the numerals from one to twenty. All these, too, bear a common relation to the same words in the Sanscrit—the original root from whence these different dialects are supposed to have originated. Strange attachment of the human affections, that the more rugged and wild the country, the more is the heart bound up in it—

> 'For the fierce whirlwind, and the torrent's roar,
> But bind them to their native mountains more.'

Yet it is a fitting arrangement, otherwise much of the earth's surface would be left untenanted. The inhabitants of the plains, again, have a migratory tendency; they move onward, and carry improvements in their train, and thus serve to spread population, and diffuse the arts of civilisation. With a wide extent of fertile prairies, and rich alluvial soil spread out before them, the go-a-head tendencies of the Americans are much more beneficial than more sedentary habits could be.

IV. It is a mistake to suppose that animals in a state of nature are exempt from diseases. All organic beings are liable to interruptions of their functions, and even derangements of their structure; though, on the whole, healthy action is the rule, and disease the exception. We find plants even extremely liable to all kinds of diseases, and so it must be with animals. They suffer from atmospheric changes, either affecting their bodies directly, or the substances on which they feed; they are annoyed, and often seriously afflicted, by parasites, which live on and within their bodies; and occasionally by derangements and malformations of organic structure in the mechanism of their own frames. Thus it has been well ascertained that epidemics occasionally produce great havoc among gregarious quadrupeds and birds. Dr Richardson mentions that on some occasions great mortalities take place among the beavers of North America. We know that grouse in this country not unfrequently die in great numbers during some unhealthy seasons; and Lewis and Clarke mention having shot, from among the herds of buffalo in the Rocky Mountains, individuals that were so diseased and emaciated as to be unfit for use. In our zoological gardens may frequently be seen the bilious and half-blind tiger, the paralytic fox, with twinkling half-shut eye and lifeless trembling limb, the phthisical monkey, and the skin-diseased drooping bird. All this, to be sure, is the effect of confinement, irregular and improper feeding, and impure air, and is so far an illustration of the melancholy effects of such practices as are self-imposed upon man in society; but it at the same time shows that even the inferior animals have all the same predispositions to disease, if the same baneful influences surround them, and if reason, or rather unreason, is allowed to interfere with their natural impulses and habits.

V. Birds, as regards structure, are perhaps the most perfectly endowed, as they are certainly the most beautiful and interesting, of the lower animals. In birds there is an admirable mechanism and adaptation both for gliding in the air and swimming in the water. They have a light but strong and compact skeleton, great and enduring muscular powers, a large nervous system, and most of the senses in a high degree of perfection. Their digestive and assimilatory powers are vigorous and perfect, and their respiratory organs are large: the consequence is, that their animal heat and vigour are superior to that of most other classes of animals. In general, the brain is large in proportion to the size of the body, and the instinctive powers are very perfect. A few kinds are rather dull and stupid, such as the gannets, noddies, &c.; but the parrot, magpie, raven, and many others, show great vivacity and quickness of intellect.

The bright and beautiful plumage of many kinds, the musical notes of others, the migratory motions of several classes, pointing out, and associated with, the successive changes of spring, autumn, and winter, all tend to invest with a high degree of interest those aërial creatures of the sky and waters. They form the ornaments of animated nature, as flowers and blossoms constitute the beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

The eggs of birds are variously tinted and mottled, and hence they become objects of interest to the collector. In this diversity of colour nature has doubtless some final end in view; and though not in every instance, yet in many, we can certainly see a design in the adaptation of the colours to the purpose of concealment, according to the habits of the various classes of birds. Thus, as a general rule, the eggs of birds which have their nests in dark holes, or which construct nests that almost completely exclude the light, are white; as is also the case with those birds that constantly sit on their eggs, or leave them only for a short time during the night. Eggs of a light-blue or light-green tint will also be found in nests that are otherwise well concealed; while, on the other hand, a great proportion of those nests that are in exposed situations have eggs varying in tints and spots in a remarkable degree, corresponding with the colours of external objects in their immediate neighbourhood. Thus a dull green colour is common in most gallinaceous birds that form their nests in grass, and in aquatic birds among green sedges; a brighter green colour is prevalent among birds that nestle among trees and bushes; and a brown mottled colour is found in those eggs that are deposited among furze, heath, shingle, and gray rocks and stones.

We find the same adaptations of colour to the objects immediately around them, and evidently for the purpose of concealment, among many defenceless animals, and among the young of many birds that follow their parents along the ground in search of food. Thus the colour of the hare is the same as that of the brown furze or half-withered grass among which it lives; the colour of many birds that perch in trees is of a congenial green; and so is that of many insects, lizards, and reptiles, that live among grass and green herbage. The young partridges can scarcely be discovered from the brown mould or withered grass among which they nestle, or the young grouse from the heather of a congenial tint.

The swallow is a bird that all delight to welcome, and to look at as it darts through the air; but few care for inspecting it nearer, for it has no great splendour of plumage; and its wide mouth, short feet, and untameable nature, make an intimacy with it rather to be avoided than coveted. 'Yet,' says Sir H. Davy, 'he is one of my favourite birds, and a rival of the nightingale, for he glads my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season; he lives a life of enjoyment amongst the loveliest forms of nature. Winter is unknown to him; and he leaves the green meadows of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange-groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is secure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful, and transient. The ephemeræ are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment when they have known nothing of life but pleasure. He is the constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and, with the stork and ibis, may be regarded as a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and which teaches him always when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a Divine source; and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible language of a present Deity.'

Every one has remarked the manner in which birds of prey float, as it were, without any effort, and with steady expanded wings, at great heights in the atmosphere. This they are enabled to do from the quantity of air contained in the air-cells of their bodies, which air being taken in at a low level in the atmosphere, of course rarefies and expands as the bird ascends into higher regions. Their rapidity of descent must be accomplished by the sudden expulsion of this air, aided by their muscular efforts. Of all birds, the condor mounts highest into the atmosphere. Humboldt describes the flight of this bird in the Andes to be at least 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. From the cave of Antisana, elevated 12,958 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, he saw this bird soaring at a perpendicular height of 6876 feet. It is a remarkable circumstance, says he, that this bird, which for hours continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarefied, all at once descends to the edge of the sea, and thus in a few minutes passes through all the varieties of climate. At a height of 20,000 feet, the air-cells of the condor, which are filled in the lowest regions, must be inflated in an extraordinary manner. Many years ago, Ulloa expressed his astonishment that the vulture of the Andes could fly at a height where the mean pressure of the air is only fourteen inches. It was then imagined, from experiments made with the air-pump, that no animal could live in so rare a medium; but Humboldt has seen the barometer on Chimborazo fall to thirteen inches eleven lines; and Guy Lussac respired for a quarter of an hour in an atmosphere whose pressure was even less than this. At these heights, man generally finds himself reduced to a painful state of debility, while the condor, on the contrary, appears to breathe freely. Of all living beings, it appears to be the one that can rise at will to the greatest distance from the earth's surface. Occasionally, small insects are carried involuntarily even higher by ascending currents of air.

It is a beautiful sight, in a still lake, to watch the swan plying its way 'with oary feet,' or to see a flock of them

assume the double line, one behind the other, and meeting at an angle like the letter V. This is the practice of other aquatic fowl, as ducks and geese, not only in swimming, but when on wing high in the air. Does this double line and acute angle which they form lessen the resistance of the air or the water, and thus render the average flight of those in the rear easier? Undoubtedly, supposing the flock an individual mass, this is the exact form of angle which offers the least resistance to a fluid medium, such as air or water. This has been demonstrated in the case of a boat; but whether the same holds in the case of a figure formed of separate and distinct individuals, we are not mathematicians enough to determine. The presumption is in the affirmative, for nature does nothing in vain; and the fact that the bird in the van is successively relieved by those in the rear, would point out that the leader's efforts were greater than those behind, and required in this way to be relieved.

THE UXBRIDGE YOUNG MEN'S IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

As an exemplar which may be useful to young men of the middle and working-classes, who are anxious to find means of spending their evenings at once agreeably, and not idly or unprofitably, we present the following account of a Young Men's Improvement Society which has been established in the town of Uxbridge:—

'In the first place, we have a committee of twelve persons, chosen every twelve weeks from the list of members, the duty of each being to act as chairman for one week. We find the benefit of this plan to be a greater amount of order and regularity than when there is no one to preside. Our room opens at half-past six, and closes at ten. The routine of spending the time is as follows:—Monday night is devoted to the practice of music, vocal and instrumental—the vocal music according to Hullah's system; Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, to reading; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, till nine o'clock, reading, after which, conversation on some given topic. We beg to say that we find the conversation nights to be the most attractive and instructive. The majority wishing to join in the conversation, and not liking to come unprepared, read, and get prepared, and thus a great amount of instruction is communicated; and it frequently happens that different opinions are entertained, thus causing a spirited, and, in our humble opinion, a good discussion. But we must here state, that we carefully exclude all religious controversy and party politics from our room, so that we have in our society persons of almost every persuasion, without any jarring or unpleasant feeling. We, like the Hampstead Society, pay twopence weekly, which more than covers our regular expenses; thus showing that working-men can support such societies without assistance. We have one newspaper, the "Illustrated London News;" and we are about to make arrangements for hiring the "Times." We have the "News of the World" the fourth day, sent by one of our members. We have "Chambers's Journal" and "Miscellany," and in our library the "Information for the People," and about thirty other volumes. We steadily increase our library. We have one or two magazines, contributed by members, and a great quantity of old periodicals, among which are six volumes of "Chambers's Journal." Many of the members practise writing in the room, though we have not at present a regular writing class. One or two are learning Latin. There is a peculiarity in this society that we have not noticed in any other. According to our rules, each chairman is expected to enter in a book, provided for the purpose, a journal of the proceedings of the society during the week he is in office. We find this plan productive of good, not only because we are able to refer to any part of the society's past history, but also because of the improvement in writing, no one liking to write in the society's book unless it be in a fair hand. We have hitherto had quarterly tea-meetings, which we have found exceedingly beneficial in promoting the interests of the society, as it brings all the members together, and gives a warmer tone to the proceedings: and it would not be egotistical on our part to say, that we have some tolerable speaking on such occasions from persons who could not, six months ago, stand up and say twenty connected words in the shape of a speech. We consider this improvement is owing to our conversation meetings, as all who join in the conversation are expected to do so standing.'

MAY FLOWERS.

SWEET flowers every one!
Ye put it in my mind to offer up
A thankful prayer to Him who fills my cup,
And sendeth beauty with the summer's sun.
Thought wanders joyful while your sunny bloom
And odours sweet enrich the passing hours;
Thought which forbids an anchoritish gloom,
And glows with beauty not unlike the flowers.
A welcome waits ye through this land of ours!
In southern vales or Scotia's wilder glen:
Where'er your glories fall in golden showers,
A welcome waits ye in the hearts of MEN!
For 'souls are ripened,' even while ye fly
The howling storm beneath 'our northern sky.'

'Twere well to learn of you
The skill to waken hope and pleasant thought!
And pour into the bosom nigh distraught,
The freshness of the heart, like morning dew.
To lift the head, and suffer truth to play
Upon the brow, like sunshine ever bright;
To cherish in the heart, though but a ray
Of potent love, to warm the mental light.
To rise from sloth, as ye from winter's night,
Rejoicing garden-land and forest dell;
With all the soul, with all the heart and might,
Aiding the brotherhood in which we dwell.
To learn of sweetest MAY, and kindly give
Blessings with open hand to all that live!

E. B.

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG.

Two little birds on an evergreen tree,
Chirping and chattering, who can they be?
Two little fairies they seem in disguise,
With their gay-coloured wings and their rose-coloured eyes.
Hark, hark! they are talking; we now shall find out
If they really are fairies, and what they're about:
Says the one to the other, 'Sir, how do you do?'
'Pretty well, I thank you; but pray who are you?'
'I am the bird whom you've heard of so long,
And that whispers in every one's ear when they're wrong;'
'And I,' says the other aloud, sharp and shrill,
'Am the bird you have heard of, called Obstinate Will.
Many more listen to me than to you.'
'Alas!' says the first bird, 'and that's but too true!
For of fools there are many, of wise people few.'

[The above is from Mrs Kingston's *Vocal Music for the Young*. We once had an opportunity (Journal, new series, No. 1.) of mentioning, incidentally, the charming little songs produced by this lady. It is from an almost daily observation of the pleasure they are calculated to give to both old and young that we now more formally recommend them to general notice. The words (which, we believe, are by Mr Kingston) and music we rank alike in the very first class of successful attempts to provide mental aliment for the rising generation. Mrs Kingston has lately produced *Three Anthems, with an Accompaniment for the Organ and Pianoforte*, evincing, we understand, equal talent for the highest efforts in musical composition, as her songs show her to be possessed of in what is, perhaps erroneously, regarded as a humbler walk.]

PLEASURES OF ACTIVE LIFE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.—*Joy.*

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EFFECTS OF HABITAT ON ANIMALS.

If animals are dependant upon external conditions for their existence—that is, upon circumstances of climate, food, and the like—then must a change of these conditions be accompanied by a change, less or more, in the character of the dependant creatures. We think this is apparent from the fact, that different regions are tenanted by different species—a thing for which there would have been no necessity had the animal constitution been indifferent to the physical peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It does not affect the question under consideration, whether the various species now known have sprung from a common root, or whether the several continents have had creations peculiar to themselves. All that we are required to consider in the present instance are—the changes which have taken place under the observation of man—the curious modifications which alteration of habitat sometimes superinduces on the animal character. Such changes manifest themselves variously in different animals: in some species the general structure improves, in others it deteriorates; some merely exhibit a change in the colour or texture of their external coverings, others are so altered throughout, that they bear but a faint resemblance to the originals from which they sprang. It is to some of the more curious of these modifications that we mean to direct attention, premising that many are effected slowly, others rapidly; that some are fugitive, others permanent, and transmissible from generation to generation; and that, in general, they are so varied and uncertain, that it is as yet impossible to reduce them under any law.

One of the most obvious modifications produced in the animal economy by change of place, is increase or decrease of general bulk. Thus the horse or ox, taken from the arid plain or lofty mountain range, and depastured on low fertile valley land, will be found, after a few generations, to have established a breed of greatly enlarged proportions. The reverse holds equally true; and however much professed naturalists may talk of distinct and different species, there can be little doubt that the small shaggy horse of Tartary, the Welsh pony, and their still more diminutive cousin of Shetland, are but varieties of the common horse, moulded, after the lapse of many ages, by the conditions of habitat, into the miniature forms we now behold them. It is evident from the structure of the horse, that he is fitted for the dry and open plain, and not for the marsh or forest—a circumstance that implies lightness and compactness of form rather than ponderous hugeness. And yet we see the horse of Flanders, the Clydesdale breed, and the dray-horse of London, equalling, nay, sometimes excelling, the elephant in weight and dimensions; a result which, we know for certain, has been brought about by the condition to which man has thought fit to restrict them. But man could do nothing of himself in this respect, unless there previously existed a natural adaptability in the animal constitution; and the existence of such an adaptability is all that is necessary to establish the fact, that it must be affected by the external or physical conditions that surround it. We are not, however, without instances in nature of similar modifications, and these, too, brought about in a comparatively short period. The Falkland islands, which, when taken possession of about the beginning of last century, had no native quadrupeds except a large wolf-like fox, have since been peopled with horses and cattle from Spanish South America; and there the former have already considerably degenerated in size and power. 'All the horses bred here,' says Mr Darwin, 'both tame and wild, are rather small-sized, though generally in good condition; and they have lost so much strength, that they are unfit to be used in taking wild cattle with the lasso: in consequence, it is necessary to go to the great expense of importing fresh horses from the Plata. At some future period, the southern hemisphere probably will have its breed of Falkland ponies, as the northern has its Shetland breed.'

But while the horses have thus degenerated, the cattle seem to have increased in size, and, what is extremely curious, to have broken into different colours, each prevailing colour being limited to a certain part of the island. They also vary much less in the general form of their bodies, and in the shape of their horns, than English cattle, the individuals of each great group being extremely like to each other. 'Round Mount Usborne,' continues our authority, 'at a height of from 1000 to 1500 feet above the sea, about half of some of the herds are mouse or lead-coloured, a tint which is not common in other parts of the island. Near Port Pleasant dark-brown prevails; whereas south of Choiseul Sound (which divides the island into two parts), white beasts, with black heads and feet, are the most common: in all parts, black and some spotted animals may be observed. Captain Sullivan remarks, that the difference in the prevailing colours was so obvious, that in looking for the herds near Port Pleasant, they appeared from a long distance like black spots, whilst south of Choiseul Sound they appeared like white spots, on the hill sides. He is also of opinion that the herds do not mingle; and it is a singular fact, that the mouse-coloured cattle, though living on the high land, calve about a month earlier in the season than the other coloured beasts on the lower land. It is interesting thus to find the once domesticated cattle breaking into three colours, of which some one colour would, in all probability, ultimately prevail over the others, if the herds were left undisturbed for the next several centuries.' Here, then, in a limited space, and in a very short period, we have several re-

markable illustrations of the doctrine, that change of habitat is accompanied by a greater or less modification in the animal constitution which may be subjected to it. In the first place, the horse, transported from the more congenial climate and extensive pampas of South America to the inhospitable limits of these islands, degenerates in size, and slowly increases in numbers. Secondly, the ox seems to thrive better under the more humid climate, and on the ranker herbage; and not only so, but to be affected strangely as to its colours in different parts of the island. And lastly, what is most singular of all, the cattle inhabiting the higher regions of the island bring their young into the world a month earlier in the season than those living on the lower land —a result for which, like many others in nature, we know not at present even the shadow of a cause.

Another of the more obvious results of change of habitat on animals, is a modification either of the colour or texture of their external coverings. In torrid climates, the sheep loses its woolly fleece, and is covered with hair; the dog, when naturalised in Guinea, becomes almost naked, while a few seasons in the polar regions are sufficient to clothe the same animal with a dense coating of hair and wool. Similar changes likewise take place even when the habitat of the animal is stationary, provided it be subjected to the extremes of summer's heat and winter's cold. Thus, in the bleak regions of the north, the coverings both of birds and quadrupeds become, during winter, nearly double in quantity of what they are in summer; hair passes into a woolly texture; the feet of some birds become garnished with feathers; and during the same season colours of a dark or brownish hue pass into white. 'The Alpine hare,' says Mr E. Thompson, 'which is found in Scotland, is in summer of a tawny gray, while in winter it is of a snowy white. The ermine, which is also found in the British islands, has its summer coat of a reddish brown, but in winter it affords the beautiful white fur which is so generally known. The plumage of the ptarmigan—a bird of the grouse species, which breeds in Scotland—is of an ash colour, with dusky spots in summer, and of a pure white in winter.' The advantage of such modifications is abundantly evident: wool is warmer than hair, and a white colour radiates or gives off the internal heat of the body more slowly than any darker colour. But as no animal can produce such changes in its covering by any act of volition, we must ascribe the result to change of temperature; and as a certain degree of winter's cold in Scotland, for example, is just equivalent to a permanent removal to a northern latitude, so we may expect a northern habitat to produce all similar changes on animals of a southern origin. Proceeding upon this doctrine, M. Gloyer of Breslau, who has devoted much attention to the change produced in the plumage of birds by climate, has arrived at the following conclusions:—The black colour, or dark-brown, becomes darker as the animal approaches the south; lighter towards the north. The gray, or brown-gray, remains nearly the same when it is not mixed; but when it is rust colour, or blue-gray, or slate colour, it becomes black in the south, or, on the contrary, white if it be mixed with whitish gray. In the north, the gray and the brown-gray become lighter, or are changed to white. The different shades of rust colour are those which, in warm countries, have the greatest tendency to deepen, and to spread all over the animal. Pink, and the colours which approach to it, suffer the least modification. Blue, green, yellow-green, escape almost entirely the influence of climate. The beak and feet undergo similar changes; that is to say, if the colour of the bird becomes darker from the effect of heat, these take also a darker hue. These conclusions were remarkably corroborated by the case of some American hares (*Lepus Americanus*) which, according to the statement of Colonel Smith, were shipped for Europe quite white, but at the end of twenty days had turned quite brown. The hairs were not shed, and the change must have taken place in the hairs themselves. Again, the otter, which in Scotland is of a sooty black above, and of a pale colour on the under parts, approaches, in the south of Ireland, nearly to black, both on the upper and under surface, and assumes larger ears, and some other minute differences of structure. So different at first sight does the animal appear, that certain naturalists regard the Irish otter as distinct from his Scottish brother.

In man, too, as in the lower animals, such modifications are abundantly evident; the only difference being, that, as he advances in civilisation, his ingenuity endeavours to render all habitats alike agreeable, and he thus insensibly counteracts the free operation of natural causes. M. Gloyer is of opinion, for example, that if the characteristic of blue eyes and fair hair, which antiquity has attributed to the Germans, is no longer so generally found to exist in Germany, it proceeds less from admixture with other races than from the softening of the climate by cultivation. Now, should this doctrine be correct, it must follow that the red-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian, if removed to the climate of Spain or Italy, will, after a few generations, assume the dark hair and eyes so generally characteristic of the natives of these countries. And extending the doctrine still farther, there is no known opposing reason why the northern Asiatic and European should not, in course of time, exhibit the bronzed complexion of the Malay, or the sooty skin of the negro, together with their other constitutional peculiarities, were the proper conditions of an Indian or an African habitat imposed upon them. This brings us, however, to a much-controverted point—a subject as to which naturalists and ethnologists are far from being at one; namely, whether the white and coloured tribes of mankind belong to the same race; in other words, whether, in process of generations, a European, subjected to African influences, would not assume the sooty skin, the woolly hair, and thick lips, and other peculiarities of the negro? Laying aside all argument in the meantime, and bearing in mind the wonderful effects which habitat is capable of producing on other animals, we incline to the convertibility of the races, and believe that, in lapse of ages, either would assume the characteristics of the other. We know, for example, that Europeans, after a few years' residence in India or Africa, assume a dark complexion; and in some instances is this change so rapidly and strongly effected, that the individuals, were it not for their features, could not be detected from the natives. This, then, implies a similarity in constitution—the existence of a pigmental apparatus in man, which only requires certain conditions of habitat to develop its functions. How long it would require to stamp a European race with the thorough characteristics of the negro, or *vice versâ*, we do not know: no proper trial has ever been made; and though the experience of several centuries lies before them, ethnologists seem rather to indulge in their own hypotheses, than begin to collect data from actual existence. This only we are assured of, that if there exist in nature such a law as M. Gloyer has endeavoured to shadow forth in reference to the inferior animals, then is mankind by no means exempt from its influence. Indeed we have a striking example of its effect in the case of the Americans. The United States, peopled by English, Scotch, Irish, French, and Germans, have in the space of a couple of centuries produced a style of figure and physiognomy different

from any of the originals—a style so peculiar, that we know of no European traveller who has failed to remark it.

But it is not alone in mere bulk, in proportional size of certain parts, in the kind and colour of external covering, or in the general appearance of animals, that change of habitat exhibits its influence; there are various constitutional results of an important nature which it is equally capable of effecting. Cretinism—that terrible scourge of Switzerland—it is now ascertained, can be cured by transferring the patients from their low valleys to the high mountains; and at a distance of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, these unhappy creatures are no longer met with. To diminish the number of Cretins in the narrow valleys of the Alps, the Swiss government has accordingly founded an institution on a mountain in Berner Oberland, for the physical, intellectual, and moral development of children who, in their infancy, present indications of this unhappy condition. The establishment, though of very recent origin, is said to be fulfilling the purpose intended; and this, be it observed, not owing to anything partaking of medical treatment, but simply to change of habitat. *Plica Polonica*, another disgusting disease, common in Poland, Lithuania, and the adjacent parts of central Europe, is not known beyond these limits, being therefore essentially the result of habitat. The same may be remarked of the Guinea-worm, to the attacks of which stranger and native are alike subject within a certain range of the tropics; but which have happily never yet been experienced beyond that range. Again, hydrophobia, so much dreaded in our own country whenever an unusually hot summer sets in, is totally unknown in much warmer latitudes; as, for example, in Egypt, where the heat is often oppressive, and where the dogs prowl about the streets, living on offal and garbage, uncared of, and uncaring for, any one. Passing, however, these and other affections, which may in some degree be regarded as accidental, there are many structural changes, the effects of habitat, which, though minute, are not the less curious and instructive. The offspring of birds, which, in the adjacent continent of America, are garrulous and noisy, have become silent and dumb in the islands of Polynesia; and the progeny of shipdogs left on the coral island of Juan de Novo, have, after the lapse of a century or so, entirely lost the faculty of barking. The tuskless, bristleless, domesticated pigs which the French and Spaniards introduced into the Falkland islands about the beginning of last century, have now become a wild fierce race, with great tusks and stiff bristles, some of the old boars of which would do honour even to Erymanthus. The rabbits, too, have so much changed, not in mere external covering only, but in conformation of head and jaw, that Cuvier himself, ignorant of the fact of their origin, regarded the skull of one which was sent him as a distinct species; thus once more showing the absurdity of founding specific distinctions upon trifling details. These, and many other examples which might be adduced, all tend to prove how much animal nature is affected by habitat, and how much it depends for its development upon the physical peculiarities which surround it.

The ductility or adaptability in the animal constitution which we have here pointed out, is one of the most important arrangements in creation. Through it the creatures which people the globe are prepared for certain changes of climate, food, soil, and the like. Without such a provision, every change of external conditions would have been attended with pain and inconvenience to life, if not with its extinction. Again, it is essential to the peopling of this earth, which, in all its parts, seems to have been destined to be the theatre of life and enjoyment; for, without such a law of adaptability, every little section of surface must have had its own peculiar creation, or lain a blank, unfit for the reception of the inhabitants of other sections previously peopled. Further, taking an economical view of the matter, it is of the utmost importance to man, inasmuch as, by proper attention, he can mould, as it were, the inferior animals to his peculiar wants and wishes. Where, for example, is there in nature an animal like the dray-horse of London, cattle so well adapted for human food as the Durham oxen, or sheep so large, and plump, and nutritious as the Leicester breed, which Bakewell took so much pains to propagate and perfect? This elasticity in animal nature, however, must have its limits, beyond which neither man nor the inferior creatures can pass with impunity. We do not expect, for example, the camel to accommodate itself to the snows of Greenland, nor the reindeer of the Esquimaux to luxuriate on the deserts of Africa. And yet we know nothing of the limits to animal adaptability: nature often brings about the most important and gigantic results by the slightest and most imperceptible causes.

THE RIFLE, A TALE OF ARKANSAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Benjamin Smith was perhaps the tallest, most gallant, and popular of all the backwoodsmen in the state of Arkansas. Young, of manly bearing, and possessed of great energy, he had, out of a dense plot of forest land, formed in two years, aided by a small capital, an excellent farm, with a clearing of several acres. It happened, however, just as this farm was completed, and Benjamin was thinking of commencing operations which should remunerate him for all his labour and expense, that his capital was exhausted. To almost any but an Arkansaw backwoodsman this would have been a terrible blow; but Ben was somewhat of a philosopher, and accordingly, one fine morning at daybreak he left his hut, and seating himself on a blackened stump near the door, ruminated on what was to be done. He gazed with admiration upon his house, the work of his hands, on the fenced acres, on the huge piles of wood which his own exertions had reared around, on a stream close at hand, and appeared suddenly struck with the conviction that he really was a very lucky fellow. He had all the elements of happiness within his reach; but something still was wanting. Across Ben's knees was his long narrow-bored rifle; his powder-horn and pouch hung beside him; in one hand was a knife, in the other a piece of wood, which, in order, we suppose, to conduce to the concentration of thought, he was whittling at in the most determined manner. Chip by chip fell around him; the thick pine-staff was soon reduced to a bundle of insignificant shavings; and just at this instant our hero appeared to arrive at a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. 'Well,' thought he, 'I wish I may be shot if it is'nt a wife I want! I've got the log, and the clearing—I can find meat in plenty while I have this rifle, and that's a real fact; but I want a wife to prepare my dinner, and talk to me when I come home; and I do believe I should like to have a chap about as high as my boot to call me "Pa!"' And then the vast bulk of the Arkansaw backwoodsman was shaken with inward laughter. 'Well, it's about the greatest thing I've hit upon for some time; but I don't exactly realise how it is to be done. One thing is certain, wives don't grow on trees like hackle-berries, and I must go to Little Rock.' With these words the young man rose, and advancing towards the hut, fastened the door, and shouldering his rifle, at once began his journey of fifty or sixty miles.

Little Rock, in Arkansas, on the frontier of Texas, is perhaps the most disreputable town in the whole United

States; but neither there, nor at the White Sulphur Springs, are the enormities practised which travellers would persuade us to credit. Still, though Ben ran no danger of being choked by being forced to 'bolt' a hearty meat-dinner in two minutes and a half, nor of being gouged, nor shot across the street by accident, nor, by committing murder, getting 'canonized, and elected into the States' legislature,' it was rather dangerous for one of his rustic character to be domesticated in a town where men of such idle, lazy, and swaggering habits were assembled. Though Little Rock be not strictly an 'Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like,' though 'gouging, stabling, and shooting' be not the principal occupation of the people, still, being a frontier town, whence escape into the then independent republic of Texas was easy, it was naturally the resort of a large number of the class enumerated; a class, despite all that has been said, not more numerous across the Atlantic than in some places nearer home.

Ben might easily have found in Little Rock a place of residence suited to a man of good feeling and moral principles; but, used to the woods and wilds, and the society of rough, good-humoured, and well-meaning borderers like himself, he yielded to the request of the first stray acquaintance he met, and accompanied him to about the very worst boarding-house in the place. We should be sorry to induct our readers into the mysteries of such an establishment; suffice it, that Ben saw and heard enough to have made any thinking man take to flight. But Ben, who had required two years to find out that he wanted a wife, was not likely to discover in one evening that he was in a false position; and so rapid, with a simple-minded man, is the process of contamination from evil communication, that that one night sufficed almost to ruin our hero for ever. Giving way to drink—the root of the greatest amount of crime—the backwoodsman forgot himself. From drinking a little, he advanced to much. Before, however, his reason had become completely prostrated, he noticed, sitting in one corner, a man who, from his dress and appearance, appeared one of the many Poles who had taken refuge in the United States. Quiet, unobtrusive, and silent, he joined neither in the song nor the maddening games which served to murder time; but with a modest glass before him, which remained almost untouched, interfered with no one. At length a fellow called on him to join the company, and be sociable. The Pole, with a mild bow, that seemed to speak his sorrow at his situation, replied that he never drank or gambled. The fellow, irritated at what he chose to consider a covert sneer, would have quarrelled with the old man; but Ben interfered, and declared that, before the Pole should be injured, they must take his life. There was a fire in the squatter's eye that silenced the bully, and the Pole remained unmolested. But time passed, and Ben drunk deep and played deep; and on retiring to bed, money, rifle, and everything but the most necessary articles of clothing, had changed owners.

Morning came, and the borderer felt that his expedition in search of a wife had had a bad beginning. There was something, he was sure, radically wrong; but before he could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to where the error lay, his companions had joined him, and without much difficulty persuaded him to endeavour a redemption of his evil fortune. To spare ourselves the pain of narrating the fall of our hero, we may at once state that, at the end of a fortnight, he had become an accomplished specimen of a Southern loafer, as idlers are called in the United States. One afternoon, at the expiration of this time, reduced to beggary, without the arms which might supply him with food, Ben walked through the well-laid out town of Little Rock in search of the refreshing influence of the open air. But he was no longer the sturdy woodsman, who could fell an ox, and eat him too, in no very considerable period; and as he strolled along, he grew faint and weary. Looking round for a shady spot where to rest his easily-fatigued limbs, the squatter discovered a pile of logs, close by an uninhabited house, and opposite to one which was occupied. It was advancing towards evening, and Ben was here about to give way to the gentle influence of the hour, and fall into a deep sleep, while nature was veiling her beauties for the night, when his eye accidentally wandered to a window opposite, at which sat at work a young and lovely girl—the very being, it seemed, of which he had dreamt when seated on his old stump opposite the hut reared with his own hands. Ben rose to a sitting posture; and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should scare the beautiful vision, gazed upon her with delight and admiration. Her feminine occupation wholly absorbed her attention; and for some time the squatter enjoyed the pleasure of seeing such a creature as he felt would make the woods more delightful than the famed earthly paradise of ancient days. Suddenly the door of the house opened, and the old Pole, coming out, advanced rapidly towards our hero.

'My good friend,' he said, 'allow me to thank you for the generous manner in which you lately interfered to save me from insult. I was that night houseless, and forced to take shelter where I could, and unfortunately did so at the boarding-house, where I escaped injury only through your kindness.'

During the delivery of this speech, Ben had remained with open mouth staring at the interlocutor, and blushing like a girl fresh from a boarding-school. Decidedly there was good in Ben at bottom. When the Pole concluded, he muttered some incoherent words, at which the other smiled, and invited him to follow him into the house. The young man arose, as it were in a dream, and walked behind the stranger without saying a word. To his surprise and confusion, the old man led him into the very room occupied by the young girl, to whom he was introduced as the bold youth who had perhaps saved her father's life on a late occasion. While Ben was overwhelmed with varied feelings, the daughter of the old Polish officer rose, and welcomed him with the most unaffected kindness; and before half an hour was over, the rude squatter was seated at the evening meal of his new friends, who, though poor, had still more than absolute necessaries. Encouraged by the friendly hospitality of the European fugitives, Ben at length, partly to extenuate his own late acts, frankly told his story. The manner of the old man, hitherto kind, but a little protective, became cordial and pleased. When the squatter told how he had, after two years' thought, come to the sudden conclusion that a wife, and in due time a family, would wonderfully enliven his rude log-hut, the daughter was inclined to laugh; but a glance at the deeply-moved young man, a tear that glistened in his eye, the look of hopeless admiration that he cast upon herself, restrained the feeling, and Emily Duraski scarcely spoke another word that evening. Some matter of deep moment appeared to engage her whole thoughts.

When the young man had concluded, Colonel Duraski—for such was the father's name—rose, and going to another room, presently returned with a magnificent rifle, and all the necessary appurtenances. These he laid beside Ben. 'Young man,' said he, 'you have erred grievously; but a steady resolution to act honourably will restore the greatest evil-doer to society. Without arms, you are powerless in the woods. Take these; but, as I am a poor man, I make this reservation—you must make over to me your farm, and you

must not go near it for three months. If, at the expiration of that period, you can pay me for this rifle, I restore you your home; if not, it is mine for ever.' Ben, under the influence of the daughter's beauty, agreed to and signed everything; and an hour afterwards, left the house a rifle and its accoutrements the richer, but, unless he could raise a hundred dollars, for ever deprived of his hard-earned home. But Ben hoped. There were buffalo, bears, and other wild animals in the woods, whose skins were valuable; and the backwoodsman resolved to earn the rifle, and preserve at the same time his farm—and who knows what ambitious views were behind?

Distrusting his own powers of resistance, Ben Smith left Little Rock behind him at once; nor did he pause until he had placed it ten good miles behind him. He then found himself in the very thick of a virgin forest, with deep darkness settled over all nature. With the circumstances, returned all Ben's woodcraft and joyous love of a night beneath the blue sky, alone amid the overhanging sycamores, oaks, and beech. To collect wood, to make a roaring fire, and to spit a wild turkey, shot while roosting, was the work of a very short time; and then the young man sat down to await the moment when his evening meal should be ready. His first thoughts took an unlucky direction. He recollected that, on the previous night, instead of being alone, he was rioting amid excited and applauding companions, and, from the habit of such false excitement, he now felt low-spirited, and without hope. From being gloomy, his thoughts became evil. On his pale face, as the flicker of the blazing logs illumined it, one might have read the struggle of strong and angry passions. He gazed with admiration at the beautiful rifle at his feet: he felt that he could never part with it. But why should a stranger claim his inheritance, his home, the work of his hands, if he failed to raise a hundred dollars? The very idea of being deprived of his hut and clearing worked him up to fury, and, as he sat beside the burning fire, he vowed in his heart that the Pole should never own his home. Fierce and terrible were his impulses; in thought he had been a very murderer. While he already gazed around with terror and alarm at the gloomy vistas of the forest, as if expecting the ministers of vengeance to come forth, there arose before him another picture. It was as if he had dreamt a dream. He sat within a rude but warm hut, furnished, as the industrious and painstaking pioneers of civilisation usually furnish their homes, with all that is necessary, and nothing that is superfluous. A bright gladsome blaze rose upon the mud-made hearth, casting its cheerful light upon a room which contained other charms than the creature comforts. An old man slept in a rough arm-chair; a lovely woman gazed upon the dreamer with affection; while on his own knees, and in his arms, and on the ground, and in every imaginable place, were little cherubs, whose faces were so very like his, and so very like hers, that to tell whom they really resembled was impossible. Ben started. He had really dozed; but it was perhaps the most fortunate doze that ever happened to man. Heaving a deep sigh, a sense of his own unworthiness came upon him; and the reflection that, had he acted with common prudence, he might with ease have realised the exquisite picture which had come upon him with all the calming influence of the domestic affections, made him see in its true light his late inconsiderate and foolish conduct. Ben, as he now ate his meal, for once in his life thought with rapidity, and determined to act with energy and good-will. His bitter feelings against his Polish benefactor made him blush with shame, and he resolved that the rifle, which he admired so much, should be paid for even with interest.

For about a month the backwoodsman wandered through the vast woods of the Arkansas, hunting with indefatigable zeal, and collecting the results of his chase in a small cavern, where he took up his quarters, at no great distance from his former location. One night, on returning home heavily loaded with spoils, as he stepped up towards a hole in the side of a rock, in which he was about to rest himself for the night, an angry growl made him hesitate and drop his burden. The practised woodsman recognised in the sound the peculiar tones of a panther grumbling over a bone. It was almost pitch-dark, and yet Ben fired by the dim gray light of a few stars; and his shot told. The next instant the panther was upon him. The hunter dropped his rifle, and clutched the long knife which every Arkansaw borderer carries at his belt. The wounded beast flew to his left shoulder, which it grasped in its teeth with an energy and ferocity that would have proved fatal, had not the long bright blade gained the panther's heart at the same instant. The beast growled, let go its hold, and fell dead. For a moment Ben stood erect, proud and glad of his victory; but the next instant he felt a sensation of pain in his shoulder and left arm, which satisfied him that he was dangerously, if not mortally wounded. It had been from a natural feeling that he selected for his new abode a spot within two miles of his log-house; and thither, after hastily stanching his wounds, it seemed necessary that he should attempt to go, though he should die on the way. Fearful that faintness might overcome his strength, he immediately proceeded on his journey, and in less than an hour was in sight of his home. Since his unfortunate visit to Little Rock, he had not approached it any nearer than the scene of his late struggle. When he now stood within the clearing, astonishment rooted him to the ground. Cattle lowed, pigs grunted, a watch-dog barked, and smoke curled from the chimney. From the half-open door streamed the light of the blazing logs. Ben paused irresolutely; his heart beat with a strange and wild violence; but faintness was creeping over him, and, mustering courage, he staggered towards the door, and having reached it, fell insensible within the walls of his own log-hut.

It was some time ere Ben revived, and then his surprise was still greater than before. The old Pole and his lovely daughter, with two farm-labourers, stood around him.

'Well, my friend,' said the Pole, while concluding the dressing of his wounds, 'you are come sooner than we expected; but you are right welcome. How come you to be in this terrible state?'

Ben could not reply: his whole faculties were bent upon the lovely being who stood, pale and anxious, waiting his recovery.

'Nay, father,' said Emily Duraski, a faint blush illumining her features, 'he is not yet strong enough to speak.'

'The rifle!—the rifle!' cried Ben at the same moment; 'send your men in search of it;' and in a few rapid words he explained where it would be found.

Colonel Duraski took note of the directions, and, followed by his two men, leading a horse, hurried himself in search of the valuable instrument. Ben and Emily were left alone. The latter immediately attended to the sufferer's wants, gave him a strong and refreshing cup of tea, made him a meal so comfortable and tempting, and hurried about with a zeal so ready, that it went to the backwoodsman's heart. As he lay on his couch, and gazed upon her as she moved about, her very manner lending a charm to everything, Ben felt that he again saw her who alone could make life in the woods joyous and happy. At length she came and seated herself beside him, having ministered to all his wants.

'How shall I ever thank you,' said poor Ben, a deep shade of stern sorrow settling on his face, 'for all this gentle kindness—I that deserve nothing?'

'Say not so,' replied the girl warmly; 'you deserved all when you saved my father from contumely and insult. He was seeking such a farm as this when you met him. But, Mr Ben Smith,' continued Emily in the most bewitching and fascinating manner, while a faint colour again flushed across her face, 'I abjure

you, in the name of everything that makes me thank you, to be frank, and tell me why you look so miserable?'

'My wounds,' began Ben confusedly.

'No—you are too much of a man for that,' said the girl gaily. 'I insist upon your speaking the truth.'

'Lady,' replied Ben gravely, 'I will. I am well aware I shall merit your contempt and scorn. I have seen you but twice, Miss Duraski, and the poor backwoodsman has dared to love where love is hopeless.'

'And that is all?' began the lovely Polonaise with a smile; but, checking herself, she said gravely, 'I thank you for your frankness. I knew, however, before you spoke, that you did feel for me some such silly fancy; and had I not had some idea that my father entertained a wish—that is, had an idea—that—that you might like me—I——' But she could go no farther, for Ben, giving her no time to conclude, seized her hand with a wild stare, so utterly madman-like, as to cause very great alarm for an instant to the young lady.

'Your father had some idea?—I am dreaming—but I am not able to bear this suspense. I cannot. Miss Duraski, if your father accepts me as a son-in-law, what will be your answer when I put the question to you?'

She made no reply: her head was bowed down: the rich crimson rushed in full tide to her cheeks; and then, mastering courage, she said, 'I believe I should prove an obedient daughter.'

Ben jumped up: his wounds were forgotten. It was too much for the huge Arkansaw, however. He attempted not to approach his half-betrothed bride; but after dancing round the room for a minute, burst into a loud and prolonged fit of laughter. A few seconds recalled him to reason; and then, taking the fair girl's hand, he poured forth, in his rough way, such a history of his feelings for the month previous, as made the Polish beauty alternately smile and weep. The borderer's frank and manly bearing made him rise rapidly in her estimation, and when the father returned, they were so deeply engaged in mutual professions of esteem, that they noticed not his entrance. Their proximity, and the girl's hand unresistingly held by the young man, spoke volumes. As they were both taken by surprise, they had presence of mind not to affect concealment. Neither moved.

'Hollo!' cried the colonel; 'you are a pretty sick man, to be sure—in half an hour to wheedle yourself into my child's good graces!'

'Not in half an hour, father,' said Emily, rising and advancing towards him. 'Recollect, for a month past, you have been showing me the great advantages that would accrue to me by becoming mistress of this homestead; and you see I have been mercenary enough to make sure of it at once.'

'So, then, all is arranged?' said the colonel with a laugh.

'Everything but the day,' exclaimed Ben boldly.

'I thank Heaven it is so,' said the Polish exile solemnly: 'I could wish for my child no better fate than to be your wife. I return you your house, and give you the rifle.'

'You will do neither, my dear sir. I have, I think, earned the hundred dollars; and as to the farm, I have a particular desire it should come to me as your daughter's portion.'

The young man was right. He had earned his rifle. A happy and gladsome sight were the three that evening—the worthy father, the proud lover, and the girl, discovering each moment in her future husband some new trait that made him worthier in her eyes. They were married; and on the occasion of the wedding, everybody remarked with curiosity that the bride wore a short cloak, lined with a panther's tawny hide. Various were the surmises; but none knew that to the original owner of the skin was perhaps owing the present happy union. It was happy.

In due time Ben was called 'Pa!' at which he laughed until Mrs Emily Smith thought he would never stop.

'Well,' he said, 'my dear wife, I do realise it at last. I am a happy husband, a proud father; and all, my dear sir,' addressing the Pole, 'through our bargain about THE RIFLE.'

LANDING AT LISBON.

AFTER an average amount of tossing in 'the bay,' and of contrary winds, and consequent grumbling along the inhospitable coast of Spain, we found ourselves safe in the Tagus, soon after the fall of a February evening. The sweet soft air told us pleasantly of the many leagues we had come in the five days since we took our last look at England. The lights of Belem, a village about two miles below Lisbon, lay in long bright reflections on the smooth river, and a rocket flew hissing up into the dark sky, to announce the arrival of the steamer. Immediately a boat went ashore with the mails, and her majesty's lieutenant in charge of them. A party of Portuguese custom-house officers came on board to watch us; and, despite our impatience, there was nothing to be done but await the morning as quietly as we might.

With daylight all quiet ceased. We proceeded up the river to opposite the custom-house; and from the moment we dropped anchor there, Babel itself could hardly rival the din which pervaded our little vessel. A swarm of noisy Portuguese, from the health-office, custom-house, passport-office, and I cannot tell how many more offices besides, came bustling on board, talking, as is the custom here, at the very top of their voices, poking about in every corner, and putting everybody out of temper. Besides this, we were surrounded by a crowd of queer-looking boats, whose owners were clamouring for passengers; coal barges were alongside, for the steamer takes in coal here; the passengers' luggage was being hoisted on deck; and Spanish peasants, whom we had taken on board at Vigo, and who had lain ever since, huddled under capotes and blankets, in a sort of bivouac round the funnel, nestling together in families, now roused from their lairs, were adding (men, women, and children, all talking at once) no small quota to the general uproar. However, while our ears were tormented with this abominable discord, our eyes were charmed with a scene of uncommon beauty. Lisbon lay before us, shining in the morning light, throned on her seven hills,* surrounded by brilliant verdure, and reflected in a broad mirror of water. Immediately above the city, the Tagus spreads into a lake eight or nine miles in breadth; and across the smooth blue surface were gliding innumerable broad white sails of the country boats. A few merchant vessels of all nations lay immediately around us, and in front was the custom-house—a noble building; and, what is strange in Lisbon, finished. Looking at the white buildings, as they rose pile above pile from the water's edge till they were relieved against the blue sky, it was impossible to fancy that we were admiring the 'dirtiest capital' in Europe, but after-experience has taught us the melancholy truth of the nickname.

At length we were informed that we might go ashore; and without more ado, we were huddled into a large boat. Our luggage went in another; and as we watched its transference to a tribe of half-clothed, savage-looking porters, many were the despairing glances we cast towards it, half doubting the possibility of its coming back in safety to its rightful owners. A few minutes brought us to the quay. Landing would have been pleasant *anywhere*, but here it was actual enchantment. In front of the custom-house is a broad terrace, laid out as a public garden, and full of the most beautiful flowers, then (February 21) in full blossom. Heliotropes, twelve feet high, covering wide spaces of wall, and literally one mass of purple blossoms; great bunches of calla, with

* Lisbon is said to stand, like Rome, on seven hills. A stranger is apt to fancy them seven hundred, so continual are the ascents and descents in her steep fatiguing streets.

half-a-dozen large white flowers in a group; scarlet geraniums in luxuriant bushes; and many more showy plants, with the bright young leaves of the banana, and the little yellow balls of the mimosas. The delicious fragrance, as well as the beauty of this garden, was delightful. At Lisbon, nobody hurries himself, so we had a good while to wait at the custom-house; but no trouble was given us, and we were allowed to go away after a very slight examination of our luggage. Passing through the building, we found ourselves in a very large and handsome square, with public buildings and colonnades on three sides of it, and a fine quay on the fourth. In the centre is a large bronze equestrian statue, in the style of the last century. Short time, however, had we to admire it; for, with a shout and a rush, down came about a score of ragged, bare-legged porters, each seizing on some article of our baggage, over which they fought and scrambled like dogs over a bone; and for some minutes there was such a ridiculous scene, that we could only stand by, and let them fight it out among themselves. Order was restored at last, and four stout men carried off the prey from the rest of the horde. Taking a carriage from a stand in the square, we set off towards the summit of the city, to a quarter called Buenos Ayres, where we intended to take up our abode. The carriages here are very odd things: a little body, like a cabriolet, perched on excessively high wheels; some with springs, some without, drawn by two strong little horses, or more commonly mules, on one of which rides a tall driver, generally wrapped in a great cloak, and wearing a broad hat, with tufts and tassels flying about it; his legs encased in great boots, with formidable spurs, and his feet appearing as if they must touch the ground. Away we went at a quick pace, up hill and down hill, no matter how steep; the horses half running, half sliding, but by some miraculous dexterity never coming down.

The streets are not generally narrow. The houses are high, commonly painted yellow or red, or faced with blue and white tiles (such as are called Dutch tiles), which produces a pretty effect; cool, and clean, and well suited to the climate. They have all balconies, on which are generally a set of flower-pots, and very often a screaming parrot. The shops have their fronts painted all over with representations of the articles for sale within, sometimes as high as the second floor. Very little is to be seen at their windows, and they are all shabby-looking. The principal trades have each a street to themselves—the goldsmiths, silversmiths, workers in ivory, shoemakers, &c.—which is a convenience to purchasers. There is very little appearance of bustle, and nothing approaching to a crowd in the streets; neither are there the bright colours and gay costumes of a French or Italian town. The universal dress of the women is a dark cloth cloak, and a white handkerchief on the head. The cloak they wear even in summer, averring that it keeps out the heat. The only gaily-dressed person is now and then some dandy muleteer, with bright waistcoat, braided jacket, and scarlet sash, with gay housings on his mule. The great number of negroes is a peculiar feature in the street population; they are from Brazil, and, particularly the women, are often very picturesque figures. There is a great deal of beauty, of a peculiar style, among the lower orders of women here, which one comes gradually to admire more and more. The men cannot be called a handsome race.

In the streets of Lisbon there is great diversity. That part of the town which was destroyed by the great earthquake was rebuilt on a regular plan; and there the streets are broad and straight. The older ones are much more picturesque, and very ill-built. In the principal thoroughfares there is considerable neatness. The roads are swept, and even now and then watered, and some sort of drainage is effected; but in the older ones prevails the primitive usage of emptying everything out of the windows, so that before every house is a mass of the most disgusting dirt, and a smell which defies description. Day after day the abominations accumulate, till some heavy rain comes to wash it down the hill-sides. The nuisance is also, in some degree, kept under by a pack of ugly mongrel dogs, which—earless, tailless, and masterless—roam day and night about the streets, feeding on the relics of bones and fish which lie about—disputing the sovereignty of the place with swarms of cats equally independent, and equally deprived of ears and tails. In some streets at night the dogs are said to be a great annoyance to a solitary passenger, whom they will follow in a pack, like wolves. Now and then in summer, the nuisance becomes unbearable, even to the police: then ensues a massacre, and every dog which cannot give a satisfactory account of himself is put to death without mercy. The dirt of Lisbon, however, is yielding to the march of improvement. No house is now allowed to be built without drains; and old residents declare that the city is purity itself compared with its state twenty years ago. Indeed, judging from the descriptions of it published at that period, the improvement is very striking. There are some streets very well macadamised, in place of the old pavement of sharp stones, and the town is very respectably lighted at night.

The supply of water is abundant enough at this season of the year. The principal stock is brought from about ten miles off, by means of a noble aqueduct, built about a hundred years ago. It is distributed in numerous fountains, round which gather the water-carriers with their barrels. These are a very numerous class, amounting to between three and four thousand men, divided into companies of twenty-five, over each of which is placed a captain. Each man is numbered, and is obliged to wait his turn at the fountains to fill his barrel. The captains have the privilege of taking water whenever they please, without regard to rotation: domestic servants are also allowed to do the same. The water is carried about in small barrels, containing five or six gallons or more, the price of which, when there is no scarcity, is about a halfpenny, as they are cried along the street; but if ordered from the fountain, the cost is double. In summer, occasionally as much as sixpence or eightpence is paid for the same quantity. The supply in the great aqueduct is never completely exhausted; but it sometimes becomes quite inadequate to the wants of the city; and water has to be brought in boats, at great expense and labour, from the other side of the Tagus. The water-carriers are bound to attend at all fires, and render assistance, under the orders of their captains. The moment an alarm of fire is given, notice must be communicated to the nearest church, when the bell is rung a certain number of strokes; the number indicating the parish or quarter where the fire is. The signal is instantly repeated by all the other churches throughout the city; and in a very short time the watermen are on the spot, with the greatest regularity and order. The number of water-carriers, with their long plaintive cry in the streets, is one of the novelties which strikes a stranger on his first arrival in Lisbon.

The vehicles in the streets are of the most original description. Besides the odd cabriolets already described, there are quaint-looking family coaches, such as one sees in pictures of the last century, drawn by four mules, and curiously painted with gay designs; and others, like old English postchaises, perched on high wheels. The only carts are of the very rudest description—rough planks, knocked together like a packing-box, and resting on a broad beam of wood as an axle; the wheels as nearly solid blocks as possible. They are always drawn by oxen; and as the country roads, or rather tracks, are very narrow, the drivers of ox-carts allow the wheels to remain always ungreased, that the creaking noise may give notice of their approach, and consequently the noise is dreadful. The oxen are large, handsome beasts, not very humanely treated by their drivers.

Buenos Ayres is a pleasant sort of suburb, though there is no interval between it and Lisbon. It is built

on the very top of the hills, overlooking a most beautiful view by land, and also down the Tagus, to the bar and the sea. There are a great many pretty gardens in this quarter; and it was very pleasant to see the golden oranges shining over the walls, and the long hedges of geraniums. In this part live most of the English residents; and there are omnibuses all day long to and from various parts of the city. A most respectable Englishwoman keeps a hotel at Buenos Ayres, where strangers may find perfect cleanliness and comfort.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

STATE OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A NEWSPAPER remarks, that the late Indian war shows the English army to be unrusted by peace, and in an unprecedented state of efficiency. We agree in the fact; but there occurs to us a remark upon it which no one seems to have thought of making. The superior efficiency of the army is, we think, to be attributed in great measure to the improvements which have been effected of late years in the moral state of the classes from whom the army is derived, and to the more humane and just administration of the army itself. We have here a proof that soldiers may be educated, that libraries may be introduced among them, and that the degrading class of their punishments may be nearly done away with, without their being in any degree deteriorated. On the contrary, an improvement appears in that steadiness and fortitude which constitutes their value as soldiers. It is hardly necessary to remark that, if we are right in connecting these circumstances as cause and effect, they possess a deep interest, and ought to weigh much with the public.

THE STRIKES.

The building trades in the heart of western England have lately been holding out for an advance of wages—in one instance, we observe, the object was to rise from 25s. to 27s. a-week; and 26s. was in vain offered by the masters. A strike is nothing, unless there be a force of public opinion on the part of the operatives of the trade generally, to prevent strangers coming in and doing the work. This requires an enginery to rouse it and keep it up. Sometimes the force employed is a little more than moral. One way and another, a strike becomes a deplorable scene—men going idle for weeks or months, supported by subsidies from their own hard-tasked class—masters writhing in anger at the derangement of their engagements, and what they call the dictatorial spirit of those usually their servants. On this occasion, the masters have deemed it necessary to form combinations too, with a view to protecting their interests for the future against such inconveniences. In short, a strike such as this of the building trades is a war without actual weapons—we can barely say without its killed and wounded, for many must suffer what perils health and life in the course of these struggles. Some by-considerations make the trade-conflict the more distressing; the wages refused in this instance were comparatively not bad (alas! from three to four times those of a Dorset labourer). What causes more to be asked at all, is not an increase of business in the fair course of things, but a mania of speculation, in which we see multitudes of the middle classes seeking to enrich themselves otherwise than by the usual legitimate mode of honest, downright work. A madness of the capitalled in the first place—then the labourer attacking them with a claim upon their fallacious hopes, the blight of which may come to-morrow, throwing wages thirty per cent. down at one blow. What a vexation to think that our civilisation has only as yet brought us to such a point as this!

We cannot help thinking that these and other late circumstances tell that the present arrangements between employers and employed are assuming an impracticable character. They begin to appear like something which has had its day, and calls for being superseded. We do not at least see how capital is long to endure being exposed to the insecurity in which it now stands, wherever its profitable working requires a multitude of hands. A far-looking philosopher might also express his doubt whether the tendency of capital and labour, when in different hands, to separate the persons, can much longer subsist in an age when so many influences are at work to bring men to an equality, and when, indeed, artificial distinctions may be said to be crumbling to pieces. For such reasons, we indulge no empty bewailings on this subject; we think not of presenting to men in hot blood the barren maxim, that they have a common interest, and ought to agree. We deem it better to acknowledge that, for evils so profound, no superficial remedy will more than temporarily suffice. We would have masters to begin to turn their thoughts to arrangements of a different kind with their men—arrangements such as those of M. Leclaire of Paris*—in which the workers have a certain modified community of interest with the directors of their industry. It will be a startling and perhaps unpleasant idea at first; but is the present arrangement quite an agreeable one? What is now to be done is to obtain an escape from existing evils—to face one of the inevitable revolutions of society. It must not therefore be expected that all can be smooth and inviting in the new plans. This, however, we thoroughly believe, that were these looked at steadily, and experimented upon with due caution, in the departments of work where they are most pressingly called for, the objections would diminish at every step.

THE ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

A parcel of printed reports which has just reached us from Aberdeen, conveys the pleasing intelligence that the Schools of Industry established in that town for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy and crime continue to be in a flourishing state. Of these schools we gave a detailed account, from personal observation, in No. 98 of the Journal, New Series, published in the course of November last. It is very gratifying to know that the notice we speak of has had the effect of attracting a greater degree of local attention to these useful institutions, and of inspiring a desire elsewhere to establish schools on a similar plan, and for a similar purpose.† In the whole course of our labours, we have experienced no higher satisfaction than that which has been derived from repeated announcements of the practical value of that little article. A new satisfaction arises from a perusal of the reports before us. The system, we are told, is working well, and beginning to exercise a marked influence over the statistics of vagrancy, crime, and penal infliction.

The object of these schools, as may be remembered, is to prevent begging and crime by children—vagrancy or begging being observedly a mere preliminary to theft, theft leading to burglary or higher offences, and all these crimes sooner or later terminating in imprisonment, transportation, or penal inflictions still more severe. The aim, then, of these institutions is to prevent crime, instead of waiting till it needs to be

* Described with great care, from M. Leclaire's pamphlet, in No. 91 of present series of the Journal.

† 'In October last, Mr William Chambers came to Aberdeen to inspect the Schools of Industry; and in the number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for November following there appeared an account of his visit. Till that time, the Aberdeen Schools of Industry were scarcely known beyond the localities of Guestrow and Loch Street, where they are situated. Now, since the publication of that number, a knowledge of them is extended to every place where the English language is read; and one consequence of this publicity was the adoption of measures, now about to be carried out, by the citizens of Edinburgh and Glasgow for establishing schools there on a similar principle.'—*Fifth Report by the Committee of Management of the Aberdeen School of Industry for Boys, for* 1845-6.

punished. The way they go to work, consists in the seizure of every boy or girl found begging or vagrandising within the limits of the police, and conducting them, not to jail, but to a School of Industry, where they are fed, instructed, and caused to work at an easy kind of productive employment. All are sent home at night; but after a little time, the whole attend daily without any compulsion. By this means the streets are effectually cleared of all juvenile beggars and petty offenders. The crop of thieves is cut off ere it attains maturity. Crime is effectually nipped in the bud. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, laid before the commissioners of supply, April 30, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeen was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the year, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is, doubtless, owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to 'the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county also is sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions.'

Whatever be the merits of the various plans now before the public in respect to the punishment and treatment of criminals, it can admit of no question that institutions such as those we allude to may be rendered important national engines for the general prevention of crime. What can be more sorrowful than the sight of a prison half filled with children, who, having once got into a course of vice, are almost certain not to stop till they endure the higher penalties of the law. That properly-organised Schools of Industry will tend to assuage, if not nearly extirpate, this crying evil, the best evidence is obtained from the reports before us. Let every large town, then, follow the example which has been so admirably set. Let the metropolis, always behind in movements for social advancement, be up and doing in this good work. Already the subject has been sufficiently talked about; the time has come for action. To set about anything of the sort, a little energy on the part of a single influential individual is alone required. In each locality, such an individual will know where to look for funds. He will not wait, and wait, and wait to see if government will lend its helping hand. Government seems to know or care little for first principles, and, besides, has neither power nor inclination to assist in any scheme of this broad and humanising nature. In establishing Industrial Schools, however, for pauper children, the co-operation of the local magistracy and police is extremely desirable: compulsion being a primary means of filling the benches with pupils. It would further be desirable to have a piece of ground in connection with each school, which could be cultivated by the boys able for garden or field labour. Valuable as employment within doors may be, it is much less exhilarating than that in the open air, where the whole influences of nature contribute not only to physical, but also moral improvement. The returns from any species of field labour, we apprehend, would also aid materially in supporting the establishment, and render it less burdensome to the friends by whom it would, in the first place, be maintained.

MERIT AND ITS REWARDS.

The newspapers announce that Jenny Lind, a singer, is going to St Petersburg, on promise of a salary of fifty thousand francs (L.2000) per month. Thomas Carlyle, who writes books that set mankind a-thinking, lives in an obscure house at Chelsea, not realising perhaps L.500 a-year by his writings. Fanny Ellsler, a dancer, a few weeks ago concluded an engagement at Venice amidst a shower of *flowers and jewels*, and then had a Cleopatra-like sail on the Grand Canal, with twenty bargefuls of nobility after her, while 'Long live Fanny, the divine artist!' was shouted from the multitude. At the very same time Mr Wilderspin, who has conferred inestimable benefits on mankind by the establishment of infant schools, is announced as sinking into poverty, and in need of a subscription for his relief. A child, called General Tom Thumb, passed through England and other countries of western Europe in 1844–5, realising large sums for his exhibition as a dwarf; the receipts in Edinburgh were, if we recollect rightly, four hundred pounds in one day. At the same time Father Mathew, who has produced, by the labour of a great and good mind, a moral reform unexampled in our age, languished in debt incurred through these exertions, and was only saved from immediate difficulty (not, as we understand, placed in permanent safety) by a collection, hard-wrung, as such collections usually are, from a limited number of persons endowed with an extra share of benevolence, the mass of the public as usual looking calmly on, with their hands in their breeches-pockets. During the same period many men of no particular talent or merit realised fortunes by speculating in the oversanguine hopes of their fellow-creatures—that is to say, in railway schemes. One man was talked of as having made his twenty thousand pounds—another, fifty—a third a hundred; and there were one or two peculiarly lucky, who bought ducal estates with their gains. While this was going on, the public of England were quite content to see the man who, by bold and ingenious calculations and extraordinary energy and perseverance, had given them the unspeakable convenience of penny postage, sit quietly down with a few thousands by way of reward, squeezed as usual out of the over-taxed pockets of the liberal. Everywhere the same inequality is seen. Who are the best-paid authors? Not the demonstrators of important truths, the investigators of profound critical and archæological questions, the compilators of huge books, that require a lifetime to complete, and on whose usefulness mankind batten ever after; not any of these, but the clever droll fellows who can set forth something to amuse their fellow-citizens—the Linds and Ellslers of the pen. What are the money-makers generally, in comparison with those who make no money? Not the shadow of an attempt would now be made to show that, in our economy, there is the slightest relation of proportion between large receipts and merits. It were a mockery of the stand-still principle to ask if such things are to mark our social state for many more ages. It is, however, some consolation in the meantime, that 'Man does not live by bread alone.'

CONTRASTS TO CIVILISATION.

The enormities that may co-exist with a high civilisation, sometimes come upon us with an astounding effect. In March of this year, a witness at an Irish assizes—who admitted having been concerned in five murders and many robberies—being asked if he would have murdered another man if he had got into his room, turned a ferocious look upon the interrogating counsel, and answered in a loud and resolute voice, 'I would!' More recently, it was found, at Ballichmoyler petty sessions, that a man had been *employed* to commit a murder for six pounds!

This is our contrast to the British civilisation.

As to the American—which, with all drawbacks, is a great civilisation too—see such incidents as the following.

A respectable black man, who had once been a slave in Kentucky, but was allowed by his mistress, who had no use for him, to go to work for his own subsistence in Ohio (a free state), where he had been for about eighteen years, and seems to have regarded himself as a freeman, was, on the 27th of March last, inveigled across a bridge into the slave-holding state, and there manacled and carried off by force. This outrage was committed at the instance of the old lady's heirs, who wished to realise everything in the shape of property to which, through her, they could consider themselves as having any claim. Some weeks after this, a female slave was hanged at New Orleans for having struck her mistress!

LIVONIAN TALES.

THE last *part* of Mr Murray's Home and Colonial Library was a group of *Livonian Tales*, by the author of 'Letters from the Baltic.' Before speaking of this particular book, we would record our satisfaction with the general character of the series to which it belongs. Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist—Lord Mahon's Life of Condé—Borrow's Gipsies in Spain—are the stars of the more recent portion of the series; but all are good. When we regard this 'Library'—first-rate books, all of them copyright, many of them quite new, at half-a-crown each; and further look to Messrs Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series, Mr Bonn's Standard Library, and Messrs Tilt and Bogue's European Library, all of which are composed of excellent books at similar prices, we cannot but congratulate the public on the revolution of which these are the symptoms. Publishers are now looking to the many, and not to the few, as was the case twenty years ago. There must consequently be a many to look to. Verily, rational readers must now be as ten to one of what they were.

The 'Letters from the Baltic'—so full of fresh, animated description, so thoughtful, yet so feminine—together with the consideration that the Baltic provinces of Russia are totally new ground to the English fiction-monger—gave us good expectations of the Livonian Tales. We expected to find them interesting from various causes, independent of skill in tale-telling; and they really are so, although in a great measure it is a painful interest which invests them. The fact is, that the author has to deal with the subjects of a heavily oppressive government, and a people whose social state is consequently wretched. Her hero and heroines—barely conceivable beings—move amongst the brutal instruments of a central tyranny and a popular mass whose only refuge from misery seems to be that hardened insensibility which makes man a beast. *The Jewess*, the tale second in point of length, illustrates the vexations arising from the severe taxing system of Russia, and the contraband trade to which it gives rise. *The Disponent*, which is the longest story, exhibits the local oppressions exercised by what we would call the factor or land-steward upon an estate. Both pictures are enough to make the blood boil. We lately heard of the peasantry of Galicia rising upon the gentry, and massacring them. It seemed a wild, unaccountable affair; but let the reader look over 'The Disponent,' and he will understand the whole matter at once. The fact is, that the selfishness of the superior class tramples on every good feeling in the lower, until the patience of even a brutified human nature is exhausted. Vengeance is then stored up, and it depends only on opportunity at what time it is to break forth. But how should it be otherwise? No humble class ever yet was unruly or sanguinary in fair circumstances. The fact of a gentry destroyed *en masse*, as was that of Galicia lately, demonstrates that due provocation had been given. Our difficulties with such subjects arise from our attention being suddenly drawn to the vengeful outbreak, while ignorant or inconsiderate of the ages of heartless insolence, extortion, and contumely which preceded it. The class truly entitled to think shame of all such affairs as this same massacre—or, to take a stronger instance, the violence of the French revolution—is the class which suffers by them.

We must not, however, distress our readers on this occasion by any sample of the miseries to which the Lettish peasantry are subject. Rather let us look to some of the brighter passages of the volume. The hero of 'The Disponent' is a noble young peasant called Mart, who has obtained the affections of a pretty young creature, Anno, previously sought by the *Disponent* himself, the steward on the estate, and a concentration of all possible bad qualities. The wedding has taken place, and they are driving home in the bridegroom's cart, amidst a procession of other carts, filled by the Brautwerber or best man, the Marshals, who are assistants to the best man, and other friends. There is a fine joyful, youthful feeling in the subsequent transactions. 'The Marshals were anxious to exercise their privileges—namely, that of making every other vehicle on the road turn off for them. The first they met were humble peasants like themselves, who were as willing to observe the custom as they were to exact it, and who drew off immediately to the side, and waved their caps as the party passed. A werst or two farther on, however, a private barouche was seen approaching—four spirited horses full in the middle of the road, as if they would run down all that opposed them—a long-bearded coachman on the box, as firm and immovable as the engine on a steam-carriage. Now was the time for asserting their rights! The Brautwerber—timid man!—was all for relinquishing them; but the Marshals had warmer blood in their veins. They knew well enough what it was to turn off for their haughty masters—to stick in the road-side mud, or struggle in the road-side drift, while the baron's carriage rolled by without yielding an inch—not to make the most of such a rare opportunity for retaliation. Pulling and chucking, therefore, at their little horses, which, from the force of habit, had already begun to turn their heads patiently aside, they drew them close together; and, supported immediately behind by Mart himself, who, in his turn, encouraged the procession to keep their places, they presented a firm phalanx. On came the four horses, sweeping along; the coachman started into life, shook the whip which hung upon his wrist, and discharged a mouthful of Russian oaths at the body. A concussion now seemed inevitable, when a broad good-humoured face leant forward from the barouche, saw the state of the case in a moment, and discharged a very similar volley at the coachman in return. The carriage instantly swerved to one side. This was quite enough. Every cap flew off, every face expanded, and there was not one of the party who would not have been willing to drive their carts into a ditch for that same good-humoured face another time.'

After a similar rencontre with the droschky of the Disponent, the party arrived in high spirits at Mart's little farm. 'The cart stopped at the low wide door, which was crowded with guests awaiting their arrival. The Marshals, elated with their late successes, were all on the alert to fulfil their parts. The gloves, suspended to the shafts, which are supposed to bring good-luck to whoever reaches them first, were eagerly snatched; the bride was lifted from the cart at one bound on to a sheepskin extended before the door, to signify that the way through life was henceforth to be soft to her feet—a type, alas! to which there is no reality, at least not under a Russian government; the Brautwerber strewed corn before her, in emblem that abundance was to follow her to her new home; and thus she was carried, in noisy triumph, over her husband's threshold. There, surrounded by the women who had remained behind, and propped in a rude high-backed chair, sat Liso, Mart's grandmother, ready to receive the new-comer.

'This was their first meeting, and the old dame threw a searching and a solemn glance on the slight girl, in whom she saw at once the maiden her grandson had wooed, the bride he had betrothed, and the wife he had married. Anno bent involuntarily before her; and not

a word was exchanged, as, slowly rising and coming forward, the old woman took a high stiff cap, made of white silk, and placed it on Anno's pretty head. Voices had been loud, and faces merry, but all were now hushed and serious; for this simple ceremony went to everybody's heart.

'The meeting between youth and age is at all times a touching sight and an impressive lesson, telling us what the one has been and the other must become. The very difference between them disposes the mind to reverse more than to compare—to put the aged back and the youthful forward. Anno's head trembled with girlish timidity, old Liso's shook with infirm age; yet both were only separated by that time which time itself would unite.

'When the cap had been slowly adjusted, the grandmother again gave a glance at Anno, and in a shrill distinct voice repeated this ancient form of words which belongs to the ceremony:—"Forget thy sleep—remember thy youth—love thy husband;" accompanying each sentence with a slight stroke of Anno's cheek. Then turning to Mart, "Ah, my son—my son! you are a good man. You have chosen a beautiful wife; I know she will be a happy one." Then addressing Anno, "He has been always good to an old grandmother; will he not be good to a young wife? I hope you are worthy of him!"

"Grandmother—*pai* (good) grandmother!" said Mart in a tone of expostulation; but Anno stood upright with modest self-possession, and taking Mart's great brown hand in hers, she kissed it with wifely reverence. Then going round to all her new relations and guests, she begged their affection, as is the custom, and kissed their hands—not even the Brautwerber's little puny boy of three years old was omitted. And Mart's eyes followed the movements of that new white cap with exultation, for he felt that the face beneath it must win all hearts. Finally, she patted old Karria Pois [Mart's dog], which sat gravely by the grandmother's side, looking on, and which lifted his broad forehead under the pressure of her hand, and raised his large gentle eyes to her with as affectionate a look of welcome as any she had received. Then, placing herself next Liso's chair, she quietly stooped for a little wooden footstool which had been pushed away, and placed it beneath the old woman's feet, as if, by this simple action, to show that her course of filial service was begun.

'In the estimation of most present, especially of the women, the placing of the cap was by far the most important ceremony that had occurred; and certainly Anno's own feelings inclined that way. She had listened to the exhortation at her betrothal with awe, and received the marriage benediction with wonder; but there was something more than both in the touch of that aged hand on her cheek, and in the pressure of the cap on her brow, which made her feel that now indeed she was a wife.'

A substantial meal was then served, and the guests dispersed for a while, only to assemble again at a later hour to renew the festivities. 'It was altogether a pretty scene. The sun had begun to decline from its long-held height in the heavens, and the sloping shadows of the trees fell over the long straight roof and low walls, and played and quivered among the crowd assembled at the door; which, with the bright costumes of the women, the dull coarse garments of the men, and the uncouth figures and faces of too many of them, together with the rough benches and tables, and picturesque wooden vessels scattered around, looked like some northern Ostade's village-feast.

'The Brautwerber now came forward, and taking a small parcel from his pocket, shook out what might at first sight have been safely taken for some variety of national flag, but which the ladies present instantly recognised to be the newest and most fashionable description of apron. Then diving for Anno, who was ensconced behind everybody else, he brought her forward, and with some pretended, and quite sufficient real awkwardness, succeeded in tying it up round her short but slender waist. Then the Marshals came up; each took a corner of the apron, and, examining it attentively, shook his head, and said, "This is not a good apron."

"What ails it?" inquired the Brautwerber.

"It's an old rag," they answered. "There's a hole in it."

"Perhaps this will mend it?" rejoined the Brautwerber, and threw in a silver half-rouble.

"That's a good beginning, but it will want more yet. Hold tight, Anno;" and they each threw in a silver coin, declaring that the hole was bigger than they had thought, and that it would take a good deal to stop it. Then the guests in turn drew near, and flung in their offerings, which fell heavy or light, according to the means of the giver. Long the little silver shower continued, while Anno stood and bent her head gracefully, and whispered, "*Olge tervis!*"—"Thank you!"—as each coin fell.

'The Marshals now again approached, and declared there were several more holes they had not observed at first—great ones—and again each cast a mite into the growing treasury. Their example was followed with increased alacrity. In vain Anno repeated, "*Olge tervis!*" and Mart interposed with "*Küll, küll; ea küll!*"—"Enough, enough; quite enough!"—the gifts continued. The fulness of the bride's apron is as much the test of the popularity of the bridegroom as of her own; and Mart's warm heart and strong arm had rendered too many services to his neighbours not to be requited on such an occasion as this, when all purse-strings are supposed to hang very loose.

'Nor were their donations confined to the coin of the realm. A hank of fine white wool was thrown in by one hand, and a bunch of shining flax by another; then a roll of stout homespun linen, and a piece of coarse woollen cloth, and ribbons, and woollen gloves, and a little bit of coarse lace, and various other articles of female use or luxury. Then a measure of fresh eggs was placed down on one side of her, and a small tub of salt butter, for winter luxury, at the other; and suddenly a new spinning-wheel appeared in front; and a crazy old basket, out of which peeped several chickens' heads; and lastly, a tottering calf was driven up, till Anno was fairly surrounded with objects of household wealth, and stood in the midst like the goddess of abundance. Then more and more was heaped upon the apron, till either the bride's arms or the apron-strings seemed in danger of giving way; and at last the Marshals pronounced it to be fairly mended, and not a hole more discernible.

'But now old Liso hobbled forward, and, with her wrinkled face lighted up with a cheerful, pleasant expression, turned to the Marshals, and told them they were young men, but still they were very blind; that even her old eyes could see another great hole, and one which only her offering could repair.

"Daughter," she said to Anno, "all your presents are very beautiful, and your neighbours have made you very rich; but there is nothing in all they have given you which can mend the holes of human life like this. The time may come when you have nothing left to you of all your worldly goods, but even then, with the blessing of the Lord, you shall find this enough." So saying, she drew forth a Lettish Testament, which looked as if it had had the care and wear of many a year, and laid it topmost on the heap.

'Now the apron was actually in danger, and how its contents were not all spilled, was really a wonder; for Anno's arms were in a moment round the old woman's neck; but Mart's ready hand had seized the load, and, untying it from Anno's waist, he stood holding it in her stead, and looked on with glistening eyes.'

All this appears to us eminently beautiful. We have room for only another characteristic scene, but it is of a very different complexion. In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing vexations from the oppressor, Mart was one evening coming

home through the wood in his sledge, when he was beset by wolves. 'The track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness; nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly: again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front: all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind: the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was his horse they wanted *first;* and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in its favour; for the moment the wolves turned off, in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed: but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was often wont to do in times of fatigue or difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an evener pace.

'Mart shouted violently; but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it; for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinkered eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

'One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow lay fleeter for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

'The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set, determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly werst of wide open space between the outskirts of the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

'They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became opener—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward; caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin: it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute, and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall: he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost; he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded.'

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno flew wildly after him. To resume the narrative: Mart 'knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling-matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

'People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers: they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when, on a sudden, dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

'One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"

"Anno!"

'Long did the young couple stand in speechless embrace; but the weaker supported the stronger; for Mart's manly nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno like a strengthless child.'

We challenge but one point in the taste and feeling of this book—the frequent intrusion of the author's religious views. The appearance, in a fiction, of any strong bent of mind on the part of the author, always has a pedantic and unpleasant effect; but it is peculiarly disagreeable in this instance, as our author's religious feelings happen to be of a somewhat intolerant kind, and her notions of the Divine government of the world far below the standard of what constitutes now-a-days a very respectable degree of orthodoxy. We might pass so doubtful an opinion, as that the peasant's superstition forbidding him to kill a wolf is a better feeling than the love of gain, which is tempted to do so by a reward from the government. But when we find almost every minute circumstance of an alleviatory kind in the lives of this poor peasantry represented as an immediate result of prayer; when we find the accidental death of the disponent, *after* a winter of horrors, and the suicide of one of the sufferers, attributed to an interference of God; when we find the existence of carnivorous animals ascribed to the existence of sin, all rationality is outraged, and we only can wonder that a really clever and highly-educated person can, in this country, contrive to be in a state of ignorance so profound.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT DULWICH.

Your business, reader (and we speak to those who make pleasure their business, as well as to those whose time is occupied with graver matter), will not take it amiss if you leave that smoky bustling city of London for one afternoon this summer, and betake yourself to the little village of Dulwich, some four or five miles south of the centre of civilisation—St Paul's. There you may solace yourself with one of those collections of canvas upon which the painters have spread their magic colours for the admiration and delight of all countries and all times. You will find about 360 pictures well-housed and well-hung, of which some are worthless in every point of view, and some are for the study of the artist merely, while others are exquisite gems of art. The collection is freely open to the public every day during the week except Friday, but the visitor must take care to procure tickets in London. Most of the respectable printsellers have them to distribute, and they are to be had for the asking.

The history of the collection is somewhat curious. The following account we abridge from Mrs Jameson's 'Handbook to the Public Galleries in and near London;' a work which we cordially recommend to all who would improve their acquaintance with art. Towards the end of the last century, a Mr Noel Desenfans resided in England as consul to the last king of Poland, Stanislaus II. When the French Revolution threw a large number of estimable pictures into the market, he was employed by the king to purchase such of a superior class as could be obtained without paying extravagantly for them. The dethronement of the king took place after a considerable number of paintings had been got together for him; nevertheless Mr Desenfans went on collecting until Stanislaus died, when there was an end to all hope of remuneration from that quarter, and he found himself burdened with a gallery of pictures, in the purchase of which a large sum of money had been expended. The Emperor Paul of Russia, who obtained the greatest part of the Polish dominions, was then applied to; but before any answer was received, war broke out, and Desenfans determined to offer them for sale in England. A few of the best were sold, but the others remained in the collector's possession until his death, when he bequeathed them to Sir Francis Bourgeois, an artist of Swiss extraction, with whom he had early formed an intimate friendship. Sir Francis died in 1811, leaving the whole of his collection, numbering 354 pictures, to Dulwich college, for the use of the public, together with L.10,000 to erect and keep in repair a building for their reception, and L.2000 to provide for the care of the paintings. Sir John Soane designed a gallery of five rooms, lighted from above; and in 1812 the public were admitted for the first time. This is the gallery into which we usher our readers.

We are told of a dejected prince in one of Ford's plays, that what he took most delight in were 'handsome pictures.' Hazlitt, another sombre mind, has said, 'Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world, and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed out, dishonoured, and defaced.' If, then, paintings are capable of yielding pleasure to melancholy temperaments, much more are they calculated to impart enjoyment to those of cheerful constitution; that is, assuming that these latter have a relish for pictorial representations. If our readers have not yet been to the Dulwich Gallery, we intreat them to pay it an early visit, and we can promise them a rich treat. We will now precede them, and take the liberty of pointing out some of the works of art that seem to us most deserving attention. The paintings are placed on the walls without reference to school or subject. Only the size of the canvas has been attended to; and in a small gallery there is no objection to such an arrangement. In making the following remarks, however, we have thought it best to divide the paintings into four classes; namely, portraits, scriptural, landscapes, and miscellaneous.

Next to seeing a person with our own eyes as he lived and moved in flesh and blood, is the viewing his 'counterfeit presentment' by some cunning painter. Kings that laid down their sceptres before we were born, generals who are now as senseless as any of the corpses that strewed their battle-fields, beauties who bloomed long enough since to be the great-great-grandmammas of those that stood in that relation to ourselves, and the poets that celebrated, or might have celebrated, in flattering verse these ancient beauties, are still visible to us by the aid of 'this so potent art;' and we seem to know them all as well, nay better, than if they had lived in our time or we in theirs. It will help us to animate these mimic figures, if we consider that when this mixture of oil and pigment was distributed over the canvas, the living personages were actually present. They were then and there represented on the retina of the painter's eye whilst he transferred the image to the cloth; and now standing before his production, we may almost cheat ourselves into the notion that the man is yet alive, and we at liberty to read his features without reproof. Look at this portrait of a Spaniard, by a countryman (No. 309). How life-like, how nobly does Philip IV. stand before us in his slashed and embroidered dress of scarlet, plumed hat, and truncheon! Could anything be more vivid to our senses, or more royal to our imagination, than this work of Velasquez's pencil? Here, again, is another king (No. 2); he whom the French call their Great Monarch, and who is said to have been the handsomest man in his kingdom, as certainly he was one of the most profligate. This was that Louis XIV. who slaughtered thousands of men, merely to gratify his passion for what history has falsely called *glory*—who savagely sacked foreign cities, and then celebrated *Te Deums* in his own churches. Turn next to (No. 187) Marie de Medicis, the wife of another French king, Henry IV., who fell beneath a maniac's knife just when he was about setting off on a great war. This lady was of the famous Florentine family, by whose name she is generally known. Her son, Louis XIII., treated her cruelly, and she died in great poverty at Cologne in 1642. She was a patroness of Rubens, upon whom she called to feed her vanity, by procuring him to paint a series of pictures representing the principal events in her life. We must not forget that she was the mother of an English queen, Henrietta Maria, wife

of Charles I. No. 214 is an English nobleman, Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, whom Walpole calls 'that memorable simpleton'—usually styled, says Echard, 'the mad earl.' It is not one of Vandyke's finest paintings: there is a better one of the same person at Wilton, in which he is clad in armour. In this his plentiful hair is in disorder, and he is wrapped in a voluminous brown mantle. You would not gather his disgraceful history from his face, nor yet perhaps his noble lineage. He was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and the son of a lady whose lot it was to have more honour showered upon her by the poets than probably ever fell on any damozell of ancient or modern times. Sir Philip dedicated his Arcadia to her; Spenser inscribed one of the sonnets which stand in the vestibule of the Faery Queen to her ladyship; and Ben Jonson wrote her epitaph. It was his brother William to whom Shakspeare is supposed to have addressed many of his mysterious sonnets. His second wife was that high-souled lady of the north, Anne Clifford, who has confessed, in her autobiography, that the marble pillars of Wilton were to her oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish. A portrait of his first wife, a Vere of the Oxford family, hangs here (No. 134). She is habited in a rich attire, but perhaps it covered an aching heart. In looking over the portraits in a picture gallery, we often arrive at an interesting one which exhibits a person as to whose name the catalogue is silent. How strongly, in such cases, are we reminded of the couplet in the epistle addressed by a poet to a painter—

> Alas! how little from the grave we claim—
> Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name!

Here is one of the finest portraits Vandyke ever painted (No. 218); rich in colour, beautifully finished, and as life-like as you can hope to see an image on canvas. Clad in armour elaborately ornamented with gold, his hand upon his sword, aristocratic in bearing, he is, after all, but 'a man of rank;' for as to more specific title, nothing certain is known. Yet we durst wager a small sum that he was one who acted in his day in some swelling scenes where a kingdom was the stage; and, by the malignant cunning of that swarthy countenance, we judge he had some enemies. Compare Lord Pembroke's picture with this, and you will see how variously the same hand could work. They are as different as prose and poetry. Turn we from those whose stage was a kingdom to those whose kingdom was on the stage. Here we have Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse, a celebrated painting of Sir Joshua. But, goodness! did the Muses, tragic or comic, ever wear those flounced and furbelowed dresses, or paste their hair up like that? We hope they never condescended, as sublunary actresses must, to wear our strange fashions. We can scarcely forbear smiling to see even an acted muse in an exploded mode (fancy Apollo in a wig and unmentionables); yet there is a majesty in the attitude and a fire in the eyes that ought to repress the weakness. Her distinguished brother, John Kemble, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence painted in Hamlet, is here represented by Sir William Beechey in his usual dress. The face is very capitally done; it is full of intelligence. We have also portraits of several painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, Wouvermans, Sir Francis Bourgeois (the public's benefactor), Opie, and others. Don't omit to look at this head by Lawrence. 'So pleasing and refined in the simplicity of nature, so true in the colouring, so careful in the execution, that perhaps few of Lawrence's more celebrated pictures might bear a comparison with it.' So says Mrs Jameson of a portrait of William Linley (not numbered in the catalogue), and all who see it must join in her praises. The delicious freshness of the English complexion (the envy of our continental neighbours) is most daintily represented. One more, and we have done with the portraits. It is a Painter's Mother by her son (No. 355). Rubens has placed the old lady in her arm-chair, and you see that she has been reading. It is a striking instance of Sir Peter's versatility of talent; one might think that his whole life had been employed in painting portraits. Lawrence himself could not have done the hands better. One of the most vivid portraits we ever saw is by Rubens. It represents a Dutch burgomaster, and hangs beside some of his splendid works in the gallery at Antwerp.

We are now in the farthest room of the gallery, and we shall be struck with the fine pictures on religious subjects which it contains. At the end of the room hangs 'the heavenly beauty' of Guido's St Sebastian. The saint lived in the persecuting times of the Emperor Dioclesian, and was condemned to be shot with arrows on account of his adherence to the true faith. Having undergone this cruel sentence, he was left for dead. Some Christian women passing by, found that life was not entirely extinct, and they succeeded in restoring him; but he was afterwards discovered, and suffered a second martyrdom by stoning. He is here represented of a life size, bound to a tree, with an arrow in his side. The expression of the countenance, upturned to the heavens, as if imploring relief from his anguish, is very grand. Another large work of the same painter is (No. 331) St John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness. He is a young man, holding a slender crucifix in his right hand, and addressing persons in front, who are not seen. The colouring is thought to be not in Guido's best manner; nevertheless, it is a very fine painting. Close by is a picture of the Spanish school, of which we have so few specimens in this country: our Saviour, in mean attire, appears to bend under the weight of his cross, whilst some of those who had profited by his instruction are compelled to witness their great master's degradation with troubled countenances. 'The whole picture is conceived with great simplicity, and is full of grand and solemn feeling.' It may be contrasted on one side with an early specimen of the Italian school (No. 327), representing the Holy Family; and on the other with a later picture of the same school; the latter being a cardinal in the act of blessing a person kneeling before him. Both of these are excellent pictures; the second, by Paul Veronese, is uncommonly rich in colour. On the opposite wall of the room is a very famous painting by Murillo, representing the Virgin and her Son throned on clouds. It is usually known as the *Madonna del Rosario*. The rich glow of colour, as if the figures were illuminated by a beatific light 'that never was on land or sea,' the serenity of the mother's countenance, and the union of the divine and human natures in that of the infant, cannot be expressed in words. There is a little picture, by Carlo Dolci, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, a head, on which are white and black hoods, and then a crown of thorns. The delicate hues, the sweet expression, the transparent tear on the cheek, are exquisite; and we may say of it what Haydon has said of another picture, that 'it does not seem painted, but, as it were, spread upon the canvas by an angel's breath.' In the next room look at Nos. 277 and 287; they will give the visitor a tolerable notion of the manner of the Milanese school, of which Leonardo da Vinci was the head. It is ill represented in England, and that is one reason why we point to these two little pictures. There is an excellent specimen in the National Gallery—Christ disputing with the Doctors—attributed, but it is believed erroneously, to Leonardo himself; and there is a Holy Family, attributed to the same painter, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. No. 179, Jacob's Dream, by Rembrandt, is a picture that has excited much admiration. It is sublime beyond expression, says Haydon; and Hazlitt remarks that 'it is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.' Nos. 124 and 135 are two brilliant pictures by Vandyke, but they almost make us wish that he had let this kind of subject alone, and stuck to his portrait-painting, in which he has very

few rivals. The first, named Charity, is a beautiful female surrounded by children; and the other is a Madonna. Of both of them Vandyke painted several copies, to adorn the galleries of our nobility. These pictures catch the attention the moment you enter the room: the colours are harmoniously blended; the flesh tints highly natural and beautiful; yet there is a want of devotional feeling that ought to be there, some little affectation in the attitudes, and a modern, to-day look about both. Vandyke, like most painters since his time, could not or would not idealise his models. What was before him, he painted, and that excellently; but apparently he had not the power, equivalent to the dramatic power of the poet, of expressing the sublimer feelings of humanity, or of giving us a conception of a superior nature. We never see in his paintings the heavenly grace, the subdued gladness, the submissive grief of Raphael's madonnas and saints. He has never raised us into 'the privacy of glorious light,' to which Murillo, in his Madonna del Rosario, has reverently given us access. He has never shown us the pathetic countenance of a suffering, intreating saint, like Guido in his Sebastian. Amongst the landscapes, those by Cuyp are conspicuous, and there are several very good ones. He has been called the Dutch Claude. It is a pity there are here no undoubted, at any rate no good Italian Claudes to compare him with. He was fond of depicting a sunny afternoon; a long stretch of flat landscape, with church steeples and windmills here and there crossing the horizon; cattle, a few trees, and a piece of water: these are his favourite subjects, and he always contrives to represent them with such truth to nature, that notwithstanding his sameness of style, they are very delightful. Look at No. 169. The sun is on the point of setting, and the whole atmosphere seems saturated in a warm, rich light, like a sponge with water. Then cast your eyes on its near neighbour (No 163), which seems to us the finest Cuyp in the gallery, though some prefer the other one. How cool and clear the air, and how vividly are the shepherds, their flock and dog, the woman in the blue dress, and the man on his mule, depicted! Who does not wish that distant cottage under its sheltering hill were his?

'What loveller home could gentle fancy choose?'

In No. 239, we have another soft sunny evening admirably pictured; and the visitor may also look at Nos. 9, 83, 141, 192, and 243. Ruysdael paints in quite another style. Nos. 154, 241, and 245, will show that he prefers woods and sparkling waterfalls, and deep green foliage, to the airy openness of Cuyp. With these, Hobbima's pictures (Nos. 131 and 201) may be contrasted: a mill, some cottages and trees by the side of water, compose the first of these, which is painted in a clear style, and with a minute exactness, as if Canaletto had been trying his hand in the country. There are two pretty little landscapes of Jan Both, another Dutch painter (Nos. 199 and 205); and three Berghem's (Nos. 160, 200, and 209), a painter who showed a decided partiality for woody scenes. Wouvermans, so celebrated for his halts of travellers, hunting scenes, &c. has contributed several paintings, most of which have that eternal white horse which Wouvermans gives in as many characters as the high-mettled racer used to act in days gone by at Astley's amphitheatre. Nos. 93 and 228 are particularly fine: in both of them the white horse is doing duty in a cart. Pynacker has contributed two paintings (Nos. 130 and 150), the latter a small but striking work. A bridge is seen to cross a dark stream, and against the bright sky the figures of men and cattle upon the bridge stand out in bold relief. Beyond are

'Far off mountains turned into clouds.'

Two landscapes by Teniers should be inspected. No. 116, a winter scene, with preparations going on for an attack upon an unoffending animal; and (No. 139) a large landscape, in which his own château in Belgium is introduced. Watteau's pair of pictures (Nos. 197 and 200) should be glanced at as specimens of a style in which this painter had no equal—'a sort of French-Arcadian-pastoral-fantastic,' says Mrs Jameson, 'which never yet existed, in which nature is represented just as in a ballet. The nymphs, and swains, and "mincing Dryades" are all *très gentils*.' Our own Wilson's Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas (No. 215) is the most celebrated painting that artist ever executed.

Some of the gems of the gallery yet remain to be noticed. There is a small painting by Jordaens (No. 37), which is said to be a study for a large picture in the Munich Gallery. The story of the traveller who excited the indignation of an unsophisticated satyr, his host, by blowing both hot and cold with the same mouth, is well told. Jordaens's pictures are all characterised by the deep red hue, which will be noticed here. No. 54 is an excellent representation, by Adrian Brouwer, of the interior of a low public-house. Brouwer was, unfortunately, too well acquainted with such a place; and he died, at an early age, a victim to his excesses. His paintings are much prized, as well for their intrinsic excellence as their rarity. This is the only specimen in a national collection. You must pardon us for drawing your attention to No. 66, a Bull, by Ommeganck. It is a small picture, and you will have to stoop to see it properly. It is a full-length profile of Mr Bull; and we are sure you will say he is an excellent fellow, standing there in a brown study. The Old Lady eating Porridge, by Gerard Douw (No. 85), is said to be a portrait of the artist's mother; and No. 106 is another example of Douw's extraordinary finish. In the same style are Adrian van Ostade's three pictures, Nos. 73, 107, and 190. By all means look at the last. A drinking scene of course: three boors are seated, in all the enjoyment of ease and ugliness, at a low table. One has a pipe in his mouth, another holds his glass in the air, and the soul of the third is manifestly in his fiddle. Mean as these subjects are, one cannot help being delighted with the spirit and beauty of the execution. Admitting the Dutch painters to be what Horace Walpole has termed them, 'the drudging mimics of nature's most uncomely coarsenesses,' it must in turn be conceded that the power put forth in exciting our interest is so much the greater in consequence of the meanness of the theme. Another instance may be seen in No. 132—a Farrier shoeing an Ass, by Berghem—where sheep, horses, &c. seem like real objects reflected on a mirror. Teniers, though a man who moved in the first society of his day, was another master in this low line, as may be perceived from Nos. 148 and 185. The latter represents a man cutting chaff (by hand—machinery had not then come into fashion) in front of a farm-house; and there are the expected accompaniments of such a place—poultry, pigs, horses, &c. Just turn your eyes to No. 229, the Farrier's Shop, by Du Jardin, and we will not afterwards trouble you with these 'uncomely coarsenesses.' A smith is busy shoeing an ox, which has its foot tied down to a stump of wood during the operation. How clear and soft are the hues with which this common scene has been depicted! The picture of a dark-haired, round-faced girl, in a white dress, leaning on a slab of stone, 'wonderful for mingled power and simplicity,' will strike you as being a Murillo. It certainly has much of that painter's style; but it is by Rembrandt, who, 'whether in portrait, landscape, or historical pictures,' says Haydon, 'was like nobody; as wonderful as any, and sometimes superior to all.' Now we come to the real Murillos, which have no doubt fascinated the visitor's eye long before this. What an exquisite painting is the Flower Girl (No. 248)! The full, rich, mellow colouring—the natural attitude—the sweet, gentle smile, that haunts one for many a day afterwards, and seems to say to all comers, Will you have these flowers? How memorable is the whole effect! Then, again, the two groups of boys given in Nos. 283 and 286. Here we have the same excellences (except perhaps the grace) which pervades the preceding picture. 'Murillo,' says Hazlitt, 'is probably at the head of that class of painters who have

treated subjects of common life. After making the colours on the canvas feel and think, the next best thing is to make them breathe and live. But there is, in Murillo's pictures of this kind, a look of real life, a cordial flow of native animal spirits, which we find nowhere else. The Spanish Beggar Boys, at Dulwich College, cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever seen them.'

There are many other paintings in the gallery well worth an attentive perusal; but we are afraid our notices have already extended to a greater length than the reader's patience, and therefore we now cease to inflict our tediousness upon him.

MILITARY POLITENESS.

The most striking instance of military politeness on record, is probably an occurrence at the famous battle of Fontenoy, as related by Voltaire in his 'Siecle de Louis XV.' They (the English) were now about fifty yards distant. A regiment of English guards, those of Campbell, and the royal Scots, were the first; Sir James Campbell was their lieutenant-general, and Mr Churchill, the natural grandchild of the great Duke of Marlborough, their brigadier. The English officers saluted the French by pulling off their hats. The Count of Chabanne and the Duke de Biron, who were advanced, and all the officers of the French guards, returned them the salute. Lord Charles Hay, captain of the English guards, cried, 'Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!' The Count d'Auteroche, at that time lieutenant of the grenadiers, and afterwards captain, replied in a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, we never fire first—fire yourselves!' The English then gave them a running fire; that is to say, they fired in divisions. Nineteen officers of the guards fell by this single discharge; fifty-eight other officers, and 775 soldiers, killed or wounded: in fact 'the whole of the first rank were swept off. . . . The English advanced slowly, as if performing their exercise, the majors with their canes levelling the soldiers' guns to make them fire low and straight!' One is at a loss which to admire most—the politeness and urbanity of the bequeued, bepowdered, belaced, and beruffled officers on both sides, on the instant of destroying each other wholesale—the coolness of the men—or the imperturbable *sang froid* of the majors, who 'with their canes were levelling their soldiers' guns to make them fire low.' The whole, however, presents a picture of the glories of war—the *ultima ratio regum*, to which it would be difficult, in the whole range of history, to produce a parallel. It would almost compel our acquiescence with the assertion of a certain philosopher, that 'man is by nature a fighting animal.'—*Hood's Magazine.*

FEELING.

To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to *regulate*, though not *eradicate*, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting, but will undoubtedly render its victims very useless in society. Our feelings were given us to excite to *action*, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of. This is the chief reason why novels are so dangerous to young persons. My dear daughter will be persuaded that I say this from motives of the tenderest affection to her, and because I would have her not stifle the good and amiable emotions of her heart, but direct them rightly. I would not have my child become one of those of whom it may be said that they feel, and *only feel*. It is the most absurd and useless of all characters.—*Bishop Sandford.*

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
Its name excites no pride in us;
We have no hatred of the French,
No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.
The GLORY that our fathers gained
In bloody warfare years agone,
And which they talk of o'er their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we rather love the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong;
And sometimes blush when in the streets,
Quite out of date, an ancient song—
Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these
Of France or any other land;
And jealousies so poor and mean
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindliness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of 'forty-six,'
We rising men in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time.
And for their sakes, and for our own,
And freedom's sake o'er all the earth,
We'd rather let old feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gained by us
Disturb or gall them, let it rest;
Napoleon was a man of men,
But neither wickedest nor best:
Neither a demon nor a god;
And if they will adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind:
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of humankind.
Still, if there *must* be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French, why, then
Let earth behold us, while we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame—
We'll try who first shall light the world
With Charity's divinest flame—
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true—
We want no rivalry of arms,
We want no boasts of Waterloo.

—*Daily News.* C. M.

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

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COMMERCIAL ESTIMATES OF HUMAN NATURE.

I was induced, after some persuasion, to accompany a fair friend the other day on what is called a 'shopping excursion'—a catastrophe which must happen to every married man once or twice in his life at least, if not oftener. We set out with the intention of purchasing a pair of gloves, some ribbon, and a yard or two of lace, and I believe this intention to have been, on both sides, perfectly sincere: positively, we were to get nothing more. Nevertheless, before our return, we had become the fortunate possessors of a shawl, a parasol, two ribbons, a half-dozen pairs of gloves, two pieces of lace, a summer dress, and a straw-bonnet. What more we might not have been cajoled into purchasing, had not the evening been closing in, 'tis utterly impossible to say. It was sometimes very amusing, at others as much exasperating, to witness the efforts made to induce us to purchase. Now the enemy would address himself to the lady's vanity, now to her curiosity, now to her economy, or then, as a *dernier resort*, to the gentleman's liberality. Thus, to select a short specimen of his tactics:—'Just suit a lady of your complexion, ma'am; quite *the lady's* dress, I assure you; perfectly new; completely uncommon: only observe the colours, ma'am!' as my wife sat, with semi-reluctant gaze, looking at a satin dress which she could not afford to purchase, thrown into folds with such art, as to reflect its brilliant colouring and silken sheen to the best advantage. Then, observing the pecuniary difficulty of the case—'Yes, ma'am, a handsome dress; perhaps a *little* more suited for the carriage than the promenade; but here, ma'am, something else; a decided bargain this is'—and the satin was carefully covered over to avoid the injury of a contrast with the homelier material—'pattern quite French, ma'am; part of a bankrupt's stock' (*sotto voce*) 'sold off at an awful sacrifice; not to be bought wholesale for twice the money, ma'am.' Or again, as we were about to leave—'Just received some curious parasols, ma'am; original one exhibited to her Majesty and Prince Albert; half-a-dozen ordered same pattern; your lady will like, perhaps, to see them, sir? New and remarkably ingenious mechanical contrivance for opening and shutting, sir. Her majesty couldn't make it out at all, ma'am.' Unhappy victims! we were both in the net; and while the cash-boy lagged behind with the change, one of the curious parasols and a shawl were transferred to our keeping.

The money was, after all, well-spent, for it set me a-thinking. So, then, there is a new way of viewing human nature. We may look at it through the medium of the commercial estimate. Poor human nature! It has become a perfect matter of business to calculate upon its frailties, to flatter its passions—even its evil passions—to excite its curiosity, to practise upon its credulity, to impose upon its good-nature, and sometimes even to call forth its better qualities—to such an extent has competition and the general struggle for subsistence sharpened the faculties of the present age. In many cases the commercial estimate formed of us is productive of nothing more than a few innocent schemes for our decoy, which our discernment penetrates, while our good-nature forgives; but, on the whole, it is scarcely too much to aver that this estimate is a derogatory one. It looks at man in an unfavourable and unpleasing light, giving him, except in rare instances, credit for a preponderance of evil over good, and regarding him rather as an enemy, to be assailed or circumvented, than as a relation and friend. Take us for all in all, I believe we are both better and wiser than our commercial estimates set us down as being.

Beginning with small things. We may exemplarise the effects of this estimate of one of human nature's infirmities—that of indolence. We were once parties to a grave discussion concerning shop-door steps, in which a young beginner was solemnly recommended not to adopt more than one step into his shop. People, it was said (that is, human nature), wouldn't take the trouble to mount up two or three steps, when, by going a little farther on, a more easily-accessible establishment might invite them in. There can be no doubt that upon a hinge as slight as even this, many a man's fortune or ill-fortune *has* swung. We may likewise observe how carefully this infirmity is studied in the widely-opened, easily-revolving doors of our modern shops. Be the winter's frost ever so sharp, or the cold wind ever so keen, it is a standing rule that the public entrance be never hindered by a closed door, or only upon the condition that some genteel porter, in white cravat and black livery, stands in continual readiness to bow in or bow out the purchasers. Thus, in the former event, some dozen shivering assistants are kept blowing their fingers' ends because poor human nature is believed to be too lazy to lift a latch, to turn a handle, or to open a door. Again, surely human natures who possess carriages must be believed to be unfortunately incapable of all other locomotion whatsoever, or we should never behold such spectacles as that of a bonnet-and-capless waiting-woman serving, on a chill winter's day, some of these unfortunates closely shut up in the aforesaid vehicles in the open street.

But to proceed to graver matters.

Oh, human nature is a dreadful hard-bargaining, screw-driving, profit-clipping thing at its commercial estimate! Nothing can be too cheap for it. One's blood boils as one after another of these kind estimators steps forward, and, as it were, clutching one by the hand, cries out, 'I'm the man for your money; I'm your only true friend; rest of the trade vagabonds and extor-

tioners! Here's my shop; everything at half-price!' Nothing but this estimate of man's moral *status* can account for the eye-teasing, heart-fretting announcements which glare from huge placards covering our metropolitan walls and boardings, like disease blotches, as they are, posted with such art, as to catch the unwary pedestrian at every turn, and fill his mind with the very natural imagination, that half the world must be in a state of utter ruin and insolvency, and that it was about to be sold off and done up for the exclusive benefit and satisfaction of the other half. 'Frightful sacrifices!' 'alarming bankruptcies!' 'awful conflagrations!' 'sudden deaths of proprietors!' (safely grinning behind counters), 'dissolutions of partnerships!' and such-like catastrophes of every-day occurrence, present one with a truly awful picture of the havoc which must constantly be going on in the world. Here, some Israelitish gentleman, with an excessive and completely unaccountable liberality, offers to clothe us from head to heel pretty nearly for next to nothing; so that actually one is led to parodise the Irishman's sentiment, that railway travelling was so rapid, that one could get a hundred miles off faster than staying at home; and to conceive that it is cheaper to apply to this gentleman than to do without the clothes one really does not want. There, some linen-draper, whose house rejoices in the *soubriquet* of Coburg-House, Gotha-Mart, or some similar classic cognomen, tells his fair customers, 'No reasonable offer refused!' and sends out, each morning of his life, a score of pallid, shabby copies of the human genus, bound up in parti-coloured boards, to move in melancholy procession adown and along our unhappy streets, announcing behind and before to all the world that no time is to be lost, seeing that things are being completely given away—information of the utmost value and consequence, if the same were worth accepting. Here the ticket-writer's art is exhausted in the emblazonment of vast extents of Bristol-board, intended to inform human nature, of every rank, that the open-hearted owner of some fast-going-to-the-dogs establishment is, on his retirement from business—what a complete cart-before-the-horse tale, seeing that business is rapidly retiring from him!—steadfastly purposed to distribute his valuable stock at less than the original cost. There, again, two opposition shops cut down one another's profits, reduce themselves to ruin, and do a lasting injury to all neighbouring trade, not to speak of the poisonous influence their example has excited upon the morality of the community, and all—looking to second causes—to gratify the propensities, and rejoice the heart, of human nature. No; human nature never thinks (this is the language of these degraders of our kind), as it looks upon a cheap shirt, or coat, or other article of wearing apparel, of the weary hand, the heavy eye, and the aching heart which wrought, and fagged, and starved thereon. No; for, in a too common commercial light, human nature is conceived to be a thing captivated at being profited by the ruin, the misery, the destitution, the calamities, and the sin of its fellow-creatures.

A moiety of the human family must, without a doubt, have been born possessed of only half the wits and acuteness to which man is entitled, leaving it a shocking prey to the superior attainments of the other half. What are the commercial records upon the subject? They are to be found in the thousand-and-one devices used to entrap and deceive. I am in the habit of passing a shop, situated in one of our greatest thoroughfares, where, to my certain knowledge, for upwards of a year and a half, bills have been placarded in every conceivable direction over its windows, glaring with continual falsehoods. At first it was, 'Selling off—removal of the business—immense discount off previous prices!' This answered very well for a month or two. Next, in vermilion type—cast, one would imagine, in the type-foundry of Brobdignag—long papers appeared with the welcome intelligence, 'Must be cleared in fourteen days!' Months have passed away since then, and the same succession of untruths appears in the windows; and the very house seems to hang its head in shame, and to feel that it is no longer fit company for respectable houses.

If we take up a newspaper, and direct our attention to its advertisements, we perusc a remarkable and instructive record of what is commercially thought of our astuteness and credulity. To glance at the quack medicine advertisements. We read of the most astonishing cures, and the most miraculous restorations, performed by the sole means and instrumentality of the puffed-off panacea. Here is one amazing remedy of Protean adaptation—capable of doing anything, or everything, or nothing, just as the case requires, so that, armed with a bottle of this corked-up longevity, or guarded by a box of solid immortality done up into pills, one might defy death for ever. There is the prolific bear's grease, which in less than a week covered a bald gentleman's shining head with a regular shock of hair, the old gentleman being obliged to procure a new hat in consequence. There is the mirific North Pole Balsam for baldness, or the South American Whisker Curler, or the Parisian Mustache Cultivator, each possessed of the same qualities, and in the same tremendous measure. Or maternal human nature is besought to take care of its hopeful progeny, particularly during the teeth-cutting stage of the progeny's existence; and, to secure lovely children in glorious health, is intreated to procure a five-shilling bottle of the real and only true Infant's Blessing. To incite maternal nature thereto, an attempt is made to awaken maternal solicitude by recounting the thrilling case of one unhappy baby which was dying—if, indeed, it had not died out of hand—surrounded by the faculty, and was restored to consciousness in five minutes by a tablespoonful of the Blessing: after six of the same, it began to cry; and after three bottles, was, to the endless glory and fame of the elixir, set on its legs again. Or, in another direction, we read of the disposal, by auction, under the hammer of a London auctioneer, of some dank, dismal, grim, tumble-down old mansion, agued by a slimy duck-pool in front, and by marshy meadows behind, and surrounded by soil scarcely worth turning over. But the eyes of an auctioneer are filled with phantasmagoric delusions; and after taking a survey of the enchanting spot, he returns to town, and, with an enthusiasm which can scarcely be regarded as otherwise than maniacal, attempts to cram human nature's throat with the most vivid and refreshing descriptions of scenery. Such luxurious turns of speech about the '*lac artificiel*' down to which the lawn leads, the excessively rural walks, the rich meadows, the rusty—I beg pardon—the rustic gates, and the Arcadian groves. Bright visions! realisable only in the conceptions of his deluded imagination, or in the effusions of his very poetic pen. Or from his metropolitan rostrum he may be heard pouring forth untruths by the round dozen; ready to protest, nay, busily protesting, new to be old, false to be true, copies to be originals, and using a quantity of the most outrageous hyperbole before a crowd of human natures, who neither believe what he says, nor give him the credit of believing it himself.

When we approach the moral estimate of human nature, as displayed in too many of the publications of this era, we enter upon a subject which demands a condemnation yet more severe, in the proportion in which it stands as a crime, affecting the best interests of our race.

The occurrence of an atrocious murder, or of some terrible crime, whose fearful enormity is the measure of the depths of iniquity to which man, when he separates from God, can fall, is the signal for the outpouring of nothing less than a torrent of printed sin. The most incredible pains are taken to collect every particular of the wretched being's life; no expense is spared to obtain the most minute details of the crime. With a frightful curiosity, the blood-bespattered wall, the dangling rope, the empty phial, are searched out and described; por-

traits of the murderer, of his weapon, and of the place where the act was committed, are faithfully executed; and a species of emulation is kindled as to which shall be the first public organ to bawl into the ears of mankind that another of their number has exceeded all the common bounds of error. How shocking and revolting an estimate of the taste of our fellow-men, even to conceive that any other sentiments than those of grief and shuddering abhorrence could occupy the mind on such a subject! Can language be found strong enough to condemn that sinful and sin-spreading estimate of our nature which would gift it with tastes better befitting the inhabitants of the pit of Acheron, than the human creatures of the world in which we live?

Enough upon a very painful subject. It may be said these estimates are taken from life; but this does not invalidate our position. Must man, if commercially estimated at all, be taken in his very worst light? What if there be thousands of whom these estimates may be, in a measure, correct? Are there not hundreds of thousands more to whom they are an insult, an injury, and a disgrace? And indeed it is worth the inquiry, whether, out of the many evil, there are not a few to be found whose natural bias, had it not received the injurious impulse of an evil estimate, would have been to the better side. It is to be feared it is true; and, if true, it is a very serious truth, that there are others than poets who 'create the taste of the age in which they live.'

It is pleasant to be able to turn to certain Commercial Estimates of Human Nature of a sounder kind. There is an allowable zeal in business, which leads men to study human nature in anything but a censurable manner. It is delightful to see a well-set-out shop-window, in which the goods and chattels are, with a pardonable view to captivate our taste, arranged in a completely *argumentum ad hominem* manner, if the phrase is tolerable. The only mischief which can accrue from such an estimate, may be the hungry water it is apt to create, where the looker-on possesses pockets and digestive organs in anything but a condition of repletion. At those periods of the year more particularly sacred to eating and drinking, it is a very impressive amusement to perambulate the streets of our great cities, and behold what a goodly estimate of human nature's capabilities in this line every shop-window affords us. Neither are we suffered to forget the poor; for coarse sheetings and blankets are to be found in many a window, modestly half-concealed in a corner, with a little written bill affixed to them, commencing with, 'To the charitable,' and ending with 'this inclement but festive season.' These, and many others, are kindly estimates of our common nature, which no one would dream of quarrelling with; and they are, indeed, not bad indications of a thriving and prosperous trade.

To take leave of a digressive subject. I should be sorry that any one who reads these pages should still think it a trifling matter either to form, or to be the subject of, an unworthy commercial estimate. A low estimate of human nature is a sentiment which will not, which indeed cannot, fail to produce distrust between the members of what should be a happy and confiding family; and nothing is to be regarded either in a trifling or pardonable light which has the remotest tendency to produce such an effect. It may be assumed that, while our social economy remains the same, and so long as man has commercial dealings with his fellow, human nature must necessarily be commercially estimated. Granting an assumption to be true which we might find it difficult to deny, let our end be to elevate the standard whereby we measure reciprocally ourselves and our fellow-creatures; be it an honest, worthy, kind-hearted one, not the sordid and debasing measure of this day. What can be conceived of as more likely to keep human nature bad and bare, nay, indeed, what more prone to make it so, than to believe it, or to act as if it was believed to be so? And what—putting for the moment out of the question other agencies—more probable than that love should engender love, and good faith inspire a corresponding good faith, not alone in our commercial, but in every other portion of our intercourse with mankind. If there were any doubt upon the subject, it is susceptible and suggestive of, in our age and country at least, a thousand practical answers in the affirmative, which will recur to the minds of our readers.

The subject of this paper is a peculiar feature in the every-day commercial transactions of the present age; it is one over which a too-jealous watch can scarcely be kept, for its manifest tendency is to loosen the bonds of mutual regard, and to humble man to a position inferior to his right one in the intellectual, and, above all, in the moral scale.

MILNER'S GALLERY OF NATURE.*—THE LOST AND VARIABLE STARS.

THE Gallery of Nature is a large and elegantly-presented combination of modern knowledge on the subjects of astronomy, physical geography, and geology, illustrated by numerous wood-engravings, and a few beautiful plates; the whole forming an extremely suitable manual for the young and self-educating. The utmost that a reviewer can do with such a massive work, is to test it in several places. This we have done, and the result is satisfactory. We everywhere find Mr Milner ample in his information, correct in his manner of stating it, and familiar with the most recent discoveries. He writes easily and agreeably, and occasionally relieves the matter in hand by playful anecdotes connected with the history of science. On the whole, it is a book highly creditable to all parties concerned.

After some chapters on the solar system, and a general one on the stars, our author comes to detail what is known regarding the 'New, Variable, and Compound Stars.' To this section of his book we shall confine ourselves. 'When we compare,' he says, 'the present appearance of the sidereal heavens with the records of former catalogues, some stars are not to be found now whose places have been registered. There are four in Hercules, four in Cancer, one in Perseus, one in Pisces, one in Hydra, one in Orion, and two in Berenice's Hair, which have apparently disappeared from the sky. It is no doubt probable that apparent losses have often arisen from mistaken entries; yet, in many instances, it is certain that there is no mistake in the observation or entry, and that stars have really been observed, and as really have disappeared. A star of the fifth magnitude, 55 Herculis, in the catalogue of Flamstead, was particularly observed by Herschel in 1781 and 1782; but nine years afterwards it was gone, nor has it since been seen. Sir John Herschel, in May 1828, missed a star in Virgo, inserted in Baron Zach's catalogue, and has never been able to perceive it. "There are now wanting in the heavens," Montanari observed in 1670, "two stars of the second magnitude, in the stern and yard of the ship Argo. I and others observed them in the year 1664, upon occasion of the comet that appeared that year. When they first disappeared, I know not; only I am sure that, on the 10th of April 1668, there was not the least glimpse of them to be seen."

'On the other hand, there are some stars now in the heavens which are supposed to have only recently become visible. No entry of them occurs in the catalogues of former observers, who have registered objects of inferior magnitude in their neighbourhood, and would not therefore have omitted these had they been present. Thus, a star in the head of Cepheus, one in Gemini, another in Equuleus, a fourth in Sextantis, a remarkable one between β and δ Hydræ, a sixth in Hercules, and several others, are not given in Flamstead's cata-

* The Gallery of Nature; a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London: W. S. Orr and Co. 1846. [Pp. 504, royal 8vo.]

logue. These are probably new, as that most accurate observer of the heavens could scarcely have omitted them.

'In addition to these changes, the occurrence of stars starting into temporary visibility, shining with great lustre, and then entirely vanishing, however unaccountable, is so well authenticated as to obtain a place in the class of unquestionable phenomena. An instance of this kind occurred in the year 389 of our era. In the neighbourhood of Altair, in the constellation Aquila, a star suddenly appeared, continuing as brilliant as Venus for three weeks. Other stellar apparitions are recorded in the years 945 and 1264; but the most memorable case occurred in 1572. [In this last instance] the new star, which glowed with great splendour, and continued visible for eighteen months, appeared in Cassiopeia, immediately under the scabellum, or chair of the Lady. It was first caught sight of at Wittemburg on August 6th, seen at Augsburg on the 7th, observed by Cornelius Gemma on November 9th, and by Tycho on the 11th. It formed an irregular square with three of the principal stars of the constellation, maintained the same position invariably with respect to them during the whole time of its apparition, exhibited no sensible parallax, which plainly declared its place to be in the region of the fixed stars.' Kepler also observed, in 1604, a remarkably brilliant new star, which appeared in the right foot of Serpentarius, and kept its place for a twelvemonth. * *

'There are now seven or eight well-attested cases of fixed stars suddenly glowing from out the sombre bosom of infinity, shining with great vivacity for an interval, so as to be visible even in the day-time through the intensity of their light, then gradually fading away, and becoming entirely extinct. We are completely foiled by these apparent temporary stellar creations. Are they worlds which, having accomplished one cycle of their existence, have had their physical structure dissolved by fire, to be remodelled? Are they thus bodies which have lain hid from terrestrial gaze by their remoteness, until some vast combustion has given them a transient visibility? * * We have choice of another theory, on many accounts preferable, though not free from great difficulties. It has been conjectured that the temporary appearance of stars may be resolvable into a periodical translation from the depths of infinite space, to a station which brings them within the bounds of our vision. Their sudden and brilliant burst from the dark and distant void, upon this supposition, arises from a tremendous velocity; and their evanescent stay within our view, may be caused by one of the narrow extremities of an orbit immensely elliptical lying in the direction of our system. It is further conceived, that the temporary stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 were not different individuals, but in reality the same star. This is grounded upon the close accordance of the intervals separating the periods.

From 945 to 1264, 319 years.	From 1264 to 1572, 308 years.

It has been supposed, therefore, that the star has an orbit which it accomplishes in about three hundred years. With reference to this hypothesis, it will be for the present century to utter a verdict. If it be true, those who live thirty or forty years longer will see the star upon which Tycho gazed in his manhood, and Kepler when a boy, return to its station in Cassiopeia, again to glitter, to wane, and vanish! In corroboration of this theory, it should be mentioned that the stars of 945, 1264, and 1572 appeared in the same part of the heavens. The chief difficulty which lies in the way of the supposition, that the temporary stars are objects moving in orbits which display them periodically to us, is, that no change of place has been observed during the whole time of apparition.'

We now come to the class of stars called *variable*, some of which periodically wax and wane in their amount of light, while others not only do so, but for a brief time become absolutely invisible. According to Mr Milner, 'The earliest observed example of this class is *o* Ceti, called also Stella Mira, or the Wonderful Star, situated in the neck of the Whale. It was first particularly remarked by Fabricius, August 13, 1596, when it appeared as a star of the third magnitude, but before the end of the year it had retreated entirely from observation. Holward remarked it again in 1637, after which it disappeared for nine months, when he again saw it. The following are now its general phases, which are gone through in 331 days 10 hours and 19 minutes. When at the greatest brightness, it is equal to a star of the second magnitude, and remains so for about a fortnight. It then decreases during three months, passes entirely out of sight, continues invisible about five months, again comes into view, increases during three months, when it attains once more its maximum lustre. It does not always, however, return to the same degree of brightness, or increase and diminish by the same gradations, or invariably remain invisible the same length of time. For the four years between 1672 and 1676, it was never seen at all, though Hevelius searched that part of the heavens diligently for it.

'Algol, the name of the star β in Perseus, in the head of Medusa, is another remarkable instance of stellar mutation. It varies from the second to the fourth degree of magnitude. This was determined by Maraldi in 1694; but Mr Goodricke of York, in 1782, and about the same time Palitzch, the Saxon farmer, first accurately fixed the period of its changes. The star goes through its variations in a remarkably short space of time: it continues at its brightest two days and fourteen hours. Then its splendour suddenly begins to diminish, and in three hours and a half it is reduced to its minimum. Its feeblest lustre lasts but little more than fifteen minutes. It then begins to increase, and in three hours and a half more it is restored to its usual brightness. Its full period is therefore 2 days 20 hours and 48 minutes. The remarkable law of variation to which this star is subject, suggested to Goodricke the idea of some opaque body revolving around it, which, interposing between the earth and the star, cuts off a portion of its light.

'χ Cygni was ascertained to be variable, and its period determined by Kirch in 1686. It changes from the sixth to the eleventh degree of magnitude, and consequently at its brightest is only visible to the naked eye under favourable circumstances. There are altogether about twenty stars ascertained to be variable, and upwards of fifty suspected to belong to the class.

'Various conjectures have been hazarded to account for these cases of periodic stellar change. If we suppose the varying brightness of the bodies in question to be caused by varying distance—the same hypothesis as that which has been mentioned in connexion with the temporary stars—it is singular that their position should be wholly unaltered during their respective changes. This appears fatal to the idea of orbital motion being the cause of their versatile appearance. Another surmise is, that dark bodies revolve around these stars, which, periodically intervening between them and us, temporarily cut off their light. Mr Goodricke proposed this theory respecting the star Algol; but it is open to the objection that it requires us to assign a magnitude to the revolving body in relation to that which must be deemed its primary, which is out of all proportion to that which we are led to believe belongs to dependent orbs. The subservient bodies in our system are immensely inferior to their primary—the sun—and owing to this, to a distant observer of our part of the universe, the transit of the mighty globe of Jupiter across the sun's disk would produce no perceptible effect. Our knowledge of planetary motion is also adverse to that rigorous uniformity which is so marked a feature of the stellar changes.

'It may appear a gratuitous assumption to take the solar system as a miniature picture of others; but we can only reason concerning what is unknown from what we know. Minute white specks appear in the

neighbourhood of the stars γ Hydræ, α Geminorum, and ε Ursæ, which in all likelihood are their encircling planets—tributary companions—plainly and vastly inferior, according to the analogy of subservient bodies in our system. Their intervention would have no perceptible effect upon the appearance of their primaries to our vision. The most probable hypothesis that has yet been proposed to account for the examples before us of stellar changeableness, is that of axical rotation. The variable stars are supposed to have parts of their surface less luminous than the rest, which, when presented to us in the course of rotation, produce the periodical decay of light and absolute invisibility observable. A variety of circumstances occur to favour this idea. Rotation upon an axis is a law to which every orb is subject with which we are sufficiently acquainted—as the sun, the planets, and their satellites. The greatest uniformity marks the execution of the law, and in this it differs from translation in space. The planets travel in irregular paths, and with varying velocities in their orbits; but their axical motion is uniform. If, therefore, one of the hemispheres of a rotating body within the sphere of vision should be less luminous than the other, periods of decay, obscurity, revival, and vivacity would be exhibited of uniform occurrence and duration. Now, those who have paid most attention to solar phenomena, are of opinion that, besides the sun having variable spots upon his disk—which at times have been so numerous and extensive as to impair his orb—there is reason to believe the illuminating power of his two hemispheres to be unequal, one being much fainter than the other. We may not be sensible of this, because comparatively situated in immediate vicinity to his effulgence; but, removed to a vast remoteness, his rotatory motion might constitute him sensibly a variable star to us. Herschel remarks, "The rotary motion of stars upon their axes is a capital feature in their resemblance to the sun. It appears to me now, that we cannot refuse to admit such a motion, and that, indeed, it may be as evidently proved as the diurnal motion of the earth. Dark spots, or large portions of the surface less luminous than the rest, turned alternately in certain directions, either towards or from us, will account for all the phenomena of periodical changes in the lustre of the stars so satisfactorily, that we certainly need not look out for any other cause."'

Another cause, nevertheless, has been suggested, and may be adverted to. It is thought that the stars may not be the central bodies liable to a partial obscuration by those circling round them, but themselves the circling bodies, and that it is round still larger central bodies *giving no light* that they revolve, in which case of course they would be eclipsed on passing behind their primary. The idea of such vast dark masses in the heavens is calculated powerfully to affect the imagination.

Mr Milner then comes to *multiple* stars—'a class unknown till a very recent date. Soon after the application of the telescope to the heavens, it was perceived that some of those brilliant points, which appear single stars to the naked eye, are in reality stellar combinations, comprising two or more individuals. Little attention, however, was paid to them, and no suspicion entertained of their numerical amount. It was reserved for the elder Herschel to detect the richness of the mine, and to take precedence in bringing some of its treasures to light. A catalogue of five hundred stars, apparently single, but in fact binary, was produced by this distinguished observer, and presented to the Royal Society; and when he ceased from his labours, his mantle fell upon successors worthy to receive it. The list of conjoined bodies, whose positions and relative distances have been accurately determined, now includes a number which is five or six times greater than that which appears in the general stellar catalogue of the ancient observers. Sir James South and Sir John Herschel produced a catalogue of 380 multiple stars in the year 1824, as the result of their joint labours. This was followed by one of 480 from South, and another of 3300 from Herschel—the fruits of solitary observation. M. Struve of Dorpat, also has registered the data of 3000. These are all included in the northern hemisphere, and within 15 degrees south of the equator. From the southern heavens an equally plenteous harvest may be gathered, of which Mr Dunlop's catalogue of 250, observed at Paramata, may be regarded as the first fruits. Upon the whole, the number of stars whose multiple character and respective positions have been determined, cannot be rated at less than 6000. Of these the most numerous are twin-stars, or binary systems.

'Of all the binary stars in the heavens, Castor is the largest and the finest, the one also which has been the longest observed. Its structure and position were recorded by Pound in 1718, by Bradley and Maskelyne in 1759, and by Herschel in 1799; and in the present day it has been closely and perseveringly examined by Sir John Herschel, Struve, and Sir James South. Castor is *a* Geminorum, one of the bright stars in the head of the Twins, the most northerly of the two, and is easily separated by a moderately good telescope. Its constituents are of the third and fourth magnitude, at present about 3 seconds apart. The pair now make an angle with Pollux, the other principal star in Gemini. But in Bradley's time the position was different, as appears from a memorandum of one of his observations:—"Double star Castor. No change of position of the two stars: the line joining them at all times of the year *parallel* to the line joining Castor and Pollux in the heavens seen by the naked eye." Sir John Herschel speaks of this object as that whose unequivocal angular motion first impressed on his father's mind a full conviction of the reality of his long-cherished views on the subject of the binary stars. α Coronæ, half-way between the Northern Crown and the club of Boötes, is a delicate double star, not to be seen but under favourable circumstances, requiring the most powerful and perfect instruments. Its compound character was discovered by Herschel in 1781, since which time its constituents have gone through more than a complete revolution, which renders it the most remarkable binary star known. Rigel, the well-known star in the foot of Orion, consists of one large and brilliant with a minute companion. The attendant point was seen by Herschel with a power of 227, but has been reached by one of Dollond's two-foot telescopes with a power of 70. Polaris, the pole star, is resolved into two of very unequal size, the smaller appearing a mere point in comparison with its companion. Mirac, or ε Boötis, about 10 degrees north-east of Arcturus, is one of the loveliest objects in the heavens, on account of the contrasted colours of the two stars composing it. It requires a power of 200 distinctly to define the pair. γ Leonis, about 7½ degrees north-east of Regulus, is another striking example of a double star.

'Besides stellar pairs, there are many instances of triple combination, of points apparently individual resolving into three distinct bodies when examined by an instrument of high power. An object of this kind is in the constellation Monoceros, or the Unicorn—a star in the left fore-foot, which is resolved at first into two; but one of these, on minute inspection, is found to be double. Herschel, who discovered this triplicate in 1781, pronounced it one of the most beautiful sights in the heavens. Eleven sets of bright triple stars, conjunctions of three bodies, are specified by Struve in a very small space of the heavens.

'Combinations of four stars, constituting a quadruple scheme, composed of two double, have also been detected. β Lyræ, π^2 Canis Majoris, 8 Lacertæ, and ε Lyræ are examples. The latter object the naked eye discerns as a star of the fourth magnitude, about 1½ degrees from Vega, upon the frame of the Lyre. With slight instrumental aid, it separates readily into two well-defined stars, distinctly apart, and each of these two becomes binary under a higher power. There are still

more extraordinary combinations than the preceding, or quintuple and sextuple stars. Thus θ Orionis, the trapezium, in the nebula, the first object upon which Herschel turned his mighty telescope, appears as a star of the third magnitude to the naked eye. It was so classed by Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, but has long been known to be quadruple. Struve has, however, announced it to be quintuple; that is, when thoroughly examined, it consists of five constituent bodies so closely wedged as to appear an individual object.

'The phenomena of the multiple stars have already led to some interesting results. The Newtonian law of gravitation has, by their means, been opened to our view, operating in the far distant realms of the universe. When these proximate bodies were first discovered, it was not suspected that any physical connexion subsisted between them—any real contiguity. The proximity was supposed to be simply optical. It was imagined that one star lying at a remote distance behind another, and seen in nearly the same visual line, produced the appearance of a double star. In some instances this is undoubtedly the case; and, while the prevalence of the binary arrangement was limited to a few specimens, the solution was satisfactory. But the heavens are so thickly sprinkled with double stars, as to render it in the highest degree improbable that their occurrence is merely the accidental effect of two stars separated by a wide interval, lying out in space in the same direction. The argument adopted has been illustrated in the following manner. If we suppose a number of peas to be thrown at random on a chessboard, we should certainly expect to find them occupying irregular or random positions. If, contrary to this, they were, in far more than average numbers, found to be arranged in pairs on each square, the rational inference would be, that here there was no random scattering. The excessive prevalence of the binary arrangement would indicate forethought, design, and system.

'This is the reasoning of Dr Nichol, the force of which is obvious. Hence, when we find between the pole and 15 degrees south of the equator, 653 cases of conjunction, in which the bodies are not separated by the finest telescope from each other by more than the apparent diameter of Jupiter, and 612 cases of a lesser star associated with a greater, we are led to infer the real and designed proximity of these bodies. The principle now adverted to led Herschel to the conclusion that casual situations will not account for these multiplied phenomena; that, consequently, their existence must be owing to some general law of nature; and as the mutual gravitation of bodies toward each other is quite sufficient to account for the union of two stars, he felt authorised to ascribe such combinations to that principle. This reasoning has been emphatically confirmed by physical facts. The conclusion has been established beyond all doubt, that the multiple stars are made up of bodies in real association—physically connected. The constituents of a double star, closely watched through a series of years, are found to change their relative position, and to repeat the same cycle of change, indicating their systematic union under control of the law of gravitation. Here we have unquestionable signs of orbital motion, real binary systems of suns revolving around suns, the smaller around the greater, or both about a common centre of gravity. One has accomplished a complete revolution—ζ Coronæ—since observation was first directed to it; and, from the progress already made by others, their times of revolution have been estimated [in periods varying between 35 and 3077 years]. In consequence of revolution, the apparent distance between the constituents of a double star varies remarkably. Thus the two stars of γ Virginis have apparently approached each other, and have become so close as to present the appearance of a single star to the telescope, their respective motions again opening, as it were, a breach between them. The constituents of Castor now appear to be closing. "This star," says Sir John Herschel, "seems on the point of undergoing, within the ensuing twenty-four years, a remarkable change, similar to that of which γ Virginis has already furnished a striking instance during the last century, and passing from a distinct double star of the second class to a close one of the first, and ultimately to one of extreme closeness and difficulty, such as only the very finest telescopes, with all the improvements we may expect in them, will be capable of showing otherwise than single." We have thus seen suns in motion around each other—or around some intervening point, in the case of quadruple and quintuple stars—as decisively evidenced by observed phenomena, as the translation of the distant planets of our system around the central luminary. It required the most acute geometricians to resolve the well-known problem of three bodies, and it may be quite beyond our mathematics to determine the curves described by connected suns with attendant planets acting and reacting upon each other; but the fact of the stellar universe being the scene of activities—incessant, complex, yet nicely balanced and harmonised—is clearly before us.'

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

DEPARTURE—OSTEND—RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN BELGIUM—ARRIVAL AT ANTWERP.

'WHERE shall we pass our Easter holidays?' said a newly-married lady to her indulgent husband.

'Where,' exclaimed he, affecting an air of dissatisfied astonishment—'where can we be so happy as at home?'

'True,' replied the lady somewhat despondingly; 'but Easter, you know, is so universal a holiday, that everybody who can get away leaves town. Families of rank entertain "select parties" at their country seats; other people, who do not enjoy such good fortune, seek recreation in some favourite watering-place or suburban village; even the poorer artisans, who are too truly called "the working-classes," rejoicing in the consciousness of their liberty during the intermission of their labours, may be seen, in their best Sunday apparel, strolling into the parks and neighbouring fields, contented and happy. Indeed the knowledge and *sense* of there being a holiday among the people, excites in everybody's bosom a feeling of restlessness—a desire to go *somewhere;* just as birds on a fine sunny day appear to fly about merely for the pleasure of disporting their wings in the translucent atmosphere.'

'Quite true,' interposed another of the company; 'and it has always appeared to me that Easter ought to be held as a peculiar festival, not only upon religious principles, but because it happens at the most cheerful and most exhilarating season of the year, when every tree, and herb, and flower is budding into new life. It is true that we speak proverbially of "a merry Christmas" and a "happy New-Year;" but it is then wintry cold out of doors, and the gatherings of relatives and friends round the social fireside are too often saddened by some irreparable domestic bereavement. Nor are the incidents of the bygone year always, even in a worldly sense, matters for congratulation; but Easter arrives at no such critical epoch—makes no such sensible "pause upon the bridge of Time"—forces upon us no such painful retrospection. No; Easter brings with it only heart-stirring holiday associations: it steps forth always as the herald—but this year [1846], from the mildness of the past winter, more like the handmaiden—of Spring; and they who refuse to go out and welcome her approach, may well be accused of what Milton calls a "sullenness against nature."'

'Not unpoetically argued,' answered the husband; 'and if you like to make up a party for a short excursion, we will willingly join you; and supposing, instead of going to Brighton, or Worthing, or Ramsgate, we run down by the railway to Dover, cross over to Ostend, and pass our Easter holidays visiting leisurely some of the fine old towns in the Netherlands?'

'That would be delightful,' rejoined the young wife in an animated tone; 'more especially if you, who have so often explored their beauties and curiosities,' added she, addressing herself to me, 'would accompany us.'

'Be it so,' I replied. 'I will cheerfully act as your *cicerone*, or commissionaire, as this unlearned functionary is called in France and Belgium; and I would suggest that we at once determine upon witnessing the celebration of high mass at the cathedral of Antwerp on Easter Sunday.'

'Agreed—agreed!' was the consentaneous exclamation; and forthwith the preliminary arrangements were settled, and the following evening, with these three cheerful companions, I found myself in the railway train, once more hurrying along *en route* for the continent.

We steamed away with the usual railway speed; and upon reaching Dover, found, to our satisfaction, that a new government steamboat, named the Violet, was about to make the following morning her first—her maiden trip to Ostend. Our little party was therefore early on the alert, and at nine o'clock we were on board, steering steadily out of the harbour. The improvement in steam navigation is indeed wonderful. Only three years ago, we congratulated ourselves on making this very passage in eight hours; but we now found that the Violet cut—literally *cut*—through the water at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; and although we had a strong head-wind against us all the way, she reached her destination at a quarter past one o'clock—thus accomplishing the distance, which is sixty-five miles, in four hours and a quarter. The quay at Ostend was crowded, as usual, with a motley collection of people, among whom might be observed custom-house officers, porters, fishwomen, idle soldiers, and a host of hotel agents, who watch, like wreckers upon the coast of Cornwall, for the arrival of every steamer, for the purpose of pouncing upon the luckless passengers as they land. The predatory habits of this idle class of men may be easily accounted for by the simple fact, that the hotel-keepers for whom they cater pay them nothing—not even a commission on the custom they may apparently bring to the house. They are permitted to hang about the doors, and act ostensibly as the commissioners of the hotels, upon the understanding that this privilege will afford them sufficient opportunity for remunerating themselves, by obtaining whatever they can get from the visitors for looking after their passports, their luggage, and the next conveyance by which they may wish to proceed. They pursue no other occupation; they trust entirely to chance; and do not even live in the hotels for which they are apparently employed. And when the season, as it is technically called, is succeeded by winter, during which few passengers arrive, they have no other resource to fall back upon excepting what they may have laid aside during the harvest of their mendicity.

It appears curious that the hotel-keepers themselves do not employ trustworthy people of their own establishment to meet their customers upon landing, and perform whatever services might be required of them, for which they might make a fair and reasonable charge. This would put the matter upon a better principle; for commissioners in these foreign towns are to strangers a useful, and ought to be a more respectable, order of men. Immediately on our landing, they surrounded us, chattering like so many baboons in a most unearthly language—half Dutch, half French, half English—shouting out the names of the different hotels; and while the custom-house officers were quietly trundling off our baggage upon their trucks in one direction, these noisy myrmidons threatened to hurry us away bodily in another. The only way to get rid of their importunities is to name the hotel to which you go, upon which the commissioner who acts for it changes his tone, and steps civilly forward to your assistance, while his extortionate brethren withdraw. Upon reaching the portals of the custom-house, we were informed that everything must be deposited there, and remain in limbo until two o'clock. In small towns on the continent, between the hours of twelve and two, public business is suspended; and the few portmanteaus we had brought with us were therefore doomed to repose upon one of the custom-house benches—sympathising, we presume, with the siesta or noonday snooze of the authorities. It was some relief, however, to find that we were not troubled about, nor even asked to produce, our passports; for, in accordance with the spirit of the age—which seems to demand a free intercourse, personal and commercial, between all nations of the world—we found ourselves at liberty to land in Belgium without being subjected to the annoying delays and frivolous expenses which were entailed upon all passengers under the old passport system. Herein the Belgian government has set an example which, we may reasonably hope, will be followed by the king of Prussia as well as by the government of France; for in proportion as nations associate together, and amalgamate their interests, restrictive laws, tending to keep them asunder, must give way.

We soon ascertained that the next train from the Ostend station would not start in the direction of Brussels until half-past three o'clock, so that we had ample time to join the table d'hôte at the Hotel de la Cour Impériale, and afterwards look into the town. In all the principal hotels in Belgium there is a table d'hôte at two o'clock, and, during the season, another for the accommodation of visitors at four. But we have observed that, somehow or other, by a wonderful provision of nature, the appetite of English travellers can accommodate itself to all hours; so that those who cannot dine until the fashionable hour of six in London, contrive to make a hearty dinner about noonday when abroad. So fared it with us: and we would fain commemorate, although not professed epicures, one dish, which was to us a culinary novelty; namely, a boiled fowl, deluged *simpliciter* with shrimp sauce. Shade of Dr Kitchener, forgive us! And yet if salt calves' tongue or ham be a legitimate adjunct to boiled turkey or boiled fowl, why not the more delicate saline flavour of shrimp sauce? Try it, gentle reader, before you hazard an opinion.

After this early, albeit, as we have premised, satisfactory dinner, we strolled into the town, which has been sorely abused for its stupidity by all English authors. The theory by which the condemnation of these sea-coast towns—including Boulogne, Calais, and Dieppe—may be explained, we presume to be this: that these travelling malcontents arrive in them suffering generally under gastronomic irritation and depression from sea-sickness; their vision, as is well known to physiologists, is thus nervously affected, so that they see everything through a gloomy medium; and being anxious to pursue their journey—for English people, even those who have nothing to do, always travel in a hurry—they do not stay long enough to correct their prejudices, or form a just estimate of the place. The gay season of Ostend is during the summer and autumn months, when it is crowded principally by German visitors, who, from the facilities of the railway communication, find it a convenient, indeed the only sea-bathing place to which they can resort. It is then the long promenade, the Digue, which extends for a considerable distance along the sea-shore, and is curiously paved with little, narrow, Dutch tiles, and presents a scene of extreme gaiety, which is frequently enlivened by the presence of the king and queen of the Belgians, and their interesting family. The king, who is very popular, invariably resides for six or eight weeks at Ostend during the summer months. Here, as in other towns of Belgium, the Dutch fashion is adopted of placing two small looking-glasses outside the windows of the house, so adjusted as to reflect the passengers even at the distant end of the street; thus the mistress of the house sees, while she is at her embroidery, who is coming, and has plenty of time to give orders to her servants to admit or deny her to her dear

friends long before they have approached the threshold of her door. Others, over shops, are so adjusted as to reflect what is passing in them, so that the master, without troubling his clerks, may observe the customers at his counter. To the young traveller visiting the continent for the first time, the triangular apparatus in which these little mirrors are placed, projecting from the houses, has a curious effect; just as the forest of black boards which project from the second and third floor into the middle of the streets at Frankfort, from almost every house, bearing the name and trade of the occupant, struck us as very remarkable when we visited for the first time this 'imperial free town.'

We soon found the interval between our arrival and intended departure in continuation of our journey lessening; and having recovered our portmanteaus from the inquisitorial ordeal of the custom-house—which, we presume, will eventually share the fate of all other inquisitions, the laws of which are only preserved now as a matter of history—we took our seats as the signal-bell was ringing in one of the carriages of the *chemin de fer* or railway train, having provided ourselves with tickets for Antwerp. The management of the passengers' luggage is much better conducted here than it is in England. Upon arriving at the station, every person sees his baggage weighed, and pays by its weight according to the tariff; he is then given a *billet de reclamation*. The baggage is taken from him, and no matter how often he may be desired to change his place out of the carriage he first entered, he need not look after it, or give himself the slightest trouble, until he arrives at his destination, and then, upon presenting his ticket, it is restored to him, and the railway porters dispose of it as he may direct. How much better is this than the English system of allowing passengers to scramble after their own portmanteaus and carpet-bags, which it is often difficult to identify, for the simple reason that the trade is supplied with these articles by the same wholesale houses; and no wonder, therefore, that there should be so strong a family likeness between them as to lead to confusion. The Belgian railway, from Ostend to the Prussian frontier, runs along a highly-cultivated country, and the picturesque scenery on either side is not walled out of view by high embankments and deep cuttings. We might have fancied ourselves driving, as we passed rapidly onwards, through some English gentleman's estate; for the scenery was continually park-like, interspersed frequently with young plantations of fir, beech, and other trees; and in many places we observed orchards, with their apple-trees in full blossom, and neatly-trimmed gardens extending down to the very edge of the railway road. In some parts of the line, particularly near the Prussian frontier, the railway road is ornamentally enclosed with trees for many miles, just as an English carriage road between its hawthorn hedges.

We halted at a station about every twenty minutes, and were surprised at the number of people who, without bag or baggage, availed themselves of the convoy. However, from the priest in his black cassock and square-cornered hat, down to the field-labourer in his blue smock-frock, or *blouse*, as it is called, nobody seems to think in Belgium of any other mode of travelling. We also remarked the quiet and methodical manner in which the railway business, in every department, appeared to be conducted. We were not ever and anon startled by unaccountable shrill-piercing whistles from the engine-pipes, which thrill through our very bones, followed by shrieking agonies of escaping steam. The officers, too, at the different stations at which we stopped were observed walking about, and performing their duty in an orderly manner; whereas at the English stations they are seen running to and fro in every direction, and there is a shouting, and hallooing, and a slamming of doors, as if everything connected with a railway must be done with the greatest possible noise, hurry, and confusion. After passing Bloemandel—the Valley of Flowers—and Aeltre, we found, as we approached Ghent, the fields in every direction inundated by the late heavy rains. The overflowing of the Meuse had also, we were informed, done serious mischief. Upon leaving Ghent, the train turned round, as if into a back road, reversing the direction of our former course, so that the passengers who were before seated with their backs to the engine, found themselves facing it, and *vice versâ*, much to the annoyance of those who had been particular in the selection of their seats.

We now passed a number of towns and hamlets, the names of which it is not necessary to give, the scenery continuing all the way very picturesque until we reached Malines, the central station of all the railways in Belgium. Every railway throughout the kingdom meets at this point, so that the convergences of so many lines to this, which is the heart of the whole system, has a remarkable effect. The scene is curiously busy. A simultaneous arrival of trains is constantly taking place, and the number of people who alight from one convoy, and as rapidly disappear in another, is bewildering. The open arena before the station-house and the adjoining refreshment-rooms is one moment crowded with well-dressed people, of both sexes and all ages, who intermingle with each other in detached groups for a few seconds, and then stepping into their respective carriages, are the next moment hurried out of sight, leaving the place in comparative solitude. Yet in the midst of all this changing of carriages and concourse of people proceeding to different destinations, we did not observe any appearance of irregularity or confusion. We were detained at Malines half an hour, waiting for the train by which we were to proceed; and as the evening had already closed in upon us, we were glad when it arrived. Upon our arrival at Antwerp, a *vigilante* or hackney-carriage was immediately at our command, which landed us while the church bells were chiming eight o'clock at the Hotel du Parc in the Place Verte—an open space adorned with trees, through the shadows of which we discerned the statue of Rubens; and although a fine moonlight night might have tempted even more fatigued travellers to stroll out, we contented ourselves with the recollection that we had accomplished, in about eight hours, deducting the two principal stoppages, a journey of nearly a hundred and fifty-five miles;* and anticipating that we should receive much pleasure from our visit to this charming town, we retired at an early hour to rest.

POPE'S CORINNA.

Among the many persons of greater or less obscurity satirised in Pope's *Dunciad*, is a female author bearing the name of Corinna. She is introduced in a manner peculiarly opprobrious in connexion with the famous bookseller, Edmund Curll. The cause of her suffering in this manner was the concern she was believed to have had in surreptitiously giving to the world, in 1727, a small volume of juvenile letters by Pope. The letters were in her possession through circumstances in no respect dishonourable to her, though the contrary has been alleged. Pressed by poverty and the wheedling arts of Curll, she is said to have been induced to accept a small sum in order to allow of their being published—a transaction which, in the then doubtful state of all

* Distance from Dover to Ostend, 65 miles, performed in four hours and a quarter; distance from Ostend to Antwerp, 89½ miles, performed in four hours and a half. Total, eight hours and three-quarters; from which deduct stoppages, a quarter of an hour at Ghent, half an hour at Malines; and, without reckoning detention at other stations, the whole distance from Dover to Antwerp is thus accomplished in less than eight hours. If to this we add from London to Dover, 72 miles, which is always by railway, done in four hours, the whole distance from London to Antwerp may be accomplished in one day, always providing care be taken to reach Ostend in time for the half-past three o'clock train. The same convoy would conduct the traveller to Brussels by eight or half-past eight o'clock.

literary rights, implied much less culpability than a similar act would now do. Such was, at the worst, the real extent of the guilt of Corinna. If a true charge against her, it is not to be wholly excused, even under the plea of poverty. But when we learn that this was a woman who had passed honourably through many worse trials, and made many sad sacrifices, the charge becomes more than doubtful; and, whatever may be thought of it, we can little sympathise in the coarse and unmanly attack made upon her in that dreary record of literary irritability and malice—the Dunciad. We propose to give, from authentic sources within our reach, an account of the extraordinary history of this lady; partly because it is in itself a curious tale, and partly because it serves to show what a difference there may be between the reputation of a person in literary history, and the actual life and character of that person.

Corinna was but the assumed or title-page name of a lady who was by birth Elizabeth Thomas. She was a poetess, and, as such, is alluded to in commendatory terms by Dryden. In latter life she wrote many books, but never rose above the second class of authors, though she had all the generosity, tenderness, and delicacy, without which poetry is nothing. Her mother, when a beautiful girl of eighteen, had been given in marriage to a Mr Thomas, a man old enough to be her grandfather. His supposed wealth had been weighed against the sacrifice, and for a few years after their union he lived in great splendour, and then died, when Mrs Thomas was undeceived as to the state of his finances. She found herself in very straitened circumstances, which was the more keenly felt, as her darling child, who was just two years old, was of a delicate constitution, which made indulgence absolutely necessary. Immediately after her husband's death, Mrs Thomas parted with his town and his country house, and retired to the county of Surrey, where she took up her residence, as boarder, in the house of a cloth manufacturer. Though the lodgings were respectable, the society was ill suited to her; her host was illiterate, and his wife and family ignorant and vulgar. Her elegant appearance, however, attracted the notice of an intelligent physician, Dr Glysson, who saw her in church. He solicited her acquaintance, and she found his society a valuable acquisition. Though in his hundredth year, his memory was so tenacious and clear, his judgment so sound, and his spirits so cheerful, that he was a very delightful companion. In his person he was tall, his hair was white as snow, and his complexion was clear and blooming as that of early youth. He often visited her, and his pleasant conversation beguiled many a moment. On one visit which he made to her, she observed him drawing on a pair of 'rich Spanish leather gloves, embossed on the tops and backs with gold embroidery, and fringed round with gold.' Her curiosity was excited, and she asked the history of those gloves, which he seemed to touch with profound respect. 'I do respect them,' he answered; 'for the last time I had the honour of approaching my mistress, Queen Elizabeth, she pulled them from her own royal hands, saying, "Here, Glysson, wear them for my sake." I have done so with veneration, and I never drew them on but when I had a mind to honour those whom I visit, as I now do you: and since you love the memory of my royal mistress, take them and preserve them when I am gone.' He took his leave, never to see her more: he died in a few days. Mrs Thomas could not but regard this parting legacy with a feeling of deep melancholy, and she grieved much for one who had been to her so kind and courteous, and whose conversation had been at once so instructive and cheering.

There was not one in the domestic circle with whom she associated, with whom she could hold companionship. All that makes intercourse engaging—feelings, tastes, sympathies, and manners—were completely at variance. The family, however, were not slow in perceiving how solitary she appeared; and, being good-natured, and pitying her, they were anxious to see her in better spirits. They recommended another physician to her acquaintance; they described him as a wonderful being, endowed with powers quite supernatural—as 'a conjuror, and one able to raise the devil.' Mrs Thomas's curiosity was excited, as she concluded the doctor must possess talents and acquirements beyond their conception. He was accordingly invited to visit her, and his first appearance was sufficiently imposing. He was dressed in 'a greasy black grogram,' which he called the scholar's coat; he wore a long beard, and in every mark of a happy negligence was every inch a philosopher. He brought with him various philosophical instruments, and exhibited several experiments, intending to impress his new acquaintance with all due respect; but fearing she might impute his skill to dealings in the black art, he explained them in a confidential whisper. Mrs Thomas, seeing that he had a scientific turn, advised him to make his talents known, and to push himself forward in the world. He confided in her that he had a great work in hand, but that it was of such a nature as would involve him in considerable danger were it known. Flattered by seeing the confidence which he placed in her honour, the lady ventured to hint her wish to hear the important secret. Gratified by perceiving that he had awakened her curiosity, he described to her the pains which he had taken, and the means which he had used, for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and with what exultation he succeeded in obtaining the grand secret of projection. In proof of his success, he produced a bit of gold, into which he avowed he had transmuted a piece of lead, which he had picked from the casement of his window. Mrs Thomas, who had always felt intense interest in the subject of alchemy, listened eagerly, but asked why he had not made more gold. He told her that he had no more lead. She instantly sent up to a closet for some which she had, and gave it to him, requesting that he would bring it the next day transmuted into gold. The next morning, accordingly, he appeared with an ingot of gold, weighing two ounces, which he assured her was the very lead which she had given to him, transmuted into the precious metal. She found, on conversing with him, that he was not able to turn his valuable discovery to advantage, as the powder which was necessary was out, and he was without the means of purchasing more. She inquired how much would make a stock that would maintain itself. On hearing that fifty pounds would, in nine months, produce a million, she requested he would let her have the ingot, with which she hurried into town for the purpose of having it tested: it proved fine beyond the standard.

Convinced of the truth of all which the alchemist had asserted, she returned, and drew L.50 from her bank, which she placed in his hands. The great difficulty was now to carry on, without exciting suspicion, a work which was prohibited, and which might probably lead to dangerous consequences. The difficulty was, however, soon surmounted, and arrangements were made without delay. A house within a few miles of London was taken; here the philosopher was to have a public laboratory as a professed chemist, and to dispose of medicines to the apothecaries, by which the expense of the establishment was to be defrayed. While the grand undertaking was going on, Mrs Thomas acted as housekeeper, and the doctor and his man boarded with her; their sleeping apartment being in a different wing of the house from that which she and her daughter

occupied. As she knew that it would require time to complete the work in hand, she managed the household affairs with the strictest economy. In the meantime the doctor instructed the little Corinna in arithmetic, mathematics, and Latin. At length the wished-for time arrived—riches seemed already within grasp—everything was prepared—the vitriol furnace was set to work—it required the most intense heat for several days; but unfortunately, when everything appeared in such forwardness, the house caught fire, the stairs were consumed, and the family, who were in bed at the time, narrowly escaped with their lives. By this untoward accident Mrs Thomas lost L.300; yet still she was as sanguine as ever in her expectations. The indefatigable philosopher applied himself to carrying on the process in the other wing of the house with undiminished energy, and success and unbounded wealth were fondly anticipated. On the Sunday evening after the fire, Mrs Thomas had collected her little family, and was engaged in reading to them, when a violent report, as of cannon, was heard; the building shook to its very foundation, and the lady and her audience were forcibly dashed from their chairs. They looked on each other with terror and dismay, unable to divine the cause of the violent commotion. The philosopher, pretending to revive, ran about the room in a paroxysm of frenzy, stamping, wringing his hands, and tearing his hair; and crying 'Undone! undone!' he rushed out, like a maniac, to examine his workshop. With affected agitation, he unlocked the room door. His crucibles were found split from top to bottom, all his instruments lay scattered about, and his precious amalgam crumbled to dust on the ground. Mrs Thomas became suddenly enlightened, convinced that she had been cheated. The philosopher waited in silence, expecting a proffer of a further supply; but found himself disappointed. Mrs Thomas dismissed him; but fearing that he might be driven to some act of desperation, she kindly gave him five guineas at parting. She suffered for her credulity and imprudence. She was overwhelmed with regret and confusion for having thrown herself into the hands of a madman or an impostor, by which her means were much reduced; her health became affected; but time and patience at length restored her.

In the meantime Corinna had become attached to a Mr Gwynnet, of the Middle Temple, whose fond sympathy and unshaken constancy must have supported her under many trials—the greatest of which, perhaps, were her delicate state of health, and the despotic rule which, there is reason to think, her mother exercised over her. Mrs Thomas removed to Bloomsbury, and renewed her acquaintance with several of her husband's influential friends, who promised to serve her. By strict economy, she contrived to make an elegant appearance, so that her circumstances were supposed to be much better than they really were. The Duke of Montague appeared deeply interested for the widow and her daughter, and in touching on the state of their affairs, he advised Mrs Thomas to let part of her house. She replied that, though she was ill suited to dealing with strangers, she would gladly receive a family who wanted the accommodation which she could afford, if any such should present itself. 'I myself will be your tenant,' said the duke. 'You do not, I see, believe me; but I do assure you that I am serious. I wish to enjoy freedom from ceremony, which I cannot at home, and to have the company of a few friends without parade or show.' The bargain was made, and his Grace was to pass for Mr Freeman of Herefordshire. In a few days after, he ordered dinner for some country friends; but great was the surprise of Mrs Thomas when she saw the Duke of Devonshire, Lords Buckingham and Dorset, and Sir William Dutton Calt, introduced under feigned names. She concluded the whole matter to be a mere frolic; but after the lapse of several days, these noblemen, who were constantly together, confiding in her honour, intrusted her with the secret of their meetings, which were held for the purpose of consulting on the revolutionary movement. Though every precaution was taken to elude suspicion, it was at length awakened, and Mrs Thomas's house was closely watched; but those appointed to act as spies soon betrayed their trust, and allowed the meetings to go on without interference or notice. Time passed. Secret consultations were no longer held, for the Revolution was effected. The Duke of Montague and his friends took leave of Mrs Thomas, with grateful acknowledgments for the zeal and fidelity which she had shown in the cause, which was now crowned with success, and with earnest assurance of their determination to have her rewarded, by being appointed to some situation in the royal household, or receiving the grant of a pension. But benefits are soon forgotten, and Mrs Thomas and her good service were not thought of.

At length, knowing the interest which the Duke of Montague possessed, she determined to apply to him in favour of Mr Gwynnet; for, though asking nothing for herself, she was most anxious to promote the happiness of her child. The duke was gracious, and said that he would comply on condition that the request was made by Corinna in person. It was with no slight degree of surprise that Mrs Thomas heard her daughter positively refuse to avail herself of this promise. She had conceived that she would have hailed the prospect of good-fortune with joy, and have hastened to solicit his Grace for her betrothed lover. Her mother's wishes had been ever a law to her, and it was strange that she should oppose them now, when they were solely for her welfare. How strange that she should peremptorily decline what would realise hopes long and fondly cherished! It was in vain, by arguments or intreaties, to try to overcome her determination. The resolution of a creature so gentle cou'd not be ascribed to obstinacy or caprice, and at length, yielding to her mother's intreaties for an explanation, she acquainted her that the duke had dared to make dishonourable proposals to her. Her mother then of course acknowledged the propriety of her daughter's resolve.

A hard task remained for Corinna, but as it was one which her deep sense of honour dictated, it was accomplished. As every prospect of bettering her fortune seemed closed, and as she thought her lover's friends would disapprove of a match so unequal, she told him that all between them was at an end; and they parted. She must have suffered deeply in making this voluntary sacrifice of her happiness; but doubtless she was supported by the consciousness of the rectitude by which she had been actuated.

She now endeavoured to direct the energies of her mind, with redoubled assiduity, to literary pursuits, and thus time sped on. Her mother fell into a severe illness, in which Corinna tenderly watched over her. It was at this time that Mr Gwynnet's father, touched by his son's ardent attachment, determined to remove every obstacle to his union with Corinna, by settling a handsome independence on him. The happy lover hastened to claim his bride, but was again disappointed: she was tending her mother, and declared she would never leave her unless she recovered. She could never, she said, leave her mother to die among strangers. Still urged by her lover, she replied, that as she had not thought sixteen years long in waiting for him, he could not think six months long in expectation of her. He answered, with a deep sigh, 'Six months, my Corinna, at this time, is more than sixteen years have been. You put it off now, and God will put it off for ever.' His prediction was fulfilled. He went to the country next morning—he made his will—he sickened and died. The sad event occurred on the 16th of April 1711. Mr Gwynnet had left a bequest of L.600 to Corinna. But from this she never derived any personal benefit. Only a moiety of her lover's legacy reached her hands, which she immediately appropriated to the payment of her mother's debts. For the remainder, she was involved in the harassing turmoils of law, and never got possession of it. It was amidst these troubles, and with

an infirm mother depending upon her, that this poor lady struggled to realise a little money by her writings, and became one of the slaves of the infamous Curll, who seems to have been a man destitute of both feeling and honourable principle. In time, her mother died. She says, speaking of this bereavement, 'Sorrow has been my food ever since.' Her own death took place in 1730.

We now come to consider Corinna's quarrel with Pope. Much credence has been given to the statement that, when reduced to the most extreme distress, Curll took advantage of her necessities, and wheedled from her some letters from Pope to Mr Cromwell, which she happened to have in her possession, and for which he gave her a sum of money. That Curll was capable of doing so, cannot be doubted; but surely it seems most unlikely that a lady who had withstood the offers of fortune, and the promptings of an early and fond attachment, when opposed to high principle, could have degraded herself by a mean and sordid action, however sorely pressed. That the whole affair was a contrivance of Pope himself, appears by no means unlikely, when the circumstances are considered. A preface, signed by Pope and Swift, had appeared a short time before, prefixed to a volume of miscellanies, which was evidently written by the former. In this preface he complains of the robberies committed on authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. It was shortly after this note of preparation that the volume of Pope's letters, published by Curll, appeared. Corinna was accused as the accomplice in the transaction on which Pope grounded the quarrel, which gave an ostensible colour to the charge. The unfortunate and indigent have but little power of repelling attacks. There was an attempt, too, to sully her fair fame with the breath of slander; and this great wrong was inflicted by him who disputed her right to his brother's legacy, and who crushed her so completely by the expenses in which she was involved in the endeavour to make good her claim, that she languished for a while in confinement, and for the rest of her days in obscurity.

All the subsequent circumstances connected with the publication of Pope's correspondence come to the same purport. Curll, pleased with the success of the volume of letters, preserved the originals carefully in his shop; and the collection is now deposited among Rawlinson's manuscripts at the Bodleian. A new edition, with additions, was announced; and an advertisement was put forward that Curll was ready to treat for any of Pope's letters which might be offered. Soon after, according to Curll's account, he one evening received a visit from a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, who negotiated with him for the sale of a number of printed volumes containing letters by Pope. The bookseller paid for them, without asking whence they came; but he did not publish them till he had apprised Pope of the circumstance. The poet only replied by a contemptuous advertisement in the newspapers, professing to think it dangerous to have any correspondence with Curll. The bookseller then brought out the letters, which were of a kind to impress the world with the most favourable opinion of the writer's candour, tenderness, and benevolence, although Pope professed to be greatly ashamed of them, as trivial things, full of levities and wrong judgments on men and books, and only excusable on account of the youth and inexperience of the writer. When the public expressed some surprise that, nevertheless, they were not forgeries, but real letters, the poet explained that, since the appearance of his correspondence with Mr Cromwell, he had been advised to collect his letters; he had consequently copied them into two books, which he deposited in Lord Oxford's library: from thence it was that they had been subtracted. His only remedy, he said, was to publish an authentic edition of the whole of his correspondence; and this he did in 1737.

The sagacity of Dr Johnson, and the ingenious inquiries of Mr D'Israeli, have now satisfied the world that the whole of this latter transaction was a subtle contrivance of Pope to furnish himself with a pretext for the extraordinary step of publishing his letters to his friends in his own lifetime. But are we to believe that he commenced his plans only when he sent the mock clergyman to Curll's shop? Are we not justified rather in believing that to himself primarily was the publication of the first volume also owing? If so, how utterly detestable must have been the spirit of this spiteful little man, who could not only lead another into a crime, but, with a solemn face, pretend to treat it with due severity, and, in doing so, use such language as it is foulness inexpressible for any man to use regarding any woman!

FURTHER GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

June 1846.

The turmoil which occurs in and about London during the week of Epsom races, affords a curious insight into the tastes of a large portion of the inhabitants. Epsom is about fifteen miles from town, and, in consequence of the distance, there are few or no pedestrians: all find their way to the great centre of attraction on horseback, or by some kind of vehicle. Early on each day of the races the streets exhibit a more than usual bustle; thousands of horses and carriages are seen pouring onward; and the weather being fine, everything is gay and lively. Wednesday is the great day, popularly called 'the Derby,' from the late Earl of Derby having given a prize to be run for on that day. The Derby, or rather the *Darby*, as the people pronounce it, is the holiday of holidays—the event looked forward to for months, if not for the whole year. In every company the Derby is the subject of conversation. Not to go to the Derby is being next thing to nobody. During the day of the Derby, after the bustle of getting away is over, London seems empty. The streets have a quietness which is strikingly in contrast with the at other times incessant turmoil. The Derby this year was more than usually brilliant; the concourse tremendous. A gentleman, who seems to know all about these things, tells me that, independently of what is lost and won by betting, the money turned over that day, on account of the race, could not be less than a million. About two hundred thousand people were present, the very poorest of whom would spend a sovereign. In general, however, the expenditure would be nearer five pounds a-head. The hire of a very large number of the carriages for the day was twenty guineas each. The money paid for toll-bars may be estimated at L.10,000. Being at dinner in a gentleman's house on the line of road to and from Epsom, I had an opportunity of seeing the rush homeward in the evening. It was a continuous flow of horses and carriages for several hours, and it was not all exhausted at midnight. The shouting and singing, the flourishing of sticks and empty bottles, and the frantic pell-mell galloping of overdriven horses, not to speak of the dust-covered clothes of the riders, made up a curious but dismal spectacle. What, however, appeared to me as most remarkable, was the great proportion of people belonging to the middle and humbler classes. Perhaps three-fourths of all the vehicles were of the species of gigs called Whitechapel carts—used by bakers, green-grocers, and other tradesmen. The greater number of these apparently contained whole families—father, mother, and children—all dressed in their best, and with faces stewing with heat and excitement. There were likewise many tilted vans or wagons, containing workmen

who had clubbed to pay the expenses of the excursion. I was surprised to see so few persons of fashion, and, in particular, so few ladies: these, however, I am told, keep up for 'the Oaks' on Friday. The bulk of those who patronise the Derby are, in short, shopkeepers, shopkeepers' assistants, and tradesmen. The zeal with which these classes take up the affair is amazing. All, individually, bet less or more on the horses; and at the public-houses, guinea stakes clubbed together are drawn for by workmen. The whole thing is a kind of Juggernaut of morals—an immolation of every virtue. So eager are some persons to go to the Derby, that they would make almost any sacrifice to be present. I have heard of a chief functionary in a haberdasher's shop giving up a situation of L.500 a-year, in consequence of his request to attend the Derby being refused.

Seeing that, notwithstanding all sorts of improvements, the love of horse-racing continues pretty strong in England, some may be inclined to take rather desponding views of social advancement. But as one swallow does not make a summer, so the prevalence of one foolish practice does not render things utterly hopeless. Attendance at horse-races, like a love for dram-drinking, is going off at the skirts of society. It is not so fashionable as it was, and is in many respects less odious. Besides, how many harmless and rational kinds of recreation are now observable! Forty years ago, duck-pelting was a common Sunday and Monday amusement among the working-classes of the metropolis. All this is gone. On Mondays and holidays, great numbers of well-dressed working people, men and women, go out, in neatly-decorated vans, to enjoy a day's sunshine and fresh air in Epping Forest. In entering the city by Shore Ditch, I often meet these vans on their way to the glades and fields, where, as I have at times observed, the parties enjoy themselves in picnics on the grass with as much propriety as if they belonged to classes of a higher rank. And why not? Van excursions to Hampton Court, Epping Forest, Dulwich, Hampstead, and other quarters, are among the signs of the times. The working-classes have only to think and act with prudence, in order to secure many benefits and pleasures hitherto assumed to be incompatible with their means and position.

I do not know that anything shows so effectually how much reading is going on now-a-days, as the universal establishment of book and newspaper stalls at railway stations. Some of the keepers of these stalls sell more books than many a large shop. The works disposed of being only for perusal in the railway carriages, are of course generally of a light and cheap class; but it is interesting to notice that they are also of an improving, or, at all events, not of an objectionable nature. The sales effected at the terminus of the London and Birmingham line are so considerable, that the bookseller, I am told, pays L.40 per annum as rent for his stall.

I observe that all the lines of railway going out of London are now provided with electric telegraphs. Each line has four, or five, or more wires, communicating respectively with different chief stations, by which means intelligence can be conveyed either along the whole, or a part of the way. Government has a special wire, or wires, on the South-Western line, by which there is communication to and from the dockyard at Gosport. The order to get a ship ready for sea could thus be given in an instant of time. Science never achieved a more wonderful feat than this: it is a marvel above all the marvels of the age.

Desirous of seeing the atmospheric railway principle in action, I lately visited the line which proceeds from London to Croydon, a distance of ten miles. The terminus is at the station of the Dover railway, London Bridge; and along that line, for two or three miles, the train to Croydon is in the first place drawn by a locomotive. Having gone so far, the train is run upon the atmospheric line, and is conducted on it to Croydon, stopping at Norwood station by the way. The apparatus consists, as is well known, of an iron tube about a foot in diameter, fixed on the ground, between the rails; on the upper side is a seam, affording a connexion between the piston within and the first carriage in the train. There are three stationary engines, erected in handsome edifices, for producing the necessary suction. I confess to being somewhat disappointed both as to the rate of speed and the equability of the motion. We went more slowly than we had previously done with the locomotive, and the movement was not smoother than that on ordinary lines. There were likewise occasional unpleasant puffs of smoke from the friction on the greasy seam of the tube—a thing which I had not by any means calculated on. It would be presumption for me to speak of this species of traction as a failure. I have no doubt it may be adopted in certain situations with advantage; but experience, so far as it has gone, does not warrant its general application. Before dismissing railways, I may allude to a fact which excites no little interest at present in London: the traffic is increasing so fast on the principal lines, that the respective companies cannot find carriages or locomotives to meet the demand. Double the number of trains would in some cases be put on, if locomotives could be procured. With such facts as this, I should hold it to be impossible to restrain railway enterprise within sober bounds; that is to say, without a general and soundly-considered law on the subject.

At the spot where I reside, which is pretty nearly the centre of the metropolis, the general post is not delivered till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; on Mondays, it makes its appearance at twelve, or sometimes later. I hear everybody complain of the inconvenience of these late deliveries; yet as London is ill to move, nothing seems to be done towards remedying the evil. To myself, it forms a serious drawback on the pleasures of a short residence in town. Finding it necessary to remain at home till the delivery takes place, my time is a good deal cut up: it is noon before I can go out. A number of merchants, who are particularly anxious for a delivery of their letters as early as nine o'clock, pay a pound per annum to the postman of the district for the accommodation. These payments enable the postmen to hire supernumeraries; in fact, to employ servants to do a part of their work. What a revelation is this of post-office management! So few men employed to carry out the letters, that they cannot get through their duties in proper time, or without hiring assistants out of their own perquisites! But this is not all. The poor men are not sufficiently remunerated for their incessant labour. Left to eke out their salaries by presents, they further increase their means by the sale of an annual London directory. This work, got up by their united efforts, is a closely-printed octavo of 1900 pages, and forms a valuable body of knowledge. I am told that, unless for the profits of this undertaking, the situation of postman would not be worth having—in other words, government would seem to pay this useful body of men such small wages, that they could not live unless they at the same time depended on a private trading speculation. I have heard of one postman clearing upwards of L.150 annually by this perfectly

legitimate means. I very much admire some of the arrangements of our stupendous post-office system; but there are features in its character which one cannot contemplate with pleasure, and none with less than the generally shabby way in which the services above alluded to are requited.*

When I was last in town, a conspicuous object was continually moving about the streets, in the form of a huge hat, on wheels, drawn by a horse, and bearing placards referring to the shop of a particular dealer in that necessary article. The thoroughfares are, in fact, seriously incommoded by great perambulating machines, stuck over with placards recommending all sorts of wares. The latest novelty I have seen is a large pavilion-shaped box, moving along without any visible means. On looking narrowly, however, we perceive that it is urged by wheels within; but whether the *power* is a man or a donkey, no one can divine. A man walks along to keep it company, as a guard of honour. Sir Peter Laurie has attempted to grapple with this nuisance of advertising vans. The *Times* has also lifted up its voice, denouncing the inconvenience in eloquent terms:—'If our memory does not deceive us, it originated in a moderate-sized exhortation to the public "to reform their tailors' bills," or to emulate the conduct of a gentleman in a field-marshal's uniform, giving a dinner to five or six other military men—all field-marshals like himself—who are in raptures over a few blue and white plates, which the host was emphatically declaring he had purchased recently, in "cash down," for a mere trifle. He was also adding, for the further information of his distinguished guests, that the service included "four vegetables, two sauces, a soup-tureen, and a salad-bowl." For some time after the disappearance of this great military *tableau*, the advertising vans seemed to have disappeared, with the exception of an occasional visit from a perambulating hat, or a party of wax gentlemen, jolting about in the most uncomfortable manner, by way of illustrating the newest spring fashions. These, however, being few and far between, might have been suffered to pass, particularly as, by their voluntary disappearance one after the other, it would seem that, owing to the good sense of the public, the objectionable style of puffing got cured in the most effectual manner possible; namely, by its never answering. Latterly, the evil has broken out in so many quarters at once, that there seems no chance of stopping it without the intervention of authority. Quackery of every kind is rearing its paper placards on the moving mountains, which, under the name of advertising vans, form obstructions, as if so many fragments of Alp or Apennine were thrown into the streets of the metropolis. Every puffing establishment sends out its miniature Mont Blanc of white paper placards; and the wonder is, that an occasional upset does not bury some unfortunate equipage of smaller dimensions under an avalanche. Unless some steps are taken, we are quite sure that the evil will become greater and greater, for every quack seeks to go beyond the others in the magnitude of his puffing apparatus.'

A stranger looks with fear and wonder on these desperate efforts to which the human being is reduced in London in order to obtain a livelihood, and longs to get back into the peace and quiet of the provinces, where, happily, it is yet possible to be a tradesman, and to live as such, without the necessity of ceasing nearly altogether to be a man.

For the last four years there has been a surprising and unaccountable mania for erecting statues of the Duke of Wellington. The favourite form is equestrian, which sculptors have not been always able to manage very happily. The best yet got up is that in front of the Exchange, Glasgow—rather trifling in details, yet good. They have made a very poor thing of his Grace in front of the Exchange in London. He is sitting on horseback, half-dressed, with a blanket thrown over his shoulders, and nothing but stockings on his feet and legs. There is at present a great pother in town about hoisting a monstrous equestrian statue of the duke to the top of the arch which stands at the north-west corner of the Green Park. This arch itself is a clumsy enough work of art. The sandstone of which it is built is already mouldering away, and some of the finer parts of the cornice are gone. On the summit of this modern, but decaying edifice, a heavy square base of stone has been erected; but it is feared that, when to this is added the monster statue, the whole affair will come down! There is, to all appearance, not only a great want of taste, but a want of prudential consideration in the manner in which public monuments are got up in the metropolis. What a contrast to the address with which the French embellish their capital!

Some time ago young ladies were great cultivators of albums, for which they were continually begging poems from their friends, and bothering every one for miscellaneous contributions. The epidemic, I find, has taken a new turn in London. Poems and sketches are no longer in vogue: the rage is all for letters and autographs. To such a height has this been carried, that the collecting of private letters, notes, and autographs has attained the importance of a profession. There are head and sub-collectors. The subs are young ladies and others, who go about worrying acquaintances for anything in the form of writing they can pick up. 'Could you favour me with a letter of Sir Robert Peel?' 'Perhaps you could let me have an autograph of the Rev. Sidney Smith?' 'I should like so much to have a note written by Wordsworth!'—are the sort of questions one often hears put. Letters and autographs collected in this way are sometimes handed at so much to the keeper of a depôt of the article, by whom albums can be furnished at a minute's notice. In going down Maddox Street the other day, I stumbled on one of these depositories. My eye caught an announcement of *twenty thousand letters and autographs being for sale within*. Surely this is an undignified and illegal species of traffic. Letters are written in confidence, without the slightest idea that they will become objects of interest to third parties, or that they will be catalogued at so much a-piece. Their disposal, either by gift or sale, is a breach of trust. It has been determined in the courts that a letter remains the property of the writer—it is his copyright. Taking, however, a less grave view of the subject, it must strike every one that the disposal and exhibition of private letters and notes is a serious indecorum, which must end in breaking up the mutual confidence of friends, and causing an unpleasant reserve where there ought to be a genuine pouring out of the feelings. Ladies who pridefully, and amidst the gaieties of a drawing-room, show off their stock of letters and autographs, are seemingly unconscious that they are committing a decidedly immoral and illegal act—that they are parading what are, to all intents and purposes, stolen goods. Let all this kind of thing be put down: let ladies cease to gather and parade epistolary property; and let people refrain from appearing amused with such exhibitions. The reading of a private note by a third party is an act of no higher moral standing than the listening to a conversation through a key-hole!

Another queer practice prevails to a certain extent among young ladies here. On calling in the forenoon, you will very likely see them busy with a needle at a tapestry frame. The industry exhibited in this way is remarkable; but, unfortunately, it is not in all cases genuine. Some of the fair needlewomen are *bona fide*, but many of them are only *sham* workers. Hundreds are mere pretenders, and cannot do a stitch properly, unless by chance: yet they have a very beautiful half-finished piece before them. How is this? A young lady explained to me the mystery as follows:—There are establishments in London for the preparation and

* Since putting the above in type, we observe by a London newspaper that the post-office authorities have in contemplation the abolition of the 'early delivery,' the purchasing of the copyright of the directory, and some other changes. It remains to be seen how soon the letters will be generally delivered in the morning.—Ed.

sale of half-executed pieces of needlework. In one place fifty girls are so employed; their good taste and nimble fingers preparing groups of flowers or other figures for fine-lady customers. From such establishments the pieces are sent home incomplete, and with the needle stuck in the very rosebud which the lady is to be seen pretendedly working! Oh that everlasting rosebud! She is always at it when the triple rap is sounded by the knocker. *This*, too, is immoral.

CONVERSATION.

THE art of conversation is generally considered to be something so easy of attainment—so natural a consequence of that gift of rational speech which distinguishes man from the rest of creation—that few persons take any trouble to prepare themselves for its practice. Perhaps this is the reason why, when we recall conversations in which we have taken a part, we generally find that but a small amount either of pleasure or improvement had been obtained from them. Among the educated classes, where we should naturally expect to find conversation pure, animated, and intellectual, there are many persons so much the slaves of conventional forms of speech and action, that the light of reason, or the warmth of feeling, never breaks through. Lord Bacon, long ago, described such people 'as having certain commonplaces wherein they are good, but want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious and ridiculous. It is good,' he continues in his quaint and solid style, 'in speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jests with earnests;' all which presupposes extensive and varied information, and that union of quick perceptions with good-sense and good-humour which we now call *tact*. This power was considered by Hazlitt 'to consist in the being completely aware of the feeling belonging to certain situations, passions, &c. and the being consequently sensible to their slightest indications or movements in others;' and Rousseau must have had a similar idea of it, when he laments that he had not himself 'the calmness to think, and the quickness to speak, what was most appropriate in society, where one should know everybody's character and history, so as to say nothing that can give offence to any one.' Indeed many men, who have been conspicuous in the eye of the world for their fine mental qualifications, have failed in the same way: profound philosophers and scholars, like Sir Isaac Newton, having been proverbial for absence of mind, taciturnity, and awkward bashfulness. They had the 'reading which makes a full man,' but not 'the speaking which makes the ready man.'

Cowper, whose sensibility unfitted him for the rough realities of life, but who estimated, as they deserved, the consolations of genuine friendship, describes conversation —such, probably, as he enjoyed in his own select circle—as

'A gift, and not an art.'

Yet the kind and confidential intercourse which is the charm of the inner domestic life, will not bear to be confounded with the conversation suited to that wider circle of society where the gay and the gifted meet, as on an arena, some to observe, and others to display talent and acquirements; for there must be good listeners as well as good talkers. 'One reason,' says the witty Rochefoucault in his Maxims, 'why we meet with so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarce any one who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him. Even those who have the most address and politeness, think they do enough if they only seem attentive; at the same time, their eyes and their minds betray a distraction as to what is addressed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themselves were saying; not reflecting that to be thus studious of pleasing themselves, is but a poor way of pleasing or convincing others; and that to hear patiently, and answer precisely, are the great perfections of conversation.' Rochefoucault was a man of the world, one of the proudest and most polished of that ancient nobility which gave the law of manners to Europe. More than two hundred years have elapsed since he wrote his Maxims, yet Emerson, a living American writer, in the second series of his Essays, curiously corroborates this opinion in what he writes of his own republican countrymen. 'That happens,' he observes, 'in the world which we often witness in a public debate. Each of the speakers expresses himself imperfectly; no one of them hears much that another says, such is the preoccupation of the mind of each; and the audience, who have only to hear, and not to speak, judge very wisely how wrong-headed and unskilful is each of the debaters to his own affairs.' The cynical spirit of both these writers discerned the selfishness which pervades the human bosom, though the observed and the observers were placed in circumstances of the most opposite nature.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. 'Authors ought to be *read*, and not heard;' and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was likely to be comedy and farce at second-hand. The biography of men of letters in a great measure confirms this opinion: some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher, La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables, and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel the novelist was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, 'I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him.' As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist of France, he was so completely lost in society, so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, implying that he was never intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that play of words in conversation which, while it sparkles, dies; for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne, was so charmed with the humour of 'Hudibras,' that he caused himself to be introduced, in the character of a private gentleman, to Butler its author. The witty king found the author a very dull companion; and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written such a clever book. Addison, whose classic elegance of style has long been considered the best model for young writers, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, a stiff and dignified silence. He was accustomed to say that there could be no real conversation but between two persons—friends—and that it was then thinking aloud. Steele, Swift, Pope, and Congreve, men possessing literary and conversational powers of the highest order, allow him to have been a delightful companion amongst intimates; and Young writes of him, that 'he was rather mute in society on some occasions, but when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him.' Goldsmith, on the contrary, as described by his contemporary writers, 'appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his works. His address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished: he hesitated in speaking, and was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.' Dr Johnson spoke of him as an inspired idiot; yet the great essayist, though delivering oracles to those around him in pompous phrases, which have been happily described as spoken in the Johnsonese tongue, was not entitled to be called a good converser.

Nearer to our own time we have had many authors whose faculty told twice. Sheridan and Theodore Hook were fellows of infinite jest: they could 'set the table in a roar,' and fill pages with pathos and wit of such a quality, that it makes their survivors think 'we could have better spared better men.' Burns was famous for his colloquial powers; and Galt is reported to have been as skilful as the story-tellers of the East in fixing the attention of his auditors on his prolonged narrations. Coleridge was in the habit of pouring forth brilliant, unbroken monologues of two or three hours' duration, to listeners so enchanted, that, like Adam, whose ears were filled with the eloquence of an archangel, they forgot 'all place—all seasons and their change;' but this was not conversation, and few might venture to emulate that 'old man eloquent' with hopes of

equal success. Washington Irving, in the account he has given of his visit to Abbotsford, says of Sir Walter Scott, 'that his conversation was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. He never talked for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He was as good a listener as a talker; appreciated everything that others said, however humble might be their rank and pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot, for a time, his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.'

This is a charming testimony given by one man of genius to the character of another; and if the author of the life of Columbus had been required to point out an example combining conversational qualifications of the best kind, he could not have written more to the purpose. A mind informed by reading—reading confirmed or corrected by daily observation of life—the powers of observation all made subservient to the active spirit of kindness, and the patient abnegation of self, which are the only true and unfailing sources of politeness—these are the requisites to a real success in society, so far, at least, as relates to the every-day intercourse of this every-day-working world; and all of them were evinced in the highest degree by Sir Walter Scott.

FACETIÆ, &c.

A Mystery Solved.—Some years ago attention was particularly called to a tombstone in Worcester cathedral, inscribed with the one word, 'Miserrimus' (a most wretched man). So brief, yet so painfully expressive a record, naturally awakened a good deal of conjecture, and we believe that a whole book was written upon the supposed career of the nameless tenant of a mysterious grave. In Widcombe churchyard, Bath, lately, a like inscription—the word 'Annette,' upon a broken column—attracted the notice of a poet of no mean pretensions, who wrote some very affecting lines, full of touching conjecture, as to the mortal pilgrimage and affecting death of the fair deceased, which verses were inserted in one of the most popular of our monthly periodicals. The *denouement* of the *subject* is rather curious. A surgeon, who dates his success in his profession from the time of the occurrence, states that 'Annette' was almost his first patient, and that he was called in by an old duchess-dowager, the foster-parent, who resided on the North Parade, Bath, and who, with tears in her eyes, intreated the doctor's best offices for the poor invalid. The physician was enabled to effect a temporary recovery; the *malade*, however, eventually had a relapse, and died. But who was the fair deceased? None other than *a favourite Bleaheim spaniel!* The dowager was at first inconsolable for the loss, but so sensible of the kind attention of the medical attendant, that she not only appointed him her own professional adviser, but recommended him to others, thus establishing his fame, and making his fortune The defunct spaniel was, by means of a douceur to the sexton, interred in a Christian burial-ground, and hence the touching elegy of the muse!—*Newspaper paragraph.* [If our memory serves us rightly, a recent Guide to Worcester states that Miserrimus was a crazy old gentleman of the time of Charles I., who had had a great number of quarrels with his relations about money matters, and, from mere whim, caused this inscription to be put upon his grave.]

A Poetical Despatch.—M. Falck, the Dutch minister, having made a one-sided proposition for the admission of English ships, by which a considerable advantage would have accrued to Holland, a long and tedious negotiation ensued. It was dragged on, month after month, without arriving one step nearer to a consummation, the Dutch still holding out for their own interests. At last Mr Canning's patience was exhausted. Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, when a despatch, in cipher, was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed until he obtained the key, when, to his infinite astonishment, he deciphered the following despatch from the secretary of state for foreign affairs:—

'In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little, and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content,
So we'll clap on Dutch bottons a twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.,
Twenty per cent.;
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.
GEORGE CANNING.'

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced.—*Bell's Life of Canning.*

Scottish Gallicisms.—It is curious to hear French words Scotticised, as so often occurs. For instance, *assiette*, a plate, forms a word of the same meaning, and is contained in Meg Dods's celebrated book of cookery, in the receipt for a certain dish entitled 'Petticoat tails!' This is nothing less or more than the *petits gatelles* (for *gateaux*, the more usual word) of the French cook and confectioner. Another word of French origin is that of 'a haverel,' which signifies a fool or a simpleton. This is derived from the word *Averil* (French for April), an 'April fool.'—*Scotland, its Faith and its Features.*

The Way to get on in the World.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down: following riches is like following wild geese, and you must crawl after both on your belly: the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling before the wind, and you see no more of them. If you haven't the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art: put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business like a weasel on a barn-door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry an honest, poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff: when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if you ever see them on your side of the street again, skiver me, and welcome! But to do any good, I tell you over and over again you must be a sticker. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Old English Delicacies.—'Good old English fare' is a phrase very much in people's mouths; much oftener than the thing they praise. Let us see what a dinner consisted of in the reign of Charles I. Imprimis—'A soup of snails, a powdered goose (not a footman), a joll of salmon, a dish of green fish buttered with eggs.' This was a first course. Then came 'a Lombard pie,' 'a cow's udder roasted,' 'a grand boiled meat,' 'a hedgehog pudding,' 'a rabbit stuffed with oysters,' 'Polonian sausages,' 'a mallard with cabbage,' and 'a pair of boiled cocks.' To these succeeded, as *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets*, 'a spinnage tart,' 'a carbanadoed hen,' 'a pie of aloes,' 'eggs in moonshine,' 'christial jelly,' 'jumballs,' 'quidany,' 'bragget,' and 'walnut suckets.' Cock-ale, surfeit water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast. After this specimen of 'old English fare,' go to the Reform Club and throw yourself on the mercy of Soyer; or, if in want of an appetite, read the Manual of Ude; for French science can alone furnish a remedy for razing out the memory of those British enormities.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

'*The Campbells are Coming.*'—It happened, about the beginning of the last century, when 'rugging and riving' prevailed in the Highlands, that Duncan M'Gregor left his sheep-farm on Lochowside, held farther south, and emigrated with his family and flocks to somewhere about the braes of Doune. Duncan was a man of peace and decorum, punctual in his attendance at kirk and market, and had just returned home from Doune fair when he found his eldest son reading a chapter to his mother. There were no pronouncing dictionaries in those days, at least none of them had as yet reached the way-side school of Drumvaich; so Jock blundered on, opened wide his mouth, giving each vowel its broadest sound. It happened that the

book of Job was the subject-matter of the reading; but before the son had proceeded far, the father had begun to nod, and the frequent *tastings* of the fair, and the fatigues of his journey, had somewhat conglomerated his ideas. At last the *sough* of the following words struck his ear—'And Job had seven thousand sheep, and there were three thousand *camels*.' 'Stop, Jock,' said the father; 'come owre that again: how mony Campbells said ye?' 'Three thousand, father.' 'And how mony sheep?' 'Seven thousand, father.' 'Aweel, my man, I can tell ye, gin Job's shouthers had been as near the hills as ours were on Lochowside, he wad needed a' his patience; for the first raid o' three thousand Campbells wad hae made a sad hole in the hirsel.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

CRITICISM IN GERMANY.

The following remarks on this subject are from the *Manchester Examiner's* report of lectures on German Literature, delivered at that town by Mr George Dawson of Birmingham:—'One of the most striking things in German literature was its criticism. England was inundated with reviews; but, until lately, English criticism was an absurdity. At one time the system was to look at the man, and judge of the book accordingly; another system was to look, not at the work, but at the political, religious, or scholastic opinions of the writer; a third system, the followers of which much-belauded themselves, was that of equilibrium, or impartiality, by which faults and merits were so nicely balanced, that no one could say which preponderated. English criticism had now gotten the dandy spirit of the last age, which wondered and admired at nothing—a coldness of air, a starched-cravatism, which could look on the Coliseum, or walk through the Louvre, without betraying an emotion. These men sat on their icy thrones, dealing out praise and blame; but they would not acknowledge that anything was new or wonderful to them. After having dwelt at some length on the character of criticism in England, and shown how frivolous and petty were the objections frequently urged against the highest productions of the intellect, the lecturer proceeded to say that criticism in Germany was another thing. There the critics sought not to find out the mechanism of a simile; they did not weigh and balance a man's character and book; but they strove to render even plainer than the author had done that which the author had written. A good German critic, of the true order, looked upon a work as the symbolic character in which a great man had expressed his thoughts. He was the interpreter between the author and the public. He explained his symbol, and showed the indwelling spirit and the substance that was there. Even upon Shakspeare there had been no very sound criticism until we imported it from Germany, and since then we had begun to understand the poet better than we did before. If any of the audience doubted this, let them read some of the orthodox notes in the editions of fifty or sixty years since. There they would find elaborate disquisitions on the meaning of a word, as to whether a comma should not be a colon, and so on; but if this was criticism on Shakspeare, he would rather have him uncomma'd and uncolon'd, so that he might have more time to make out the spirit, and understand the soul of the author. The criticism on "Hamlet" in the "Wilhelm Meister" had never been excelled, and was a sample of what criticism should be. An Englishman would have shown where Shakspeare got this idea, and where he got that idea; how he pieced them together, and so on; but the German went up to him as he would to nature. He did not go up to him in the style of a man who, when looking at an oak tree, began to ask why it was not higher or broader, why this branch was permitted to remain, and why the trunk was not French polished, but to expound why it was there—to understand its meaning, to find out the divine idea of which it was the symbol, and so to make it plain.'

INQUIRY, DOUBT, CONVICTION.

It is said inquiry means doubt; and, in the creed of some, doubt is the acme of all possible evil. Nevertheless, all deep conviction must be reached through doubt. 'He who begins in doubt, ends in certainty,' says Bacon; 'but he who begins in certainty, ends in doubt.' One may be sunk below, as well as raised above, doubt's stormy atmosphere; and the certainty which cannot stand the blast, is but a transplanted tree not firmly rooted in the soil. We should hear less of doleful warning and deploring on this subject, if men's opinions were generally attained by the process of acquisition rather than of inheritance or conversion. Men do not usually acquire ideas from a state of ignorance and neutrality, as men from a state of poverty acquire wealth: the process is one rather of exchange than of acquisition; for every new truth gained, some old error has been parted with. The mind has been early committed to some dogma without examination—without *doubt;* experience proves its falsity, and then, with many a bitter struggle, after, it may be, much trifling with conscience, it is abandoned, and its place supplied with some other dogma, perhaps not much more reasonable and well-founded. Or, as often happens, the first opinion having been lightly obtained by inheritance, is lightly yielded to conversion, with, it may be, as little mental honesty in the latter as there was mental activity in the former. The power of distinguishing truth has become feeble, from want of exercise; while the habit of 'dreaming that one thinks,' has, from indulgence, grown strong. Hence it is that changes of opinion are at once so frequent, so sudden, and so little satisfactory as evidence either of powerful reflection or of upright purpose. Were the state of doubt and hesitancy, of impartial balancing among various beliefs, less harshly discouraged and condemned (and it is the state that best becomes ignorance or defective knowledge), we should have less of wrong-headed adherence to opinion on the one hand, or of frivolous or interested abandonment of it on the other.—*Dr W. B. Hodgson's Address to the Mental Improvement Society of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.*

SCORN NOT THE VILEST.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

Scorn no one, even the vilest. Who art thou
That, with sour purity, dost proudly mouth
And look contempt on folly or on vice?
Even that loath'd outcast, shameless though she be,
That wears the highway through the darksome night,
Polluted and polluting, even she—
She is thy sister. He whom thou callest Father,
Is he not hers? The balmy influence
Of sunshine and of shower, of light and heat,
Distils around for her as well as thee.
Her sin hath not yet quenched her Maker's love,
Let it not thine, nor even in thought disown
The sisterhood of her whom God calls child.
Pure as thou art, she once was pure as thou,
Purer than thou art now. There was a time
In her sad history, when, a beauteous babe,
She nestled in a mother's loving arms,
Guileless as innocence. Ah, let her fall
Arouse thy deepest fears and humblest thoughts!
Perchance thy virtue is indebted more
To weak temptation than to strong resistance,
And snares like those that hedged about her path
Had sapped thy purity and stained thy name.
Nor is thy history ended; what hath been
May be again. Be humble: in her fall
Read, trembling, thine own weakness, lest thy feet
Slide down the smooth and slippery paths of vice.
Fear for thyself, lest thou shouldst live to be
The wretched thing thou loath'st to contemplate;
And hope for her, that she may yet repent,
And live again to virtue and to God.

APPROBATIVENESS.

What the phrenologists call 'approbativeness,' is an excellent development; but we may have it too full. People born without it are intolerable—those who have a superabundance pay dearly enough for being agreeable. They win, without conscious effort—instinctively, as it were—'golden opinions' from those with whom they associate; and too good a reputation is sometimes a severe tax in more ways than one. As with other luxuries, it costs a good deal to support it.—*Mrs Kirkland.*

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LIKINGS OF THE UNLIKE.

Amongst the perversities of fortune bewailed by Thomson, is her 'joining the gentle to the rude.' It must be a misfortune for the gentle to enter upon such an alliance, if the qualities of the opposite party are so extremely rough as to be a constant offence to good taste and good feeling. But I am prepared to contend that, within a certain limit, associations of this kind are advantageous, and that, when our inclinations are free, we instinctively seek them as more agreeable than any of an opposite kind. The remark extends to other qualities than those of gentleness and rudeness; in fact to personal associations of every kind. It appears to be a law of our nature, that we should find a solace and satisfaction in connexion with qualities which we ourselves do not possess; and that whatever we are ourselves largely endowed with, *that* do we shrink from in others.

View the operation of this principle even in our earliest days. Those pairings for which children are remarkable, both within the domestic circle and in the more miscellaneous assemblages at school, do not, as a rule, take place between individuals alike gentle, alike dull, alike energetic, alike brilliant. No: the clever boy finds a mysterious pleasure in the society of some unfortunate dunce, in whom the multitude can see no attractions of any kind. The active, irrepressible spirit of the class—he who is always fighting, or playing tricks, and with whom the master has ten times more trouble than with any other boy under his care—this precious youth never assorts with any similar Boanerges or Ajax: he is found to be devoted to some tame, quiet boy, remarkable for his total inability to fight, and who, on the other hand, indifferent to companions of his own stamp, clings to the wild fellow as to something which vastly helps and comforts him. Even where a boy may display somewhat dangerous qualities, it not unfrequently happens that one the very reverse—a jacketed Sir Charles Grandison—finds a strange fascination in his society, and likes him, with all his faults, better than he does any contemporary of merely passable character.

Some fair readers of this paper have probably received their education at a boarding-school. I put it to all such to recall the prettiest, brightest, most accomplished of their companions—she who was the star of the school, the pride of the mistress, the glory of the dancing-master, and the extolled of every other teacher whose province was the outward and ornamental. Now, there is such a thing as jealousy; but I do not think it will wholly account for what is found in the history of this school-paragon, that she hardly ever forms an attachment amongst the other young ladies of a showy character, but almost invariably selects for her friend and confidante one who, with perhaps a fair endowment of good sense, is notably quiet and unpretending, possessed of solid, and not of showy qualities; in short, the perfect antithesis of herself. It is curious, in such a case, to see the one lively, clever, restless, perhaps irritable, while the other is so much the reverse. Often it hardly appears a friendship at all—the one chafing, as it were, against the dulness of the other; this other, again, to all appearance suffering much from the impatience of her companion. And yet they never separate; so that we cannot doubt that it is a real friendship, the very fitness of which rests in that opposition of qualities which might be supposed to be its bane.

The indifference or repugnance so often shown by one pretty woman towards another, is usually accounted for on the ground of rivalry. But we so often see similar results where rivalry is not presumable, that I believe it may be owing to some deeper spring of feeling in our nature, of which the sentiment of rivalry is only one of the outward appearances. It will be found that two pretty women will be more apt to like each other, if they are of different styles of beauty: the one fair, perhaps; the other dark. This shows that it is not competition for admiration which wholly animates them. So, also, they will form a friendship if they be different in manners, temper, and deportment. In some rare instances, there may be a mutual regard where there is both a community of beauty, and of temper, and deportment; but always, in such cases, some striking discrepance will be detected in another quarter. *Only one will be lively and talkative*, the other being gentle and grave, demure or languishing, as the case may be. The friendship will then be founded not on the general parity, but the one disparity. The rule will still hold good.

Let us suppose two such friends exposed to the election of the other sex. Fully sure may we be that the man who loses his heart to the one, will see no charm in the other. Your grave or reserved, silent or sensible, stupid or timid wooer, invariably takes to the bright animated beauty, who will talk for herself and for him; the gay, good-humoured, rattling suitor, prefers her who will reward his sallies with a passive smile, and love the sound of his voice rather than her own. Happy for us that it is so! If the grave, silent man were to prefer a woman of like characteristics, what a stupid pair, what a sombre household would be theirs! If he of the social, volatile temperament could only find charms in one gay and witty as himself, which of them would be disposed for the sober forethought, the quiet daily duties, indispensable to the domestic comfort of married life?

In this latter relation, it is only difficult to determine whether in mental or personal characteristics husbands and wives are most often found to differ. What man of deep learning and science, for instance, ever takes to

himself a learned and scientific wife? Or rather, what sort of woman does he chose? Why, one who probably never opens a book, but who will see that his friends are well received, that his servants do their work, that the baker's bill is not overcharged, nor the leg of mutton over-roasted. So much for the cant of mental congeniality.

In personal attributes, what striking, what often ludicrous contrasts continually meet our view! For example, how seldom do little women find favour in the eyes of little men! On the contrary, take one of these latter, the most meagre, insignificant, unhappy-looking as to all outward bearing, and then turn to the portly, jolly, smiling dame to whom he has united himself! Look at another, to whom nature has tried to make amends for want of height by such a liberal share of breadth and rotundity, as gives him much the *tout ensemble* of a squat decanter or a beer barrel. If you hear such a man talk of his wife, be prepared to see one of those tall, slender, gossamer figures which some people designate graceful and elegant, and others liken to lathe and thread-paper.

That little women are almost always the admired and chosen of tall men, is, I believe, generally admitted. The taller the husband, it would almost appear that the more kindly does he look down upon feminine diminutiveness. There is also a characteristic gentleness in great robust men. How often, therefore, do we meet a man of towering stature linked to a female hardly reaching his elbow, and are told, moreover, that he is the most attentive and obedient of husbands! This does not, however, apply to your majestic race of men indiscriminately. All of them have, beyond doubt, a prepossession in favour of little wives; but it is not all who choose to be governed by them.

How seldom do we see a very handsome man married to a very beautiful woman! Never, we might say, except in the pages of a novel, where the hero and heroine must have of course their rightful portion of personal charms. On the contrary, we often behold these latter united to downright ugliness. But then there is wealth, or worth, or talent in the opposing scale, which is always observed to be the influential one; for mere beauty—by which we mean a faultless regularity of figure and features—is almost invariably accompanied with that complete insipidity which requires to be acted upon by a nature stronger than, and superior to, its own. We far oftener see it allied to this characteristic than to affectation and conceit; these belonging to a different, and inferior class of pretenders.

Our principle may be said to be developed in every friendship, partnership, and coalition voluntarily formed between those who have to act together on the stage of life. There may be equality as regards outward station and abilities, but never can there be resemblance in disposition or intellectual characteristics. In every era of man's existence the principle is inherent. We see it in the mere schoolboy or college youth, and we perceive it in the different classes and callings of life, civil or military, where mankind are thrown into collision, and the individual pretensions of each are tested.

In our sentimental faculties generally, it will be found that any one which becomes prominent in the character, shrinks from the active exercise of the same faculty in others. For instance, a person possessing much of the venerative principle, does not like to be made an object of worship. He is comfortable while allowed to look up to his great men; but make a great man of himself, and he becomes uneasy. Flattery, and a great show of deference, are to such a man unusually distasteful. It is for the very same reason that one possessing a large endowment of the opposite quality—self-esteem—shrinks from another like himself. In like manner the acquisitive man has always a great dislike—quite irrespectively of pecuniary detriment to himself—to become a subject for the exercise of acquisitiveness in others. It is an old and familiar remark, that those who are much given to jesting at the expense of their fellow-creatures, exhibit a peculiar dislike to be made the subject of jokes by others. This, I am persuaded, is from no ultra-sensitiveness of nature connected with the jest-loving character, but a curious reflex action of the leading faculty, causing it to be as painful in the passive, as it is agreeable in the active voice. Hence it is that your noted wits never shine in the company of men like themselves, and that a dinner-party where an effort has been made to bring a plurality of them together, usually proves a failure. If it ever be found that two witty men do agree well, and promote the general hilarity, examine them narrowly, and you will discover some great difference between them—one perhaps a biting satirist, the other a good-natured humorist—so that the apparent exception only confirms the rule. Assuredly two wits, both alike of either the first or the second kind, never yet were seen to spend an hour amicably together. And if two humorists of the other kind were brought together, it is ten to one that they would afterwards speak of each other as the perfection of dulness.

Reverting to matrimonial alliances, some interesting consequences arise from the principle of contraries on which partners are usually chosen. Where an alliance of this kind has been happy—to which it is equivalent to say, where it has been founded upon affection—it will be found that each party has a certain degree of preference for such of the children as resemble the other. A father of tame character, who has chosen an energetic wife, will best love the children who, like her, are energetic. If he has a beloved partner of complexion and general aspect very diverse from his own, he will be apt to make favourites of the children who resemble her in these respects, while comparatively indifferent to such of the young people as are copies of himself. It is doubtless from a similar principle that fathers are observed generally to prefer their daughters to their sons. The man-nature delights in the feminine gentleness, because its own opposite.

Perhaps it might not be thought very fanciful to suggest a final cause for all this seeking of opposites, in the need that has been contemplated for producing a diffusion of all the various qualities of families, of races, and of human nature generally, throughout the constitution of society. Sir Walter Scott, who had a great deal of a natural kind of philosophy, arising from the observation of his sagacious mind, makes some remarks to nearly the same purpose, with which I shall conclude my lucubrations. 'As unions,' he says, 'are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying perhaps too much to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other. A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies in the wise dispensations of Providence—that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds should be kept up through society at large. For what a world were it, if the wise were to intermarry only with the wise, the learned with the learned, the amiable with the amiable, nay, even the handsome with the handsome! And is it not evident that the degraded castes of the foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, and the deformed (comprehending, by the way, far the greater portion of mankind), must, when condemned to exclusive intercourse with each other, become gradually as much brutalised in person and disposition as so many orang-outangs? When, therefore, we see the "gentle joined to the rude," we may lament the fate of the suffering individual, but we must not the less admire the mysterious disposition of that wise Providence which thus balances the moral good and evil of life; which secures for a family, unhappy in the dispositions of one parent, a share of better and sweeter blood transmitted from the other; and preserves to the offspring

the affectionate care and protection of at least one of those from whom it is naturally due. Without the frequent occurrence of such alliances—mis-sorted as they seem at first sight—the world could not be that for which Eternal Wisdom has designed it—a place of mixed good and evil—a place of trial at once and of suffering, where even the worst ills are chequered with something that renders them tolerable to humble and patient minds, and where the best blessings carry with them the necessary alloy of embittering depreciation.'*

NOTHING IS USELESS.

We are told by old-fashioned economists to keep a thing nine years, and in the end we shall find a use for it—a maxim which receives striking confirmation from the recent progress of the useful arts. Things which, so lately as the commencement of our journal, were laid aside as useless, have now become of value; and substances which at one time were looked upon as positive annoyances and obstructions, have been turned to advantage. We mean to adduce a few examples in illustration of this fact—a fact doubly gratifying, as bearing not only upon what has been thus acquired, but as pointing to every other object in nature, however worthless in the esteem of our present ignorance.

Turning in the first place to agriculture, which, within the last twenty years, has made astonishing progress, we are met at every step with evidences of the fact that nothing is useless. Before the present century, the bones of animals were used to a small extent in turnery and other arts; but the great mass of them was thrown aside as offal, fit only to be buried out of sight. Now, every scrap from kennel and kitchen is carefully collected; mills have been erected in various parts of the country for crushing them; and in this state they are regarded as one of the finest manures for light turnip soils. So great has the demand been for this material during the past fifteen years, that it is imported from foreign and even distant countries; and of late considerable difficulty has been experienced in obtaining a supply. At present, we believe, the price of bone-dust ranges from 20s. to 25s. per imperial quarter—a price so tempting, that adulteration with slaked lime, sawdust, and the like, is not unfrequently resorted to. How our forefathers would have laughed at the prediction of bone-mills, and British soil fertilised with ship-borne bones from Germany and Prussia! The same may be remarked of soot, night-soil, urine, and the waste substances which used to flow from gas-works, and from the factories of the soap-boiler, the sugar-refiner, and others. Not many years ago, these were wholly, or almost wholly, neglected—looked upon as nuisances to be got rid off; now, they are carefully collected, and bring remunerating prices. A story is told that the magistrates of Edinburgh, some century and a half ago, were so thoroughly at a loss what to do with the refuse and offal on the streets, that they felt grateful, if they did not even proffer a reward, to a neighbouring laird for carting it off to his land! The worthy magistracy, however, were not more ignorant in their corporate than other people were, at a much later period, in their individual capacities; for most of the substances now valued as manures were then nuisances and obstructions. Soot, then thrown to the winds, is now carefully bagged, and sold at so much per bushel; urine, and other liquid, for which the farmer used formerly to dig a sewer, that it might be carried away from his farmstead, is now tanked, and poured over his land; the *urate* of commerce is but a mixture of urine and calcined gypsum; and night-soil is now extensively prepared with gypsum or lime, put in casks, and sold under the name of *poudrette*. The blood, lime, and animal charcoal, which had served the purposes of the sugar refiner, used to be thrown aside as waste; now, in the south of France, it is sold under the name of 'animalised charcoal,' and has, according to Professor Johnstone, risen to such a price, that the sugar refiners actually sell it for more than what the unmixed blood and animal charcoal originally cost them! Guano, though long used by the Peruvians as a manure, was disregarded by us till within the last eight or ten years. In 1830, a shipowner would much sooner have loaded his vessel with profitless ballast than with this substance; and yet, in 1845, its importation gave employment to a large portion of our mercantile navy, and every rock and islet of the Pacific and Atlantic was visited, lest, happily, a few hundred tons of this deposit might reward the search. Though now reduced to L.8 or L.10 a ton, seven years ago its price was more than double that sum; and this, be it observed, for a substance which in our boyhood had no mercantile value whatever. The ammoniacal liquor of gas-works, which used to be carried off by covered drains as a nuisance, is now sold to the farmer at so much per gallon. And so rapid are revolutions of this kind, that a gas company, which, to our knowledge, paid several hundred pounds to obtain sewerage for this article, would now reckon it waste to let a single gallon pass that way. And so will it shortly be with the sewer-water of our large cities, to which our ancestors never directed a thought, but which is at present engaging the attention of the scientific, that it may be converted into a source of wealth, instead of being, as it has hitherto been, a source of nuisance and disease.

Nor do we need to look to agriculture alone for illustrations of our maxim: mining and metallurgy are equally rich in examples. Cobalt, which yields the valuable blue pigment of that name, was for ages accounted a very troublesome article to the miner; copper pyrites, the common available ore in England, was, till recently, thrown aside as rubbish by the miners of South America. Mr Darwin, speaking of the Chilian method of mining, observes, that 'the two principal improvements introduced by foreigners have been, *first*, reducing by previous roasting the copper pyrites, which, being the common ore in Cornwall, the English miners were astounded on their arrival to find thrown away as useless; *secondly*, stamping and washing the scoriæ from the old furnaces, by which process particles of metal are recovered in abundance. I have actually seen mules carrying to the coast, for transportation to England, a cargo of such cinders. But the first case is much the most curious. The Chilian miners were so convinced that copper pyrites contained not a particle of copper, that they laughed at the Englishmen for their ignorance, who laughed in turn, and bought their richest veins for a few dollars. It is very odd that, in a country where mining had been extensively carried on for many years, so simple a process as gently roasting the ore, to expel the sulphur previous to smelting it, had never been discovered.' At the beginning of the present century, the black-band ironstone—which has added an unknown value to the west of Scotland, and materially influenced the iron-trade of the world—was treated as so much rubbish: no iron-founder would have taken a gift of it. 'For several years after its discovery,' says Mr Mushet, to whom the credit of first employing the black-band is due, 'this ironstone was confined to the Calder iron works, erected by me in 1800–2, where it was employed in mixture with other ironstones of the argillaceous class. It was afterwards used in mixture at the Clyde iron works, and, I believe, nowhere else. There existed on the part of the iron trade a strong feeling of prejudice against it. About the year 1825, the Monkland Company were the first to use it alone, and without any other mixture than the necessary quantity of limestone for a flux. The success of this company soon gave rise to the Gartsherrie and Dundyvan furnaces, in the midst of which progress came the use of raw pit coal and hot-blast—the latter one of the greatest discoveries in metallurgy of the present age, and, above every other process, admirably adapted for smelting the black-band ironstone. The greatest produce in iron-furnace, with the black-band and cold-blast, never

* 'The Pirate,' chapter xiii.

exceeded sixty tons a-week; the produce per furnace with hot-blast now averages ninety tons. Instead of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty hundredweight of limestone, formerly used to make a ton of iron, the black-band now requires only six, seven, or eight hundredweight for the production of a ton. This arises from the extreme richness of the ore, when roasted, and from the small quantity of earthy matter it contains, which renders the operation of smelting the black-band with hot-blast more like the melting of iron than the smelting of an ore. When properly roasted, its richness ranges from sixty to seventy per cent., so that little more than a ton and a half is required to make a ton of iron.' Here was an *El dorado* for our country; and yet, when the present century commenced, no man regarded it; nay, it is only about twenty years since any company was found bold enough to use it without admixture with other ores! The same remarks apply with equal force to *anthracite*, or non-bituminous coal, which, ten or twelve years ago, was known only by the depreciatory names of 'stone-coal' and 'blind-coal.' In our own country this anthracite occupies about one-third of the mineral basin of South Wales; it is found also in France, Austria, Bohemia, and Sardinia; and it constitutes the great bulk of the North American coal-fields, whose dimensions are computed at eighty thousand square miles—about sixteen times as much as the coal-measures of all Europe. At the time we mention, any of these countries would have gladly exchanged its supply of anthracite for a single seam in the Newcastle coal-field; but now, by the application of the hot-blast in iron-smelting and founding, the 'stone-coal' of our fathers is employed with as great facility and success as the best bituminous coal. In 1840, at a dinner given at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, by W. Lyman, Esq., on the occasion of his having successfully introduced the smelting of iron with anthracite, Mr Nicolas Biddle, who attended to witness the result of the experiments, after expressing his entire satisfaction in their success, thus observes:—'And this, after all, is the great mystery, the substitution of what is called the hot-blast for the cold-blast. Let us see the changes which this simple discovery is destined to make. As long as the iron ores and the coal of the anthracite region were incapable of fusion, the ores were entirely useless, and the coal nearly unavailable for manufactures; while, as the disappearance of the timber made charcoal very expensive, the iron of eastern Pennsylvania was comparatively small in quantity and high in price, and the defective communications with the interior made its transportation very costly. The result was, that, with all the materials of supplying iron in our own hands, the country has been obliged to pay enormous sums to Europeans for this necessary. In two years alone—1836–7—the importations of iron and steel amounted to upwards of twenty-four millions of dollars. It is especially mortifying to see that, in Pennsylvania, there has been introduced within the last seven years, exclusive of hardware and cutlery, nearly eighty thousand tons of iron, and that of these there were about forty-nine thousand tons of railroad iron, costing probably three millions and a half of dollars. Nay, this very day, in visiting your mines, we say, at the farthest depths of these subterranean passages, that the very coal and iron were brought to the mouth of the mines on rail-tracks of British iron, manufactured in Britain, and sent to us from a distance of three thousand miles.' Such was the state of matters in 1840; now, there are about one hundred anthracite furnaces in America; iron, lead, and copper are now produced in abundance, and exports, instead of imports, may be shortly expected. What wonderful results have thus been fanned into existence by a current of heated air! Even a use has been found for the iron dross or slag of the furnace, which is generally thrown aside as cumbersome refuse. This refuse, while in a fluid state, is run into iron forms, which are previously brought to a red heat by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace. The forms, with their contents, are then allowed to cool slowly by being placed in sand, just as glass is annealed to render it less brittle and more compact. By this procedure, it is asserted that the discoverer (a French mechanic) has succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building blocks, and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness and polish equal to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling cost conceivable.

The progress of chemistry likewise furnishes abundant evidence that nothing in nature is useless; in fact the whole history of the science is one continued exposition of the doctrine. To take a single example from Baron Liebig's Familiar Letters. Soda has been used from time immemorial in the manufacture of soap and glass—two chemical productions, which employ and keep in circulation an immense amount of capital. Till the present century, this substance was obtained from kelp, barilla, and the like, at great expense, and even in limited and uncertain quantities. Now, it is procured, to any amount, from common salt, and in this process muriatic acid is set free in abundance. 'At first,' says Liebig, 'the profit upon the soda was so great, that no one took the trouble to collect the muriatic acid; it ran to waste—it had no commercial value. A profitable application of it, however, was soon discovered: it is a compound of chlorine, and this substance may be obtained from it purer than from any other source. The bleaching power of chlorine has long been known, but it was only employed upon a large scale after it was obtained from residuary muriatic acid; and it was found that, in combination with lime, it could be transported to distances without any inconvenience. Thenceforth it was used for bleaching cotton, &c.; and but for this new bleaching process, it could scarcely have been possible for the cotton manufacture of Great Britain to have attained its present enormous extent: it could not have competed in price with France and Germany. In the old process for bleaching, every piece must be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in summer, and kept continually moist by manual labour. For this purpose meadow land, suitably situated, was essential. But a single establishment near Glasgow bleaches fourteen hundred pieces of cotton daily throughout the year! What an enormous capital would be required to purchase land for this purpose! How greatly would it increase the cost of bleaching to pay interest upon this capital, or to hire so much land in England!' And yet the object of this vast saving—this powerful aid to our manufacturing greatness—was, not many years ago, run into the nearest common sewer as a thing 'of no commercial value.' Nay, we believe the huge chimney stacks which have been erected within the last five years in Glasgow and other places, for the purpose of carrying off the deleterious fumes of the muriatic acid disengaged in the manufacture of soda, are now rendered superfluous, by the conversion of the acid into a mercantile commodity. So blind are we to the demands which the progress of the useful arts may make, that one year we lay out vast sums to get rid of a substance, which in the next we are careful to preserve as a source of pecuniary profit! Another example from the fertile field of chemistry, and we have done. It is known that a fleece of wool, in its natural state, is impregnated with greasy matter, which has to be got rid of, as far as possible, before it can be subjected to the ulterior processes of manufacture. This necessary purgation is undertaken by the woolwashers. The waters through which the wool is passed and purified become necessarily the receptacle of all the fatty stuff thus discharged. The habit with the woolwashers has been to throw away these greasy washings as worthless—if in country districts, to the pollution of the neighbouring streams; and if in towns, to the nuisance of the streets and thoroughfares. In summer-time and hot weather, the decomposition and pernicious exhalations of those washings become an exciting cause of disease in towns such as

Rheims, Elbœuf, &c. where the woollen manufactures of France are most largely carried on. Now, however, by an ingenious appliance, the evil may not only be obviated, but converted into a source of gain to the manufacturer, and healthy profit to the public. By the simple addition of a certain quantity of potash and slacked lime, M. Pagnon-Vautrin has obtained the saponification of the greasy washings, and employs the soap so formed for scouring the fibres or threads of carded wool—thus making, as it were, the fleece scour itself.

Such are a few illustrations—and they could be extended almost indefinitely—of the old-fashioned maxim with which we headed this paper. We know of no fact in our economical progress more gratifying than that we should, within such a brief period, have converted to our use, comfort, and pleasure, so many substances hitherto considered as useless, or even as detrimental. Nor does its bearing end here; it points as hopefully to the future, bids us regard nothing in nature as worthless, and warns us to throw nothing aside until we have exhausted our ingenuity to turn it to advantage. And even then the history of the past must compel us to admit that we have failed in our efforts only for the present, and that a time will come when the rejected object shall assume its value. If the last quarter of a century has furnished us with more illustrations of our maxim than any former period, it is only because human energy and invention has, during that time, been more vigorous and more sustained. There is scarcely any difficulty that the human intellect may not conquer, provided thought—vigorous, concentrated thought—be directed towards it; and it is mainly for want of this that so many objects lie worthless or unimproved around us.

THE PATH OF DUTY—A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

The little town of B—— could not boast of a more worthy, upright, and truly respectable individual than was Richard Harley, though the station he held was no higher than that of a retail trader. His wife had, according to the judgment of her family, degraded herself by the union. She was a gentlewoman by birth and education, and, though without fortune, might have looked for a higher match; yet she was never known to regret the choice she had made. Mr Harley, on the other hand, had no reason to repent having selected her for a partner; for to her lady-like accomplishments she added those domestic virtues which can alone make the married life happy. A numerous family sprung up around them, and as the profits of the business were not great, they were consequently obliged to live in even a less expensive style than that in which they commenced their conjugal career. This course was, however, cheerfully embraced by Mrs Harley, as well as by her husband, notwithstanding that she had been accustomed to what might comparatively be deemed profusion. Her firm and well-balanced mind rose superior to the paltry pride of station, and she dared to act in accordance with the dictates of prudence, however liable she thereby became to fall out of the notice of those with whom she associated.

Death having deprived them of two of their children, the family, at the period at which we introduce them, consisted of two sons and four daughters. Edmund, the eldest, who was just verging on twenty, had from his early youth been distinguished for studious habits, and, as he grew older, displayed talents which attracted the attention of the pastor of the religious community of which his parents were members. Mr Harley's circumstances not allowing him to give his son an education which would fit him for the clerical profession, Mr Morland had generously offered to become his instructor till he should attain the age at which he might be admitted to one of the colleges. This offer had been accepted with gratitude by the father, as well as by the youth himself; and had not some untoward circumstances occurred to throw a temporary barrier in the way, he would have earlier removed to one of those seats of learning to which his wishes had long been earnestly directed. To do justice to the character of the young student, it must be told that ambition had no share in his choice of a profession. He would have been satisfied to tread in the same path which his father was pursuing, deeming it to be no less truly respectable; but he was at the same time conscious of powers which, if rightly directed, might enable him to be more extensively useful. He was far from despising the calling of the tradesman, yet shrunk from the idea of spending his days with no higher aim than that of realising an income or amassing a fortune. Widely different were the feelings of his brother Richard, who, though possessed of his father's name, unhappily did not inherit his virtues. This youth entertained a still greater repugnance to the pursuit of trade, but from motives as low and false, as those of Edmund were elevated. His dislike arose from the application and confinement it necessarily demanded, to which his indolent habits were opposed. He had, moreover, become acquainted with a set of dissolute young men, who were his superiors in station, and who encouraged the notions he had adopted—that it was derogatory to a youth of spirit to be chained behind a counter, and that a living might be earned in a much more genteel, and, at the same time, easy manner.

Richard was angry that the leisure was afforded his brother for study, and jealous of his prospect of occupying a higher position in society, yet had neither the desire to improve his own education, nor the talent to fit him for any profession. He vehemently opposed the plan marked out by his father, which was to bind him as an apprentice to his own business: but Mr Harley, though a kind and fond parent, was peremptory when prompted by a sense of duty, and he would not suffer the futile objections of the youth in this instance to move him from his purpose. The education of the girls wholly devolved on Mrs Harley; and, with this exception, that her health was delicate, never was mother better suited for the task. She herself exemplified how possible it is to unite the taste and refinement of a polished mind with the homely offices of domestic life; and under the tuition of such a woman, her daughters promised to become all that an amiable and right-minded parent could desire. Elizabeth, the eldest, though only seventeen, was already a considerable assistance both in the domestic economy and in the education of her younger sisters. The misconduct of Richard, who, on being opposed in his wishes, grew even more self-willed and ungovernable, was for many years the only disturbance to the peace of this otherwise happy family: but a trial awaited them at this period which was altogether unlooked for, and consequently harder to endure. This was the serious illness, and subsequent death, of the beloved and venerated father. Mr Harley, a short time prior to his decease, foresaw the fatal termination of his malady, and felt it right to prepare, as far as possible, against the ills it would bring upon his hitherto dependent family. He professed not the indifference of the Stoic, and he was not without anxieties on their account; but calling to his aid that fortitude which seldom forsakes the Christian in his hour of extremest need, he resolved to advise them for their welfare, and then leave the event in the hands of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.

Owing to the extreme youth and unsteady conduct of his youngest son, Mr Harley could not leave his business to his care; yet it was the only means of support to the family. All his hopes, therefore, rested on Edmund, who, in order to provide for his mother and sisters, must yield up the prospects he had so long and so fondly indulged. The father felt it would be a sacrifice of no ordinary kind; but such was his confidence in the affection and principle of the young man, that he

did not doubt he would unhesitatingly make it. He one evening communicated his thoughts on this subject to his gentle partner, who occupied her accustomed seat by his bed-side. 'Heaven only knows whether my death may produce a change in Richard,' he added with emotion; 'but we must not build upon so insecure a foundation. You do not speak, my love. What am I to infer from your silence?'

Mrs Harley's tears flowed fast as she replied 'that she had formed a project, in the event of his death, to commence, with Elizabeth's assistance, an establishment for tuition.'

'Such a plan bespeaks my own right-hearted Clara,' said the husband, pressing the hand he held more closely between his own; 'but there are objections to it. Your health is delicate; our three youngest children are not of an age to render any assistance; and the expenses of such an establishment as you are capable of undertaking would be considerable. What, then, will become of the business which has afforded us a competence for one-and-twenty years? No, my love, I see but one clear and prudent path. It will be a sacrifice to our feelings as parents, as well as to those of our son; but I am confident that I have only to point out to him the path of duty, and he will, for your sake, give up even this long and fondly-cherished hope.'

'And you have rightly judged, my father!' exclaimed the young man, who had entered the apartment unperceived, and thus become an unintentional listener to the latter part of the conversation. 'It is true,' he pursued, throwing himself on his knees beside the bed, and devoutly pressing the hands of his parent to his lips—'it is true that I have long cherished the idea of adopting another calling, and it requires a strong effort of self-denial to yield it up; but what course can be so acceptable to God, as that which is undertaken against our inclination from a sense of duty?'

Mr Harley did not survive many days; but the promise of his high-principled son was a source of unspeakable satisfaction in his dying hours. Death is at all times solemn, and when it takes the father from the midst of his children, and makes the wife a widow, it causes a chasm which cannot easily be filled up. Mr Harley's loss was, however, felt beyond his family circle; for though his sphere of action was not large, his Christian philanthropy had extended to its utmost bound.

When the opening of the will disclosed that the business was made over to Edmund, Richard, notwithstanding the dislike he so often expressed to what he termed the degradation of a retail shop, manifested the most violent anger. One clause, in particular, offended his pride and aroused his indignation. This was an injunction for him to fulfil the term of his apprenticeship to his brother, and to act in such a manner that Edmund might, at the expiration of that term, be justified, by prudence, in receiving him as a partner. 'My father has always treated me with injustice, and preferred my brother,' he passionately exclaimed; 'and now he has carried his injustice with him to the grave.'

'Oh, Richard, yours are the first lips that ever coupled your father's name with that term, and you will live to repent it,' cried Mrs Harley, casting on the youth a look of mingled tenderness and reproof.

'Be calm, my brother,' Edmund gently interposed; 'you are not at present in a state of mind to see how much you wrong both the living and the dead. This arrangement was intended for the general welfare of the family, and as you value our peace, and, above all, the peace of our dear remaining parent, I beseech of you not to add to our affliction by expressing dissatisfaction.'

'It is well for you to talk of peace and satisfaction,' Richard sneeringly observed; 'you in whom all the power is vested. But I tell you, Edmund, that though I served my father, I have no inclination to serve a brother—a brother scarcely three years my senior; nor will I do it.'

'We will not dispute the matter now; only let me beg of you to do nothing rashly,' Edmund quietly rejoined, and Richard, turning abruptly from him, hastily quitted the parlour. Mr Morland, who was present, now came forward to offer consolation to the afflicted mother. 'We will hope, dear madam,' he said, 'that, the first ebullition of anger over, this refractory youth will not persevere in his rash determination. Take comfort from the dutiful and affectionate conduct of your other children. Edmund has risen tenfold in the esteem of every right-thinking person by the noble part he has acted. My dear young friend,' he pursued, taking the hand of the young man, 'I congratulate you on the conquest you have made over self—congratulate you with greater pleasure than I should feel had you attained the object of your most ardent wishes. I can fully appreciate the sacrifice you have made, for in my youth I endured a somewhat similar trial. Providence afterwards cleared my way, and yours may possibly, at some future period, be in like manner opened. But if it should not be so, believe me that you will enjoy more real satisfaction whilst pursuing the straight path of duty, however opposed it be to your habits and inclinations, and however humble, than even the gratification of laudable desires can afford if lying out of that path.'

Edmund could only return the warm pressure of his venerable friend: his emotions were too powerful for utterance.

'If,' Mr Morland proceeded, 'your conduct towards your brother be marked by as much wisdom and forbearance as that towards your mother and sisters is by generosity, we may yet see him a worthy member of society. He is not, I hope, wholly lost to feeling, and kindness may overcome where harshness would fail. But I have no need,' he added, 'to point out the proper means to be pursued to those whose hearts are already willing to overlook offences. I have reason to believe that one is beforehand with me, and is even now endeavouring to act the part of a peacemaker.' The moment after Richard had quitted the room, Elizabeth had quietly left the place she had before occupied by her mother's side, to follow the youth, and her errand had been rightly surmised by the good pastor. If any member of the family could subdue the violent spirit of Richard Harley, it was his twin-sister, for whom his affections were called forth in a stronger degree than for any other being on earth. They had been playfellows in childhood; for Edmund had always been too studious a companion for his brother, and the other children were many years younger. Though a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than that which existed in their dispositions—Elizabeth being as gentle and yielding as Richard was exacting and self-willed—that very circumstance tended to unite them in a closer bond. It gave occasion for forbearance in the former which the latter could not but admire; though he made no effort to imitate it, and often taxed it beyond all reasonable bounds.

The affectionate sister found, however, that to soothe the youth under his present imaginary injury, was the most difficult task she had undertaken, he having predetermined not to sleep another night under the parental roof; but she would not quit his side till she had won from him a promise that he would not act precipitately in the affair, but at least wait the event of a few days, till he saw the course Edmund intended to pursue.

Though Elizabeth was tenderly attached to her younger brother, she entertained a still warmer affection for the elder, towards whom she felt a kind of love bordering on veneration. She had ever looked up to him as to some superior being, whose counsel she could ask in every difficulty, and whose decisions were faultless. She now confidently hoped that the lenity of the one would effectually overcome the anger of the other; and with this comforting assurance in her own bosom, she sought her widowed parent, and strove to console

her under her present aggravated griefs. One of the greatest trials which human nature is called to endure, is to have our motives questioned, and our good evil-spoken of. Thus Edmund suffered more from being taunted with selfishness, when he had really exercised the most noble generosity, than he did from the sacrifice he had made. But a still severer pang yet awaited him.

Our hero's frequent visits to the house of Mr Morland had brought him into constant and familiar intercourse with that gentleman's only daughter, a lovely girl of nearly his own age. They had been associated in study; for her father was of opinion that women are born for nobler purposes than either to be mere domestic drudges or puppets for exhibition, and had consequently resolved to train her in a manner which would really fit her to become the companion of a man of education. He was at the same time solicitous that she should lose none of the truly feminine characteristics of her sex; and had Mrs Morland co-operated in his laudable undertaking, it is most probable that he would have accomplished the desirable end he had in view. But, unhappily for the domestic peace of the good pastor, as well as for the formation of the character of his daughter, that lady studied rather how her beautiful child might obtain admiration, than how she might become worthy of it, and thus counteracted the good effects which her father's example and instructions might otherwise have wrought. To the eyes of the young student, however, Ellen Morland appeared faultless; and he, with the evident sanction of her parents, as well as with the approbation of the young lady herself, bestowed on her the warmest affections of his ardent nature. To the good pastor the union appeared desirable, from his knowledge of the character of the young man. Mrs Morland did not oppose it, because she was of opinion that his talents would raise him to distinction in the profession he had made choice of; and Ellen was flattered and gratified with the devotion of one possessed of so superior a mind, combined with a person far from disagreeable. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the intelligence that Edmund had relinquished the idea of entering the ministry, in order to provide for his mother and sisters from his late father's business, had a very different effect upon the minds of the mother and daughter to that which it created in the father. The former were incapable of appreciating the generosity of the act, and only saw in it the blighted prospects of the young man. Ellen, however, said not a word in her father's presence; and Mrs Morland, finding that her husband's views of the subject were not in accordance with her own, forbore to make any remark, though she secretly determined that the acquaintance between the young people should be speedily brought to a close.

'That moment in which Mr Edmund Harley ties on a canvas apron, and appears in his shop, he breaks every tie between us,' the young lady exclaimed as the pastor quitted the room; and as she spoke, she scornfully tossed her pretty head, and indignantly threw down a silken watch-chain which her fair fingers had for some time been busily occupied in weaving for the youth.

'I am happy to find that your feelings correspond with my own, my dear Ellen,' the mother observed. 'I was afraid that your affection for this foolish young man might induce you to overlook his position in society.'

'Affection might have induced me,' said the daughter, 'to overlook his station in society, had the business he is about to engage in been almost any other than what it is; but to stand behind a counter with that odious apron—oh! I could not endure it. You need not entertain the least apprehension on that head, mamma.'

'And what will avail all the pains your papa has taken to teach him Hebrew and Greek, if he is to spend his days in weighing butter and cheese?' said Mrs Morland. 'For my part, I think it is very ungrateful in him to throw away such advantages on such a pretence; for I can't give him credit for disinterestedness, when a profitable business is to be the reward of his self-sacrifice.'

'The sacrifice would not be to him alone, if I were to share his fortunes,' Ellen quickly rejoined; 'for the change would be far greater to me, who have always moved in a different sphere, than it can be to him. I think that he ought to have consulted me on the subject before he gave such a promise to his father.'

'Well, my love, it is not a matter for very deep regret. I hope you have a higher destiny marked out for you than to be the wife of a cheesemonger's son; and I am glad that you have sufficient prudence to see it in the right light.'

Though the young lady affected so much indifference at the prospect of yielding up her lover, she could not really resign him without a pang. She was angry that his affection for his parent and sisters had superseded what she considered to be due to herself; but could not help calling to mind his many virtues, as well as occasionally contemplating his personal and mental endowments. 'Mamma thinks I bear it more heroically than I really do,' she mentally said as she retired to the privacy of her own chamber to shed a few tears of regret.

Unsuspicious of what was passing at the house at which he had hitherto been a welcome guest, Edmund repaired thither as soon as the funeral obsequies of his departed parent were over. His warm heart anticipated sympathy from these his dearest friends. How great, therefore, were his surprise and disappointment when, instead of the customary affectionate greeting, he was received in as cold and distant a manner as though he had been a perfect stranger! As no reference was made to the new position which he was likely to hold, he never for a moment conjectured the cause of the altered behaviour of the ladies towards him; but on Mrs Morland being called from the room, he availed himself of the opportunity to seek an explanation. 'What can I have done to merit this treatment at your hands, dearest Ellen?' he tenderly asked, as he drew his chair beside hers, and looked earnestly in her face.

'You must be aware, Mr Harley, that we can no longer meet on the same terms we have hitherto done,' the young lady made answer; and as she spoke, she, to conceal her emotion, bent over a drawing to which she had been giving the last touches with her pencil.

'I am perfectly ignorant of your meaning, Miss Morland. I am not aware of having in anyway deserved to be received here otherwise than I have ever been.'

'Am I misinformed, then, upon the subject of your intentions for the future?' Ellen asked, with more earnestness than she intended to betray. The question served to open the eyes of her lover to the truth, and he was for some time incapable of reply, so powerful were the conflicting emotions which agitated his breast. 'Is it true,' she pursued after a pause, 'that you have relinquished your intended academic career, and purpose to take your station for life behind a counter?'

'Can this be Ellen Morland—she whom I believed to be all that was generous, affectionate, and amiable?' the youth mentally inquired. Still he spoke not, fearing lest his words should express all the astonishment and indignation he felt.

'If such be the case,' the young lady proceeded, at a loss how to account for his silence, 'you need not be informed that you have taken a step which must separate us for ever. I would have shared your fortunes in the honourable path you were about to pursue, even had you not been prosperous; but you cannot suppose, Mr Harley, that I can now any longer think of doing so. I do not expect that this will cause you any regret,' she carelessly added: 'your mother and sisters are the principal objects of your concern; my feelings and my wishes have not been consulted; and therefore

I am justified in deeming them a matter of indifference.'

'Had not your own lips, Ellen, given utterance to these unkind and unjust observations, I would not have believed you capable of making them,' the young man now replied, whilst his intelligent countenance glowed with an expression of anger foreign to his nature. 'I would have contradicted any one who had dared to accuse you of such selfish and unfeeling conduct; and even now I am almost inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses, rather than believe you guilty of it. Yes, I have, as you say, given up my academic career, and taken my station behind a counter; and your excellent father approves of the step. I have acted in accordance with the dictates of affection and duty, at a sacrifice of my own feelings which no language can express; and I expected to have met with your sympathy and approbation. But since it is withheld—since you are so void of womanly tenderness as to taunt me with my regard for my family, I will turn to them alone for that happiness I once thought you would be the means of bestowing.'

He rose as he spoke, and was moving towards the door, when Ellen, who had not expected on the part of her lover such a ready concurrence in her wishes, detained him by observing that she was the person who had most reason to complain, since he had treated her as though she was without interest in his welfare.

'No, Miss Morland,' he made answer: 'I supposed you to be deeply interested in anything that concerned me; but I was grievously mistaken; and this transaction has revealed to me that we were never suited for each other. If you can esteem the claims of a widowed parent and helpless family to be so light—if you can throw contempt upon an honourable occupation, undertaken under such circumstances—you would never have made me happy, and I, on the other hand, could not have rendered you so. It is well, perhaps, that we have thus become better acquainted with each other's character, though to me it is a bitter discovery. Adieu! I little thought when I entered this house that I should leave it thus;' and he again made a movement to depart.

Ellen would at that moment have given much to recall what she had, in the full confidence of her power, uttered; but her pride would not allow her to make any concession, and she suffered him to depart without a word. No language can describe the feelings of Edmund Harley as he bent his steps towards his once happy home. The hopes of his youth were in everyway blighted; yet he was free from self-accusations; nor did he in any instance repent of the course he had taken. There is an elevating principle in virtue which sustains the mind under every calamity, and this principle alone supported our hero under his accumulated disappointments.

Mrs Harley's penetrating mind had foreseen the probable event of Miss Morland's rejection of her son. She surmised that her affections were not of a very durable nature; but to the simple-hearted Elizabeth, it was a matter of astonishment that any young woman could be indifferent to the regard of her almost idolised brother, be his position in society what it might. The private sorrows of Edmund were, however, swallowed up in a fresh affliction, which befell the family shortly afterwards. The conciliating spirit evinced, and the generous offers which were made, by the elder towards the younger brother, had no effect in softening the resentment of the latter, who viewed with dissatisfaction every measure proposed for the promotion of peace and unity. He was missed one morning from the family breakfast, and when sought for in his chamber, it was discovered that he had not occupied it during the night. The fact that great part of his wardrobe was gone, too plainly denoted that he had voluntarily absented himself; but not a line could be found to give his distressed relations any clue to the path he had taken, or the course he intended to pursue, nor could they hear of any one who had seen him since the previous evening. The health of Mrs Harley, which had been greatly enfeebled by her late severe affliction, sunk under this additional grief, and she was confined to her chamber with a malady which threatened a fatal termination. It was now that the domestic virtues of Elizabeth were called into action. The management of the household affairs, and the charge of the younger members of the family, devolved on her, in addition to the task of nursing her invalid parent; but her character, unlike that of Ellen Morland's, required to be tested by adverse circumstances to exhibit its beauty.

Knowing the dislike Richard had for business, Edmund thought it probable that his brother had enlisted in the military service; and he accordingly took a journey to London, in order to ascertain if this were the case. He felt convinced that the strict discipline exercised in the army would be revolting to the pride of a youth who had resisted the mildest parental control, and he would have made any sacrifice to purchase his release, could he have persuaded him to return to his home. His search was, however, fruitless: no traces of the fugitive could be discovered, and the afflicted family could only wait the result of time.

The entire devotion of her eldest son, together with the unremitting attentions of her gentle nurse, had the effect of soothing the wounded spirit of Mrs Harley, and for their sakes she strove to bear her twofold bereavement. The desertion of Richard had thrown much additional labour upon Edmund, who, never having been habituated to business, found the duties really onerous. Shut out from those beloved studies which had before been the food of his existence, he toiled early and late at an occupation which even prevented the possibility of his thoughts ranging in those flowery paths; yet he was never heard to utter a complaint. When alone with Elizabeth, he would sometimes picture how happy he should have been had Providence permitted that he should have administered to the wants of his family by means of the sacred office towards which his wishes tended; but he would check every rising of discontent with the remark, that it was not his place to dictate, but to follow. His gentle sister's hopeful nature would soar above the present difficulties, and prophesy of brighter days. She was sure, she said, that his noble self-sacrifice would be rewarded even in this life; that he was not intended ever to pursue a course so opposed to his inclinations; and these visions of future happiness had at least the effect of smoothing his present rugged path.

The expiration of two years found the family in much the same circumstances as when Richard quitted his home—with this exception, that time had in some measure blunted the edge of their grief for the departed. Concerning the fate of the fugitive they were in equal uncertainty and anxiety, for no tidings of him had reached them during that period. The London post, however, one morning brought Edmund a letter, the direction of which bore a resemblance to his brother's handwriting, and, without saying a word which could indicate what was passing in his mind, he withdrew from the family circle to peruse it alone. The epistle, as he surmised, was from Richard; but Edmund scarcely knew whether to rejoice or to weep over its contents. It told a tale of suffering, and was dated from an hospital, where the unhappy young man was then lying, disabled by sickness, brought on by privation and hardship; but it breathed a spirit of penitence and submission he had never before evinced, and this gave some cheering hopes of future amendment. 'To you, my brother,' he concluded by saying—'to you I turn when all the rest of mankind frown upon me; for in you I see the representative of that excellent father whose counsels I despised, and whose name I slandered. Yes; I cannot forget that I taxed his memory with injustice, because he had not placed confidence in a son who had never acted other than the prodigal's part. My mother truly prophesied that I should live to repent it. But if

my life be spared, and you receive me once more into my early home, I will try by every means to make restitution for the past, by devoting my future life to the service of those remaining dear ones I have so deeply injured.' Summoning Elizabeth to his side, Edmund deputed to her the task of breaking the intelligence to their parent, and then made immediate preparations for paying a visit to his erring brother. To Mrs Harley the information came like a voice from the grave; for she had long deplored her son as dead, thinking it impossible that he could yet live, and keep them so long in ignorance of his fate. Our hero's intended journey to London meeting with his mother's cordial approbation, the young man was in a few hours on his road thither. His fraternal feelings experienced a shock when he obtained admittance to the house of charity in which the invalid lay; for so altered were those once handsome features, and so emaciated was his late athletic form, that he could with difficulty recognise him. There was a change also in Edmund: his intelligent countenance bore an expression of thoughtfulness and sadness unusual in one so young; but it was at the same time rendered more dignified by the ennobling motives which had actuated his conduct. The meeting was touching in the extreme. The contrition of one brother was evidently as deep and sincere as the forgiveness of the other was cheerful and heartfelt; and Edmund's assurances that their widowed parent would receive her prodigal son with open arms, afforded to Richard unspeakable satisfaction.

The debilitated state to which the youth was reduced, prevented the possibility of his being removed for some considerable time; but his family looked anxiously for his arrival at the home of his childhood, and no one more so than Elizabeth, who hopefully prophesied that her nursing would soon restore him to perfect health. At length he was clasped in the embraces of his fond mother and affectionate sisters who with one accord resolved to obliterate all remembrance of the past, and to encourage his resolutions of amendment.

'I do not ask you to place firm reliance in my promises of reformation,' Richard one day said, addressing his brother. 'The resolutions made on a sick-bed are, I know, often broken; but if, after twelve months' trial, I retain your confidence, I wish you to intrust the business to my care, and then pursue the course you had at first marked out. Believe me,' he earnestly added, 'I am not prompted by self-interest in making this proposal. I am now convinced that it was at a sacrifice of your feelings that you undertook it; and in requesting you to give it up, I am influenced only by a desire for your benefit. I will willingly yield the entire profits to my mother and sisters, and derive no further emolument from it than as if I were a stranger hired to fill your place.'

Edmund cheerfully acceded to this proposition: it seemed to animate him with fresh hope; and Elizabeth, who was present, threw her arms alternately around each, and wept tears of delight. 'Did I not tell you, dear Edmund, that there would be a blissful termination to all our misfortunes?' she exclaimed. Then turning to her younger brother, she energetically added, 'On the fulfilment of your promises, Richard, all our hopes must rest. But you will fulfil them—I am sure you will. You will, for the future, be to our dear mother what Edmund has hitherto been. He may then pursue his studies, and we shall all be happy yet.'

And Elizabeth's prophecy was accomplished—her fondest hopes were realised; for Richard's good conduct during the period he had himself specified having guaranteed future stability, the business was consigned to his care. Mrs Harley thought it most prudent, for a season, to permit him to have it on his own terms; but as he gave no cause for dissatisfaction in the capacity of foreman, it was wholly intrusted to his direction shortly after he became of age. Edmund, meanwhile, with the aid of Mr Morland—who, notwithstanding the rupture with his daughter, was still his attached and steady friend—recommenced his studies in one of the colleges, and having gone through the necessary course, attained the goal towards which his desires had so long been directed. He was now able to offer his widowed parent and younger sisters an asylum beneath his roof, leaving Elizabeth to be the housekeeper of her twin-brother. The furnace of affliction had further purified the character of Edmund Harley, and he entered on his sacred office with a mind better prepared for extensive usefulness than it would formerly have been. And now, in looking back upon the past, he is led to see that, though 'the path of duty' was in his case rugged and toilsome, it was the only safe one, and that it had ultimately led to solid and durable happiness.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ANTWERP—CATHEDRAL SERVICE—INCONGRUITIES DURING MASS—INTERIOR PLAN OF CATHOLIC CHURCHES—MAGNIFICENCE OF THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL—OPULENCE OF ANTWERP—QUENTIN METSYS' CURIOUS HISTORY—CATHEDRAL SPIRE—COMPLIMENT PAID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Easter Sunday was ushered in, or rather we were awakened, by the confused ringing of church bells, amidst the din of which we could distinguish the softer tones of the Carillon—a description of chiming which is carried to great perfection in Holland and Belgium. It was a bright sunny morning, and the Place Verte, or piazza, underneath our windows already presented a lively scene, being thronged with people hastening in different directions to their respective churches. Continental habits beget early hours. The Catholic religion enjoins its disciples to rise almost with the rising sun to their matins; and upon such festivals as the present—the *jour de pâques*—low masses precede high mass, and other masses follow until vespers, so that the whole day appears to be dedicated to divine service. And yet there appears to be a curious intermixture between these outward signs of religious worship and the visible continuance of the business of daily life; for while the churches are crowded, and the church bells still continue summoning the people to their devotions, the shops remain open in almost every quarter of the town for the casual incidents of trade; and the different promenades in the public squares and neighbourhood, as the day advances, become hourly more enlivened with fashionably-dressed persons, who appear to live only to enjoy the ephemeral gaieties of society. There is a contrariety in the effect so produced which is very remarkable, particularly in small towns like Antwerp, where the population and its resources are not lost in metropolitan magnitude, but come more immediately under the scope of individual observation.

The high mass in the cathedral commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and our party were fortunate enough to obtain seats near the choir. The immense area of the church, as far as the eye could reach through the innumerable pillars which support the Gothic arches of the double aisles, was soon filled by a dense multitude; and as the priests entered in their rich sacerdotal habits, chanting the *introitus*, the deep and sustained notes of the organ, and the accompaniment of the other wind and stringed instruments blending their full chords together, announced with impressive grandeur the commencement of the mass. There was a rustling for a moment in the crowd. The priests then having bowed on each side of the altar, with their upraised hands pressed together, approached its centre, and commenced those mystical movements and ceremonies which may, to the uninitiated, have something of a mimetic appearance; yet it is far otherwise, for every action and gesture, and even attitude, is strictly prescribed by the Roman ritual, and intended to convey a meaning typical of some portion of the life and doctrines of our Saviour.* Hence one part of the service,

* Explication des Cérémonies de la Messe. Par Le P. Brun. Paris, 1844.

to those who participate in it, is more affecting than another; and occasionally individuals may be observed to become so much agitated, that they can hardly suppress their emotions. While the congregation was thus devoutly engaged, we could not help gazing with admiration on the very beautiful altar-piece before us—the Assumption of the Virgin by Rubens. The colouring of this picture is exquisite. The Virgin is represented surrounded by a choir of angels, and some light fleecy clouds hovering around them. There is a calm beatitude in the countenance of the Virgin, and a tenderness of feeling, which express in the most vivid manner a consciousness of the most perfect purity, conjoined and blending with a sense of the deepest adoration. The attendant angels, too, are conceived in a tone of matchless harmony; while the clearness and transparency of the clouds produce an aërial effect which is truly marvellous. It has been observed that Rubens, as a colourist, might be called 'the painter of light,' as Rembrandt, by way of contrast, has been described 'the painter of darkness;' and certainly there is a softness and subdued beauty in this picture which will not be found in any of his larger and more startling compositions. In all Catholic countries the sacred music which accompanies, or rather forms part of the mass, is finely executed; and upon this occasion—as the priests walked in procession down the nave, exhibiting over the heads of the people the Host in its golden ostensoir, while the heavy silver censers were swung aloft, throwing out clouds of incense—we thought we never heard the Hallelujah more fully, more impressively, and more effectively given. During the preceding—the Passion—week, the church service partakes of a desponding and dolorous character. At all hours of the day persons may be seen moving stealthily through the aisles to the confessionals, or small wooden stalls, in which the priest, through a window-like opening, listens to the confession of sins, and holds communication with the penitent. Morning, noon, and evening, the *De Profundis*, and other psalms of penitence, with the *Kyrie Eleison*, or Litany of the Saints, are lugubriously and somewhat monotonously chanted, until, upon Good-Friday, the celebration of the *Tenebræ*, to denote the darkness and other circumstances of the crucifixion, adds the deepest of all gloom to these prescribed offices. But on Easter Sunday, which is the 'highest of all feasts,' strains of more joyous harmony succeed, interspersed with the most charming symphonies, which are intended to console and cheer, and raise heavenwards the aspirations of the devout.

Ever restless and open to trivial impressions, strangers are apt, even amidst scenes of solemnity, to be struck by incongruities which other persons from habit do not observe; and we confess that upon this, as well as upon similar occasions, our ears were offended by an almost perpetual and most unseemly jingling of copper money. In Catholic churches there are no pews—which were not introduced into England until after the Reformation—and the congregation therefore is provided with chairs, having low seats for people to kneel as well as to sit upon. For the use of each chair, or '*prie Dieu*,' as it is called, every person pays two or three sous; and the collection of these coppers by a woman who watches with a quick eye every change of seat, goes on during the whole service. There are also two other collections, chiefly in copper money—one for the church, the other for the parish; and these donations being solicited in like manner, and dropped into a wooden box while the people are at their devotions, occasion a similar interruption. The chair money, particularly in large parishes, brings an enormous revenue to the church; they are generally farmed out to individuals, who profit by the speculation. We are informed that in one church alone in Paris—Saint Eustache—the return from letting out the chairs some years ago amounted annually to upwards of twenty thousand francs.* Here also we ought not to pass unnoticed a very important-looking personage, who never fails to attract attention—we mean the beadle or sacristan. In Paris, his costume is very remarkable. He wears a cocked-hat, trimmed with silver lace, an embroidered old-fashioned coat, knee breeches, and white silk stockings, with shoes adorned with huge silver buckles; and from a broad, highly-ornamented belt, suspended over his right shoulder, a dress-sword hangs dangling transversely across his calves. He carries a long silver-headed potential-looking cane, well ferruled at the tip, with which he strikes the stone pavement with a reverberating clink, as a signal for the people to make way for the priest as he passes from the sacristy to the altar or the pulpit. It was observed by Lady Morgan that this costume is remarkable for having remained unchanged amidst all the social revolutions which have occurred in the French capital. In Antwerp, this functionary appears in a less courtier-like garb, or, to speak artistically, in a more subdued attire. The silver-laced cocked-hat is dispensed with, as also the dress-sword; he, however, wears a finely-embroidered coat and breast-belt; and, what appears curious, instead of sporting silk stockings, his legs disappear in a pair of English-looking top-boots, the deep upper leathers of which are of a bright and shining mahogany colour. While engaged in his more sacred official duties, he did not fail to look out for the new faces of such visitors as might be present; and at the conclusion of the mass, as we were retiring from the cathedral, he followed us, and intimated that if we would return at one o'clock, he would uncover for our inspection the two pictures of Rubens—'the Descent from the Cross,' and 'the Elevation of the Cross'—which, in a spirit of unrighteous parsimony, were concealed behind a curtain, not so much to protect them from the dust, as to obtain a gratuity for their exhibition. We, however, for the present declined his offer; because, although the service was concluded, many of the congregation still retained their seats; and we observed that other religious ceremonies were commencing in some of the side chapels.

Here, in reference to these side chapels and other subdivisions of the Catholic church, we may explain, for the information of those who have not visited the continent, that the plan or interior distribution of these sacred edifices is for the most part similar. At the east end, in conformity with the ancient custom of praying towards the east, is the high altar; opposite to which, at the western extremity, is the organ; and the intervening open space, or middle of the church, is called the nave. On each side of the nave, flanking the walls, are the aisles, which are vaulted, and frequently, as in the Antwerp cathedral, supported by a triple row of pillars. On either side of these aisles are the chapels just mentioned, which are recesses or partitions against the walls, generally railed in and separated from each other. Originally, they were, in the primitive churches, designed for little cells or chambers, into which persons could retire for reading, meditation, or prayer; they now bear the name of the saint to which they are individually dedicated; and each is provided with an altar, and often adorned with interesting sepulchral monuments and very fine pictures. They are used for private worship; and the masses conducted in them—sometimes, but not always, with the assistance of a priest—are independent of the congregation which may be present. During high mass, the altars in these chapels are frequently seen lighted up with small wax tapers, and these more private ceremonies of devotion are at the same time going on. Across the nave runs a division north and south, called the transepts, which was added by the early Christians to the Roman church for the purpose of laying out the ground-plan in the shape either of a Greek or Roman cross. In the Greek cross, the four arms are equal; in the Latin, the arms are higher up on the trunk, so as to correspond more nearly with the proportions of the human body. Above the intersection of the transepts with the nave a dome is frequently introduced; and on each side of the choir a chapel,

* Veritable Origine des Biens Ecclesiastiques. Par M. Rozet. Paris, 1790.

dedicated, one to the Virgin, the other to the holy sacrament. At the upper or east end of the nave is the choir, which is somewhat raised above the surrounding area of the church, and entered by a flight of steps. It is usually separated from the nave by an ornamental balustrade; and its pavement is inlaid with marbles of various colours, and often very finely tessellated. The altar part is under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of the cathedral, and is appropriated to the higher order of the priests and deacons. The other part, from the high altar to the end of the choir, is occupied by the inferior clergy, and often by part of the instrumental band and singers who assist in the choral service. On each side are seats or stalls for the use of the priests and deacons, which are, throughout the Netherlands, constructed of oak, very finely carved into sculptural designs, often of figures as large as life, and very elaborate basso-relievos. In almost every choir is a reading-desk, called a *lecterne*, made of brass, in the shape of an eagle, with wings expanded to support the sacred volume. We have often wondered that the eagle should have been selected as a type for this purpose, and have been frequently told that it was adopted from the Romans; but we find from Ducange that the lecterne was made in this shape to designate St John the Evangelist, who is generally represented with an eagle behind him. The pulpit of the church, which is used only for the delivery of sermons, is also, throughout the Netherlands, constructed of oak, very frequently carved in a wonderful manner, so as to represent certain portions of holy writ; and it is so placed in the nave, that the congregation, listening to the preacher, shall look towards the east. The sacristy corresponds with the vestry of Protestant churches; and here the treasures of the church, the costly symbols and sacramental vessels, the rich vestments of the priests, and the relics of saints and martyrs, are preserved in safety. When, however, the church possesses the shrine of its patron saint—which may be described as an ark-shaped box or case, in which the remains of the saint are supposed to be deposited—so valuable a reliquary is kept immediately behind the high altar.

To return—for without some notion of the interior distribution of a Catholic church, the visitor on the continent will find himself continually at fault—the Antwerp cathedral, in its dimensions and proportions, is a magnificent edifice. The length of the nave, the height of the roof, the immense number of pillars which support the Gothic arcades of the aisles, produce an effect of extreme architectural solemnity; and when we remember that, in its ancient state, before the frenzied spirit of revolution had pillaged its treasures and dismantled its walls, the side chapels were adorned with altars of finely-sculptured marble, surmounted with most valuable paintings—that not only the high altar, but several other altars, were of solid silver, enriched with sacred emblems and sacramental vessels, including the costly ostensoir presented to the church by Francis I., and mounted with diamonds and precious stones, which were the gifts of other sovereigns, and of inestimable price; and when we furthermore picture to ourselves the immense dome, lighted up by lustres beaming from no less than one hundred chandeliers of massive silver, illuminating the pictured walls and monuments around, we can easily imagine that, when Philip II. here held a chapter of the Golden Fleece—which order was instituted by him at Bruges in honour of his marriage with Isabel of Portugal—so august a ceremonial, attended as it was by several sovereigns and princes, and an immense concourse of nobles richly attired, with their escutcheons waving upon silken banners over their heads, must have presented a most gorgeous spectacle. But it is to be remembered that these towns of the Netherlands were then the most influential cities in Europe; and as they now exist, we do not behold them in ruins, but have the more melancholy satisfaction of entering their churches, their town-halls, and palace-like houses as they then existed; so that the very streets still retain the architectural peculiarities and beauties of the middle ages. So great was the commercial intercourse between Antwerp and other parts of Europe, and its port was often so much crowded with vessels, that each successive fleet had to wait long in the Scheldt before it could obtain admission to discharge its cargoes. The opulence of this and other towns in Brabant and Flanders was such, that the rich burghers often outrivalled, in the ostentation of their wealth, the pageantry of sovereigns. The taste for prodigality and luxury extended through all classes of society, so that the good citizens in private lived in the most costly manner. They dressed themselves, men and women, in the most expensive fashion. Velvet and satin, silk and damask, were the ordinary material of their clothing; and gold, and silver, and precious stones, were such common articles of decoration, that we are informed that the harness even of their horses sparkled with brilliants that cost immense sums.* Among the ladies, this passion for display was carried to the highest extent. Hence, when the queen of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges, astonished at the splendid display around her, she is said to have exclaimed with a feeling of wonder, not unmixed with a little womanly envy, 'I thought myself the only queen, but I see six hundred who appear more so than I.'

Upon leaving the cathedral, our attention was directed to a curious sort of iron canopy over a well, which was, we are informed, chiselled into this fantastic shape by Quentin Metsys, without the assistance of either a hammer or a file. To the history of this celebrated artist a romantic story is attached, which may give this iron monument of his skill an interest it would not otherwise possess, for it is by no means very ornamental. At an early age Quentin Metsys lost his father, and his mother being in very indigent circumstances, he supported her upon the wages of his hard-earned industry—for Quentin was a blacksmith, and toiled laboriously at his trade, in which he often displayed great ingenuity and taste, which are sufficiently evinced in the very elegant and elaborate balustrade of his workmanship that may be seen in the college of Louvain. That he was a dutiful and good son, is certain, for when—being of delicate health—sickness disabled him from working at the forge, he supported his mother by making those little metal images of saints which it was the custom, on the occasion of the procession of lepers, to distribute among the people. But nature had destined Quentin Metsys for a higher calling, which was curiously brought about by his being, while yet a youth, crossed in love. In the town of Antwerp lived an artist who had a very pretty daughter, of whom Quentin became so much enamoured, that he offered himself to her in marriage; and although she was nothing loath—for he had already won her consent—her father interposed his authority, refusing his child to be wedded to a worker in vile metals. Stung with disappointment, and determining to overcome an objection so humiliating, Quentin Metsys threw aside his hammer, forsook his anvil, and applied himself diligently to the study of the fine arts. And in this instance love's labour was not lost; for, cheered by the secret encouragement of his lady-love, he soon acquired such proficiency, that one day, upon entering the study of her father, who had just finished a picture of the fallen angels, which is still in the cathedral, he, unobserved by anybody, took up the brush and painted a bee on the thigh of the angel, which was so naturally and delicately sketched, that the proud old artist on his return started with astonishment. 'How came the little insect there?' forthwith he made inquiry; and discovered that the rejected blacksmith had renounced his early calling, and instead of being a son of Vulcan, was now transformed into a son of Apollo. He soon gave further evidence of his great abilities, and was rewarded by the hand of the

* Grattan's History of the Netherlands. London, 1830.

lady of his love. Thus did Quentin Metsys not only 'win his Genevieve, his bright and beauteous bride,' but became eventually one of the most distinguished artists in Flanders. But, after all, poor Quentin lived in stormy times; and upon his death, being considered an heretic, his remains were refused interment under the nave of the cathedral, and he was therefore buried without its precincts, immediately under the western portals of the church, upon the adjoining wall of which is a stone tablet inscribed to his memory; and by the side of his epitaph is the following Latin verse—'Connubialis Amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.'

We did not return to our hotel without pausing to admire the exterior architecture of the cathedral, which, on the side of the Place Verte, is blocked up by the immediate contiguity of a row of houses, so that the tower and spire are the principal objects of attraction. The open stone-work of the spire gives it a very light and elegant appearance; but it hardly deserves the encomium of Charles V., who observed that it should be kept under a glass-case; or the observation of Napoleon, that it has the appearance of being worked in Mechlin lace. Those who have seen the spire of the Strasburg cathedral—which, for lightness and elegance, and exquisitely minute workmanship, may be considered the marvel of architecture—will not hold it in such very high estimation. Still, it is a very beautiful object. Our guide, an intelligent lad, requested us to observe particularly its very great height, and also the newly-gilt weathercock upon its top, in which we saw nothing very remarkable, until we were informed that upon certain gala-days, as a sign of very great public rejoicing, some heroic aspirant to fame mounts to the top of the vane, and strides, saddle-fashion, across 'the bird of early dawn.' This wonderful feat, he added, was performed when her majesty Queen Victoria passed through Antwerp on the occasion of her late visit to the king of the Belgians; but we suspect that this was only a dwarfish miracle in comparison with that performed by a celebrated rope-dancer, who, when Isabel of Bavaria, on the occasion of her marriage, entered Paris, swung himself down from the tower of Notre-Dame to the bridge below—the Pont au Change—holding in one hand a lighted torch, as it was night, and in the other a wreath of flowers, which he planted so dexterously on the queen's head, and then so suddenly reascended to the tower, that neither her majesty nor any of the royal party perceived whence she had received the floral diadem.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHITE AND BROWN BREAD.—UNFERMENTED BREAD.

Several years ago, we threw out the surmise that the separation of the white from the brown parts of wheat grain was likely to be baneful to health. We proceeded upon theoretical grounds, believing that Providence must have contemplated our using the entire grain, and not a portion only, selected by means of a nicely-arranged machinery. It struck us forcibly, that to go on, for a long course of years, thus using a kind of food different from what nature designed, could not fail to be attended with bad consequences. We have since learned that our views have some recognised support in science. The following paragraph from a recent pamphlet* will at once serve to keep the subject alive in the minds of our readers, and explain the actual grounds on which the separation of flour is detrimental:—'The general belief,' says the writer, 'is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made contains all the ingredients necessary to the composition of nourishment of the various structure composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects a waste; and it seems desirable that the admirers of white bread (but especially the poor) should be made acquainted with these truths, and brought to inquire whether they do not purchase at too dear a rate the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread, led to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enabled bakers, who were so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or most costly, or to dispose of it accordingly; at once defrauding the purchaser, and tampering with his health. Among the matters removed by the miller are the larger saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young or the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons having sluggish bowels, and stomachs equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree; for it is too exciting to irritable bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs. When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be adapted, with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions.'

Mr Smith, in his late remarkable work on Fruits and Farinacea as the food of man, gives some illustrations of this doctrine. 'Bulk,' he says, 'is nearly as necessary to the articles of diet as the nutrient principle. They should be so managed that one will be in proportion to the other. Too highly nutritive diet is probably as fatal to the prolongation of life and health, as that which contains an insufficient quantity of nourishment. It is a matter of common remark among old whalemen, that, during their long voyages, the coarser their bread, the better their health. "I have followed the seas for thirty-five years," said an intelligent sea captain to Mr Graham, "and have been in almost every part of the globe; and have always found that the coarsest pilot-bread, which contained a considerable portion of bran, is decidedly the healthiest for my men." "I am convinced, from my own experience," says another captain, "that bread made of the unbolted wheat meal is far more wholesome than that made from the best superfine flour—the latter always tending to produce constipation." Captain Dexter of the ship Isis, belonging to Providence, arrived from China in December 1804. He had been about 190 days on the passage. The sea-bread, which constituted the principal article of food for his men, was made of the best superfine flour. He had not been long at sea before his men began to complain of languor, loss of appetite, and debility. These difficulties continued to increase during the whole voyage; and several of the hands died on the passage of debility and inanition. The ship was obliged to come to an anchor about thirty miles below Providence; and such was the debility of the men on board, that they were not able to get the ship under weigh again, and the owners were under the necessity of sending men down from Providence to work her up. When she arrived, the owners asked Captain Dexter what was the cause of the sickness of his men. He replied, "The bread was too good."'

* Instructions for Making Unfermented Bread, by a Physician. London: Taylor and Walton. 1846.

The primary object of the pamphlet already quoted, is to explain a mode of making bread without the use of yeast, the *raising* process being accomplished by carbonate of soda and muriatic acid. The formula recommended for bread made of *wheat meal* (that is, the flour of entire grain) is—wheat meal 3 pounds avoirdupois, bicarbonate of soda, in powder, 4½ drachms troy, hydrochloric acid 5 fluid drachms and 25 minims or drops, water 30 fluid ounces, and salt ⅔ of an ounce troy. 'Bread made in this manner,' says the writer, 'contains nothing but flour, common salt, and water. It has an agreeable natural taste, keeps much longer than common bread, is more digestible, and much less disposed to turn acid. Common bread, like everything that has been fermented, ferments easily again, to the great discomfort of many stomachs; and not only so, but as "a little leaven leavens the whole lump," it communicates a similar action to all the food in contact with it. Unfermented bread being free from this defect, is beneficial to those who suffer from headache, acidity, flatulence, eructations, a sense of sinking at the pit of the stomach, or pain after meals, and to all who are subject to gout or gravel. It is also useful in many affections of the skin. These remarks apply to both varieties of the bread, but especially to the brown, which is further invaluable to all who are liable to constipation from torpidity of the colon, or large intestines —the common infirmity of the sedentary, and of those who have been accustomed to oatmeal diet in their youth.'

Of unfermented bread we know nothing besides what is stated in its favour in this pamphlet, excepting that an intelligent friend assures us of his having experienced much benefit to his health from the use of it during the last twelvemonth. It is certainly, however, very desirable, for another reason, that unfermented should be, as far as possible, substituted for fermented bread. At present, owing to the process of fermenting this aliment, the life of the operative baker is one of the most slavish known in our country. It is distressing to think of the misery and hardship incurred by a portion of our fellow-creatures in producing the bread laid on our tables every day. We used to associate sugar with the blood and tears of the negroes: we might, with equal justice, connect hot rolls and snowy loaves with the sleepless, harassed lives of a portion of our own population. Could we agree to use unfermented bread, the slavish life of the baker would be at an end, for bread could then be made in two hours, where eight are now necessary.

It is hardly necessary to point out that unfermented bread, being produced at less expense of labour, would in that measure be cheaper to the public. A reduction of price would arise from another cause. By the use of the chemicals, there would be a saving of ten per cent. in the flour. 'In the common process,' says the pamphlet, 'much of the saccharine part of the flour is lost by being converted into carbonic acid and spirit; and this waste is incurred solely for the purpose of getting carbonic acid to raise the dough. By the new method, the waste is avoided, and the gas obtained in a manner equally beautiful and efficacious—another striking instance of the successful application of chemical philosophy to the arts of life.

SPECTRE WITNESSES.

Much as the disembodied spirits of the dead have associated themselves with men's actions, it is a rarity to find the intercourse between the world of life and that of spirits forming an item in official and practical business, and holding a place in the record of its transactions. The conflict of intellects in the practical business of life is a great exorciser of evil spirits; and while the strong-minded, the educated, and the learned, in the solitude of cloisters, in old graveyards, in caverns, or on 'blasted heaths,' have every now and then professed to be visited by apparitions, twelve of the most superstitious men in the world, empannelled as a jury, would hardly be found to attest a ghost story by a verdict returned in open court. Defoe, it is true, presents to us the history of a murderer who, in giving false evidence against an innocent man, is confronted by the ghost of the victim, with which he carries on a dialogue in open court, ultimately fatal to his conspiracy. But the ingenious writer leaves it undetermined whether the spectre was supposed to be present, or the diseased imagination of the perjured murderer, working upon his organs of sight, had called up the impression, and made the suggestions of his evil conscience, like those of Macbeth, appear to be embodied before his eyes. And here, by the way, let us just note how preposterously the stage, in representing this awful instance of the force of conscience, outwits itself in the belief that it is gratifying the taste of the multitude. The true impressiveness of the guilty man's terror consists in his seeing what the onlookers see not. 'The table is full,' but to him only—not to the wondering guests, or to his own iron-nerved wife. Yet at this moment, in the usual performance of the piece, some big stout man, dressed in tartans, with his throat painted to represent its being cut, stalks in and seats himself right in front of the audience, who should see the ghost of Banquo only reflected in the horror that distorts the countenance of Macbeth.

To return to our immediate subject. Sir Walter Scott having discovered, in the criminal records of Scotland, a trial for murder, in which some information received from the ghost of the murdered man was a part of the evidence, thought the record of sufficient interest to be printed for the Bannatyne Club, with the title, 'Trial of Duncan Terig *alias* Clerk, and Alexander Bayne Macdonald, for the Murder of Arthur Davies, Sergeant in General Guise's regiment of foot, June 1754.' The sergeant was commander of a small party, employed in the obnoxious duty of enforcing the act against the Highlanders carrying arms and wearing their native costume. He was stationed at Braemar, where the quantity of game on the surrounding hills tempted him to make solitary sporting excursions. The spot where he met his death was on the hill of Christie, one of the range of mountains which extends from the Dee in Aberdeenshire towards the Spital of Glenshee, in the Braes of Angus. It is at this day a savage and solitary district, where human habitations or cultivated lands are hardly to be met with, and a body might lie in the deep heather till the flesh fell from the bones ere the usual course of chance might bring a visitor to the spot. We may have some idea of the sergeant's character from the testimony of his widow. He seems to have been a fearless, frank, good-natured man, fond of field-sports, and well to do in the world. The wealth he carried about his person would not now be often found with one of his standing; but from Fielding's novels, and other sources, it is pretty clear that a sergeant in the army occupied a much higher social position in that age than in the present.

The most important portion of the widow's testimony was thus given:—'Her husband was a keen sportsman, and used to go out a-shooting or fishing generally every day. When he went along with the party on patrol, he sent the men home, and followed his sport. On other occasions, he went out a-shooting by himself alone. He was a sober man, a good manager, and had saved money to the value of about fifteen guineas and a-half, which he had in gold, and kept in a green silk purse, which he enclosed within a leathern purse, along with any silver he had. Besides this gold, he generally wore a silver watch in his pocket, and two gold rings upon one of his fingers, one of which was of pale yellow gold, and had a little lump of gold raised upon it, in the form of a seal. The other was a plain gold ring, which the deponent had got from David Holland, her first husband, with the letters D. H. on the inside, and had this posy on it—"When this you see, remember me." Sergeant Davies commonly wore a pair of large silver buckles in his shoes, marked also with the letters D. H. in the inside,

which likewise had belonged to her said former husband; as also he wore silver knee-buckles, and had two dozen silver buttons upon a double-breasted vest, made of striped lutestring. He frequently had about him a folding penknife, that had a brown tortoiseshell handle, and a plate upon the end of it, on which was cut a naked boy, or some such device, with which he often sealed his letters. One day, when he was dressing some hooks, while the deponent was by, she observed he was cutting his hat with his penknife, and she went towards him and asked what he meant by cutting his hat? To which he answered that he was cutting his name upon it. To which the deponent replied, she could not see what he could mean by putting his name upon a thing of no value, and pulled it out of his hand in a jocular way; but he followed her, and took the hat from her, and she observed that the A. was then cut out in the hat; and after he got it, she saw him cut out the letter D., which he did in a hurry, and which the deponent believed was occasioned by the toying that was between them concerning this matter; for when she observed it, she said to him, you have made a pretty sort of work of it by having misplaced the letters. To which he answered that it was her fault, having caused him to do it in a hurry. The hat now upon the table, and which is lying in the clerk's hands, and referred to in the indictment, to the best of her judgment and belief is the hat above-mentioned. She never has seen neither the said sergeant, the green silk purse or leathern purse before-mentioned, nor the buckles for his shoes or knees, watch, or penknife, since he marched from his quarters with the party at the time at which he is supposed to have been murdered. On Tuesday, being the day immediately preceding Michaelmas, being the 28th of September 1749, her husband went out very early in the morning from Dubrach, and four men of the party under his command soon after followed him, in order to meet the patrol from Glenshee; and in the afternoon, before four o'clock, the four men returned to Dubrach, and acquainted the deponent that they had seen and heard him fire a shot, as they believed, at Tarmatans, but that he did not join company with them. At the place appointed they met with a corporal and a party from Glenshee, and then retired home. Her husband never returned. She has never met with anybody who saw him after the party returned from the foresaid place, excepting the corporal who that day commanded the party from Glenshee, who told her that, after the forementioned party from Dubrach had gone away from the foresaid appointed place, Sergeant Davies came up to him all alone, upon which the corporal told him he thought it was very unreasonable in him to venture upon the hill by himself, as for his part he was not without fear, even when he had his party of four men along with him; to which Sergeant Davies answered, that when he had his arms and ammunition about him, he did not fear anybody he could meet. Her husband made no secret of his having the gold before-mentioned; and upon the many different occasions he had to pay and receive money, he used to take out his purse and show the gold; and even when he was playing with children, he would frequently take out his purse and rattle it for their diversion, from which it was generally known in the neighbourhood that the sergeant was worth money, and carried it about him. From the second day after the sergeant and party went from Dubrach as aforesaid, when the deponent found he did not return, she did believe, and does believe at this day, that he was murdered; for that he and she had lived together in as great amity and love as any couple could do that ever were married, and he never was in use to stay away a night from her; and it was not possible he could be under any temptation to desert, as he was much esteemed and beloved by all his officers, and had good reason to believe he would have been promoted to the rank of sergeant-major upon the first vacancy.' The body had lain for nearly a year before it was discovered. Of the state in which it was found, and the alleged appearance of the sergeant's ghost to the witness, Alexander Macpherson *alias* Macgillas, the following is an account in that person's own words, as his evidence was taken down in court:—

'In the summer of 1750, he found, lying in a moss-bank in the hill of Christie, a human body; at least the bones of a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, and he believed it to be the body of Sergeant Davies, because it was reported in the country that he had been murdered in that hill the year before. When he first found this body there was a bit of blue cloth upon it, pretty entire, which he took to be what is called English cloth; he also found the hair of the deceased, which was of a dark mouse colour, and tied about with a black ribbon; he also observed some pieces of a striped stuff; and found also lying there a pair of brogues, which had been made with latches for buckles, which had been cut away by a knife. By the help of his staff, he brought out the body, and laid it upon plain ground; in doing whereof, some of the bones were separated one from another. For some days he was in a doubt what to do; but meeting with John Growar in the moss, he told John what he had found, and John bade him tell nothing of it, otherwise he would complain of the deponent to John Shaw of Daldownie; upon which the deponent resolved to prevent Growar's complaint, and go and tell Daldownie of it himself; and which having accordingly done, Daldownie desired him to conceal the matter, and go and bury the body privately, as it would not be carried to a kirk unkent, and that the same might hurt the country, being under suspicion of being a rebel country. Some few days thereafter he acquainted Donald Farquharson of his having seen the body of a dead man in the hill, which he took to be the body of Sergeant Davies. Farquharson at first doubted the truth of his information, till the deponent told him that, a few nights before, when he was in bed, a vision appeared to him as of a man clad in blue, who told the deponent, "I am Sergeant Davies;" but before he told him so, the deponent had taken the said vision, at first appearance, to be a real living man, a brother of Donald Farquharson's. The deponent rose from his bed, and followed him to the door, and then it was, as has been told, that he said he was Sergeant Davies, who had been murdered in the hill of Christie near a year before, and desired the deponent to go to the place he had pointed at, where he would find his bones, and that he might go to Donald Farquharson and take his assistance to the burying of him. Upon giving Donald Farquharson this information, Donald went along with him, and found the bones as he had informed Donald, and then buried them with the help of a spade, which he (the deponent) had alongst with him: and for putting what is above deponed on out of doubt, depones that the above vision was the occasion of his going by himself to see the dead body, and which he did before he either spoke to John Growar, Daldownie, or any other body. While he was in bed another night, after he had first seen the body by himself, but had not buried it, the vision again appeared, naked, and minded him to bury the body; and after that he spoke to the other folks above-mentioned, and at last complied, and buried the bones above-mentioned. Upon the vision's first appearance to the deponent in his bed, and after going out of the door, and being told by it he was Sergeant Davies, the deponent asked him who it was that had murdered him, to which it made this answer, that if the deponent had not asked, he might have told him, but as he had asked him, he said he either could not, or would not; but which of the two expressions the deponent cannot say. But at the second time the vision made its appearance to him, the deponent renewed the same question; and then the vision answered that it was the two men now in the panel [at the bar] that had murdered him. And being further interrogated in what manner the vision disappeared from him first and last, depones that, after the short interviews above-mentioned, the vision at

both times disappeared and vanished out of his sight in the twinkling of an eye; and that, in describing the panels by the vision before-mentioned as his murderers, his words were, "Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald:" depones that the conversation betwixt the deponent and the vision *was in the Irish language.*'

The idea of an English sergeant, even in the exalted form of a spirit, being able to speak Gaelic, startled the judge and jury, although, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, there is no greater stretch of imagination in supposing a ghost to speak a language which the living person did not understand, than in supposing it to speak at all. The other evidence against the prisoners was very strong; but this consideration as to Macpherson's deposition seems to have thrown a discredit over the whole case, and a verdict of acquittal was the consequence. A German would now suggest that phenomena of this kind are not wholly objective or external to the beholder, but partly subjective, and taking a character from himself, so that the English sergeant might really appear to the seer to speak 'as good Gaelic as ever was heard in Lochaber.' But such considerations were not likely to occur to a Scotch criminal court in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A book, privately printed under the title of 'Notices relative to the Bannatyne Club,' as appropriate to Sir Walter Scott's volume, gives an account of a case in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, where the appearance of a spectre was attested in an action as to a will.

'William Briggs said that Thomas Harris died in September 1790. In the March following he was riding near the place where Thomas Harris was buried, on a horse formerly belonging to Thomas Harris. After crossing a small brook, his horse began to walk on very fast; it was between the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the morning; he was alone; it was a clear day; he entered a lane adjoining to the field where Thomas Harris was buried; his horse suddenly wheeled in a panel of the fence, looked over the fence into the field where Thomas Harris was buried, towards the graveyard, and neighed very loud. Witness then saw Thomas Harris coming towards him in the same apparel as he had last seen him in his lifetime; he had on a sky-blue coat. Just before he came to the fence, he varied to the right, and vanished. His horse took the road.'

We give some other instances of delusions or impostures having some resemblance to our Highland ghost story, in Sir Walter Scott's words:—

'In the French *Causes Celebres et Interresantes*, is one in which a countryman prosecutes a tradesman, named Anguier, for about twenty thousand francs, said to have been lent to the tradesman. It was pretended that the loan was to account of the proceeds of a treasure which Mirabel the peasant had discovered by means of a ghost or spirit, and had transferred to the said Anguier, that he might convert it into cash for him. The defendant urged the impossibility of the original discovery of the treasure by the spirit to the prosecutor; but the defence was repelled by the influence of the principal judge; and on a charge so ridiculous, Anguier narrowly escaped the torture. At length, though with hesitation, the prosecutor was nonsuited, upon the ground that if his own story was true, the treasure, by the ancient laws of France, belonged to the crown. So that the ghost-seer, though he had nearly occasioned the defendant to be put to the torture, profited in the end nothing by his motion.

'This is something like a decision of the great Frederick of Prussia. One of his soldiers, a Catholic, pretended peculiar sanctity, and an especial devotion to a particular image of the Virgin Mary, which, richly decorated with ornaments by the zeal of her worshippers, was placed in a chapel in one of the churches of the city where her votary was quartered. The soldier acquired such familiarity with the object of his devotion, and was so much confided in by the priests, that he watched for, and found, an opportunity of possessing himself of a valuable diamond necklace belonging to the Madona. Although the defendant was taken in the manner, he had the impudence, knowing the case was to be heard by the king, to say that the Madona herself had voluntarily presented him with her necklace, observing that, as her good and faithful votary, he had better apply it to his necessities than that it should remain useless in her custody.

'The king, happy of the opportunity of tormenting the priests, demanded of them whether there was a possibility that the soldier's defence might be true. Their faith obliged them to grant that the story was possible, while they exhausted themselves on the improbabilities that attended it. "Nevertheless," said the king, "since it is possible, we must, in absence of proof, receive it as true in the first instance. All I can do to check an imprudent generosity of the saints in future, is to publish an edict, or public order, that all soldiers in my service who shall accept any gift from the Virgin, or any saint whatever, shall, *eo ipso*, incur the penalty of death."'

JOTTINGS ON TEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Medical Times translates the following observations by Dr Bleischt in *Oesterr Tahrbuchern* 'On the Chemical and Dietetic Relations of Tea:'—Two Arabs, who travelled in Eastern Asia in the ninth century, even thus early spoke of tea: in Europe it did not become known before the seventeenth century. Dutch travellers brought it from China in the year 1600. In 1666 Lord Arlington took the first pound of tea into England, having bought it in Holland for L.3. In 1763 Linnæus obtained, after seventeen unsuccessful attempts, a living tea-plant from China, which blossomed at Upsala in the year 1765. The tea-shrub is very closely related to the camellia. Left to itself, it attains a height of ten or twelve feet; in a cultivated state it is kept as low as five or six feet, in order to facilitate the growth of the branches and the tea-gathering. Linnæus distinguished two species: the green tea (thea viridis), which is stronger and higher, grows in China as far as the 40° to 45° north latitude; and bohea tea (thea bohea), which is smaller, and only cultivated as far as the 27° to 28° north latitude. In China, the tea prospers best at the south side of hills near small rivers; in Japan, it is cultivated on the borders of fields. The tea is sown; the shrub furnishes three good annual harvests for a term of three to seven years. The first, gathered in February or March, only yields fine shoots, which are little developed: this is the best sort, and is called imperial tea. The leaves and shoots collected in April are less esteemed. In the third harvest, in May or June, the coarsest leaves are cut off and sorted: after this the leaves are left on the shrub. For the purpose of drying, the leaves are laid on iron pans, and exposed to a moderate heat in little stoves: they discharge a caustic yellowish green juice. When dried, they are rolled with the hands; sometimes they are laid on a fine sieve, and exposed to hot watery vapours till they are moistened, and then they are dried as before. This tea, obtained by the dry method, is said to be the black tea; that obtained by the moist method, the green tea. Others maintain the reverse of this to be the case. It is also asserted by some that both sorts are dried in the sun, only that the green is exposed for a shorter time than the black. Many teas are made odoriferous by the admixture of different species of camellias. In England, the Chinese tea is adulterated with ash, hawthorn, and other leaves.

The chemical constituents of tea are—volatile oil, tannic acid, and theine; the other constituents are those commonly found in the leaves of vegetables. The tea owes its smell, and part of its effects, to its volative oil. The tannic acid blackens the salts of iron, as the tannic acid of oak. The theine is the most remarkable constituent. Peligot has lately discovered in tea a larger quantity of theine, besides some caseine, both of which are azotised substances. The use of carbonate of soda is advantageous in the preparation of tea, as it is in that of coffee; it increases the power of drawing the extract out of the leaves, makes the infusion stronger, and gives it a better taste. In the ashes of tea the author found oxide of iron and argilla, and draws from this circumstance the conclusion, that the shrub grows and thrives on ferruginous and argillaceous soils, which are also in other respects favourable to the formation of ammonia, and of the azotised caseine and theine.

In using tea, most persons only consume those parts which are to be extracted by water, particularly the ethereal oil, the tannate of theine, gum, and most of the soluble salts. But the tea is not exhausted by a single infusion in boiling water; at least one-third of the soluble constituents remain in the leaves, with the greatest part of the caseine. Carbonate of soda dissolves the caseine, and therefore materially increases the strength of the beverage. The theine is composed of eight atoms of carbon, four atoms of nitrogen, ten atoms of hydrogen, and two atoms of oxygen. In those countries where tea is very generally taken (as England and Holland), diseases of relaxation and emollition prevail, particularly among the female sex. Tea considerably increases the sensibility of the whole nervous system, and relaxes the digestive canal; but it certainly possesses some nutritive power, in consequence of containing two azotised substances—theine and caseine. The increased secretion of urea and bile, subsequent to its use, shows its medicinal effect. The Chinese use the tea-Buu-leaves as an emetic. Fresh tea acts, according to Percival, like opium and henbane on the nerves, and like foxglove on the function of the heart and arteries. Those men who are engaged in unpacking tea are very liable to become paralytic: the exhalations of tea produce headache, giddiness, &c. Vessels of porcelain are the best for extracting the constituents of tea; and tin boxes should always be used for preserving it.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RESOLUTION.

'Resolution,' says a writer, 'is omnipotent.' And if we will but solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but 'seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort,' we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement. Without this resolute and earnest purpose, the best aids and means are of little worth; but with it, even the weakest are mighty. Without it, we shall accomplish nothing; with it, everything. A man who is deeply in earnest, acts upon the motto of the pickaxe on the old seal: 'Either I will find a way, or I will make one.' He has somewhat the spirit of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of battle that circumstances were against him, replied, 'Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them.' In self-cultivation, as in everything else, to think we are able, is almost to be so; to resolve to attain, is often attainment. Everywhere are the means of progress, if we have but the spirit, the fixed purpose to use them. And if, like the old philosopher, we will but take as our motto: 'Higher—for ever higher!' we may rise by them all. He that resolves upon any great end, by that very resolution has scaled the chief barrier to it; and so he who seizes the grand idea of self-cultivation, and solemnly resolves upon it, will find that idea, that resolution, burning like living fire within him, and ever putting him upon his own improvement. He will find it removing difficulties, searching out or making means, giving courage for despondency, and strength for weakness; and, like the star in the east to the wise men of old, guiding him nearer and still nearer to the sum of all perfection. If we are but fixed and resolute—bent on self-improvement, we shall find means enough to it on every side, and at every moment; and even obstacles and opposition will but make us like the fabled 'spectre-ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind.'—*'Self-Culture,' by Rev. Tryon Edwards.*

VEGETABLE DIET.

It has been established by nature, on the best grounds, that our nourishment should be used in form rather coarse—securing full mastication and insalivation, and a longer retention in the stomach. Plain simple food only promotes moderation and longevity, while compounded and luxurious food shortens life. The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found among those classes of mankind who, amidst bodily labour and the open air, lead a simple life according to nature—such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, &c. The more man follows nature, and is obedient to her laws, the longer will he live: the further he deviates from these, the shorter will be his existence. Rich and nourishing food, and an immoderate use of flesh, do not prolong life. Instances of the greatest longevity are to be found among men who, from their youth, lived principally on vegetables, and who perhaps never tasted flesh.—*Hufeland.*

POETS.

'Poeta nascitur, non fit'—
A hackneyed adage, ancient writ,
Which, though to question liable,
Has met with men most pliable,
Who, having faith, would seem to scorn
A poet made as well as born;
Nevertheless, be it our aim
To show that poets worth the name—
Poets in very deed and truth,
Undoubtedly have need of both.

The man must first be born a bard,
And then be made, or can't be heard:
Like as the seed of any plant
Is first complete, without a want;
The root is there, and the stem too,
The leaf and flower, in embryo;
And yet, who in the seed can see
Ought but the capability?
'Twould surely prove of nothing worth
Wanting fit soil to bring it forth.
Just so the poet. Reader, this
Is not our own hypothesis;
Or, if our own original,
The notion others have as well
(But in their contemplations,
Not these associations),
For Gray speaks of a Milton mute,
Inglorious, who, beyond dispute,
According to the poet's view,
Was born, but wanted making too.
If this be right, here we shall see
Most palpable deficiency,
And find him of his glory shorn—
No poet, though a poet born.
The point of error seems to be,
In weighing things abstractedly.

Considered thus, we must demur
To say, 'Poeta nascitur;'
We cannot say, 'Poeta fit,'
For that is quite as far from right;
But, as it is remarked above,
Poets must both together prove;
Therefore be thus the proverb writ,
'Poeta nascitur et fit.'

W. B. S.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—SONNET.

Alas! that man, to whom God's grace hath given
To rule o'er all created things below,
Which walk the earth or with the waters flow,
Should so abuse the gift of bounteous Heaven,
As to behave more like the beasts, which, driven
By passions wild, no ruth or pity know,
Than one in whom the plants ethereal grow
Of reason and of conscience; which, like leaven,
Should permeate the mass of human deeds,
And give man's life and character a mark
Of gentleness; which, when some sufferer bleeds,
Would stay, and to its sad, dumb moanings hark,
Rather than cause or see whate'er exceeds
Of needful suffering the infliction dark.

C. F.

PHYSICAL FACTS.

As an instance of the adaptation between the force of gravity and forces which exist in the vegetable world, we may take the positions of flowers. Some flowers grow with the hollow of their cups upwards; others 'hang the pensive head,' and turn the opening downwards. The positions in these cases depend upon the length and flexibility of the stalk which support the flower, or, in the case of the *euphorbia*, the germen. It is clear that a very slight alteration in the force of gravity, or in the stiffness of the stalk, would entirely alter the position of the flower-cups, and thus make the continuation of the species impossible. We have, therefore, here a little mechanical contrivance, which would have been frustrated if the proper intensity of gravity had not been assumed in the reckoning. An earth, greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the one on which we live, would require a change in the structure and strength of the footstalks of all the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges. There is something curious in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, as employed in keeping a snowdrop in the position most suited to the promotion of its vegetable health.—*Whewell.*

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A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S.

'Where to, sir?' said the cabman, touching his hat, and leaning from the box. 'Bunhill Row.' In a moment I was off, and very speedily found myself hurrying through Clerkenwell, towards that curious and classic labyrinth of streets composing the north-east division of the metropolis. The difficulties of Chiswell Street and Barbican were passed, and I was set down at a port-cocher, the limit of my excursion, as the good early hour of eleven sounded from St Paul's.

It was a visit of curiosity. I wished to see one of the most remarkable establishments in London—an establishment which could only flourish in the midst of a great and wealthy people—De la Rue and Company's manufactory of fancy stationery. The art of writing letters is pretty nearly as old as the hills; but, till within the last twenty years, there was no such thing as a tastefully-got-up epistle. There was a deficiency in the *mécanique* of letter-writing. In Norway, at the present day, when a person wishes to write a note, he cuts a piece from a large sheet of paper; and something of this sort was prevalent in England forty or fifty years ago. It was considered a great advance in taste when a paper-maker at Bath got up what he called his 'Bath post'—a smooth yellow paper, quarto size, with a small stamp in the corner of the sheet. Matters remained at this point till a comparatively recent period, when the whole business of the stationer underwent a rapid and most extraordinary change—the establishment of the penny post alone causing the introduction of many new auxiliaries to epistolary correspondence. It cannot but be interesting to know who has led this great movement—who has filled the ladies' writing-cases with finely-tinted note papers—who has given to the world the envelope, the enamelled calling-card, and the numerous other elegancies which now fill the shop-window of the stationer. Different active spirits have contributed their respective inventions in this useful department of art, but the master-mind has been that of Thomas De la Rue. Mr De la Rue is a native of Guernsey, and was bred to the business of a printer. He afterwards abandoned this profession, and was engaged for a number of years in London as a manufacturer of straw-hats. In consequence of the successive changes in fashion, which ended in the general disuse of straw for bonnets, this ingenious person was several times ruined; but, possessing a boundless buoyancy of temperament, and with inexhaustible inventive faculties, he always alighted on some fresh novelty, and recovered his former position. Finally, driven from straw, he fell upon the idea of making bonnets of embossed paper. This was a great hit; but ladies soon discarded paper hats, and Mr De la Rue, for ever abandoning bonnets, took up the card and paper trade. He had now a wide field before him, and, in the preparation of various little articles, excited and cultivated the public taste. At the end of twenty years, we find him the elder member of a company, with which are associated two of his sons. What was once a small and obscure concern, is now the largest of the kind in the world.

Entering by the large gateway of this interesting establishment, I was, by the kindness of one of the partners, conducted over the several departments of the works—the whole nestling in a cluster of old edifices, and forming an amusing hive of industry; steam-engines, machinery, and animated beings, commingling in restless and varied movement. The purpose of nearly all that strikes the eye, is to cause paper to assume new forms and appearances. Of this article, forty-five thousand reams, valued at L.30,000, are consumed annually—a quantity so great, that it would require three mills for its production. Of the other articles used, such as colours, oils, varnishes, leather, and gold and silver leaf, the value may be set down at from L.10,000 to L.12,000. I hope it is not trespassing on confidence likewise to mention that even the money paid for gas amounts to L.400, and for coal L.600 per annum. The coal is employed principally in furnaces for the steam-engines, of which there are two, one of eight, and the other of fifteen horse-power. With steam-pipes from the furnaces, the whole establishment is safely and economically heated. It will perhaps afford still more impressive considerations of the completeness of the arrangements, when I observe that the first place into which I was conducted was a large apartment devoted exclusively to the making and mending of machines. Here, at massive iron planing tables, and turning apparatus, I found five or six engineers busy at work, preparing lately-invented machines of different kinds. Mr Warren De la Rue, by whom some of the most ingenious machines have been constructed, superintends this and other mechanical departments. This young gentleman mentioned to me that they could not possibly conduct their business with satisfaction and profit, unless they had always ready at hand the means of repairing and making machinery; the time lost and trouble expended in getting this species of work done out of the house would be tormenting and ruinous.

Adjoining this department is a mill-like apparatus for grinding colours, and materials for enamelling; and further on, in two upper apartments, is a laboratory, with retorts, mixtures, and a store of bottles sufficient to set up a chemist's shop: here is also a chemical library of French and English books, which are in constant requisition. It is deemed somewhat of a favour to be admitted to this department; for many projects for executing new and peculiar tints and surfaces, likewise processes for electrotyping, not generally known, are here daily in operation. The electrotyping, which is

carried on by means of large troughs full of the appropriate liquids, is employed to multiply casts of any engraved or otherwise figured surface. Mr De la Rue has carried his ingenuity so far in this branch of art as to produce an electrotype plate, in copper, from the finest lace, and has hence been able to impart the effect of lace to printing in colours. How curious that a piece of delicate tissue, taken from a lady's cap, can, by means of troughs, acids, and other materials, along with electric action, be made to produce a solid plate of copper from which the pattern of the original can with facility be printed! Instead of using wax for taking moulds, *gutta percha*, a newly-discovered substance from Borneo, has here lately been introduced. It partakes principally of the nature of caoutchouc; but with this is combined a certain farinaceous quality, and it therefore retains impressions better than preparations of India-rubber.

By the electrotyping process, a very small piece of engraving can be multiplied to any extent; and therefore, supposing we wish the surface of a sheet of paper to be printed all over with a continually-repeated pattern—for example, the patterns on the backs of playing-cards—we need only engrave a single square inch: having got the electrotype repetitions of the original, they are all soldered together, and the sheet of printing surface is formed. Of what immense value to the arts is this discovery, any one can form an opinion. Mr De la Rue, however, is prouder of his wire-cloth inventions than of any improvements he may have introduced into the process of electrotyping. In order to produce printing in colours, like the checks of tartan, or any other diversity of lines, he has succeeded in forming, by means of the Jacquard loom, a cloth of brass wires, each wire being a type, so to speak; and the cloth being fixed on a block, it gives an impression of great clearness and beauty. The cross-lined coloured papers which one sometimes sees in the fly-leaves of books, and on the backs of cards, are effected by this ingenious application.

So far I have spoken only of things of a preparatory nature, and yet the list is not half exhausted. Above the electrotyping room is one occupied with die-sinkers and engravers—men busy with hammers, punches, and chisels, executing objects to be employed in some of the more elegant kinds of printing. Besides these artists, many individuals, I was told, were employed out of doors in designing patterns. On this branch, indeed, some of the best artists in London are occasionally engaged. Novelty and taste are never for a moment neglected. Mr De la Rue mentioned to me that he sometimes gives as much as L.20 or L.30 for the drawing of a design not larger than your hand. The best classic models of antiquity are sought out, and so likewise have there been procured some of the most tasteful designs after Saracenic originals. Perfect novelty, however, is a governing principle. The object of the concern is to maintain a high character for originality—to copy from no one, English or continental. Formerly, in England, few or no manufacturers thought of going to the expense of employing designers, and consequently designers did not exist amongst us. In the chief manufacturing towns there might have been here and there a dissipated man of genius, who, when he could be laid hold of quite sober, would, for a guinea or so, furnish a design, such as it was; but there was no principle in the thing, and almost every manufacturer copied from French originals; the more enterprising among them bribing French workmen to send early copies of what they had begun to execute. The necessity for competing with continental manufacturers in the home market, consequent on the late free-trade measures, has, among respectable men, put an end to this meagre and shabby state of affairs. Every respectable tradesman, who desires to avoid following among the mere herd of imitators, not only employs skilled designers, but is constantly racking his brains how he is to maintain his place in the market. It sounded new to me, in general principles of trade, to be told that no man can now expect great success in any fancy manufacture *unless he competes with himself*. Competition with others wont do any longer. The true art consists in not waiting to be stimulated by rivalry, but in bringing out fresh novelties at proper times, one after the other, and so gaining a command, as it were, over the public taste. I was taken with this idea of Mr De la Rue; it showed him to be a master in his craft.

Having been conducted through the preparatory departments of the establishment, I was now introduced to what forms a principal branch of manufacture. This is the making of playing-cards, which engages a considerable number of hands, and several machines and presses. The figures on playing-cards are among the earliest things mentioned in the history of printing; and there they are, with scarcely any alteration, till the present day. While the figures, however, remain pretty much what they were, there has been a great advance in the mode of manufacture, and also in the quality of the card. Formerly, the figures were stencilled in water-colours; and some makers, it is believed, still continue this clumsy process. Mr De la Rue, some years ago, introduced the improved plan of printing the cards with inks, or colours in oil, by which means no degree of rubbing or moisture of the hand can move the figures. At one time, playing-cards were plain on the back; now, they have generally backs printed with fanciful figures; and therefore each side of the card requires its own appropriate printing. Let me first speak of the face. A sheet of paper, containing forty cards, is printed at once. If the card have figures of only one colour—as, for instance, all spades, which are black; or all hearts, which are red—then one impression is sufficient. But if there be several colours, as in the case of the honours, each has a separate impression from a differently-engraved block; the last impression completing the figure. In executing a knave of clubs, for example, they first print his eyes, and other parts about him which are blue; an impression from a second block fills in the reds; a third imparts the yellows; a fourth the flesh colour of the face; and a fifth gives the blacks. Each court-card, therefore, requires to go through the press five times; but, to save trouble, a large quantity of one colour are executed at a time. Sheets for the backs of the cards are printed in a similar manner, but on paper which has been tinted in making.

The printing of playing-cards, numerous as are the impressions they must undergo, is but a small part of the manufacture. Having seen the printed sheets carried away to the drying-room, we proceeded to the pasting process. This was a greater novelty to me than printing. I was first taken into a side-room, where were several women mingling together sheets of paper of different qualities, according to certain prescribed arrangements. When a pile of sheets was completed, it was carried away to the pasting-room. Here there were two long tables, with a number of men at work. Each of these had on his left a pile of the mingled sheets, and on his right a tub of paste. Lifting a sheet with his left hand, and laying it on the bench before him, he speedily smeared it over with the great paste-brush he held in his right; next were laid down two sheets, only the uppermost of which was pasted; and thus there arose a great pile of pasted sheets, with unpasted intervals. The whole operation was performed in a rapid and business-like way, with all the regularity of a machine. The brush, which seemed to be made of soft bristles, was as large as the besom of a housemaid, but without any handle; and I was assured that so methodic do the men become in their movements, that the brush in each case performs precisely the same curvilinear evolutions. In this manner, from year's end to year's end, do these men work away with their great broad pasting-brushes, constructing the internal part of playing-cards. Coarse as this branch of labour appears, it is reckoned one of skill, and is accordingly well-paid. The weekly wage of a good paster is about two pounds;

some can realise as much as fifty shillings. The making of the paste is a separate branch; men being constantly employed in an adjoining room, over huge cauldrons, preparing this material, which chiefly consists of fine flour; but a substance like whiting is also infused, in order to give solidity to the card. The quantity of flour consumed annually is four hundred sacks, from which two hundred gallons of paste are prepared and used daily.

The pile of sheets, while dripping wet, being taken from the paster, is placed in a hydraulic press, and being there subjected to a hard pressure, the sheets become well squeezed together. A long row of hydraulics stands behind the pasters for this purpose. The sheets are afterwards separated into boards, and hung up to dry. The pasting of the figured sheets to the front and back of the board is a final operation; and when this is done, every board consists of forty cards. There is yet, however, much to be effected in the way of drying, smoothing, and cutting. The drying-room is an extensive series of vaults, to which I was let down by an apparatus called a *lift*. The moist boards being dropped down in large quantities by this machine, are hung on poles, and dried by the heat of five hundred feet of iron pipes, through which steam from the engine is blown. To ventilate and remove the moisture from the vaults, a fan is kept constantly rotating and propelling air at the rate of 2000 cubic feet per minute. Having undergone a due baking in this warm and airy oven, the boards are lifted to a second floor, to which we shall follow them.

The second floor exhibits a busy scene of rolling and other apparatus, with great quantities of pasteboards and sheets in different stages of advancement. When a card-board reaches this department, it is for the purpose of being rendered perfectly smooth on the surface. Some persons would think that this end could be best effected by at once passing the boards under the severe pressure of metal rollers. This is a natural, but erroneous idea. On looking with a microscope at the surface of a card-board just come from the drying-room, it is found to consist of a series of small protuberances or hillocks. Now, if these were at once flattened by rollers or other means, the tops of the hillocks would be crushed down partly over the intermediate valleys, leaving minute portions of the valleys uncrushed; consequently, in shuffling cards, one would, to a certain extent, catch on another. To avert this, the card-boards are, in the first place, burnished all over with a rapidly-revolving brush, which searches into every hollow, and sweeps away any loose particles of matter. The next step is to level both sides by rollers; but here, again, a remarkable principle in mechanics is observable. Two surfaces smoothed in the same manner will not glide over each other so well as if they be smoothed differently. In smoothing the card-board, therefore, it is passed between two rollers, the lower of which is of metal, and the upper of paper; both are equally smooth, but they impart a certain variety in the dressing, to cause a sufficiently easy gliding of the cards, face and back. The paper roller is prepared in a way which no one could expect. A great pile of sheets being pasted together, squeezed to the hardest possible consistency, and dried, the mass is fixed on a spindle, and turned on a turning-lathe; the result is a smooth, round beam, the surface of which consists entirely of edges of paper, but the whole of as close a texture as a piece of finely-polished wood.

The operation of finishing is not yet by any means over. After being taken from the smoothing rollers, the boards are transferred to an apparatus for giving them a wash of certain kinds of liquid, the object of which is to harden them, and render them impervious to the moisture of the hand. Following the principle already alluded to, the wash, which has a glazing effect, is of a different kind on the two sides, although to the naked eye the gloss is the same on both. These washes being dried, the card-boards are placed between sheets of brass, and passed, a few at a time, betwixt milling-rollers. They are now carried to a hydraulic press for flattening; and here, having been subjected to a pressure of a thousand tons, they are taken out in the hard, flat, glossy condition in which they come under the eye of the public.

Removed from the pressing-room, the boards next migrate to the cutting apparatus. With this machine a man cuts them, individually, first into long slips, and next across into single cards. With such accuracy is this operation performed, that although the cutter turns out 20,000 cards in a day, all are of precisely the same dimensions. The sorting into qualities next takes place, and requires much sharpness of hand and eye. Inspected minutely as they pass through the hand, they are thrown into three heaps, from one of which are made up packs called Moguls; from the second are made up Harrys; and from the third Highlanders. The Mogul cards are of prime quality and highest price; they have no speck or flaw on either back or face. The Harrys have each a single speck on the back or face; and the Highlanders have one or more specks on both sides. Why the portraits of the Great Mogul, Henry VIII., and that of a Highlander, should have been adopted as a cognisance on packs of playing-cards, I have not heard explained.

To complete the history of the manufacture, I might say something of the wrapping-up, the paying for engraved aces of spades to government, and the exportation of untaxed packs; but all this may be left to the imagination; and it is enough to say, that of one kind or other, the concern I am speaking of makes and sells a hundred thousand packs annually. The quantity of cards paying duty issued by the different makers is, I believe, about two hundred thousand packs in the year, besides which, probably double the quantity are made and exported duty free. The consumption of playing-cards in the United Kingdom is, to all appearance, stationary, notwithstanding the continual increase of population; it would, however, be rash to ascribe this altogether to a gradual diminution of card-playing propensities. It is believed that there is a prodigious sale of cards with surreptitious stamps; and it is Mr De la Rue's opinion, founded on a knowledge of the trade, that, were the duty reduced from a shilling to threepence per pack, the government would derive ten times the amount of revenue from this branch of manufacture.

At one time Russia was one of the best customers in Europe for playing-cards; but this trade is now at an end, in consequence of that country having engaged in the manufacture itself; nor, judging from the quantity it makes away with, does this step seem unreasonable. In Russia, card-playing is a universal amusement, and will in all probability continue to be so while the people remain illiterate, and political speculation is attended with danger. To supply the demand for cards, the government took the fabrication of the article into its own hands, and with much liberality not only purchased from Mr De la Rue a knowledge of the manufacture, but induced his brother to take the entire charge of the establishment in which the cards are made. The quantity of cards thus made annually for Russian consumption is a million of packs, the profits on the sale of which are devoted to charitable purposes.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the manufacture of playing-cards, but it will be understood that visiting and other kinds of cards are made much in the same manner. Of all the varieties of cards which exist, playing-cards were the original type. Forty or fifty years ago, the only blank cards in use were the parings or other waste of cards for playing, and it was on trimmed morsels of this waste that visitors were in the habit of inscribing their names when they made a call. The fashion of leaving cards having at length established itself among our national customs, small blank cards of a superior kind were made on purpose, and now we find every variety which can be desired. Latterly, ena-

melled cards have been in vogue, and the making of these has become an important branch of Mr De la Rue's manufacture. So, likewise, has the making of railway tickets of late assumed a more than ordinary importance. Nearly all the railways in the United Kingdom procure their tickets from this establishment, each having its own pattern as respects colour and device. The card-boards for these tickets are cut by boys with such rapidity, that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The aggregate quantity of tickets produced by the establishment is at present a million and a half weekly.

From the card-making department I was led into that which is devoted to the preparing of post-office and other envelopes; but I must postpone what I have to say on that interesting branch till another occasion.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

It has latterly become so much the fashion to laugh at what has been termed the wisdom of our ancestors, that it is with some hesitation, and almost as if treading on interdicted or deserted ground, that we would venture to recall a specimen of their proverbial lore, and to relate some instances of the protection we have seen afforded to the indiscreet and unwary by the indulgent, though scarcely logical maxim, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.' And yet it is a refreshing thought, in this working-day, scrambling, elbowing world, where every slide-backward gives room for the step-forward of another, and each mistake is a misfortune, to remember that there did exist a good old holiday time when proverbs were invented to cover unpremeditated faults, and when, as if by a magic spell, of which each heart acknowledged the potency, murmurs were hushed and suspicion cleared away by the utterance of a little sentence, simple and undemonstrative indeed, yet eloquent even to the present hour in conveying to our imaginations a picture of the blundering, cordial kindliness of more primitive times, and, from habit and association, not entirely divested of its power in our own.

Many a saying might have been chosen, evincing more shrewdness and practical knowledge of the world, though hardly a more trusting or a kinder; but, without arguing on its merits, we confess our present selection to be influenced by an early partiality acquired for this proverb, when, long before acting them had become a fashionable amusement, it was our fortune to witness a twofold performance of the adage, attended in each instance with undoubted, though somewhat dissimilar success.*

The first representation was exhibited at a dinner given by a cross and particular old bachelor, who prided himself on the precision of his household arrangements, and the excellent order of his establishment. We were seated round the table, the soup had been swallowed in silent approval, the fish with equal success had followed, and a remove was about to be placed before the master of the house, when the unlucky domestic who carried it suddenly tripped and fell, dish, cover, and contents 'in one fell ruin blent.' Portentous thunder gathered on the brow of our host, a low growl preceded its utterance, and the guests were beginning to exchange glances of discomfort at this sudden interruption of their harmony, when one of them, as ready-witted as good-natured, looking over the back of his chair, perceived the prostrate joint to be a tongue, and quietly remarked that the servant should be excused, as 'A slip of the tongue was no fault of the mind.' Amidst the burst of laughter which followed this happy suggestion, the offence was forgotten, the good-humour of our host returned, a fresh impulse was given to conviviality, and the entertainment became distinguished in a degree most gratifying to the vanity of the entertainer.

But amongst the guests there was one who, both from character and appearance, would have been imagined of all others the least likely to appreciate a witty remark, and who yet evidently enjoyed this one far beyond the rest. It might have been that his good-nature exulted in the servant's escape, or his love of ease in deliverance from the threatened storm, or else the memory of his host's irascible countenance was ludicrously impressed on the retina of his imagination; however this may be, he retained the joke long after the rest had forgotten it; and several times during the evening, to the surprise of his nearest neighbours, the fat sides would shake with stifled mirth, while over and over again he would murmur, in merry mood, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.'

His turn to give an entertainment—for in those good old days hospitality was an established rule—soon came round, and we were fortunate enough to be included in the invitations; rather singularly too, for, with our exception, the company was entirely different from the former party, and though the variety was perhaps not altogether pleasing, yet our host was a host in himself: there he sat, his usually bland and smiling countenance now actually beaming as he hurried through the preliminary courses with an ill-suppressed impatience, which seemed to promise something super-excellent in reserve. The turbot had been ordered away, in the opinion of some with needless expedition, and expectation was now on full stretch for its successor, when, just as the dish was about to be placed on the table, once more to our surprise the servant, with a sort of deliberate awkwardness, stumbled forward, and down rolled an enormous piece of beef upon the floor.

Our host shouted with delight, rubbed his hands, and vociferated, 'A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind.' The guests stared at him and at each other with astonishment, in which all sense of the ridiculous was lost in the apprehension that their worthy friend had suddenly taken leave of his senses. He, absorbed in his own enjoyment of the joke, failed to perceive how little it was relished by the company, until at last leaning back exhausted, and wiping his eyes, he noticed for the first time the blank countenances on either side of him. 'Eh! what is the matter?' exclaimed he: 'why are you not all laughing?' and without waiting a reply, he proceeded to relate the bon-mot of the former entertainment, adding, in the half-jealous tones of disappointed rivalry, 'I asked you all, and threw away my fine piece of beef, that we might have the laugh over again, and here you look as solemn as if you were invited to a funeral!'

The look, the tone which accompanied this confession, were alike irresistible, and the laugh which immediately re-echoed through the room amply compensated for former dulness; the worthy alderman's countenance once more expanded, he accepted the mirth excited by his blunder as a tribute to his wit, and, forgetful of his candid explanation, believes to this hour that no scene could have been better managed, no applause

* The anecdote which immediately follows we have seen many years ago in some collection of such facetiæ. Yet we have no reason to doubt that our correspondent, the writer of the article, is in earnest when she speaks of having been present when the facts took place.—Ed.

better deserved, than that which followed his much-admired impromptu.

Our attention thus early turned to this proverb, it has often since then seemed to cross our path, and ever, by its benignant influence, assisting to avert or neutralise the consequences which too often result from 'an idle word'—a word perhaps spoken in heedless inattention, the half-unconscious utterance of some preoccupying thought, and yet capable of producing effects as important as if they had been the development of some premeditated plan. We can remember making one of a large Christmas party—a family party, including aunts, uncles, and cousins to the third degree, old and young, grave and gay. Shortly before dinner, one of the busy-bodies ever found in such a collection made her way to the dressing-room of Mrs Raymond, the lady of the house, and with an exceedingly long face remonstrated with her for having invited a certain individual, as nothing could be more *mal-à-propos* than to have him thrown into the society of one of the young ladies of the party, there being undoubtedly an attachment between them, unsanctioned and unsuspected by her parents. This theme was so forcibly enlarged on, that the listener felt aghast at the idea of having involuntarily afforded facility to an affair described as clandestine and reprehensible, and went to dinner, her fair brow somewhat clouded, and her mind full of the details to which she had just been compelled to give her attention.

Her inward comfort was not much increased when, glancing down the table, she perceived the accused parties in juxtaposition at the lower end, both looking most intelligibly happy. Her thoughts became so engrossed by this contretemps, that, in speaking to her young cousin, she addressed her from the far end of the table as 'Jane Wallis,' unintentionally designating her by the name she would have borne had she and her admirer been already united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The young girl hesitated whether to answer, colouring deeply with painful consciousness, while Mrs Raymond, quite unconscious of her mistake, reiterated again and again, with some slight impatience, the question and the name. Tears were rising to poor Jane's bright eyes. Some of the relations, who half-suspected how matters stood, smiled significantly, while two or three of the youngsters laughed outright. Mrs Raymond at last perceiving something had gone wrong, looked round for explanation, and was only recalled to a sense of her indiscretion by encountering the astonished, half-indignant glance of Jane's mamma, who murmured, in reproachful accents, 'Maria! what *can* you mean?'

With blushes and confusion Mrs Raymond in vain tried to apologise. An angry spot had fixed itself on more brows than one; and an apparently trivial circumstance might have ended in a serious family quarrel, had not a good-natured old uncle come to her relief, and, interposing our favourite proverb, exclaimed, 'Come, come, 'tis not worth thinking of; 'twas only a slip of the tongue, and we all know that is no fault of the mind.'

Mrs Raymond's eyes silently thanked her warm-hearted advocate; and finding him thus able to influence opinion, the young people also retained him on their side. In the explanation which inevitably ensued, he proved the case to be much less desperate than the busy-body had anticipated. A full confession was made, parents were indulgent, friends lent a helping hand, and when, at the next festival, the family party reassembled, they all felt more united than ever. The young girl was again addressed as 'Jane Wallis,' and this time there was 'no mistake.'

Thus surely—surely our forefathers were right when they invented this charitable little covering for a fault whose punishment springs at once from the heart, and of all others requires least correction from without? —the annoyance, the awkwardness, the ridicule, are visited on the *absent* one in a tenfold degree. Honour, then, to the old-fashioned kindliness which disarmed them of their sting, and silenced the darker charge of malice before it could be made!

But of all verbal errors, that from which the perpetrator awakes of his own accord to a half-dreamy consciousness that he has made some blunder, which is all the while believed, and about to be acted on by his too credulous auditors, is the most distressing and perplexing. He doubts, yet feels too uncertain to contradict his first statement; he winds up his courage to the point of self-accusation, then retreats on the hope that he may be right after all, and his conscientious struggles are suppressed by the expediency of 'letting well alone,' until at last some convincing fact brings him to a late confession, and leaves him the victim of *his* 'world's dread laugh.'

A friend of ours, a young Englishman, was appointed to a lucrative situation in a wild and remote district of Ireland, where national habits and prejudices prevailed in a more than usual degree. Amongst other customs strange to him, he remarked that the inhabitants seemed universally to take a pride in perpetuating what he considered their semi-barbaric patronymics, and, as the most effectual method, invariably converted them into Christian names. To our friend Frank Nesbitt, however, they savoured of anything but Christianity: as sirnames, they were puzzling enough; but the second edition made confusion worse confounded; and every introduction seemed to offer a fresh personification of 'the two single gentlemen rolled into one.' For instance, there were Connor O'Neil, and Neil O'Connor; Gerald Fitzmaurice, and Maurice Fitzgerald; Donnough O'Brien, and Brien M'Donnough; in short, there was no end to those friendly transpositions, and a less persevering spirit than Frank's would have given up in despair the idea of forming a correct list of his acquaintance. Not so with him, however. Nothing daunted, he made a point of conquering the difficulty, and soon arrived at the degree of actually priding himself on the precision with which he steered his intricate way. But we have the best authority for knowing that pride goes before a fall. 'What's in a name?' is an interrogatory more easily made than answered; and Frank, before long, found to his sorrow that it was a very important question indeed.

There was a family in the neighbourhood whose acquaintance he considered particularly desirable, and, as usual in such a case, he found particular obstacles in the way. Visits had been exchanged, but always with the ill fortune of finding the parties from home; invitations had met with the same untoward fate; and an occasional meeting at the house of some mutual friend was the only progress he had hitherto made. These interviews, however, increased his anxiety for further intimacy: so at last, resolved to make assurance sure, he mounted his horse one fine day, and arrived at Overton Hall at the unreasonable hour of noon, and was rewarded for the exertion by finding the family for once at home, and, in addition, apparently quite surprised by their early visitor. A rush across the hall told of slippers and papillotes; doors were slammed, garments rustled, and quick footsteps hurried away; and Frank was at length admitted, and ushered into the drawing-room, quite provoked with himself for what looked almost like intrusion, and full of disappointment at this sudden disenchantment of his own particular dream.

But as he entered the apartment, all evil surmises quickly vanished. He found it occupied by the very person who at the moment engrossed his thoughts, and who, we may as well at once acknowledge, was the magnet that had attracted him all along. Self-possessed, and with somewhat of distant politeness, Gertrude Blake laid by her work to receive him, at the same time desiring the servant to acquaint her father with Mr Nesbitt's arrival; and Frank felt at once convinced that, whatever confusion his unseasonable visit might have caused, it certainly had not extended to the fair inmate of that room. Her simple morning dress, so elegantly

neat, her shining hair, her quiet occupation, all told of habits too confirmed to feel interruption from any casual visitor, however early; and Frank was already quite ashamed of his suspicions, and beginning to discard them as entirely unfounded, when again the door was thrown open, and, accompanied by her husband—overdressed, be-flounced, be-ringletted, and panting from the recent labours of the toilet—the real fugitive made her appearance in the portly person of Gertrude's stepmother, the second Mrs Blake.

Both she and Mr Blake entered the room, impressed with the idea that a visit at that hour from a person with whom they were scarcely acquainted could only be one of business; so, after the first greetings and usual commonplaces were exchanged, there was a pause of expectation on their part, interrupted at last by Frank himself, who with some trivial remark endeavoured to renew the conversation; but the owners of the house were prepared to listen, not to talk, and felt it would be quite superfluous and unmannerly to prolong any subject which might lead away from the point at issue. Thus effort after effort on Frank's part died away: he inwardly pronounced them the most stupid beings in existence; and instead of starting fresh subjects, would have started himself, were it not for the occasional support he received from Gertrude, who now and then, with a word or a smile, relieved the awkwardness, and encouraged him to remain. But this heedless courtesy was soon checked by a frown from her stepmother; and, in obedience to the signal, the long, bright curls swept the embroidery frame, as her fair head was bent over it, to be raised no more. Paganini being the only person we ever heard of who could produce much harmony from one string, we must not wonder that Frank Nesbitt's solitary efforts were at last disconcerted: impatience on the other side was fast conquering politeness, and a few moments more might have introduced remarks more inquisitive than satisfactory, when suddenly recollecting a piece of news he had heard that morning, Frank exclaimed in a tone of animation rather unsuitable to the subject, 'Did you hear of Donnough O'Brien's death? He was killed by a fall from his horse out hunting yesterday.'

In his eagerness to communicate some piece of intelligence, Frank entirely overlooked the possible consequences. But had a shell exploded in the quiet apartment, it could hardly have produced a greater commotion. His attention was first arrested by an exclamation from Gertrude, who, with pale cheek, and eyes opened to their fullest extent, gazed at him for a moment, then colouring deeply, bent in silence over her work again. Mr Blake gave him a glance of intelligence, which plainly said, 'At last the murder is out!' though at the same time it seemed to say that their curiosity might have been relieved with less abruptness. But all was nothing in comparison of the effect on Mrs Blake. She was just that sort of overgrown, florid, unwieldy-looking person, to whom any sudden agitation is overwhelming; and before a word could be spoken, or a question asked, she had fallen back in her chair, the thick gurgling sound of her sobs burst upon the ear, violent hysterics succeeded, and, amidst a scene of confusion and agitation, her husband, assisted by Gertrude, bore her from the room.

Frank remained behind, quite thunderstruck with this sudden change of affairs. No word of explanation had passed, no time had been given for apology, and feeling that though his conversation could no longer be considered uninteresting, it would surely be condemned as unfeeling, he awaited Mr Blake's return with some anxiety, to remove that impression. But matters were apparently very serious; for though he lingered more than an hour, and saw servants occasionally hurrying to and fro with much bustle and excitement, yet no one came near him; so, concluding himself forgotten, he was about to take his departure, full of self-reproach for his thoughtlessness, when Mr Blake re-entered the room.

The old gentleman apologised somewhat coldly for his lengthened absence, saying that he could not leave Mrs Blake, as she had been quite overpowered by the sudden news of Mr O'Brien's death, who was a particular friend and favourite of hers, and indeed a distant relation, but that she was now rather more composed, and he had left her to Gertrude's care.

Frank expressed his regret truly and earnestly at having spoken so inconsiderately; and then with some surprise Mr Blake became aware that the intelligence had been given quite inadvertently, as a mere piece of gossip, and in perfect ignorance of the sensation it was likely to produce. The formality of his manner vanished at once, and partly compassionating Frank's evidently genuine distress, and partly amused at his dilemma, he hastened to reassure him, and begged he would not give himself any further annoyance on the subject. 'Indeed, my dear fellow,' he frankly added, 'we took it for granted your early visit was purposely to break to us the news of this unpleasant casualty; and I was surprised, and I may now say half-angry, at your want of caution; but I am quite glad to find myself wrong, and that you knew nothing of the connexion. You must come out some other day, and make your peace with Mrs Blake. As to Gertrude, I believe you will find that no difficulty; for, to tell you the truth,' continued he, growing quite confidential, 'it was one of my wife's favourite plans to bring about a match between her and O'Brien. I may mention it, now that the poor fellow is gone; but I know my daughter was a good deal teased on the subject; and though I did not like to interfere, still it lessens my regret.'

With varied feelings Frank listened to this communication. As Gertrude's dimples and hazel eyes flitted across his memory, he might have echoed her father's concluding words, and said, 'It lessens my regret;' and could Mr Blake have read his heart at that moment, he might not so easily have acquitted him of *malice prepense*: but fortunately we do not walk this world with glass windows in our bosoms, so there was perfect unsuspicion in the grasp with which he shook his young friend's hand at parting, and entire cordiality in his tone, when, as if to make amends for former injustice, he invited him to come soon again, and spend any day that he had nothing better to do.

Frank rode away, and for a mile or two proceeded with some rapidity, as if to leave behind the memory of the unpleasant scene he had occasioned, and the feelings it had called up in his own breast; but relaxing his speed at the foot of a long ascent, he found himself leisurely recalling the circumstances of his visit, and reverting to their original cause. Suddenly the thought darted into his mind, was it really Donnough O'Brien who was killed? or was it some other one of those provokingly similar names he should have said? He started at the idea, and tried to repel it as an absurdity. But it would intrude, and the more he pondered, the more uncertain he grew; at one moment confounded as he considered the consequences of such a mistake, at the next laughing at it as a trick of the imagination. He again accelerated his horse's pace, and eagerly looked out for some acquaintance to put him out of a suspense that was becoming almost intolerable; but, as it happened, he did not encounter one familiar face, and his agitation increasing at every step, he was several times on the point of accosting some stranger with the inquiry which now entirely engrossed his thoughts. Fearful, however, of committing himself further, he refrained; and at last, just at the entrance of the town where he resided, he met a friend, and hardly returned his greeting before he hastily bolted out the question, and had his worst apprehensions confirmed by the answer given, with some surprise, in the negative.

'Nonsense, man,' he replied vehemently; 'he is dead, I am sure: he must be dead: he was killed out hunting yesterday.'

His friend looked at him for a moment, as if doubtful of his sanity, then answered quietly, 'You are quite

mistaken, Nesbitt. Brien M'Donnough was killed; I am to be at the poor fellow's funeral to-morrow; but I was speaking to O'Brien not an hour ago: he was perfectly well, and going to dine at Blake's to-day! 'Tis said he has a fair attraction there. Believe me,' added he laughing, 'he is alive and well, and not the sort of man to let you kill him with impunity.'

There was no longer any room for incredulity. Frank hurried home, and, in addition to his morning's murder of Donnough O'Brien, committed a wholesale breach of the sixth commandment, by fervently wishing every Mac, O', and Fitz, fathoms deep in the bog of Allen. The following morning he was called *on*, and would have been called *out*, by O'Brien, had not Mr Blake modified his anger by quoting our proverb. Its acknowledged authority influenced opinion, and even saved Frank Nesbitt, on being acquitted as a slanderer, from being convicted as a fool. The 'slip of the tongue' being granted, Mr Blake contended that 'it was no fault of the *mind*,' and thus doubly saved his young friend's reputation.

But he was condemned, during O'Brien's visit, to feel that he cut rather a silly figure while congratulating the man on his revival, whom he had slain with a breath, and listening to his humorous description of the sensation caused by his arrival at Mr Blake's. He had to laugh at the joke, though it was no joke to him when he encountered the history of his blunder in every circle he entered. His good temper and light heart, however, carried him through all, even through the difficulty of making his peace with Mrs Blake. For some time he did not dare to venture into her presence; but at last he received information that her prejudice had been overcome by the influence of an unexpected ally. A flag of truce was extended, and under that fair banner he was soon able to set all ridicule at defiance, and to return the witticisms of his acquaintance with the assurance that 'those may laugh that win.'

It was a saying of Catherine le Medicis, that a false report, believed for three days, might save a nation. She had studied human nature, and knew it well. So, as little things may be compared with great, Gertrude Blake experienced the truth of the maxim, and made such good use of her three hours' mistake, as to render her position for the future impregnable. In the first excitement of feeling, mutual confidence arose between her and her really warm-hearted stepmother, and the latter mingled with her lamentations for her friend sincere contrition for having persecuted Gertrude on his account, and faithfully and voluntarily promised never to interfere on such a subject again.

We need hardly add, that O'Brien found it impossible to regain the footing he had lost. His hopes were dead and buried, though he himself survived. So, as in his country a prophetic import is attached to the accidental report of a death, he left its fulfilment to his departed project, and sought for consolation in another quarter. Frank soon occupied the vacant ground; and in proportion to the declension of O'Brien's interest, his gained the ascendant. Gertrude Blake, with her usual animation, undertook his defence. She found herself a gainer by his error, and, in gratitude, could not allow him to suffer loss; so she lectured him on genealogy, and offered to teach him the brogue; laughed to himself at his blunders, and excused them to others. Her lessons daily became more attractive, her pupil more interested; until, under such tuition, he at last declared himself 'more Irish than the Irish!' and in the end fully convinced his fair instructress in the first instance, and through her the neighbourhood at large, that though their acquaintance had commenced with a 'slip of the tongue,' he could speak most effectually to the purpose when once he had a mind.

Lord Bacon has observed that 'the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs.' Let us trust that our present generation, in the midst of its improvements and acquirements, may not, in deeming itself wiser than the ancients, entirely reject the character thus established by a good old race, or despise the warm-hearted kindness which must have prompted our homely proverb, and the charitable forbearance it may opportunely enjoin.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

HARVEY AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

It has not unfrequently happened that, at wide intervals of time, certain speculative or inquiring minds have had glimpses of a truth—of some great natural fact. They have seen an effect, without being able to trace it to a cause—a portion of an outline, of which they were unable to make a finished picture. A long descent through many brains has seemed to be necessary for the entire elaboration of the principle; and although there may be something grand and startling in the discoveries which at times flash upon the world as the result of hazard, yet those which have been the work of thought, observation, deduction, and experiment, carried on laboriously through many years, forcing their way, as it were, into existence, are not the less worthy of our respect and admiration.

The history of the discovery of the circulation of the blood by our countryman Harvey, presents itself as an interesting illustration of the views here thrown out. Constituting, as it did, a fact of the highest importance in the human economy, giving a new form and purpose to physiological science, it nevertheless met with the usual fate of great truths, being received with ridicule, jealousy, and detraction.

William Harvey was born at Folkstone, in Kent, on the 2d of April 1578. He acquired the elements of learning at a school in Canterbury, and finished his education at Cambridge. Eldest of a family of nine, he was the only one who manifested any inclination for science. Having determined on devoting himself to medicine, he set out, at the age of nineteen, on his travels to France and Germany, visiting the principal anatomical schools on his way to Italy, in which country he studied anatomy for some years under the celebrated Aquapendente, founder of the school of Padua. Harvey devoted himself zealously to this pursuit. Before his time, anatomy had been nothing more than a speculative science, distorted by many absurd and superstitious notions; and the hindrances opposed to the dissection of the human subject, proved a formidable impediment to more accurate or rational researches.

Aquapendente had noticed the valves of the veins in his dissections, but it does not appear that he had any idea of their real use or importance. The sight of these was doubtless the cause of Harvey's investigations, and moved him, as he says, to write, 'to find out the use of the motion of the heart; a thing so hard to be attained, that, with Frascatorius, he believed it known to God alone.' He goes on to say—'Almost all anatomists, physicians, and philosophers to this day, do affirm, with Galen, that the use of pulsation is the same with that of respiration, and that they differ only in one thing—that one flows from the animal faculty, and the other from the vital, being alike in all other things, either as touching their utility or manner of motion.' It is evident that he was not unwilling to do justice to the labours of his predecessors, for elsewhere, to use his own words, he is thinking 'to unfold such things as have been published by others; to take notice of those things which have been commonly spoken and taught, that those things which have been rightly spoken may be confirmed, and those which are false, both by anatomical dissection, manifold experience, and diligent and accurate observation, may be amended.'

Once on the track, Harvey followed it up with unflinching perseverance: new facts came to light, and cheered him on with the hope of ultimate success. 'Observing,' he remarks, 'the valves in the veins of many parts of the body so placed as to give free passage to the blood towards the heart, but to oppose the

passage of the venal blood the contrary way, I imagined that so provident a cause as nature had not thus placed so many valves without design.'

At length Harvey believed he 'had hit the nail on the head;' and having become a Fellow of the College of Physicians at the age of thirty, he was appointed professor in 1616, when he commenced a course of lectures, and for the first time modestly announced his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. Content to go no farther for a time than in the hints thrown out, he waited with patience, until time had fully matured his views, before he gave them to the world. In the year 1628, when he was fifty years old, his researches were first published at Frankfort, in a small quarto volume, entitled *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*,* dedicated to Charles I. In this work, as has been truly observed, 'Harvey, by his genius, followed nature in her windings, and forced her to unveil herself.' 'Scarcely one of the proofs which demonstrate the circulation escaped his researches; he showed it not only in certain parts, but followed it to its recesses—to the liver—where other anatomists had lost themselves. His book is one of the rare essays which exhaust the subject; it is short and comprehensive, clear and profound, dictated by reason and experience.'†

He had diligently and perseveringly extended his inquiries beyond the human subject, with a view to verify his facts by comparison. The king, who, with all his errors, entertained enlightened views on science generally, placed at his physician's disposal the deer in the royal parks near London; and in addition to these, the zealous anatomist minutely examined the hearts of other mammalian animals, as well as of birds and fishes. His book contains an explanation, in clear and concise language, of the general mechanism of the circulation, and incontestable proofs of the truth of his theory. His own words will best convey the certainty and accuracy of his views. In the chapter on the action and office of the heart, he remarks—'First of all, the ear (as the auricle was then called) contracts itself, and in that contraction throws the blood with which it abounds, as the head-spring of the veins, and the cellar and cistern of blood, into the ventricles of the heart.' After its passage through the lungs and body, 'it returns to the heart, as to the fountain or dwelling-house of the body; and there again, by natural heat, powerful and vehement, it is melted, and is dispensed again through the body. The pulse of the arteries is nothing but the impulsion of blood into the arteries.'

Harvey's biographer, Dr Friend, writing on the discovery, observes—'As it was entirely owing to him, so he has explained it with all the clearness imaginable; and though much has been written on that subject since, I may venture to say his own book is the shortest, plainest, and the most convincing of any.' We find the celebrated Boyle, who was contemporary with Harvey, not less candid. He remarks in his philosophical works—'Late experiments having shown the use of the blood's circulation, and of the valves in the heart and veins (which, the famous Dr Harvey told me, gave him the first hint of his grand discovery), we at length acknowledge the wisdom of the contrivance, after it had escaped the search of many preceding ages.'

The extreme care with which Harvey must have pursued his inquiries, may be best understood by what is perhaps the most striking phenomenon in his important discovery—that of the independent motion and life of the blood itself. He noticed the gradual cessation of movement in the ventricles and auricles in dying animals, and goes on to say—'But besides all these, I have often observed, that after the heart itself, and even its right ear, had, at the very point of death, left off beating, there manifestly remained in the very blood which is in the right ear an obscure motion, and a kind of inundation and beating.'

It might be supposed that a discovery of this nature presented nothing to shock the prejudices, or disturb the interests, of any portion of the community. Yet, as remarked in Wotton's Reflections, 'a great many put in for the prize, unwilling that Harvey should go away with all the glory.' A host of those who are 'always ready to combat facts by reasoning,' fell upon him. He was overwhelmed with contradictions from the learned, and neglected by the public generally; and as soon as his claims were contested, his practice as a physician materially diminished. Such was the acrimony of his opponents, that he was denounced to the king as guilty of improper dissections; an accusation which, had he not enjoyed the favour of the sovereign, might have been attended with fatal consequences, in a day when violent prejudices prevailed against experiments on the human subject. Many asserted that the discovery was nothing new; that it had been known long before: others contended for the honour as due to themselves; and some referred it to Hippocrates, from whom Harvey was said to have stolen it.

The ancients, in reality, knew neither the theory nor the laws of the circulation. They entertained the most absurd ideas on many physiological and anatomical points relative to this phenomenon, and were altogether ignorant of the important part played by the lungs in this great function. The Chinese were said to have been acquainted with the movement of the vital fluid from time immemorial; an assertion which appears to have solely rested on the attention always paid to the pulse by that singular people. Hippocrates is the earliest author who makes any allusion to the subject; he speaks obscurely of the usual motion of the blood and distribution of the veins. Plato represented the heart as a species of divinity, that poured out blood to every member of the body; and Aristotle, who uses the word *arteria* for *windpipe*, speaks of a recurrent motion of the blood, comparing it to the ebbing and flowing of the sea in the well-known channel of Euripus: these opinions were, however, founded on mere conjecture, not on actual demonstration. Galen, who believed that the veins originated in the liver, endows the body with 'three kinds of spirits, natural, vital, and animal, corresponding to the same number of faculties or functions.' The seat of the natural was in the liver, for the growth and support of the body; the vital he assigned to the heart, for the development and carrying about of heat; and placed the animal in the head, as the source of sensation and motion. The arteries were supposed to be nothing more than passages for air or 'spirit,' as after death they were found empty; from which circumstance they derive their name. Cicero, in his treatise, *De Natura Deorum*, has the phrase—'Sanguis per venas, et spiritus per arterias.'

These doctrines prevailed until the time of Servetus, who, better known as a theologian than physician, fell a victim to the religious fanaticism of the Calvinists of Geneva. His writings contain many remarkable facts; among others, a description of the pulmonary circulation, with which it appears he was imperfectly acquainted. His suppositions, however, were not founded on actual experiment. Like Galen, he made the body the abode of three spirits; one of which, the aërial spirit or pneuma, was seated in the heart and arteries. After Servetus, Columbus, a physician of Cremona, threw further light on the circulation through the lungs, yet he remained entirely ignorant of the part played by the arteries. To him we are nevertheless indebted for a description of the uses of the valves of the heart. He was followed by Cæsalpinus, first physician to Pope Clement VIII, who held some clear views on the subject; but being continually engaged in scholastic disputes, his allusions to it are, in most cases, incidental and obscure; and notwithstanding his verification of the labours of his predecessor, his works abound in glaring

* Anatomical Researches on the Motion of the Heart and Blood. Haller called this work *Opusculum Aureum* (small golden treatise).

† Senac. Traité du Coeur.

errors. With the exception of applying a ligature, below which he noticed the swelling of a vein, he appears to have added nothing new to the theory of the circulation.

Amid all this ignorance of the true functional action, the wildest speculations prevailed. The heart was taken as an oracle, and its beats were listened to as prophetic. Some contended that the use of the veins was merely to keep the blood in equilibrium, and prevent undue accumulation in any part of the body. Others, again, bewildered themselves with calculations on the power of the heart, and believed that it exerted a force equal to 3,000,000 of pounds; a notion speedily combated by a third party, who proved, to their own satisfaction, that the power did not exceed eight ounces. Although modern science has stripped off these marvellous attributes from what Senac calls 'the material soul of living bodies,' and made it a hydraulic machine, yet we find no less cause for wonder and admiration at its mysterious powers.

To return to Harvey. It was for removing this mass of error, for laying bare the most admirable mechanism the world has yet seen, that he was assailed by the envious and ignorant from every quarter. How well he did his work, we learn from Jenty, according to whom, he, 'with indefatigable pains, traced the *visible* veins and arteries throughout the body, *in their whole* progress from and to the heart, so as to demonstrate, even to the most incredulous, not only that blood circulates through the lungs and heart, *but the very manner how*, and the time in which that great work is performed.' To this 'indefatigable pains' we doubtless owe the six large diagrams, of the size of life, still preserved in the College of Physicians, showing all the blood-vessels of the human body; and prepared with such nicety, as to display distinctly the semilunar valves at the entrance of the aorta, by which he used to illustrate his lectures. The delivery of these lectures, however, involved him in much suffering and loss. In the confusion and riots of the civil war, his house in London was pillaged and burnt, with many valuable papers, whose destruction was irreparable, and caused him constant regret. 'In the eyes of his contemporaries, he was looked upon only as a dissector of insects, frogs, and other reptiles.' And on the authority of Aubrey, we learn that Harvey said 'that, after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. . . . 'Twas believed by the vulgar he was crackbrained; and all the physicians were against his opinion, and annoyed him.'

The persecution of Harvey appears to have been prompted only by the mean passions of his contemporaries. No other motive is obvious; for it is difficult to see in what way 'the craft' was endangered. In his case, however, as in many others, it almost appeared as if men had some strong personal interest in keeping back the truth, so eagerly did they exert themselves to resist it. Carrere, rector of the academy of Perpignan, wrote a thesis against the doctrine. It was also attacked with great virulence by Dr Primrose, and by Riolan, the celebrated French anatomist. Harvey nevertheless found friends. Folli, physician at the court of the Medici, the first to attempt the transfusion of blood, was an ardent propagator of his theory. In his own country, he gained a powerful advocate in Sir George Ent, who published a book in his favour. The 'momes and detractors' were also replied to in temperate language by Harvey himself. He says—'I think it a thing unworthy of a philosopher, and a searcher of the truth, to return bad words for bad words; and I think I shall do better, and more advised, if, with the light of true and evident observations, I shall wipe away those symptoms of incivility.' To those who taunted him with being nothing more than a dissector of insignificant reptiles, he replied, with as much truth as impressiveness, 'If you will enter with Heraclitus, in Aristotle, into a work-house (for so I call it) for inspection of viler creatures, come hither, for the immortal gods are here likewise; and the great and Almighty Father is sometimes more conspicuous in the least and most inconsiderable creatures.'

Harvey attended the king in his journeys during part of the civil war, and was present at the battle of Edgehill. He afterwards retired to London, in the neighbourhood of which city he passed the remainder of his days. In his seventy-fifth year he built and endowed a library and museum for the College of Physicians. He died in June 1657, at the age of seventy-nine, but not before the truth of his doctrines had been generally recognised; and his own professional brethren were proud to do him funeral honours. He was buried at Hempstead, where a handsome monument, surmounted by a marble bust, was placed over his grave by the College of Physicians. It was said of him that 'his candour, cheerfulness, and goodness of heart were conspicuous in his whole life, as well as in his writings, and exhibit a worthy pattern for future imitation;' and that one of his noblest characteristics was love for his profession, and a desire for the maintenance of its honour.

What a striking commentary do these facts afford on the ignorance and selfishness of society! How easily have the many suffered themselves to be led by the interested few, whose motives were too often of the most despicable character. This is the more to be wondered at, as experience, if not policy, might have dictated the question, *cui bono?* How was this answered in Harvey's case? Hobbes says of him, he 'is the only man I know, that, conquering envy, hath established a new doctrine in his lifetime'—and yet twenty-five years elapsed before this was accomplished. For a quarter of a century had this great truth to struggle against the malice, jealousy, and stupidity of its enemies, who denied the discoverer's claim to originality, with as little reason as those who disputed Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites, on the ground that a Dutchman had previously invented a telescope. Mankind, however, have always been prone to persecute new truths; whether they shall continue to do so, depends greatly on the present generation.

Harvey's reputation has now nothing to fear. The circulation of the blood is universally admitted to be the *first* great discovery after the promulgation of the Baconian method; and though giants in mind have lived since, with all the facilities which use and example in the inductive method have given, only one greater and more complete discovery—the discovery of gravitation—has ever been made.

LOVE-LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.

WHAT a charming sight is a little corner of a fly's wing when one looks upon it with the aid of a microscope! How perfect in design—how dainty in detail—how glorious in effect! One hangs with rapture over the examination of its beauties. But just for a moment lift away the microscope, and lo! a dead, thin, distorted insect, than which scores of plumper, prettier specimens buzz hourly upon every window-pane in one's house. Now, thousands of people have made this remark, and yet, perhaps, it has never occurred to any of them that Cupid has just such another microscope of his own; and thus we bring it home to him. Who ever fell in love with a whole woman at once? No man: the task would be superhuman. Every man's heart is caught, after its own weakness, by some particular charm, which, as ladies say, 'grows upon him.' For example—Brown, Jones, and Robinson, are rivals for a girl's affection: but examine their respective admirations a little closely, and they shall not be rivals at all. Her ringlets have entangled one of them, her little foot has walked into another, and her figure has added a third to her admirers. The gentleman who used to write sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow (and *only one* of them) was a

genuine type of your true lover; so enamoured of his own one beauty, that he cannot for a moment divert his eyes to any other district of his lady's charms. This is a law of nature: it is, in fact, Cupid's microscope; very much developing something somewhere, and shutting quite out of sight everything anywhere else. And to show its universality, witness the cheerful complacency with which the dear creatures themselves crouch in the tenderest attitudes under the displaying glass of their exhibitor; it is the whole art of love in woman. Unhappily, the crisis comes when Hymen smashes the lens at the church door (on the way *out*), or when Cupid himself, pocketing the whole contrivance, flies away to show off his science again in the same manner upon some other couple.

Now, to us it is a touching thing to see young folks going about falling in love with each other after this fashion, for qualities to which they will be less than insensible in a fortnight after their honeymoon. Unluckily, we can see no help for them. People in love can't be expected to listen to reason; they may perhaps be accessible to it after marriage, but then it is only an aggravation; no longer a remedy. The only plan we can suggest, is to pitch good advice into them *before they fall in love* by some sort of 'contingent hints on courtship and matrimony,' or 'prospective precautions about sweethearts, addressed to heart-whole bachelors.' In this age of handbooks, such titles would be worth any money to an enterprising publisher. At present, however, we have concocted and struck out *only* the titles, and as we have not the slightest idea of going any further with the undertakings, we just register them here 'provisionally.'

Next to not being disappointed at all, perhaps the greatest satisfaction in the world is to have a good right to be disappointed. Now, the man who recklessly resigns his heart without specifying its weaknesses, has no more reason to complain of its subsequent injuries, than he who suffers his housemaid to 'dust' his mantelpiece, or who sends glass anywhere by carriers without instructing them as to which 'side up, with care.' In order, then, to establish before wedlock the right we speak of—in order, as it were, to unlock his heart, and leave the key in it, before he knows to whom he shall part with it—we can imagine some young bachelor, foreseeing the altar, addressing to her whom time reserves for him a letter of preliminary candour. To be sure he can't send the letter, because he doesn't know where to direct it. He is equally ignorant of the lady's name and of her number. But we—we will make sure of its reaching the right individual, by placing it before the world—as follows:—

'To ——— ———

'MADAM—Permit me to request your serious attention to a few remarks, of a very peculiar nature, from one who is at present a total stranger to you. But first, as it is just possible that you may consider I presume considerably in thus addressing you, I will try to excuse my freedom. The fact is, that you and I are going to be married—some of these days. Yes, madam, although I am the last man that would force his attentions on a lady, I feel I must be your husband. You intend to marry when you shall receive an eligible offer? Very well; you will receive such an offer. I shall make it. I shall not be able to make it to anybody else. You will turn it over in your mind a long time, but you will—you must accept it at last. It is not in us to help it: man and wife we are already—not yet united, it is true, but still some day to share, like a pair of unconsciously-associated soles, a mutual fate. It is not, then, very premature in us now, while we are still in the chrysalis of celibacy, to begin to think of each other and to try to imp the wings of inevitable wedlock for a pleasant flight together—is it, dear?

'You are very pretty, I'm sure (I shall call you an angel some day, so don't be precipitate); but I hope that, when I fall in love with you, you will not think it necessary to show me how very lovely you are by demonstrating what a beauty you are thought by all the young fellows of your acquaintance. You will make me ineffably happy by marrying me; but I trust you will not seek to aggravate my gratitude by acquainting me with all the very numerous offers you will have had from richer and handsomer men than I am—all of which, no doubt, your dear mamma will have been most anxious for you to accept in preference to mine. I shall love you to distraction, and you will reciprocate my passion (probably after the manner of Mr James's heroine in his next novel but thirty); but I beg you will not permit your imagination to invest me with the peculiarities of any exile, or bandit, or cavalier of the fifteenth century, because such impressions must lead only to your disappointment and my subsequent depreciation in your eyes, as I assure you I have not the slightest element of any such gentleman in my composition.

'When you find yourself for the first time at the head of a household, though never so humble an one, you will very naturally be overcome with a delightful responsibility in the cares of your little queendom. Judging from my present circumstances, I think that, "when we marry," we shall probably afford "an eight-roomed house, genteelly furnished." But the path of youth should ever be upward; and I trust and expect, at no distant period, to remove you to a "twelve-roomed ditto, luxuriously." Therefore I hope that, in our first nest, your callow housewifeship will not proceed with uncomfortable thrift to envelop our looking-glasses in yellow gauze; pop our bell-ropes into long striped bags; disguise our chairs in mysterious dominos; and make me walk *over* my domestic hearth upon raw brown Holland. I hate to see people's "genuine effects" so muffled: it reminds me of the way tradesfolks have of wrapping up one's copper change.

'As young ladies go now-a-days, it is very likely that your disposition, my love, may be overwhelmingly "serious." Some women have religion always in their mouths, as if it was a voice lozenge. If so—be it so. Mine shall never be the bed of a Procrustes, seeking to stretch his wife's conscience. Perhaps if I jerk a button from my wristband on a Sunday morning, your piety will forbid you to stitch it on again. Then never fear a consequent rebuke from me. I, rather than engage in a controversial discussion with my wife about my buttons, would with the greatest cheerfulness—wear studs.

'One of the proudest prerogatives of female matrimony is what ladies call "mutual confidence." But if, in your notion of this privilege, you should expect me, in my used-up evenings, to pour into your bosom my troubles and anxieties in "the city," and, in return for your sympathy, to share with you the annoyances of housekeeping—if you should repay my confidence, in the matter of my best friend's bankruptcy, with a particular account of an "extravagant shoulder of mutton," in which bone unconsciously preponderates over meat—if, when I try to explain to you my current position in a lawsuit, you should interrupt me with your just vexation that your maid has mimicked in gingham what you invented in satin—in such a case I must beg that we keep our separate trials quite separate. We might as well exchange with each other the umbrella and the parasol, the peacoat and the pattens, as expect to find shelter in such uncongenial comfort. So much for our troubles. Let us, however, be always unanimous in our pleasures: let us enjoy everything together; with this especial precaution—that there is always enough for both of us to enjoy.

'I own I could wish that, until we marry, you should have some regular occupation: but of course, as you are a lady, you would blush at the idea of earning your bread. Nevertheless, I hope you will never have the unfeeling vanity to wince at the name of my trade—even though it should involve an apron—as if it were a thing not to be admitted before company. For you will meet, my love, much stylish company in London, whose tools of business are Shylock's own knife and scales, yet who would shudder at the imputation of a yard-measure or a canister. But be sure, the tradesman's wife who loves such company, hears daily baser metal rung upon her dinner-table than ever her husband nails to his counter in Cheapside.

'And now, my dearest girl that shalt be, pardon my

audacity if, as I bend my mind's-eye into the vista of futurity, a little past the altar I perceive the cradle. Yet why not? The tree of our love, though now but an acorn, must shoot and blossom, and then—only think of the branches! With our little ones (bless 'em), even from their coral, let us do nothing without a purpose. Wise men say that the mind of a child resembles a sheet of white paper. It is then a parent's duty to be sure that the guiding-lines he traces on that sheet of paper are always ruled in the right place. The world has a very harsh way of rubbing out false impressions.

'I drop my pen. Good-by, my love, *au r'écrire*. This letter is as ingenuous as the next I shall write to you will be silly and incredible. Nevertheless, I am afraid you will like the other best. Your devoted,

THOMAS RINGDOVE.'

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY OF ANTWERP—THE DUKE OF ALVA'S ATROCITIES—HIS STATUE, AND THE BRONZE CRUCIFIX—THE CHURCH OF THE JESUITS—A GOSSIPING CICERONE—THE CALVARY—MENDICITY IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES—THE ANTWERP ACADEMY—RUBENS'S FAMOUS PICTURE—HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL—HIS DOMESTIC HABITS.

IMMEDIATELY above the grand door of the Antwerp cathedral is a bronze crucifix, the history of which is somewhat curious, as it was cast from the metal of the statue which the infamous Duke of Alva ordered to be erected of himself in the citadel. When the Emperor Charles V. resigned his imperial diadem, his son, Philip II., on ascending the throne of Spain, found the Netherlands in an affluent and prosperous condition. In this small portion of his vast dominions he could enumerate three hundred and fifty cities surrounded by walls, and about other three hundred open towns, which were all wealthy and populous. Among them Antwerp, from its immense dealings in the woollen and cloth trade, was considered to be 'the great mart' and 'pack-house of Europe;' frequently, as we have already premised, as many as two thousand five hundred vessels were seen at the same time anchored before the town, and three or four hundred vessels came up with one tide into the Scheldt. We are also informed that two hundred wagons came daily into the town, loaded with passengers from the neighbouring provinces; nearly one thousand of whom—French, German, Italians, and other foreigners—arrived weekly. Furthermore, it is stated that one hundred thousand country carts were continually employed carrying goods to and from the city. Thus did Antwerp not only become rich itself, but contributed to enrich other towns in the Netherlands; in the midst of all which opulence, every branch of the fine arts was assiduously cultivated. The wealth of the bishops and priests, and the zeal of all classes of people to see their churches embellished with the finest works of art, created an immense demand for pictures on sacred subjects. Nor was the sister art, music, neglected. On the contrary, Guicciardini states that Flanders then supplied all Europe with musicians, just as Italy does at present.

Such was the prosperous state of these towns when the Duke of Alva was appointed by Philip II. commander-in-chief of the armies in the Netherlands. He was then sixty years of age, and had the character of being a haughty, morose, severe soldier. He no sooner entered upon his odious mission, than he revealed, to the consternation of the people, the unlimited authority with which he was vested; and which extended not only over every department of the army, but over the judicial institutions of the country. The most gloomy apprehensions now became too soon realised. He established the Inquisition, as it already existed in Spain, with all its attendant and secret horrors; he confiscated, on frivolous pretexts, the estates of the nobles and the property of rich merchants; and imposed upon the industrious classes the most heavy and vexatious imposts. Finally, he abolished the office of the ordinary judges, and delegated their duties to a tribunal of twelve counsellors, nominated by himself, who, with the sanguinary Vergas as their president, sanctioned, with the mock solemnity of a pretended trial, his secret, tyrannous instructions. The Duke of Alva himself boasted that, during less than six years of his sovereignty, he had caused more than eighteen thousand persons to perish by the executioner. Here the reader may naturally enough be curious to know what could have been the design of a monument erected to the honour of so execrable a tyrant. Accordingly, we find it was executed under his own immediate orders, and doubtless intended as much to intimidate the inhabitants, by reminding them of the inordinate power he wielded over them, as to gratify his own insensate ambition. He was represented, according to Mayer, as Duke of Alva, in a menacing attitude, treading with one foot on the neck of an image representing the rebellion of his subjects, and trampling with the other upon the neck of another image, intended to represent expiring Protestantism. Around the pedestal was a basso-rellevo, which represented the citizens in supplicating postures, with the wallet and porringer suspended round their necks, to imply the most abject and humiliating submission to his authority. Such is the account we have been enabled to gather of this memorable statue, which, when destroyed by the successor of Alva, with the view of conciliating the town, was, strange to say, melted down into the crucifix which is now seen above the cathedral door.

We went in the afternoon to the church of the Jesuits, the vast interior of which was so crowded, that we could scarcely wedge our way through the dense congregation into the nave. As a specimen of Rubens's talents in a line apart from that in which he gained his fame, the architecture of this church has a claim to attention. Injured as it has been by lightning, we still recognise in it the genius of the great artist. Finding that we could not obtain seats, and being inconvenienced by the crowd, we left the church of the Jesuits, and proposed going to St Paul's; and as, for this purpose, we were descending the flight of steps under its portico, we observed an intelligent young woman also leaving the Jesuits, of whom we inquired our way. We were glad to find that she understood us, and spoke good English; for in the streets of Antwerp, and other towns in Belgium, the chances are, that in accosting a passenger to make any such inquiry, the return made will be a shake of the head, accompanied by a jargon half Dutch, half French, half Walloon, which is utterly unintelligible. We were, however, on this occasion more fortunate; for she with much good-nature replied that she lived close by St Paul's, and would, if we permitted her, accompany us. We availed ourselves of her offer; and as we walked along, she observed that the church of the Jesuits was always crowded, for 'notwithstanding,' added she with much animation, 'all that has been said against them—and they have been a persecuted race—they are, at least in Antwerp, a good people.' 'And how so?' we inquired. 'Because,' answered she, 'they are so charitable to the poor; they will do almost anything for them: many of them will even look to the education of their children: and whenever any affliction happens in their family, the poor people always advise one another to seek out some "bon père Jesuit," from whom they are certain to obtain relief.' Thus did our gossiping cicerone, who descanted fluently enough on their merits, unconsciously hit upon the great secret which explains the influence of the Jesuits throughout Europe. The success of their missions when Francis Xavier was performing miracles, and pouring the water of baptism over the heads of the converted infidels in the East, may have contributed greatly to their progress; but the mainspring of their enormous power must be referred to their having made education—comprehensive and liberal education—one of the leading features of their institution. Hence all men of learning must be constrained to acknowledge how deeply we are in-

debted to them for the advancement of both literature and science; and some speak of their order with as much zeal as our cicerone herself. Thus the late Robert Southey remarks, in one of his letters to William Taylor of Norwich. 'Hating, as I do, popery *ex intimo corde*, I am a great admirer of the Jesuits;' and with these and other associations connected with their very remarkable history crowding upon our mind, we arrived at the church of the Dominicans, dedicated to St Paul.

Before entering this church, we were shown through a little latch door, opening into a place called 'the Calvary'—a small plot of apparently garden-ground, covered with a motley collection of the statues of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, all heterogeneously huddled together, like so many figures in a sculptor's yard, without any regard to proportion, arrangement, or consistency of design. Immediately before us, upon a mass of small round stones, walled up to a considerable height, was a clumsy piece of sculpture-work, exhibiting the crucifixion, with figures above, below, and around, which we abstain from describing. Underneath this unseemly pile was the most horrid part of the spectacle, which pretends to be a model taken from Jerusalem of the holy sepulchre. Upon entering a narrow opening, intended to represent a chasm in the rock, we found ourselves before an iron grating, which rails in a recess, upon the floor of which is a coffin, covered over with a white sheet, through which the hand apparently of the dead body is protruded. The walls of this cavernous-looking place were covered with figures in different attitudes, with their faces glaring with coarse red paint, to depict the tortures of the wicked in purgatory. Before this hideous scene we found kneeling against the railing a man and woman, who we might have imagined were gazing devoutly on the object before them; but as we hastily withdrew, somewhat disgusted with so profane an exhibition, they suddenly rose from their devotions, and followed us. The woman, dropping her rosary of huge black beads, held out her hand for charity; while the man, hobbling after her—for he was lame—begged with all the loquacious pertinacity of an old adept in the trade. The mendicity which is permitted within and around these Catholic churches always appears to us to be a reproach upon the authorities, encouraging and sanctioning as it does not only the vice of idleness, but the still deeper sin of hypocrisy. The toleration of such a practice is unaccountable, unless it be regarded as a remnant of that old system under which the opportunity of being charitable was as much imposed upon individuals piously inclined, as the doctrinal virtue of charity itself. Hence, in former ages, many of the pious monarchs of France were proud to see a retinue of beggars following at their heels when they walked abroad; and, as an evidence of still deeper humility, admitted them to feast at the royal table. Washing the feet of the poor, in imitation of our Saviour, was another ostentatious ceremony performed by sovereigns, for the purpose of showing their subjects an example of Christian humility. But we learn from the chronicles of these times how greatly all this mistaken zeal was abused, and that the encouragement so awarded to mendicity led to all sorts of petty larceny and crime. The distribution of the royal bounty on Maunday-Thursday in England, is the last vestige we retain of these Catholic customs; for, as population has increased, and people have become enlightened, it is found that the exigencies of society provide employment as a common duty of life for the humblest individuals; so that indiscriminate charity, however well-intended, instead of covering, too frequently gives rise now-a-days to, a multitude of sins. However, there are yet on the continent infirm and aged persons who, with the consent of their priests, look for no other support excepting the chance donations they may obtain at the doors of these churches; and doubtless such charities are frequently given in the very same spirit which in former ages enriched the shrines and altars, and augmented to so enormous an extent, the revenues of the church. The vesper service was already concluded when we entered St Paul's; and as it was, for the season of the year, a precocious summer evening, we drove around the town and the ramparts, and along the banks of the Scheldt. When we associated the scene which now came under our review with the past history of the Netherlands, how wonderful appeared the contrast! The broad and navigable river Scheldt was still flowing on as rapidly and unchanged as when thousands of vessels lay floating round the city, which now presented to us the solitary aspect of only three merchant vessels anchored off its port.

The academy of the Fine Arts is one of the principal attractions of Antwerp. Its exhibition is in a gallery of small extent in the museum—a plain-looking building, which occupies the site of an ancient convent, and is enclosed in a small garden. Here, as might be anticipated, we find many of the finest specimens of the Flemish school, including several Vandykes, and twelve of Rubens's most famous compositions. The most remarkable picture in this, or perhaps in any gallery in Europe, is Rubens's *chef d'œuvre*—the crucifixion of our Saviour between the two thieves. It is a startling, a wonderful production. The time chosen by the artist for the representation of this awful and affecting scene is the evening of that melancholy day. The three crosses are arranged somewhat in perspective, the middle one being that upon which, meek and composed, hangs the body of our Saviour, whose head is dropped upon his chest, as if he had just yielded up the ghost. Immediately before, and a little to the right of this—the centre of all interest—are two soldiers on horseback, one leaning with his elbow on his saddle-bow, looking up with earnestness at the suffering Redeemer, while the other is in the act of piercing his side with a wooden steel-pointed spear, which looks visibly bending under the weight of the thrust. To the left, next to the Saviour, is the cross upon which suffers the unbelieving malefactor; and this is a truly horrific representation of physical agony. The unhappy wretch appears to have torn one foot from the nail that fastened it, and his body is seen writhing up in convulsions against the fatal tree, while the cruel soldier, to increase his torment, is breaking his limbs with a bar of iron. Every muscle is corrugated and bulging out into a state of the most dreadful spasm and contraction. Contrasting with this, on the opposite cross to the right, is the penitent thief, looking up towards the Saviour with an expression of resignation, as if imploring forgiveness. In the foreground, the effect of the whole scene is heightened by the group of mourners, whose sufferings appear to be concentrated upon the one object of sympathy and adoration. The disciple John, hiding his face in his mantle, leans as if weeping on the shoulder of Mary, the wife of Cleophas; while the virgin mother looks upwards to her crucified Lord with eyes red with weeping. Behind these figures, at the foot of the cross, the Magdalen is seen as if starting forwards with a countenance of horror, stretching out her hand as if to implore the mercy of the horseman with his spear.* Sir Joshua Reynolds declares this profile to be the finest he ever saw by Rubens or any other painter. The effect of this picture is, in the first instance, terrible. The spectator cannot look upon it at first without a shudder; but as he examines and begins to study its details, he becomes rivetted to the spot. In the adjoining division of the gallery is the famous altar-piece by Quentin Matsys, representing the Virgin and the disciples assembled to receive the Saviour after the descent from the cross. The colouring is exceedingly fine; but the leaden, cadaverous complexion of the body, and the lifelike gash in the side, produce, to our apprehension, a very unpleasant and painful effect. Indeed in this

* This group is taken from the account given by St John—chapter xix. verse 26—of the attendants which stood by the cross.

collection, as well as in many other galleries, not excepting the Louvre, many pictures are exhibited on sacred subjects the designs of which are peculiarly offensive. It is not right that the sublime mystery of the incarnation should be reduced to the delineation of a common earthly tragedy, nor that the divine character of our Saviour should be impersonated in the most ordinary forms of suffering humanity. The visitor on the continent has too often reason to turn away, tired at the sameness, and shocked at the extravagance, of these very disagreeable representations.

'A journey to Antwerp,' says Emerson Tennant, 'is a pilgrimage to the shrine of Rubens.' It is so: and here, in the very beautiful church of Saint Jacques, immediately behind the high altar, is the small chapel which formerly belonged to his family, and which is now their consecrated mausoleum. On the 30th May 1640, Peter Paul Rubens died, and the obsequies which attended his remains to this their last resting-place were performed with the most imposing solemnity. The surrounding walls and aisles were hung with black cloth, and the clergy belonging to the church walked in advance of the funeral procession. Next came sixty orphan boys, two bearing a crown of gold, followed by others carrying lighted tapers in their hands; and then the coffin, surrounded by the more immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. The chief officers of the city, many noblemen of distinction and merchants, and all the members of the Academy of Painting, attended; and in the midst of this vast assemblage, while the requiem for the dead was being chanted, his body was lowered into the vault before us, which now contains all that may yet remain of that dust which is 'even in itself an immortality.' Nor does it sleep there alone; for on each side are deposited also the remains of the two dear companions who were the chosen partners of his life. Looking through the rails which divide this sacred spot from the aisle at the back of the choir, we behold a plain white marble altar, over which is one of his own most beautiful paintings, representing the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour, with the adoration of Saint Bonaventura. In this singularly effective picture, the colouring of which, says Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is yet as bright as if the sun shone upon it,' he has introduced the portraits of his two wives, his father, his grandfather, and himself in the character of Saint George, in compliment to King Charles I., who conferred on him, when in England, the honour of knighthood. The life of Rubens is singularly interesting. He lived in an eventful age; and while, as a diplomatist, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of kings and princes, as a private individual he was respected and esteemed by all classes of society. His habits were frugal; his diligence extraordinary; and nothing can inspire us with a more favourable idea of his disposition, than his conduct towards other artists. His doors were open to them at all hours, even when he was himself at the easel; and although he seldom paid visits, he was ever ready to inspect the work of any artist who wished his advice, and often would take up the brush himself to touch such parts as required it. In every picture he sought to discover something good; for it was his great delight to acknowledge the merits, and encourage upon every occasion his brother artists. He used to rise very early—in summer at four o'clock in the morning; and immediately afterwards attended mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of his favourite classical authors; for he was an excellent scholar, and delighted in Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, and Seneca, which, with Horace and Virgil, were his favourite authors. An hour before dinner he devoted to recreation, which consisted chiefly in conversing with visitors, who, being aware of his habits, knew at what hour their company would be agreeable to him. He indulged sparingly in the pleasures of the table, and drank but little wine. After working again until the evening, he usually rode out for an hour or two. He was extremely fond of horses, and his stables generally contained some of remarkable beauty. On his return home, it was his custom to receive a few friends, principally men of learning, or artists, with whom he shared his frugal supper meal, and passed the evening in instructive and cheerful conversation.* Such were the domestic habits of this illustrious artist, the details of whose life cannot be perused without conveying a lively conviction of the truth of the observation, that when industry is allied with genius, men may command success, and often attain the highest honours of the state.

THEORIES OF THE FORMATION OF COAL.

It is a custom of the Geological Society for the president annually to deliver an address, containing a summary of the progress of the science for the preceding year. The last address of this kind, delivered in February 1846 by Mr Leonard Horner, has been published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*. We find in it a highly intelligent view of one of the obscurest departments of geology—the formation of coal. 'It is scarcely possible,' says Mr Horner, 'to visit a coal-field, or to read the description of one, without being led to theorise on its mode of formation. The origin of coal has long been a subject of great difficulty; nor has any theory been yet advanced with which it has been possible to reconcile all the appearances which the coal-measures exhibit, all the variety of forms in which coal is found. Indeed the more closely we examine the phenomena, the more do we feel the distance we are from a satisfactory explanation of them. According to some geologists, coal-seams and their accompanying strata are accumulations of land-plants and stony detritus, carried down by rivers into estuaries, and deposited in the sea, where the vegetable matter undergoes changes that convert it into coal. Others are of opinion that coal is the altered residuum of trees and smaller plants, that have grown on the spot where we now find them; that the forests were submerged and covered by detrital matter, which was upraised to form a foundation and a soil for another forest, to be in its turn submerged and converted into coal, and that thus the alternations which the vertical section of a coal-field exhibits are to be accounted for.

'In the geological works of the last year, we find the former theory maintained by Sir R. Murchison as most generally applicable; Mr Lyell is more inclined to adopt the latter. Sir R. Murchison dwells upon the facts of the alternations of coal with limestones containing marine remains, which are so frequently met with in most countries where coal-fields prevail; and as a striking instance of this, he refers to the Donetz coal-field. A remarkable example of a similar kind, occurring in Maryland, is mentioned by Mr Lyell. At Frostburg a black shale, ten or twelve feet thick, full of marine shells, rests on a seam of coal about three feet thick, and 300 feet below the principal seam of coal in that place. The shells are referable to no less than seventeen species, and some of them are identical with, and almost all the rest have a near affinity to, species found in the Glasgow and other coal-measures.

'The theory which refers the coal to trees and plants which have grown on the spot where it now rests, is illustrated by Mr Lyell by observations he made in Nova Scotia, on the south shore of the Bay of Fundy, at a place called "The Joggins." He states that there is a range of perpendicular cliffs, composed of regular coal-measures, inclined at an angle between twenty-four and thirty degrees, whose united thickness is between four and five miles. About nineteen seams of coal occur in the series, and they vary from two inches to four feet in thickness. The beds are quite undisturbed, save that they have been bodily moved from the horizontal position in which they must have been deposited

* See Rubens's Life, by Waagen. Edited by Mrs Jameson. London: 1840.

to that inclination they now have. In these coal-beds, at more than ten distinct levels, are stems of trees, in positions at right angles to the planes of stratification; that is, which must have stood upright when the coal-measures were horizontal. No part of the original plant is preserved except the bark, which forms a coating of bituminous coal, the interior being a solid cylinder of sand and clay, without traces of organic structure, as is usually the case with Sigillaria, and like the upright trees in the coal-measures cut through by the Bolton railway. The trees, or rather the remains of stems of trees broken off at different heights above the root, vary in height from six to twenty-five feet, and in diameter from fourteen inches to four feet. There are no appearances of roots, but some of the trees enlarge at the bottom. They rest upon, and appear to have grown in, the mass which now constitutes the coal-seams and under-lying shale, never intersecting a superior layer of coal, and never terminating downwards out of the coal or shale from which the stem rises. The underclay or shale often contains Stigmariæ. Here, then, he states, are the remains of more than ten forests, which grew the one over the other, but at distant intervals, during which each, from the lowest upwards, was successively covered by layers, of great thickness, of clays and solid stone, the materials of which must have been arranged and consolidated under the surface of water, and the vegetation of every layer in which the upright trees are fixed must have grown on land.

'The formation of coal-measures like the above, and of all others where there is evidence that the vegetable matter was not drifted to the place it now occupies, but must have grown on the spot, is then accounted for by supposing that the land sank below the level of adjoining water; that gravel, sand, and mud were washed down from the land that did not sink, and formed layers of clay and sandstone over the submerged forest, either in sufficient quantity to rise to the surface of the water, and form land for the next forest, which was submerged in its turn, or that a contrary internal movement took place, which again raised the submerged land; and that for every seam of coal, one above the other, a similar series of changes must have taken place. It is to this oscillatory movement that Mr Lyell ascribes the formation of the above remarkable phenomena in the Bay of Fundy, and others of a like nature.

'At first sight, both theories seem well-founded, when applied to the particular coal-fields described; and it is possible that these eminent and experienced geologists may be of opinion that both are true, as applied to different situations. But I see great difficulties to the full acceptance of either in many of the phenomena which, on a close examination, we find coal-fields generally present.' Mr Horner then refers to several recently-published sections of coal-fields. One in South Wales presents *eighty-four* seams of coal from one inch to nine feet thick, alternating with 340 beds of sandstone, slate, and clay. In this case, the group of coal-bearing strata is a mile in thickness. A coal-field in Nova Scotia is of twice this thickness, and contains *seventy-six* coal-seams. Mixed with the latter are a few limestones containing bivalve shells. The learned president then proceeds—

'Throughout the whole 7000 feet in the South Wales section, and if the limestones are, as is most probable, of fresh-water origin, also throughout the 14,570 feet in the Nova Scotia section, there appears to be no trace of any substance of a *marine* character; and from anything exhibited in the composition of the beds, all might have been deposited in fresh water. It seems infinitely improbable, had the deposition taken place in a sea, that *a series of accumulations of this description, implying, be it observed, a vast duration of time, with different depths and different qualities of sea-bottoms, should have taken place without a trace being discoverable, either upon the surface of the submerged layers of vegetable matter, or in any part of the clays and sandstones that lie upon them, of a marine animal or plant.* It seems no less improbable that, in a sea-skirting shore, there should be such an absence of agitation throughout so vast a space of time, as to allow a tranquil deposit of layers of fine detritus over a wide area, a spreading-out of the leaves of delicate plants in layers of clay and sand like the specimens in a herbarium, and a gradual and insensible passage, in many instances, from one bed into another. Great as the North American lakes are, I am not prepared to say that grave objections may not be urged against the probable existence of such vast bodies of fresh water as would be of sufficient extent and depth to receive the beds of many coal-fields; but the absence of marine remains throughout vast depths of strata in coal-fields is a remarkable fact, well deserving of the most careful investigation.

'That the terrestrial vegetable matter from which coal has been formed has in very many instances been deposited in the sea, is unquestionable, from their alternations with limestones containing marine remains. Such deposits and alternations in an estuary at the mouth of a great river are conceivable, but whether such enormous beds of limestone, with the corals and mollusca which they contain, could be formed in an estuary, may admit of doubt. But it is not so easy to conceive *the very distinct separation of the coal and the stony matter, if formed of drifted materials brought into the bay by a river.* It has been said that the vegetable matter is brought down at intervals, in freshets, in masses matted together, like the rafts in the Mississippi. But there could not be masses of matted vegetable matter of uniform thickness 14,000 square miles in extent, like the Brownsville bed on the Ohio; and freshets bring down gravel, and sand, and mud, as well as plants and trees. They must occur several times a-year in every river; but many years must have elapsed during the gradual deposit of the sandstones and shales that separate the seams of coal. Humboldt tells us (Kosmos, p. 295) that in the forest lands of the temperate zone, the carbon contained in the trees on a given surface would not, on an average of a hundred years, form a layer over that surface more than seven lines in thickness. If this be a well-ascertained fact, what an enormous accumulation of vegetable matter must be required to form a coal-seam of even moderate dimensions! It is extremely improbable that the vegetable matter brought down by rivers *could fall to the bottom of the sea in clear unmixed layers*; it would form a confused mass with stones, sand, and mud. Again, how difficult to conceive, how extremely improbable in such circumstances, is the preservation of delicate plants, spread out with the most perfect arrangement of their parts, uninjured by the rude action of rapid streams and currents carrying gravel and sand, and branches and trunks of trees!

'In the theory which accounts for the formation of beds of coal by supposing that they are the remains of trees and other plants that grew on the spot where the coal now exists, that the land was submerged to admit of the covering of sandstones or shale being deposited, and again elevated so that the sandstone or shale might become the subsoil of a new growth, to be again submerged, and this process repeated as often as there are seams of coal in the series—*these are demands on our assent of a most startling kind.* In the sections above examined, we have eighty-four seams of coal in the one, and seventy-six in the other. In the Saarbrück coal-field there are one hundred and twenty seams, without taking into account the thinner seams, those less than a foot thick. The materials of each of these seams, however thin (and there are some not an inch thick, lying upon and covered by great depths of sandstones and shales), must, according to this theory, have grown on land, and the covering of each must have been deposited under water. There must thus have been an equal number of successive upward and downward movements, and *these so gentle, such soft heavings, as not to break the continuity or disturb the parallelism of horizontal lines spread over hundreds of square miles*; and the

movements must, moreover, have been so nicely adjusted, that they should always be downward when a layer of vegetable matter was to be covered up; and in the upward movements, the motion must always have ceased so soon as the last layers of sand or shale had reached the surface, to be immediately covered by the fresh vegetable growth; for otherwise, we should have found evidence, in the series of successive deposits, of some being furrowed, broken up, or covered with pebbles or other detrital matter of land, long exposed to the waves breaking on a shore, and to meteoric agencies. These conditions, which seem to be inseparable from the theory in question, it would be difficult to find anything analogous to in any other case of changes in the relative level of sea and land with which we are acquainted.'

We have here put into italics what appear to us the principal difficulties on both sides of this extremely curious question. The sum of the whole matter is, that there are facts pretty clearly pointing to the processes involved in both theories, while there are other facts as clearly forbidding either process to be assumed as the sole mode of the production of coal. All must agree with Mr Horner that the whole subject of the theory of coal—whether we consider its mode of deposition, the plants out of which it has been formed, or the various changes which the vegetable matter has undergone to convert it into lignite, jet, common coal, cannel-coal, and anthracite, two or more of these varieties often occurring in the same coal-field—is extremely obscure, and presents a wide and interesting field for future investigation.

FIVE MINUTES' ADVICE TO LABOURERS AND SMALL FARMERS.

[We find the following in a cutting from an old newspaper, and regret being unable to say who is the author.]

Consider well the importance of habits of frugality, and the necessity of making provision for old age, when, from infirmity and inability to continue daily labour, privation and suffering will surely overtake the improvident. The effects of want in the period of old age, sickness, and infirmity, may generally be averted by industry, forethought, and frugality in the season of youth, health, and strength.

To some persons, the saving of anything may perhaps seem impracticable, but most people know that in this respect more depends upon their own care than upon the amount of earnings; whilst many, who have both the means and the disposition to save, have not acquired the habit of saving, simply because they never made the trial. Let them only make a beginning, and try how many sixpences and shillings can be saved in one year, and the difficulty will vanish; and trust not the savings hardly gained by your labour in the hands of private individuals, nor even in your own keeping. With the former, it may be lost by misfortune, fraud, or extravagance; in the latter, it may be pilfered, or you may be tempted to use a part of it in the hope of again replacing it.

Lodge your savings securely in the savings' bank, and be not tempted, by offers of high interest or great profits, to run risks which may bring you to destitution in your old age. Where is the man who, if in employment, cannot, between the age of eighteen and thirty, save sixpence a-week? and who has ever made the trial in vain, if he set about it earnestly? However backward people may have been to commence saving, and however positive at first that nothing can be saved, there has yet, we believe, been hardly any instance in which the commencement of saving has been entered on, that the person has not gone on adding to the fund, and making increased economical exertions; and such, we are satisfied, will be the case in every instance, if persons will only make the first effort.

Here we might stop, were it not that we feel called upon to say something upon the important subject of the education and training of your children, on rightly conducting which will depend not only their welfare here, but their happiness hereafter.

Commence early with your instruction. A mother is capable of teaching her child obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety, whilst it is yet almost an infant; and it is delightful to think that the first instructions can thus be communicated by so tender and natural a teacher. Remember that it is by combining affectionate tenderness with firmness in refusing what is improper, that you secure your children's happiness; and if they are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task will be comparatively easy.

Education must, however, be always regarded but as the means to an end; for all acquirements are useless, unless they make us better in our relations as parents, children, husbands, wives, and unless they lead us to the practice of that divine precept of our religion, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

Let us suppose, then, that you have secured the benefits of a good education for your children—that they have attended an infant, and afterwards an adult school—that they have been advanced in the different branches of instruction, as far as is necessary for the pursuits in life to which they are destined—still, are you not called upon as parents to take care of their moral training? Is not something yet required of those to whom an offspring has been given? Is there not danger, even after the best precepts have been imparted, that your children may risk being corrupted by your own example?

If you suppose that your vices can be hidden from your children, you are greatly mistaken; for the quickness of perception in children enables them immediately to see through such deception. If, with the words 'Thou shalt not steal' in your mouth, you nevertheless overreach, or make use of anything not your own, or take undue advantage of others, you are practically teaching your children to be dishonest. Can you expect them to have a horror of drunkenness if they ever see you drunk, or if tippling is talked of by you as an object of gratification? If you encourage your child by promises to confess a fault, and afterwards punish him for it, do you not practically discourage his telling the truth? Or if you hold that nothing is to be told that can injure your own interests, and say 'Remember not to tell,' or 'You must not say so and so,' can you expect that your child will not lie whenever it suits his own purpose? If you are passionate and intemperate in your language, overbearing or insolent, will not your children be infected by your example? And are you not crushing in the bud the truly Christian qualities of gentleness, forbearance, and charity?

It has been well said that 'drunkenness expels reason, distempers the body, inflames the blood, impairs the memory, is a thief to the purse, a beggar's companion, a wife's wo, and children's sorrow.' You must abstain from this vice altogether if you wish to train your children up to a proper fulfilment of their duties here, and to secure their eternal happiness hereafter.

There is yet one other subject so closely interwoven with your worldly welfare, that, before concluding, we might slightly touch upon—we mean marriage. The necessity of consideration before engaging in so important a contract as that of marriage, is self-evident; and yet how many hasten to become united for life without at all considering the consequence!

In declaring marriage honourable, it is most certain that Scripture does not countenance the wickedness and folly of entailing strife, sorrow, sickness, and distress upon ourselves and our offspring—on the contrary, it supposes the married state to be one of purity, affection, and increased happiness in all the relations of life.

How common is it to see two individuals marry, and bring beings into the world, without the slightest provision for their support, and whose subsistence, from the very commencement of their union, depends wholly on resources which sickness and a thousand accidents may in an instant destroy! Such persons may shelter themselves under the plea of trusting to Providence; but Providence has given us reason for the regulation of our conduct; and to neglect the admonitions of reason, is to set Providence at defiance. And will the Deity then work a miracle in our favour, to reward us for our folly? Is it a proper reliance on Providence to descend to the level of irrational beings, and cast our offspring upon the world with as little consideration about their future wellbeing as the ostrich shows when she drops her egg into the sand, and leaves it to be hatched by the sun? It is very certain that he who becomes a father without any prospect of keeping his children from the miseries of want and beggary, is guilty of a grievous sin and misdemeanour.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LITTLE CARPET-BAG.

Among the most common of street sights, is that of a gentleman hurrying along towards railway or river, bearing with him a little carpet-bag. So common it is, that it fails to attract the slightest attention. A little carpet-bag is no more noted than an umbrella or walking-stick in a man's hand; and yet, when rightly viewed, it is, to our thinking, an object of no ordinary interest. We feel no envy for the man on whom has devolved the charge of a heap of luggage. The anxiety attending such property outweighs the pleasure of its possession. But a man with a little carpet-bag is one in ten thousand. He is perhaps the most perfect type of independence extant. He can snap his fingers in the face of Highland porter extortionate. No trotting urchin is idle enough to solicit the carrying of so slight a burden. While other passengers, by coach or railway, are looking after their trunks and trappings, he enters, and has the best seat. He and his 'little all' never part company. On arriving at their destination, they are off with the jaunty swagger of unencumbered bachelorhood! In contemplating a gentleman with a carpet-bag, we are struck, to a certain extent, with an idea of disproportion; but the balance is all on the easy side. There is far too little to constitute a burden, and yet there is enough to indicate wants attended to, and comforts supplied. No man with a little carpet-bag in hand has his last shirt on his back. Neither is it probable that his beard can suffer from slovenly overgrowth. When he retires to rest at night, the presumption is, that it will be in the midst of comfortable and cozy night-gear. A little carpet-bag is almost always indicative of a short and pleasurable excursion. No painful ideas of stormy seas or dreadful accidents on far-off railway lines are suggested by it. Distance is sometimes poetically measured by 'a small bird's flutter,' or 'two smokes of a pipe,' or some such shadowy, though not altogether indefinite phrase. Why may not time, in like manner, be measured by two shirts? A gentleman with a little carpet-bag may be said to contemplate about a couple of shirts' absence from home.—*Glasgow Citizen.*

THE WILD HORSE OF TEXAS.

We rode through beds of sunflowers miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them.—These were sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower. About half past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo; yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrow-fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction with a graceful velocity delightful to behold.—We paused, for to pursue him with a view to capture was clearly out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far, before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. He was a beautiful animal, a sorrel, with jet-black mane and tail. As he moved, we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs; and when, half playfully, and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head. He heard the shot and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the far horizon's verge.—*Kennedy's Texas.*

THE WATER-LILY.

Burthened with a cureless sorrow,
Came I to the river deep;
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and unbeholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a water-lily
Resting in its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly,
With its petals white outspread.
Pillowed there, it lay securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely,
From the river's gloomy grave.
As I looked, a burst of glory
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
Learned I in that blessed hour:—
Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus aye looking up to Heaven
Should the white and calm soul be,
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my wo;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart's beseeching
Charmed away the sense of pain;
So the lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

D. M. M.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

It is a popular error, as all inquirers know, to characterise the Norman Conquest as a French conquest. The Normans were not French, but a colony settled in that part of France which, as the colonists were north people, originating in Scandinavia, was called by them Normandy, having previously been designated Neustria. In fact, the Normans were cognate in their derivation to the Anglo-Saxons, and under Rollo, a piratical Dane, overran a portion of France, and forced the French monarch, Charles III., to cede Neustria to them. This took place only one hundred and fifty years previous to the invasion of England by William; so that when the Normans came here, they were not without some affinity to the Saxons whom they attacked.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

GRADUAL RISE OF NEWFOUNDLAND ABOVE THE SEA.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the whole of the land in and about the neighbourhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbours we have now on the coast. At Port-de-Grave a series of observations have been made, which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago with the greatest facility, are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cosh, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the sea-shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land-washes.—*Newfoundland Times.*

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THE PROBABLE.

It has now become a trite remark, that truth often brings before us 'things stranger than fiction.' The reason is, that when a man writes fiction, he has to keep near a particular level of general probability, based on an average of occurrences and situations such as we arrive at in the course of our experience in actual life. The reader holds him as under an engagement to give things at about this average; if he goes much above it, he is condemned as resorting to a silly expedient, in order to work out an effect, or escape from a difficulty. Thus, for example, when he brings home a rich uncle from India exactly in time to save a virtuous family from ruin, he is thought to be merely resorting to a trick of his trade; and yet we know that rich uncles do come home occasionally from India, and may well find things at sixes and sevens among their friends. One or two such events in the course of his three volumes may be allowed the moralist; but if he indulges much more frequently in out-of-the-way occurrences that serve his general design, he is thought a decidedly clumsy artist. Yet nothing can be more certain than that, in actual life, series of events do occur, all of which are greatly beyond that medium-line which constitutes our ideal of the probable. As an example, a man will at once be overtaken by insolvency, by illness, by the losses of children, by a burning of his house, and all this in an abrupt or sudden manner, after many years of quiet, comfortable existence, unmarked by any such incidents. Or a considerable number of relations will die in the course of four or five years, and open a succession to wealth and title to an individual who originally had no expectation of it. There are, indeed, some conjunctures in actual life of so singular a nature, as to mock the highest flights of the human imagination.

I speak of those events as singular against the occurrence of which there is a great number of chances. For example, we are told in Brand's *History of Newcastle*, that a gentleman of that city, in the middle of the seventeenth century, dropped a ring from his hand over the bridge into the river Tyne. Years passed on; he had lost all hopes of recovering the ring, when one day his wife bought a fish in the market, and in the stomach of that fish was the identical jewel which had been lost! From the pains taken to commemorate this event, it would appear to be true; it was merely an occurrence possible, but extremely unlikely, to have occurred. A similar incident was lately recorded, with all the appearance of seriousness, in a popular miscellany. 'Many years ago a lady sent her servant—a young man about twenty years of age, and a native of that part of the country where his mistress resided—to the neighbouring town with a ring, which required some alteration, to be delivered into the hands of a jeweller. The young man went the shortest way, across the fields; and coming to a little wooden bridge that crossed a small stream, he leant against the rail, and took the ring out of its case to look at it. While doing so, it slipped out of his hand, and fell into the water. In vain he searched for it, even till it grew dark. He thought it fell into the hollow of a stump of a tree under water, but he could not find it. The time taken in the search was so long, that he feared to return and tell his story, thinking it incredible, and that he should even be suspected of having gone into evil company, and gamed it away, or sold it. In this fear he determined never to return—left wages and clothes, and fairly ran away. This seemingly great misfortune was the making of him. His intermediate history I know not; but this, that after many years' absence, either in the East or West Indies, he returned with a very considerable fortune. He now wished to clear himself with his old mistress; ascertained that she was living; purchased a diamond ring of a considerable value, which he determined to present in person, and clear his character, by telling his tale, which the credit of his present position might testify. He took the coach to the town of ——, and from thence set out to walk the distance of a few miles. He found, I should tell you, on alighting, a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood, who was bound for the adjacent village. They walked together, and in conversation, this former servant, now a gentleman, with graceful manners and agreeable address, communicated the circumstance that made him leave the country abruptly many years before. As he was telling this, they came to the very wooden bridge. "There," said he; "it was just here that I dropped the ring; and there is the very bit of old tree into a hole of which it fell—just there." At the same time he put down the point of his umbrella into the hole of a knot in the tree, and drawing it up, to the astonishment of both, found the very ring on the ferrule of the umbrella.'* Here also was an occurrence against which, one would have previously said, the chances were as one to infinity. It was one of those things which we see to be most unlikely, yet must acknowledge to be possible, and, when well-authenticated, to be true.

There is a class of double occurrences, or coincidences, which serve to illustrate the same principle. How often will we hear a name or a fact mentioned, which we had previously never once heard of, and yet that name or fact will once more come under our notice, from a totally different quarter, ere two days, or even one, have passed! For example, not a week before the penning of these remarks, a gentleman alluded, in conversation with me, to a Russian plant which is supposed to be of a partly animal nature, and to be in a kind of animal form, with

* Blackwood's Magazine.

which it chanced that I was unacquainted. Two hours after, consulting the Penny Cyclopædia on the subject of the barometer, my eye lighted on the next ensuing article—'BAROMETZ, a singular vegetable production, of which, under the name of the Scythian lamb, many fabulous stories are told. . . It is, in reality, nothing but the prostrate hairy stem of a fern called *Aspidium Barometz*, which, from its procumbent position and shaggy appearance, looks something like a crouching animal, &c.' Or two persons, associated in our minds, but widely apart in life, will, by letter or visit, cast up in the same day. For example, I have received in one evening letters introducing strangers from two cousins living in different countries, and from neither of whom I had previously received any communication for several years, except a single letter of introduction from *one* of the parties about three months previously. One day, proceeding to a place of business where I have duties to attend to, I passed a gentleman whom I recollected having met at a country-house ten years previously, but had not seen since. We formed two out of three guests entertained by a family consisting of three persons, all of them considerably advanced in life. I was aware that two of our entertainers were since dead. With a mind full of the recollections which this gentleman's face excited, I entered the office, and there sat, waiting for me, to consult about a small matter of business, a lady, the survivor of the family of our host, and whom also I had not seen since the dinner-party. On interrogation, I found that she had come there that day, without the least knowledge of the proceedings or whereabouts of the gentleman whom I had just seen in the street. Like myself, she had never once seen him since the day when we had all met ten years ago.

The following is a still more striking instance. In the early part of October 1844, I was taking an excursion with a friend in Northumberland. Stopping for an hour at Morpeth, to refresh our horse, we asked for a newspaper to while away the time; but were told that the papers of that day had not yet arrived. I therefore resorted for amusement to a miniature copy of Crabbe's *Borough*, which I had put into my pocket for this purpose, selecting it from many books purely on account of its conveniently small size. The section of the poem on which my attention became engaged, was that in which occurs a striking description of the alarm occasioned to a pic-nic party when, in the midst of their enjoyments on a low sandy islet, usually covered at high water, they were informed that their boat had, by negligence, been allowed to float away, leaving them a prey to the rising tide, unless they should be rescued by a passing vessel, which was not likely. The most forcible part of the description of the forlorn party, is that in which the behaviour of various persons is put into contrast:—

> 'Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
> Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
> He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
> And traced the movement of each different mind:
> He might have seen that not the gentle maid
> Was more than stern and haughty man afraid;
> Such, calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
> And silent prayers to mercy's throne address;
> While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
> Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd.'—&c.

Immediately after I had read this passage, the waiter put the *Sun* of the preceding evening into my hands. It contained an extract from an Edinburgh paper, giving an account of an accident which had happened a few days before to the Windsor Castle steamer, on her passage from Dundee to Leith with a large pleasure party, which had been witnessing the departure of the queen from the former port, after her short residence at Blair-Athole. The vessel had been allowed to strike on the Carr rock, when instantly music and dancing were exchanged for alarm and terror, as the almost immediate sinking of the vessel was anticipated. Strange to say, the description of the behaviour of the passengers was an exact reflection of that in Crabbe's poem, as if the writer had been reading that composition a short while before, and had copied it; or else the poem was so true to nature, that an actual occurrence unavoidably resembled it. The identity was perfect, even to the particular of gentle women maintaining a quiet and resigned demeanour, while strong men were frantic with vain terror. This will clearly appear from the following passage in the report, which I had the curiosity to search out in the file of the paper in which it originally appeared:—'In a few moments, and the crowd of human beings collected on board, who had just before been radiant with gaiety and good-humour, changed into a wretched, terrified, and helpless mass, among whom every moral quality of the mind might be discerned brought out into frightful relief, from the sternest of stubborn endurance, to the lowest point of pusillanimity and despair. There was no distinction of age or sex; *men howled and ran about frantic like women; and women were there, young and beautiful, who exhibited to the full the calmness of moral heroism.*'—*Edinburgh Courant, October* 3, 1844.*

The day after, I went to attend service in St Nicholas' church, Newcastle, full of the recollection of the Covenanters entering the town after their victory over Charles I. at Newburnford, in 1640, when Alexander Henderson preached a sermon on the text, 'And the Lord said unto my lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.' Imagination could not resist bodying forth the scene of two hundred years ago—a stern puritan army, flushed with their first victory, listening grimly to an application of this sublime promise, amidst the long-withdrawing aisles of this noble old pile. So possessed in mind, it was absolutely startling to come suddenly, in the readings of the day, upon this very text—'The Lord said unto my lord,' &c. This looked like being persecuted with coincidences.

One might say that, if real life gives such striking phenomena as these, while fiction is forbidden to use them, records from actual life ought to be far more interesting, even to the readers for mere excitement, than any of the effusions of fancy. And it really does seem far from unlikely that, if the former were chronicled with fidelity, they would be apt to run romance entirely out of the market.

The wonder, after all, remains, that events, against which there are so many chances, should occur so often as they seem to do. Let us consider what probability actually is. An able philosopher of our century thus speaks of it:—'It is to the imperfection of the human mind,' he says, 'and not to any irregularity in the nature of things, that our ideas of chance and probability are to be referred. Events which to one man seem accidental and precarious, to another, who is better informed, or who has more power of generalisation, appear to be regular and certain. . . . The laws of the material world have the same infallible operation on the minute and the great bodies of the universe; and the motions of the former are as determinate as those of the latter.' He adds, that every particle of water or air has described from the beginning a *trajectory* or path determined by mechanical principles, and which is therefore *knowable*, 'and would be an object of science to a mind informed of all the original conditions, and possessing an analysis that would follow them through their various combinations. The same,' he continues, 'is true of

* On inquiry, it appears that the writer of the report had not previously read the passage in the Borough.

every atom of the material world: so that nothing but information sufficiently extensive, and a calculus sufficiently powerful, are wanting to reduce all things to a certainty. . . . Probability and chance are thus ideas relative to human ignorance. The latter means a series of events not regulated by any law that we can perceive. Not perceiving the existence of a law, we reason as if there were none, or no principle by which one state of things determines that which is to follow.'*

Unable to discover or follow the laws by which events of this nature are determined, we can nevertheless reduce them to calculation in a particular way. All are familiar with the throwing of dice. There being six sides, any one of which may be uppermost, the chance of throwing the die with a particular side, say the ace, uppermost, is one-sixth. With two dice, the chance of throwing two aces is 1-36th: as each face of the one die may be combined with any face of the other. Thus we learn that, 'when any event may fall out a certain number of ways, all of which, to our apprehension, are equally possible, the probability that the event will happen, with certain conditions accompanying it, may be expressed by a fraction, of which the numerator is the number of the instances favourable to those conditions, and the denominator the number of the possible instances.' Now observe, in a couple of dice there are but thirty-six combinations; but what would be the denominator of a fraction which should express the little likelihood of my being engaged in reading Crabbe's account of the distressed pic-nic party, at the moment when a newspaper was approaching me, containing an account of a similar occurrence, expressed almost in the same terms! One can see in a moment the possibility of such an event; but he cannot help thinking, at the same time, that thousands of lives were likely to have passed without its occurring in one of them. It seems difficult to reconcile the frequency of such coincidences, which is matter of familiar observation to all, with the idea of our philosopher, that all secular events might be reduced under fixed laws, if we only could trace the series in their mutual dependency.

Some considerations will, nevertheless, occur to bring such events into at least an approximation with our ideas respecting fixed laws. In the first place, there are what may be called extenuating circumstances. These we usually discover when we look narrowly into particulars. For example, the Scriptural text already quoted, being a portion of the 110th Psalm, had a chance of occurring in the usual readings of the Psalter equal to about one in sixty-two (the Psalms being divided into so many portions for reading during the month). Then it is repeated no fewer than five times in the New Testament. In the portions of Scripture appointed for the daily lessons throughout the year, chapters containing this passage occur no fewer than thirteen times. This obviously added very considerably to the chance that, on attending worship in St Nicholas' church for the first time, I should hear Henderson's text repeated. Thus the total likelihood was not so little as one would, on a cursory glance, imagine. It is, in the second place, to be observed that the total number of acts, movements, and occurrences of every kind in life must be much greater, even in the case of the most quiet-living people, than at first sight appears. If this truly be the case, instances of coincidence must bear a much smaller proportion to the entire mass than we are apt to suppose; that is the same thing as to say, that the frequency of their occurrence is more apparent than real. Again, amidst the multitude of the things which pass unobserved and unremembered, there may of course be many occurrences of facts and other particulars, which we believe to be new to us when they occur collisively: thus the apparent first of the two instances may be the tenth, or twentieth, or hundredth, instead of the first. All of these considerations undoubtedly tend to bring the supposed supernaturality *towards*, if not wholly *into*, naturality. If so much can be accounted for from what we know, let us add some further unknown quantity for what we do not know, and then perhaps little, if any, difficulty will remain.

* Playfair's Works, iv. 494.

LOUIS MANDRIN.

BY MRS CROWE.

It is nearly a century ago since the hero of our tale played his part in the world, and it is not the first time we have heard of him; but it is only now that a detailed account of his adventures has reached us. A painstaking German has been at the trouble of digging out these curious particulars—quite curious enough to justify our giving them to the public.

Louis Mandrin was born at St Etienne, in Dauphiné, in the year 1714. His father was a coiner of false money, and Louis was brought up to the same trade; but being fond of adventure and an active life, besides being extremely ambitious, he joined the army as soon as he became his own master, by the death of his father, who was killed by a musket-ball whilst flying before the mounted police. Brave and clever, the youth made a good soldier; but the discipline becoming irksome to him, he deserted, and gathering together as many as he could find of the old band, he resumed his former occupation. The locality he selected for the establishment of his unlawful manufactory was well calculated for the purpose. It was on the coast of St Andrè, which borders the Mediterranean Sea—a lonely and pathless region, where he was little likely to be overlooked and interfered with. The clang of the hammers which resounded from the clefts of the mountains, and the smoke that curled over their summits, were not unnoticed by the thinly-scattered inhabitants, and doubtless they were not without their suspicions of what was going on; but meddling with a desperate band of this description was too rash an enterprise to be undertaken without a powerful motive; and the coiners, by avoiding all offence to their neighbours, took care to furnish none. They worked chiefly by night, showing themselves little by day, the hours of which were mostly passed in sleep and carousals. Their coin was circulated at the fairs and markets of remote towns; and this nice office was intrusted only to the captain, who attended on these occasions under various disguises—as that of a monk marketing for his convent, a soldier for his troop, or a cattle-driver charged with commissions from his distant home. The goods he purchased were afterwards disposed of to receivers, and the profits fairly divided, the captain of course having the largest share.

Louis Mandrin was not more than twenty years of age when he placed himself at the head of his troop. They numbered about a dozen men, and he seems to have possessed the art of inspiring them with unbounded confidence and attachment, which they evinced by an inviolable fidelity and unhesitating obedience; the only instance of treachery on record amongst them being the one which led to their ultimate abandonment of their mountain home. Some circumstance, which does not appear, seems to have awakened the conscience of one of the band, who, to appease his remorse, gave information to the authorities. The police were immediately despatched to seize the coiners; but the attack was made by day, and conducted with so little prudence, that the enterprise wholly failed. Mandrin was absent; but Rocqueirol, the second lieutenant, observing the absence of the informer, suspected mischief, and caused the instant removal of all the money, stamps, and implements. The pursuers found nothing but the melting furnaces and the bellows. The troop had also escaped through paths known only to themselves, with the exception of two, who, being asleep when the others decamped, passed a somewhat unpleasant four-and-twenty hours concealed behind a stone. But even these eluded the vigilance of the officers, and got clear off. For a

short period they established themselves in the clefts of a rock at some distance from their former home; but they looked out for something better, and ere long found it.

Seated on an eminence in a deep valley, at the foot of lofty mountains, stood an old feudal castle. It was surrounded by a moat, and enclosed by a park thickly set with yew hedges and dark avenues. The walls were massive, the towers formed for defence, and it was rumoured that there were various underground vaults and secret ways connected with the building, very desirable to such tenants as Mandrin and his band. This convenient dwelling was at present in the possession of an advocate's widow. The advocate was lately dead, and the widow, with her servants, inhabited the fortress alone. Many of the apartments were consequently unoccupied; and on this circumstance the captain of the coiners founded his hopes.

His first step was to introduce himself into the castle in the disguise of a travelling merchant. Having by this means gained a tolerable notion of the interior, he proceeded with his plan. Presently the castle was haunted. From the chamber of the deceased advocate issued the most mournful sounds; tables and chairs moved about as if they were alive; the books walked off the shelves; the window-panes rattled; there were clankings of chains, and sighs, and groans; in short, all manner of extraordinary and unaccountable noises and disturbances. The terrified lady fled for refuge to the kitchen, where she found the servants trembling with affright. By and by the ghost of the advocate appeared wrapt in a winding-sheet, followed by fiends with flaming torches in their hands. It seems singular that so barefaced and clumsy an imposition should have succeeded. We must suppose that Mandrin understood the people he had to deal with, or he would not have ventured on a trick so liable to detection. Succeed he did, for the widow and all her establishment quitted the castle; whereupon Mandrin and his band stole quietly in, and took their places; nor did they, after admission, discontinue the practices which imposed on the superstitious fears of the neighbourhood. The back-door was the only one used by the inhabitants of this haunted castle, and that was very carefully guarded. The furnaces were in the cellars, and thence issued an immense quantity of false money, which, however, was never circulated in the neighbourhood. They also carried on a considerable trade in horses and tobacco with the Spanish frontier; and Louis Mandrin became a rich man.

Notwithstanding the terrors which the party of desperadoes contrived to throw around the castle, notions occasionally sprung up in the minds of the more courageous that all was but a trick. At length a young officer, quartered at Grenoble, resolved to brave every danger, and investigate the cause of the strange noises heard, and things seen, at the place. Well armed, and accompanied by a brave grenadier of his troop, he mounted his horse, and rode to the castle. They knocked at the portal; but the ghost took no notice; till at length, provoked by their perseverance, an angry bear presented his muzzle at the grate. But a well-aimed bullet laid him low, and the invaders forced the door. The scenes that are recorded to have presented themselves on their entrance cannot but awaken considerable surprise, from the extraordinary trouble and ingenuity that must have been expended in preparing for such a contingency. No one had ventured on so rash an enterprise before, and yet the drama seems to have been as well played as if it had been the twentieth performance instead of the first. We must suppose that the rehearsals had been very frequent. As the bold intruders forced door after door, strange sights met their view—frightful figures glided past them, mysterious fires gleamed in the deserted chambers, dwarfs and goblins crouched in the corners, but, when approached, became invisible, gigantic forms peered in at the windows, and large serpents and loathsome reptiles crawled over the floors. Still the young soldier was not to be repulsed. Amidst all these terrors, which continually eluded his close investigation, he undauntedly pursued his way.

They had thus wandered over a considerable portion of the building, when they heard footsteps approaching; the door of the room they were in opened, and a cavalier, bearing a drawn sword in his hand, and, from his dress, apparently a person of distinction, entered, followed by his servant. At the sight of the strangers he started back with evident surprise, and sternly demanded who they were. The officer told him his errand at once: he was there for the purpose of verifying or disproving the incredible reports that had reached him concerning the castle. Precisely the same object had occasioned the visit of the cavalier; and although he modestly confessed himself generally a stranger to fear, he could not deny that he yet trembled with horror at what had encountered him at the gate. From the bear which the officer had shot had proceeded a voice, bidding him *beware!* 'I have been once hit,' cried the voice, 'and I spared the rash adventurer; but if you dare to lift your arm against me, your life will be the instant forfeit!' The incredulous officer was about returning to the gate where he had so lately left the bear dead, to investigate this phenomenon, when, to his amazement, the creature appeared at their heels, and after giving a savage growl, vanished through a door, which immediately closed with a tremendous bang: at the same moment the serpents and reptiles disappeared, seeming to dissolve away in a cloud.

At this sight the terror of the cavalier was considerable: indeed he was quite overcome by it, although he confessed himself ashamed of his pusillanimity, and avowed his determination to pursue the adventure. The young officer tried to fortify him; but fear is infectious, and his own courage was not invigorated by the weakness of his companion: so that, as night was by this time approaching, they agreed that it was desirable to evacuate the premises. They rode together till their paths separated, and then parted with mutual esteem.

When the young soldier reached the inn, and was seated comfortably in the chimney-corner, beyond the reach of the advocate's ghost, his natural courage revived; and the more he considered what had passed, the less satisfied he felt with the result of his adventure; especially as the grenadier, who with undaunted valour had assailed one of the large serpents, produced a morsel of its skin, which bore an astonishing resemblance to a bit of coloured pasteboard. But everybody was shocked at their incredulity; and it was confidently predicted that if they ventured on a second expedition, as they proposed, they would assuredly never be heard of more. As for the pasteboard, they said that was easily accounted for—the whole thing from first to last being enchantment, and the work of the devil. And so, indeed, it appeared, when, on the following morning, the piece of pasteboard was found converted into a bit of skin! Finding himself more laughed at than thanked, and being much dissuaded by his friends, the young officer quitted Grenoble without repeating his visit to the haunted castle—a proceeding in which he had more reason to congratulate himself than he was aware of; for had he a second time rendered himself so obnoxious, the prediction of the country people would assuredly have been verified. It is not to be supposed that even the first time he would have escaped so well; but he was a gentleman, well connected, and his regiment being quartered at Grenoble, his disappearance would have undoubtedly led to very inconvenient perquisitions. So they tried what their jugglery could do; and certainly the thing seems to have been admirably managed. The cavalier was Rocqueirol, that clever rascal; the resuscitated bear was one of the troop, disguised in the real bear's skin, which they had hastily stripped off for the purpose; the serpents moved on springs; and a bit of skin was cleverly substituted for the bit of pasteboard by a spy of the band. Of course so hazardous an imposture could not have been sustained without allies in all directions.

Nevertheless, in spite of the failure of this enterprise, the universal faith was somewhat undermined, and Mandrin found it necessary to be more cautious. The imprudence of one of his people augmented the danger. Contrary to orders, this man had attended a neighbouring market, and with his false money purchased a considerable quantity of valuable merchandise. Of course such customers gave good prices—it was not worth their while to haggle about a few crowns. The deluded merchant, overjoyed at the liberal sum he was receiving, in the exhilaration of his spirits threw up one of the pieces in the air: he missed it, and it fell to the ground; and as it fell, broke into a dozen pieces. Confounded at so strange a circumstance, he repeated the experiment, and with the same result. The fleetness of his horse alone saved the defrauder from the vengeance of the populace. But immediately the rumour became rife that there were coiners in the neighbourhood, and suspicion fell upon the haunted castle. Previously to this, horses had frequently been observed feeding in the park; but the people had hitherto maintained that they were not real horses; and 'wo betide,' said they, 'any one who ventured upon their backs!' However, it was now asserted that they had been heard to neigh like steeds of flesh and blood; and if they were really horses, doubtless they had owners.

As these bold and heterodox opinions gained strength, they at length reached the ears of the widow, who had felt herself extremely aggrieved by her late husband's pertinacious adherence to this world, instead of taking his flight quietly for a better, like other respectable, well-conducted people. It was a regular fraud to leave her the castle, as he had done by his will, and then for his ghost to drive her out of it! Besides, ejected from her castle, she had small chance of getting another husband; and she was exceedingly annoyed at learning that many people opined that to be the very end and object of his haunting her.

Eager, therefore, to recover her property, and release herself from the restraints these calumnies imposed on her, she called her friends together; and after pleading her hard case, and communicating the suspicions that had lately arisen—namely, that the inmates of the castle were not altogether of so spiritual a character as had been imagined—she won so far upon their sympathy, that they promised her their assistance. An expedition was consequently resolved upon, and, as the party believed, conducted with the greatest secrecy. On an appointed day they started for the castle—a band of forty well-armed men, consisting of peasants and soldiers, headed by the lady's friends and an experienced military man.

Mandrin, however, was fully aware of their intentions, and although the notice was short, had adopted the best means attainable for defence.

Neither spectres nor bears this time impeded the entrance of the invaders. All was still as death: nothing was to be seen but empty halls and chambers. The commander of the troop concluding the inhabitants had taken refuge in the cellars, proceeded thither, after placing a guard before the doors and sentries in the park. They descended the stairs, and were preparing to storm the cellar, when they were flung into confusion by a sharp fire of musketry; to defend themselves from which they were obliged to bring down the old carpets that covered the floors, and by filling them with earth, raise a bulwark, under cover of which they might advance. The besieged maintained their defence, however, for three hours, when the silence that ensued seemed to announce that their ammunition was exhausted; whereupon the elated victors forced the entrance, and rushed triumphantly into the place. It proved to be a large vault, not less than eighty feet long, and was well lighted by torches attached to the walls; but, to their amazement, not a soul was there but themselves! It was absolutely empty. The bottom was of hard clay; the roof strongly arched; the walls of stone; and no signs of a door or opening of any sort could be found. Still, those who had lately maintained so brisk a fire could not be far off. The castle was surrounded, and watched at every point: they would surely make their exit somewhere. The besiegers laid their ears to the ground and listened, but not a leaf stirred—no sound betrayed the whereabout of the fugitives. They then returned to the cellar, assured that they must be somehow there concealed, or that an outlet must exist. There was one, but it was not without extraordinary perseverance that they found it. It was in the wall, and it always remained a mystery how, on issuing from the vault, they could have contrived so entirely to remove all traces of their exit.

This way, however, they had retreated, and had taken shelter in another vault, about fifty paces distant, which was not only deeper, but beyond the precincts of the castle. Here, weary and exhausted, they ventured to take a little repose, trusting to a glass of water and a drum, which they placed on the earth, to inform them of the approach of the assailants. The shaking of the water and the quaking of the drum soon warned them that their last refuge was discovered. Then Mandrin sprung to his feet, and gave the word for flight—each man to take care of himself the best way he could, further defence being hopeless. To gain time, he made them pluck up the palisades that sustained the walls of the passage that led from their last retreat to this. He certainly seems to have exhibited a genius for tactics worthy of a better cause.

Immediately over this vault stood an old withered oak, whose widely-spread roots, from which the earth was washed, allowed some gleams of light to penetrate below. Suddenly one of the sentries in the park, whose post was near this tree, saw a man emerge from the earth; then another, and another. Before he could give the alarm, the whole troop had made good their exit. The prime warriors were at work in the cellar; the guards, wearied with their watch, were mostly sleeping in the park; the coiners were well acquainted with the localities, and before the officer and his band could be summoned to the spot, the fugitives were all clear off, with the exception of one unlucky straggler.

When the besiegers at length reached the farthest vault, they found a quantity of implements, some provisions, and a vast heap of false money. The police afterwards succeeded in arresting two more of the band; and these three were executed at Grenoble, after making a full confession of the circumstances here related.

It was by their means that Mandrin was also taken, when on a visit to a lady to whom he had become attached. When this infatuated young person learnt to whom she had given her affections, she appears to have been overwhelmed with grief and confusion. She lay for some time insensible. As soon as she recovered her recollection, she insisted on being allowed to enter a convent; which she did on that very day, and there remained for the rest of her life.

When Mandrin found himself a prisoner, he raged like a lion in toils, till, by the violence of his efforts, he actually broke the chains that bound him; whereupon they flung him into a noisome subterranean dungeon. Here he fell ill, and the physician who attended him told the authorities that, if they did not hasten his execution, death would defraud them of their prey. The preparations were accordingly expedited; but, as was customary, some sisters of charity were permitted to attend his bed, and whilst they ministered to his body, they endeavoured to save his soul. He listened to their exhortations with humility, and declared himself not ill-disposed to repentance; but he refused to see the priest, or to join with them in prayer, because he said the cruelty with which he was treated kept his blood in a fever, and hardened his heart. The good creatures, anxious for his salvation, represented the case so earnestly, that the public interested themselves in the affair; and the issue was, that Mandrin was removed to a better prison, and treated with more humanity. Here he made a full confession of his crimes; and as

the hour for his execution approached, his piety not only edified all who came near him, but formed the theme of the whole city of Grenoble.

On the eve of the day appointed for his death, he requested, as a last favour, that he might be permitted to sup with those of his former companions in crime who were to die with him, of whom there were by this time several in the prison. This was a favour not unfrequently granted at that period. It was looked upon as a sort of religious ceremony, and the general sympathy awakened by Mandrin's repentance easily obtained it for him. The head jailer presided at the feast; and there must have been plenty of wine, for, by the time it was over, he lay under the table. This had been Mandrin's design. He immediately seized the keys, set all the prisoners free, and fled.

He was now at liberty; but he had lost all, and had to begin the world anew. He was one of those human beings whom no experience could reform, nor no fear subdue; one who might have been a hero in a good cause; and it is not impossible that, had he been the son of an honest man, and his early associations more fortunate, his career might have been very different. He was undoubtedly brave and clever; and he does not appear to have been naturally cruel, although the perverting influences of his mode of life eventually rendered him so.

Their next retreat was a hermit's cell. Its inmate they seized and kept prisoner, having forced him to instruct them how to personate him, which one of the band did when necessary. They numbered about thirty-seven, and lived here for some time in great luxury, practising their old trade with considerable success. Strict discipline was observed: the captain kept his state, and dined daily off a table of six covers. The rest of the troop ate together. But the necessity for caution rendered this mode of life too tame for Mandrin; and unable to submit to the restraint, he indulged himself with frequent expeditions abroad. When the eye of the chief was not on them, his subjects became unruly; and at length, by their imprudence, their secret was betrayed, and the troopers sent in pursuit of them. This time the enterprise was conducted by the authorities, and no precaution was neglected to insure success. The mountain was completely surrounded, and the doors of the hermitage forced; but, as in the haunted castle, neither the coiners nor any of their goods or chattels were to be seen. When it was too late, they discovered a secret outlet, which led by a subterranean way into the valley. Here they found the unfortunate hermit, half starved, as, during the bustle of the siege, they had forgotten to supply him with provisions.

The coiners took refuge in a neighbouring forest; but they were soon surrounded by troops; and after a murderous battle, in which Mandrin lost the greater part of his men, he and five of the survivors were taken, and once more found themselves in the prison of Grenoble. This time the precautions observed precluded all possibility of escape. His trial was hastily conducted, and on the earliest day possible he and his companions were led to the scaffold. The only favour he asked was, that he might not be conveyed to death in the cart used for common malefactors. This request was granted; but, to make sure of him, they not only bound his hands, but they tied his thumbs tightly together. Nevertheless, strange to say, by one violent effort he burst his bonds when on the scaffold, and knocking down the executioner, and overthrowing the confessor, who overturned the constable in his fall, Mandrin leapt amongst the astonished crowd, who unconsciously made way for him. Before the troops could pursue him, he had reached the mountains, whilst his unfortunate comrades suffered the death to which they were sentenced.

Scouts were sent after him in all directions, and large rewards offered for his apprehension: notwithstanding, but for the treachery of a friend, his ingenuity might have disappointed his pursuers. He seized a capuchin monk, robbed him of his frock and cowl, and, to mislead his enemies, set him adrift to tell the tale, whilst he assumed another disguise. But his confidant betrayed him to the troopers, who, considering the person they had to deal with, gagged and chained him; and at night put him into a cistern, which they covered with planks and stones, and guarded by two sentries.

In the morning, when they lifted the planks and stones, he was gone! The cistern adjoined a cellar: he had mined his way through, and so once more escaped.

He next made his way to Avignon, and thence to Lyons, where he enlisted as a soldier; but, spying dangers, he deserted, carrying away three other recruits with him. Shortly afterwards he fell in with some of his old band, and they established a brisk illicit trade on the frontiers of Savoy. As rogues and vagabonds are not scarce, especially on the frontiers of continental states, their numbers soon increased, till the provinces of Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Macon were so overrun with contraband goods, that the effects were sensibly felt by the excise. Their acts of cruelty also made them the terror of the surrounding country. Mandrin forced the unfortunate people to purchase his merchandise, broke into and robbed the custom-houses, and put to death, without mercy, all who offended him. His men wore the king's uniform, with scarfs and crosses of St Louis; they committed the most astonishing acts of daring, and made the most obstinate and extraordinary defences. In short, it was a regular war; and at length it came to a pitched battle betwixt the king's troops and the robbers. Outnumbered, he was forced, after hard fighting, to intrench himself in the village of Grenand; and here his adversaries determined to starve him out. Mandrin had committed a great error in making the country people his foes, and he now felt the consequences of his mistake. Unable to procure provisions, he resolved to cut his way through the enemy. He conducted the enterprise with consummate generalship: the loss was great on both sides, but he himself got away. But from this period his star declined. He was too universally feared and detested to escape the toils that were set for him: he awoke one morning to find himself betrayed, and a prisoner. He was executed with as little delay as possible, exhibiting to the last an indomitable spirit. The sensation created by his capture was immense; for, from the number of his followers, and the boldness of his enterprises, what had at first been a mere affair of the police, had ended by becoming a national concern.

We present the foregoing narrative as a striking illustration of a past state of manners in France, as well as of the extraordinary defectiveness of the law in that country under the old regime. Such a drama as that acted by Louis Mandrin can never be repeated in Europe.

SPONTANEOUS MOTION.

Few phenomena in natural science are so puzzling as that which, for the want of a more appropriate epithet, has been termed spontaneous motion. It consists in the performance of a class of movements for which we are unable to assign any cause, by bodies and organisations commonly unendowed with motion of a voluntary or mimic-voluntary character. In the present paper, I shall almost confine myself exclusively to the display of spontaneous motions afforded us in the vegetable kingdom; but it may be preliminarily mentioned, that substances completely inorganic, in certain circumstances, possess what may be called spontaneous motion. Thus a lump of camphor, when placed in water, will revolve on its axis for several hours; and if it is forcibly arrested, it will immediately, when set at liberty, recommence its revolutions. There is a salt, called an iodide of mercury by chemists, which simulates spontaneous motion. When it is newly formed, it is yellow. If it is watched beneath the microscope, it is found that each crystalline scale jumps over, and instantly changes its hue from

yellow to a vivid scarlet. Such, and similar instances, are not unfrequent: a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the motion has not been given. In the first of the instances cited, it would be curious to inquire if this, and other identical motions of inorganic particles, are due in part to the diamagnetic properties of certain bodies recently developed by Faraday.

Voluntary motion is so commonly regarded as the peculiar attribute of animals, possessed of the, as we believe it, necessary apparatus of nerves and muscles, that, in ignorance of other powers capable of producing voluntary or spontaneous motion, we are slow to admit the existence of such motion in that portion of organised creation, the vegetable world, which is furnished with no demonstrable nerves or muscles. It will be the object of the present paper to indicate a few of those instances in vegetable life which appear to point to the opposite conclusion—that motion, and even locomotion, are not confined to the narrow limits of animal organisations.

The sleep and re-opening of flowers and leaves afford a familiar and very common instance of a species of spontaneous motion in plants. The humble daisy opens with the morning's sunrise, and closes at sunset; and Macculloch remarks, 'that nothing but permanent force can keep the young daisy open when it has closed for the night.' If its petals are separated, it will again close with a species of action not unlike that of a sphincter muscle. But many flowers observe, with a precision of the most striking character, certain periodism in their opening and closing, which serves to bring out more forcibly the apparently spontaneous nature of these movements. Linnæus claims the credit of having constructed a table of their varying, and yet almost invariable motions, which he denominates 'Flora's Clock'—the first hour on which is three in the morning, and the last ten at night. Some species of the convolvuli announce the beginning of the floral day, and others — the purple — its close. Many flowers also open at stated hours of the day, but some close again long before the sun has set; and again, it is familiar to almost every one that many open at night, and are closed during the day: the night-blowing cereus is an instance. In these cases we are furnished with a most decided answer to those vegetable physiologists who would deny all spontaneity of motion to the vegetable kingdom, and assert that the opening and shutting of flowers is in every case due to the influence of the sun's light. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, to show the unworthy arguments of some who deny the possession of this attribute altogether to plants, that one experimenter constructed artificial leaves and flowers of two materials, united into one baurina, and attempted to overturn the theory here advocated, by triumphantly exhibiting the irregular contortions and motions of these toys, produced by their differing hygrometric properties. Many of the movements above-mentioned are undoubtedly effected by the influence of the sun's, and of other light; but this is no grave admission, for it remains to be shown, first, the manner in which light thus acts; and, second, the cause why such an influence is not invariable. The cereus does not expand before the light; and other flowers which do so, nevertheless close again under the full influence of the same cause. That light, as a general rule, is essential to them, no one would hesitate to admit. Decandolle performed some interesting experiments upon this question: he discovered that, by a combination of six powerful lamps, he was able to make the genus mesembryanthemum amenable to the influence of an artificial day: these plants expanded their flowers before the glare of the lamps, and closed them again when removed into darkness. The leaves of the *Mimosa pudica*—the 'sensitive plant'—droop and fold up, in common with many others, at night; and when this plant was subjected to the lamplight, it was found that its periods of sleep and awakening were first deranged, and for several days were irregular; but after this, acknowledged the new influence, and closed and folded up during the day, unfolding again at night—day and night being purposely reversed. Many plants bow their heads at night, and raise them again in the morning: thus the *Noli-me-tangere* hides its flower from the chill dews of the evening under its leaves, withdrawing the shelter again during the day. The sleep of leaves and flowers, however, does not appear to have in every instance a common cause. While, generally, both organs fold up during the night simultaneously, it is related by M. Berthelot that a plant, a species of acacia (a tribe, it may be mentioned, endowed with a larger share than usual of sensitive and spontaneous motions), cultivated in the gardens of Orotava, in the island of Teneriffe, at sunset closes its leaflets in an imbricated manner [one overlapping another], but, at the same time, its flowers expand, and the numerous stamina stand up in tufts. At sunrise, while the leaves resume their proper position, the flowers droop and hang down, the long filaments bending, and, from their glistening character, giving to the flowers the appearance of a flock of silk. In this instance the expansion of the leaves is diurnal, of the flowers nocturnal.

If some spontaneous motions of the periodical nature here described are influenced by light, others of equal singularity are considerably affected by atmospheric humidity. Thus, as a companion to 'Flora's Timepiece,' an ingenious botanist has constructed a scale of plants, which may constitute 'Flora's Weatherglass.'* By observation of these plants, the advent of rain or moist air may be pretty accurately prognosticated. A few will refuse to close at night if it is about to rain on the morrow, as if anxious to greet the friendly power; while others, of a more timid character, will not unclose their flowers in the prospect of wet. The little snowdrop safely shuts up its humble flower before the storm; but, as Macculloch observes, it is a remarkable circumstance that, if it is covered by the shelter of a bush, it makes no attempt to close, while its less fortunate companions around it are all firmly shut up. The plants whose leaves fold up at night are few in number, and are confined chiefly to the leguminosæ and oscalideæ. It is even, in these orders, more frequent to find this peculiarity existing in the leaflets than in the proper leaves of the plant. In a few instances, this motion is due simply to a hygrometric condition of the air, affecting their tissues, as it does other inanimate objects: these are exceptions to an otherwise general rule.

Spontaneous motions, to a remarkable degree, are to be discovered in plants at that which forms the highest point of vegetable vigour—the period when the functions of their flowers are about to be completed. It has been long known that the filaments of the flower of the common berberry rise up and strike the stigma with their anthers upon the slightest irritation: the

* As a pendant to these, we might add 'Flora's Prophetic Almanac;' for the Euphorbia oleœfolia hangs down its head all winter, and announces the return of spring by lifting it up again.

anthers lie in the concavity of the petals, and could never approach the stigma, were it not that the busy insect, in its search for honey, provokes the irritability of the stamina, and thus secures the impregnation of the seed. In the monk'shood, it is stated that each of the stamina is inclined to the stigma in succession, with the utmost regularity, for seven or eight days. The stamina of the golden amaryllis are constantly agitated throughout the whole period of fecundation. The genus styridium possesses a spontaneous motion of a more striking character. So long as the flower is immature, the pistil is immovable; but as soon as it is perfected, if this column is irritated by a needle, it throws itself from the one to the other side of the flower with considerable force; but in a short time it recovers its original position. These movements may be repeatedly produced by the same means. It has been prettily, and not improbably conjectured, that this remarkable irritability was intended to enable the flower to cast off any insect intruder which might attempt to insinuate itself into it. The stamina of the cactus tuna, or Indian fig, when gently scratched with a needle's point, gradually take, from the erect, a recumbent position, and crouch down together at the bottom of the flower, as if withdrawing from the injury. The filaments of the geranium bow forwards, so as to place the anthers upon the stigma.

It has been not long since related that there is a plant growing in the Swan river colony possessing yet more extraordinary powers of motion. Its flowers are of an anomalous structure, and it would seem that the anthers form the superior, and the stigma the inferior lids of a kind of box. The upper lid does not touch the under, but is connected to it by a hinge: they remain apart until some insect lights upon the flower; the lid then instantly closes over it, and keeps it prisoner so long as it is turbulent and buzzes about: when it is quite still, the lid uncloses, and suffers it to depart from its vegetable lock-up: if, however, the lid fails in capturing the trespasser, it rises again in anticipation of a new-comer. In this case the insect, by bustling about, rubs off the pollen of the anthers upon the surface of the stigma, becoming the involuntary medium of communicating the fertilising influence from the one to the other.

The spores or sporules of the confervæ, soon after their first formation, execute movements in water bearing the most vivid analogy to the ciliary motion of the embryo mussel, described in No. 128 of our present series. The pollen tubes of the asclepiadeæ pierce the walls of their enclosing cell, and succeed in reaching the stigma wheresoever it may be situated.

There is yet another class of movements, in the parts of vegetables, which surpasses all the rest in the singularity of its appearance, and in the difficulty of discovering any exciting cause for it. The sensitive plant forms one of the nearest of the approaches to animal life to be found in the vegetable kingdom, being endowed with the faculty of what may be called sensation, if the most striking evidence of feeling—retirement from injury—is to be recognised under such a head. The species commonly known as the sensitive plant is the *Mimosa pudica*. When one of its leaflets is touched, it, with its fellow, closes soon after, and both fold up: this is followed by the closure and folding up of the next pair of leaflets, and subsequently of all the leaflets on the same stalk, while the stalk itself then droops and bends down at an articulation which has the effect of a hinge. If the shock communicated to the plant is pretty sharp, the same consequences take place throughout the whole of its leaves and leaf-stalks, and it is, to speak comparatively, of a rapid character. The position then assumed is identical with that which the plant takes at night. The more healthy the plant, and the more elevated the temperature of the stove, the more active and lifelike are the motions. The plant also seems to respond to these apparent injuries more quickly in the morning, and at noon, than at a later period of the day. After a time, it re-opens its leaves, and the stalk lifts up its head, when we may again offend it, and cause a second occurrence of the movement: but this irritability is soon exhausted, and then requires a period of repose for its restoration. A curious experiment was once made with one of these plants. It was taken out in a carriage, in full vigour, but as soon as the vehicle began to move over a rough pavement, it drooped its leaves, and was affected throughout; but on the journey, it at length seemed to have accommodated itself to the motion, and resumed all its former appearance; a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the voluntary and sensorial character of this singular attribute—spontaneous motion.

We have another familiarly-known instance in the dioncea muscipula, Venus's fly-trap, a native of Canada, spreading upon the ground the peculiar leaves which have originated its name. They are provided with teeth, and have the appearance of a rat-trap—a comparison which applies to their function as well. When the insect alights upon the leaf, and touches its midrib, it is instantly caught by the springing up of the lateral valves of the leaf; and so great is the force and velocity of this act, that the fly is crushed to death. There has been an ingenious surmise that the object of this contrivance is to furnish the plant with a species of food for which it seems to entertain this extraordinary predilection. There is a humble, and, by contrast, a feeble instance of a similar nature in a little British plant called the sun-dew, found growing in bogs and wet heaths, the leaves of which are covered with a gummy exudation, which prevents the escape of the insects alighting upon them, and these are subsequently further secured by the leaves slowly folding over them.

Decandolle tells us that there is a species of acacia, a native of Senegal, which goes by a name corresponding to 'Good-morning;' because, when touched, its leaves bow down as if to salute those who touch them. There is also a plant, a native of Dominica, called 'the sentinel,' from the fact that its leaves keep up, as it were, a constant watch: one of them is always on the *qui vive*: the leaf is bent down, then rises and assumes its erect position, and there is an uninterrupted succession of such evolutions in this curious plant to the ample justification of its appropriate title.

Of all the wonderful movements in plants, there is not one which excites more astonishment than that of the *Desmodium*, or *Hedysarum gyrans*: we could not find a more appropriate name for it than the 'vegetable chronometer.' Its habitat is the banks of the river Ganges, where, indeed, under the fostering influence of the fertilising mud, the humid air, and the fervid sun, it is alone to be found in the plenary enjoyment of its remarkable powers. Beneath the slanting sunbeam and the muddled air of our own climate, even in our best stoves, the movement, *there* so vigorous, dwindles to feeble agitation—sufficiently remarkable, however, to make it one of the curiosities of the conservatory. It requires a temperature exceeding 100 degrees Fahrenheit for the full development of its mobile powers.

The lateral leaflets of the plant are in perpetual motion under favourable conditions—a motion of a periodic character. One leaflet will rise until it attains a considerable angle, and then, by a succession of little starts, comparable to the intermitting motion of the second's hand of a watch, it is depressed to an equal angle, and then begins to rise. While one leaflet rises, its fellow falls, and between them they keep a continual oscillatory motion. This movement does not cease during the night: in fact, in its own climate, it has a fair title to the perpetual motion award. It is remarkable that, even if the leaf is held between the

finger and thumb, and forcibly prevented from moving, it will, as soon as it is set at liberty, immediately recommence its movements, and with accelerated velocity, as if the power had been accumulating during the interval. The direct rays of the sun, or movements in the atmosphere, are not the causes of, neither are co-operative with, any other cause of these movements, as they are most lively in the shade, and when the atmosphere of the stove is perfectly still.

The last example to be here enumerated, approaches in its character so nearly the motions of the humblest members of the animal scale—animalculæ—that it is really hard to call it anything else than a vital phenomenon: it is the motion of the oscillatoria, a genus of confervæ. Upon the field of the microscope they appear like an infinite multitude of filaments, having a greenish cast, intersected by many articulations or divisions. They are seen to twist about from right to left, in a manner bearing the most direct resemblance to the writhings of worms. They travel, when unconstrained, to distances many times their own length, in water, in the course of a few hours.

It remains briefly to indicate the existence of what may be called movements in closed cells in vegetables. In the Cheledonium majus, a peculiar vibratory motion has been detected, affecting the particles of its yellow sap. This is destroyed by cold, and is subject to a curious intermittence in the occurrence of the vibrations. The chara, an aquatic plant, affords us the best-known example of this kind of motion; its stem is formed of elongated cells, which, under microscopic examination, are found to contain a transparent liquid, with globules floating in it: these globules move up one side of the cell and down the other, in a continual circuit, the motion in each cell being independent of that in immediate relation with it. No cause has hitherto been distinctly assigned to this phenomenon—it is one which obtains in many aquatic plants. The globules are believed to be starch vesicles.

The sertularia, campanularia, and tubularia, among polypes, possess a circulation which has some resemblance to the above. A current of granular particles, having a motion like that of sand in an hour-glass, has been discovered to set along the axis of the tube, forming portions of the stem and branches, to continue in one direction for a short time, then immediately to return in the opposite. Sometimes the granules have a vibrating, dancing motion: in the tubularia, a current sets up one side of the tube and down the other, as in the chara.

The cases just cited bring us to the confines of the two kingdoms. They have been quoted, not as instances of a motion strictly deserving the epithet 'spontaneous,' but to show that the distinctive characters of each, with immediate reference to the attribute in question, are so finely shaded into one another, as to defy all attempts at an artificial separation.

It is hoped that motions sufficiently singular in themselves, but of a mechanical, and a purely mechanical character, will not be confounded, as they too commonly are, with the kind of movement here described. Thus the spring and detent of some seed-vessels, the hygrometric closure of some flowers—everlasting flowers, for instance—will open and close for many years after they are dead, if alternately exposed to moist and dry air. The forcible action of the squirting cucumber—Momordica elaterium—the up-tendency of the iridaceous corm, however deep it is buried, and the upward rising of the roots in palm-trees, are curious and interesting in themselves, as evidences of the effects of certain physical laws, but are not to be reckoned in physiological importance with the simple act of the unsheltered snowdrop—an intuitive avoidance of evil.

In many of the spontaneous motions here enumerated, we are permitted to discover the immediate end which they serve; for others we are still unable to assign a cause or an object. It would not be the least important of the ends served, if, by the demonstration of a power of motion of inscrutable origin, we might be taught that the resources of the Divine architect are deeper and richer than the narrow confines of our too conceited philosophy can circumscribe, and than, moreover, in our investigations into his handiwork, we are at all times ready to allow.

A DAY AT DE LA RUE'S.

CONCLUDED.

On being conducted into that department of Mr De la Rue's establishment which is devoted to the making of post-office envelopes, I had before me a busy scene of machines and human labourers — pulleys whirling overhead, belts driving wheels below, and an incessant clank-clanking noise, which renders it necessary to speak somewhat louder than a whisper, if one has any particular wish to be heard.

With respect to the material on which all this activity was exerted, I had seen it prepared some time ago at a mill in Hertfordshire. It is made, like any other ordinary paper, at a machine, and with a sufficiency of size in the pulp to prevent the ink from running. The introduction of the threads is a matter of extreme simplicity. From reels suspended over the pulpy substance as it goes below the first pair of cylinders, threads are led down and inextricably crushed into the web. After being cut into sheets, the paper is taken in reams to the factory which I was now visiting.

When the paper comes into the hands of Mr De la Rue, it is so far unfinished on the surface that it requires to be milled, by being put through rollers in the manner which I have already described for smoothing sheets of paper or card. So much care is taken to insure finish of surface, that each sheet is milled five or six times before it is considered perfect. When it has undergone this tedious process, the sheets are laid in handsful, of about six inches thick, beneath a cutting apparatus, which, for want of a better simile, I must describe as acting on the principle of the guillotine. A great broad knife is pressed by a powerful action down on the paper, and with the utmost ease severs the mass in twain. Having been cut into breadths, the paper is next, by the same instrument, formed into lozenge shapes—this producing the least possible waste of material. In this form the paper is handed to the succeeding machine, where, coming under the action of descending angular chisels, small pieces are smartly notched from the corners, and the envelope is made, all except the stamping and folding.

Following a natural course of things, the envelope paper might now be expected to be carried to an adjacent apparatus for impressing the medallion stamp, which is to give it currency through the post. Circumstances divert it from this direct course. The presumed necessity for keeping a careful watch over the dies, prevents government from employing any but their own officers to impress the medallions, and the operation is accordingly performed at Somerset House, which, with a knowledge of this eccentricity of movement, I had visited the day previously. Conducted down to one of the lower floors of this large government office, I there found, in an apartment overlooking the Thames, a number of machines, of a very peculiar construction, engaged in stamping or printing the medallions. These machines, which, I believe, are the invention of Mr Edwin Hill, superintendent of the stamping arrangements, may be considered as forming a combination of the printing-press and die-stamping apparatus. All are moved by a steam-engine of two-horse power. At each press are two lads, one placing the papers below the die, and the other removing them. The impressions being effected at the rate of sixty in the minute—an amazing celerity, considering that the die is inked at every impression—the laying down and taking up require a sharp eye, and no small expertness of fingers. In such processes, every little matter re-

quires to be studied, in order to economise time and trouble. Were a boy to try to lay down sixty pieces of paper in a particular manner within the period of a minute, without once missing, he should certainly fail in the attempt, unless he arranged the papers in a way convenient for handling before he began. The spreading out of the papers into handsful, in the shape of a fan, is on this account an indispensable preliminary in the operation I am now describing. I was told that there is even a knack in rapidly forming the fans. After much experience, it has been found that it can be most expeditiously done by throwing the papers on a table covered with soft cloth, and passing a brush over them. Who, on using an envelope, could imagine that the mere mode of handling it has been a subject of so much solicitude?

In stamping, the die is suspended over the paper on which it is to be impressed, and consequently the inking is effected by rollers pressing upwards. Having thus to work contrary to gravity, the rollers require to be artificially pressed upon the die; and Mr Hill's device of springs acting on the rollers to accomplish this object is at once simple and ingenious. So also is there great merit in the method of shortening and lengthening, at each impression, the screw and bolt apparatus to which the die is suspended, in order to afford room and time for the action of the rollers. It consists in interjecting and withdrawing a piece of metal at every lift and descent of the screw over the bolt: in other words, the power acts, first, by means of a rapidly-working screw; second, the piece of metal which is pushed below it; and third, the bolt to which the die is attached—all three being kept in a vertical line by the supports of the apparatus. The number of papers stamped by each press is, as I have said, sixty per minute, at which rate several machines, with their attendants, work six hours daily; which, although little more than half the time occupied in ordinary printing-houses, is, all things considered, a fair amount for a government office.

Stamped and counted, the envelopes now retrace their steps to Mr De la Rue's establishment, to which I again invite attention. Greatly as I had been delighted with the operation of stamping, I was still more pleased with that which now came under my notice. In folding an envelope, six movements are necessary. First, the paper must be laid down; four flaps must next, one after the other, be turned over; and sixthly, the envelope must be withdrawn, to make way for its successor. All these movements, except the laying down, are performed by a machine of the height and size of a small table, with some interesting apparatus arranged over its surface; the whole the united invention of Mr Edwin Hill and Mr Warren De la Rue. A boy having laid down a lozenge-shaped paper, a hammer falls, and knocks its square central part into a crevice; and on the hammer rising, we see the four corners standing erect—the envelope having taken the form of a box, with standing sides and ends. A broad iron thumb, as I may call it, now rises and presses down one of the ends, another thumb presses on the opposite end, and next the two sides are similarly flattened. The envelope being now made, an iron arm comes forward with a rapid jerk, and with two fingers draws it away. It is not drawn aside into an indiscriminate heap, but is brought to a halt upon an endless strip of cloth, which, travelling over two rollers at a slow rate, gathers the mass of envelopes into regular bings, and thus obviates the necessity for shaking them even. The action of what I call the fingers is curious. Instead of drawing away the envelope, as if by hooked claws, the effect is produced merely by touch, the same as if you were to pull towards you a sheet of paper by the tips of two fingers. How two metal pointers could perform this delicate operation is the wonder. It is indeed a curiosity in art. The explanation is, that the pointers are tipped with India-rubber—a substance which will readily draw aside any light object by the touch, as an experiment with a morsel of rubber and sheet of paper will convincingly show. The interest attached to this apparatus is increased by observing that when the boy fails to place an envelope-paper on its appointed place, the two fingers are projected outwards, and do not dip down to draw the envelope aside—as if there was a consciousness in the machine that any effort on this occasion would be thrown away.

The whole of the process, of which this affords the scantiest outline, is a rapid evolution of parts all acting in harmony to effect a particular end, and without any perceptible interval of repose. The rapidity may be judged from the fact, that two thousand envelopes are folded per hour, or twenty thousand in the day. Yet this degree of quickness, I understand, is already beginning to be considered slow work, and will not be tolerated much longer. I should not be surprised, at my next visit, to see four times as many envelopes made in the hour, and the whole at the same time gummed and counted. As it is, the machine cannot keep the stamp-office supplied; and many girls are employed in executing quantities by hand-labour. At a former visit a year or two ago, I found that all the envelopes were folded by girls; and so active were they, that I could not have anticipated the invention of anything more smart or economical. The result shows how useless it is for an onlooker to speculate on such matters. But still more useless would be the sentimental maunderings of those who affect to lament the substitution of iron and power-belts for human muscle and intelligence. The more machines Mr De la Rue introduces into his workrooms, the greater is the number of hands he requires to employ. 'So far,' said he, 'from the folding-machine robbing our girls of their employment, we have more work for them than ever.' One can only have a forcible perception of the truth of this remark, by having visited, as I did, the establishment at two distant periods. On the present occasion, when conducted into the manual-labour rooms, I found that department thronged from the garret to the cellar—a houseful of girls, all as busy as possible at agreeable and remunerating labour; many folding at long tables, others gumming, and a third class finally putting the envelopes in packages ready for sale. The place was in itself a factory, and not the least interesting or curious on various accounts. As all the envelopes, whether made by machine or with the folder, pass through this department, I inquired how many were turned out in any given period of time. The answer was, that the quantity of envelopes altogether made was seventy-five thousand a-day, or twenty-two and a half millions per annum, but that this was only those stamped for the post-office. The quantity of fancy envelopes manufactured was equally large. This led me to an examination of the kinds of envelopes made without stamps, of which there were numerous varieties in progress. One species were without borders; others were bordered with red, blue, or some other fancy colour; and a third kind had narrow or broad borders of black for mourning. The preparation of mourning note-papers and envelopes seemed in itself a great concern. The putting on of the black I did not see, that being done out of the house by a person whose business is the blacking of paper. 'To give you a notion of the extent of this kind of trade,' said Mr De la Rue, 'I may mention that we pay £500 a-year for merely blacking the edges of note and envelope papers.' Equally ready, however, to play the part of L'Allegro as Il Penseroso, this great man has not disdained to bring his ingenuity to bear on the important subject of matrimonial stationery. I am rather inclined to think that De la Rue prides himself a little on what he has accomplished in this way. And who that recollects what marriage-cards were a few years ago, can wonder at a man being proud of being the purveyor of such splendid things as now charm the eyes of misses—names, borders, wafers, and true lovers' knots, all in a blaze of enamel and silver!

Pleased with the way in which these pretty articles were got up, I felt a reluctance in quitting the department to visit that part of the premises devoted to ena-

melling, colouring, and varnishing. Enamel is a wash of a material externally resembling whiting, which, after being dried on the card or paper, is smoothed by milling. The mode of applying the wash is the only part worth noticing. I found several workmen and boys engaged in laying the wash on webs of paper, each three hundred yards long; and this length they finished in half an hour. The actual operator, however, is a machine, and the men and boys are only attendants. The web, in going into the machine, passes beneath a trough, from which the wash issues over the surface; it then comes under the action of an apparatus of brushes, moving in cycloidal curves, by which the wash is finely equalised; led away from this, the web sinks through a hole in the floor to an apartment beneath, where it is caught by a boy, and hung on poles to dry. The paper undergoing this initiatory process of enamelling at the time of my visit was that designed for covers to 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' of which some hundreds of thousands have been prepared.

The adjoining workroom, in which papers are coloured and varnished, had somewhat the appearance of a painter's and dyer's atelier. At various benches, girls were employed tinting sheets of paper by means of brushes and colours; others were putting varnish on the dried sheets; and a few were laying squares of leaf metal on paper preparatory to future processes. Much of the coloured, as well as the metal-covered paper, is designed for embossing; hence it was natural for us next to look in upon the apparatus employed in giving the embossing or stamping finish to the material. Embossing is done in two ways—whole sheets by means of rollers, and small slips by means of powerful stamping machines. In little more than an instant of time, a sheet, formerly smooth, will pass between rollers, on one of which the pattern is engraved, and come out beautifully marked in relief. The appearance of morocco leather is thus given to coloured papers. The process of stamping is performed on the ground-floor, in consequence of the enormous weight of the presses. The largest of these machines is about eighteen feet high, weighs twenty tons, and imparts a blow equal to a thousand tons. From my previous acquaintance with machines of this class, I should have expected that the Goliah before me would require great toil in working, and was therefore agreeably surprised to find that it performed the falling and rising process with comparative ease and equability. Two men only were in attendance upon it: one placed the slip of paper below the die, taking it out when stamped; the other guided the movement, by putting the machine in and out of gear with the steam-power. The blow being given with a rapid and ponderous jerk, which shook the ground and building, the reaction caused the screw to run back, leaving time to shift the paper for the ensuing impression. The article which was in hand during my visit was what few persons could have expected—the fancy slip of paper which is wrapped round pieces of linen. It is very true that linen is not a whit the better for ornaments of this kind; but it is equally undeniable that people are taken with such embellishments: the eye is pleased, if not the judgment, and how much are all mankind imposed on by what charms the senses! As to the slip in question, what was it radically but a bit of paper, not worth a farthing? Yet what did art not do for it? In the first place, it daubed it over with a pea-green colour; next, it gave it a gloss rivalling the surface of polished marble; then it pasted upon it, in the form of a medallion, a small representation of a flower on a white ground; after this, it laid leaves of gold upon it; and lastly, giving it a blow with a die, there sprung up in relief a beautiful golden efflorescence, surrounding the medallion, and radiating over the delicate green expanse of the slip. The execution of the design on the die was an important step, not to be overlooked; for, independently of all manual labour, the drawing, effected by one of the first artists of the day, cost as much as twenty guineas. Thus it is that things are done on a great and liberal scale in large factory concerns; the most insignificant materials being exalted to a high value by the varied and ingenious operations of artists and artisans, set to work by capital and enterprise.*

In the same department I observed several smaller stamping-presses engaged on different articles requiring to be embossed. One was employed in embossing a highly ornamental calling card: the relief in this instance, however, being open, to resemble lace. The card being first embossed by a blow of the die, is next laid, face downwards, on a block, and in this position the raised dots are filed off; consequently, on taking it up, we find that the embossing is full of small holes. Another press was engaged in stamping leather for the covers of work-boxes and writing-cases. Near to this scene of labour I was shown the process of printing in metals. A number of small presses of an ordinary kind, and several men and women, are here occupied. Printing to resemble gold and silver has been brought by Mr De la Rue to considerable perfection; and yet it is so simple, that I can see no obstacle to its general use. Properly speaking, the metal is not printed, but laid on the typography after the sheet comes from the press. Instead of ink, the types are rolled with a glutinous substance, to which metal in powder readily adheres. The metal, to resemble gold, is an oxidised brass; and so vast has become its consumption, that there is now a manufactory of the article in London. Beat first into leaf, it is afterwards ground to powder; and the daubing of this powder on the typography appears to be the duty of the workwomen. In this manner all those covers of packages containing note-papers, which blaze in gold and silver, are produced. After printing and metalling, the papers go through a wash and milling, to impart a glossy finish.

From the metal-printing department I was led up stairs to that in which are manufactured all varieties of portable writing-desks, work-boxes, and cases, also portfolios, albums, needle-books, and other loves of articles that no young lady could for an instant see without meditating an attack on papa's pocket. Here, likewise, I was made conscious for the first time of that great work of art, a portable chess-board—a thing made of pasteboard, which, with pieces and all, you can fold up in your pocket, so as to be able to carry on a game in a stage-coach, railway carriage, or steamboat. Invented by a learned professor, this little affair has, to use De la Rue's gratulatory expression, 'taken root,' and is therefore likely to turn out a good thing for the concern. To chess-players, I should imagine it to be an indispensable pocket companion. Unable to save themselves, they may just as well go and buy one of these portable boards at once, as wait to perform that act ungraciously afterwards.

I had now seen pretty nearly into all the odd nooks of this interesting establishment, and my last move was into the store-room, in which were engaged ten clerks and packers despatching goods to all parts of the empire. Here, in conversing with one of the partners, I learned that the whole house is under from fifteen to twenty foremen, with each of whom a debtor and creditor account is kept, as if he were an independent tradesman. It is only by such minute arrangements that a dispersed miscellaneous establishment like this could be conducted with propriety or advantage. At any given time, it can be ascertained whether any particular branch is yielding work proportional to the expenditure upon it. A number of the foremen were originally lads employed in the early years of the establishment; and with them, as well as with others, the masters are upon a most amicable footing. Solicitous to

* While on this subject, it is not out of place to speak with admiration of the embossing of card-board by Messrs Dobbs, Bailey, and Co., of 134 Fleet Street, London. By them bas-relief copies of the cartoons of Raphael, and the masterly pictures of Wilkie, also relievo maps of different countries, have been executed with much taste, and at a comparatively insignificant cost.

improve the condition of all in their employment, the proprietors have latterly induced them to abandon the practice of taking beer twice during the hours of labour, and in lieu have remitted half an hour from the general day's work. A marked social improvement has been the consequence. Latterly, also, a sickness-fund and library have been set on foot in the office. As these useful institutions have a reference to something like three hundred individuals, the degree of benefit is of more than ordinary importance.

There was now nothing more for me to see or hear of in connexion with this extensive establishment, and thanking my friendly conductors for the trouble they had taken to explain the different processes, I concluded what I hope will have been as little tiresome to my readers as to me—'A Day at De la Rue's.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISCOVERY OF COPPER MINES IN AUSTRALIA.

After the great depression which the Australian colonies have suffered of late, it is gratifying to find that a new impulse has been given to the energies of the colonists around Adelaide by the discovery of rich mines of copper. The discovery of the copper ore was entirely accidental. A son of Captain Bagot, in his chance rambles, had picked up a greenish stone, and carried it home, where it excited some attention. A short while afterwards, Mr Dutton, having gone to the same locality in search of some stray cattle, was attracted by a greenish-looking substance imbedded in the shaly rock, which there rose to the surface. He carried home a specimen, and, showing it to his friend Bagot, it was ascertained to be an ore of copper of the same nature as the specimen found by his son. The next object of these enterprising gentlemen was to get possession of the land embracing this hidden treasure. This they did by a regular purchase from government of eighty acres, at the price of one pound sterling per acre. It appears that there is no reserve made by government in the sale of lands, but that all minerals, and everything else, become the sole property of the purchaser. As the copper ore in this locality comes to the surface of the soil, the working of such a mine is a comparatively easy task; and some Cornish miners being on the spot, operations were commenced immediately, and in due time a quantity of the ore was sent to England. It was found that the ores consisted of a carbonate and sulphuret of copper; and so rich were they, that, on an average, they furnished 29½ per cent. of pure metal; and the sale of the ore at Liverpool brought an average of L.24, 8s. 1d. per ton—a price greatly above that of any British ores, or even of those of South America, with one exception. The average price of British and European ores is from L.5 to L.6 per ton; and the South American brings from L.10 to L.15, the richest being L.29. The enterprising proprietors of the Kapunda mine, ascertaining that some adjoining lands contained copper also, became purchasers of additional ground; but the value of the mines having now to some extent transpired, the price per acre was raised tenfold. Another locality containing very rich ore was soon after discovered in the Mount Lofty range of hills, about ten miles from Adelaide. This, called the Montaculi copper mine, has been purchased by a company, and is now also in full operation. From the number of buffaloes in the country, the facility of carrying the ore to the shipping port is very great. Improved modes of roasting the ores, and thus lessening greatly their bulk, is also being adopted. The whole colony is in activity, and the trade, if pursued with moderate caution and prudence, is likely to be of essential importance to the community. Not only is the British market open for the commodity, but there is also a wide field in India, China, and other parts of the world.

A volume just published by Mr F. Dutton on South Australia and its mines,* affords an interesting detail of this recent discovery, as well as the most recent notice of the trade and prospects of South Australia. The colonies appear to be gradually recovering from the late effects of over-importation and excessive speculation. Cattle and sheep are in such abundance, that the principal consumpt consists in melting down the carcasses in order to obtain their tallow. The newly-discovered mines, however, promise to employ somewhat more profitably the muscular powers of the buffaloes, as well as to furnish steady and profitable labour to a considerable number of miners, engineers, and other artisans required for mining operations.

IDIOCY.

Dr Campbell, in a communication published in the Northern Journal of Medicine, states, on the authority of Dr Kombst, that an unusual number of idiots and deformed persons are to be found at Jena, in the Grand Duchy of Weimar. This fact is, by the medical men of the place, coupled with the circumstance of there being brewed at Lichtenhain, a neighbouring village, a very strong beer, of pleasant taste, which is a great favourite with the inhabitants of Jena. This beer is very intoxicating, and the state of intoxication produced by it is far more violent than that brought about by any other beverage in common use. These highly-intoxicating qualities of the Lichtenhain beer are ascribed to belladonna, which, it is said, the brewers mix with the beer. Now, no day passes without some of the inhabitants of Jena returning home in the evening highly intoxicated; and the idiotic and deformed children are regarded as the offspring of fathers addicted to this pernicious beverage.—This is a curious surmise, and one which after-experience is most likely to confirm; for there is no reason why mental deformity should not be transmissible as well as physical malformation—which, unluckily, is but too well-authenticated. And should it be confirmed, what a fearful responsibility do such men incur, who, through vicious propensities, not only destroy their own constitutions, but transmit to their innocent offspring an enfeebled frame, and the worst of all maladies—a hopeless imbecility of mind! Our chief distinguishing characteristic in creation is mind, the noblest of all the Creator's gifts; and no offence can be more enormous than the debasement of that gift by voluntary indulgence in gross and unseemly practices. Most people, indeed we might say all, make a great profession of regard for their offspring; but we question that sincerity in every case where there exists not a strict attention to such habits of life as will, to the best of human knowledge, secure for that progeny a sound and healthful constitution. The basis of a sound constitution, bodily and intellectually, is infinitely more valuable than any other bequeathment a parent can make. Without the one, life cannot be an enjoyment; without the other, progress is utterly unattainable.

NOVEL IMPORTATIONS.

Some ten or twelve years ago, people were amazed when fresh eggs and butter, live poultry and cattle, were steamed from Ireland and the north of Scotland for the consumption of the great metropolis; now what shall they say to arrivals of live turtle and pine-apples from the West Indies, early potatoes from the Bermudas, and potatoes, green-pease, and young onions from Portugal, and cucumbers from Holland? Yet such

* South Australia and its Mines. With an Historical Sketch of the Colony, under its several administrations, to the period of Captain Grey's departure. By Francis Dutton. London: Boone. 1846.

is the case. Turtle, if we can credit the newspapers, will shortly be as common as veal, and pine-apples be placed on every respectable table, not, as formerly, on loan from the fruiterers, but the *bona fide* to-be-enjoyed property of the host. Last summer we had several arrivals of pine-apples, and this season we see four already announced, so that ordinary-sized pines, of delicious flavour, may be calculated upon at scarcely one-tenth of what they would have cost under the uncertain and scanty supply of the home grower. Early potatoes from the Bermudas and Portugal, anticipating our own supply by a month, is certainly a novelty; and we see no reason why, instead of 'two hundred and fifty-five barrels,' there may not be fifty times that amount, and yet the importer meet with a fair remunerating profit. In our northern latitude, we need never hope to compete in earliness with the more favoured climates of Portugal, Madeira, and the West Indies; but by our steam navigation, which makes these countries, as it were, part and parcel of our own island, we may enjoy, at a reasonable expenditure, all the delicacies of the tropics, and yet secure the healthful invigorating advantages of our own temperate clime. Nor, under the cultivation of peace and the extension of steam navigation and railways, do we see any limit to this gratifying interchange of commodities. We have now American ice, as well as American cotton and corn; West India turtle and pine-apples, as well as West India rum and sugar; early potatoes, green-pease, and grapes from Portugal, as well as Portuguese oranges, raisins, and wines—nor is there any cause why we may not have every other foreign delicacy, however rare and evanescent.

DISEASE OCCASIONED BY LUCIFERS.

Dr Balfour, in the Northern Journal of Medicine, describes the occurrence of necrosis in the jaw-bones, caused by continued exposure to the fumes of phosphorus, in persons employed in the lucifer manufactories. The dipping the pieces of wood in the phosphoric mixture, and the drying the matches afterwards, it appears, are carried on in an ill-ventilated room, where the girls are who are employed in the factories, and who pass from twelve to thirteen hours daily in these rooms, exposed to excessive heat, and the fumes given off by the phosphorus which is used. In each manufactory from three to four pounds of phosphorus are daily employed in the production of from one to two millions of matches, the mere drying of which must give no inconsiderable quantity of phosphoric fumes, to which also must be added the quantity of metaphosphoric acid produced by the burning of sundry parcels, which, in spite of care, is no infrequent occurrence. It would seem that continued exposure to the phosphoric fumes for a length of years is requisite to produce the disease, as no cases were observed at Vienna until the manufactories had been at work upwards of eleven years. Scrofulous subjects suffer most, and in them the disease is most fatal. Almost all the girls employed have the gums more or less affected, and at their junction with the teeth, a red ulcerated line, like that produced by mercurial salivation, is apparent. When the individual is robust, and the necrosis confined to a small portion of the bone, exfoliation takes place, and a gradual cure follows; but where there exists any tendency to scrofula, phthisis becomes developed, and the patient sinks under the combination.

To counteract, as far as possible, this distressing malady, the Austrian government has, with praiseworthy alacrity, ordained the observance of the following precautions:—1st, That the matches must not be permitted to be dried in the workroom, and, if possible, this must take place in one situated above it; 2d, that every second hour the girls be obliged to wash their mouths well with acidulated water; and 3d, that they be sent out twice a-day to take their meals, and get some fresh air. These precautions are ordained on the recommendation of a medical commission; precautions which, with the addition of frequent washing, and exposure of the cloths to air and sunshine, might be beneficially adopted in many of our large factories, where metallic and other fumes are continually being less or more inhaled by the workpeople.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

BRUSSELS—THE OLD AND NEW TOWN—THEATRE—THE HÔTEL DE VILLE—THE CATHEDRAL—IMAGE-BREAKERS—GALLERY OF THE DUKE D'AREMBERG—THE LAOCOON—THE MANNEKIN.

We arrived at Brussels, which is the Paris of the Netherlands, the following afternoon, and drove in an open carriage through the old and new town, round the Park and the Boulevards, and along the *Allée Verte*, as far as the palace of *Laeken*, where King Leopold frequently resides during the summer months, and which is memorable for having been the abode of Napoleon when, in an evil hour, he completed the arrangements, and signed his final instructions, for the Russian campaign. Upon a general view, it would appear that Brussels consists of two distinct towns—the one ancient, the other modern—which are connected together chiefly by a long and precipitous street, appropriately called the Montagne de la Cour. The lower or older town possesses all the aspect of antiquity: it were easy, indeed, to imagine ourselves here living in the middle ages, so remarkable is the architecture of the houses—the visible chronicles of bygone centuries. Their remarkable height, their step-shaped curious old gables, their occasional parapets and high-sloping roofs, with rows of little grim lattice windows, intimating storey still rising above storey within, and their highly-decorated façades, produce an effect which is exceedingly picturesque and interesting, contrasted with which the new or upper town presents a very tame and monotonous appearance. True, the white-faced mansions and stately palaces are there obviously on a magnificent scale, and give an air of aristocracy and regal dignity to this court end of the capital. The greatest ornament in this part of the town is the Park, with the king's palace at one end, and the government offices at the other. This open and verdant space is tastefully laid out, with shady avenues interspersed—as all public gardens are on the continent—with statues, busts, marble vases, and occasional fountains, which, judiciously distributed among the trees and shrubberies, have always a graceful effect. We passed also through a very pretty modern little square called the Place des Martyrs, in the garden of which is the statue of Liberty, dedicated to the memory of the heroes who fell during the conflict of the late revolution.

Returning into the old town, we arrived at the Place de la Monnaie, which is by far the most lively and bustling part of Brussels—almost completely surrounded with handsome-looking cafés, fitted up in the most costly Parisian style, before the doors of which were already groups of persons seated at small tables discussing their coffee or wine; the younger men smoking cigars, and the elder playing at dominos. It is very evident that people on the continent accustom themselves to enjoy life in the open air more than they do in England. We have seen in Paris young ladies—we might rather say families—bring their needlework into the garden of the Tuileries, and, paying each a penny for their chair, remain there the whole day, returning after dinner to their evening promenade. In the large square I am speaking of is the theatre-royal, a plain-looking, but handsome edifice, which may hereafter be esteemed less memorable from any association connected with the muses, than from its having been the place in which the revolution of 1830 received its first impetus. On the 25th of August, the opera announced for representation was the Dumb Girl of Portici. The house was crowded in every part, and the most enthusiastic cheers greeted those airs which breathe the spirit of liberty. On the outside of the doors groups

of idle people were collected; but neither the civil nor military authorities apprehended any disturbance. At ten o'clock a crowd of young men, excited by the gesticulations of the Dumb Girl, and the patriotic ebullitions of Masaniello, rushed into the streets, shouting '*Vive la liberté!*' '*Vive la Belgique!*' '*A bas Van Maanen!*' who was at that time the obnoxious minister of justice. They met with no resistance: they paraded the streets, smashing lamps and windows, until so formidable became the mob, that the gensd'armes were afraid to interfere. They at length broke into the shops of gunsmiths, and otherwise provided themselves with every description of arms; and then proceeded to the house of the offensive Van Maanen, into which they forced an entrance; and after destroying the furniture, and everything they could find, they set fire to the premises. The flames, agitated by the wind, rose with terrific grandeur, and threatened to destroy the surrounding houses; for no engines or means of extinguishing the fire were permitted to approach. Thus, before daybreak, the town was in a state of open and complete insurrection. Hence the first act of this revolution, which separated Holland from Belgium, originated within the walls of this theatre. The influence of dramatic representations in exciting the feelings and passions of the people is particularly marked on the continent, where the stage has often been made subservient to political purposes. Thus Napoleon never allowed any drama to be represented in Paris which he had not himself examined and revised; and he often introduced such sentiments as he wished to be encouraged among the people.

We next stopped at the Hôtel de Ville, or townhall; and while admiring the beauty of its architecture, the coachman, pointing with his whip, directed our attention to an opposite house. 'There,' said he, 'that is the old house in which Counts Egmont and Horn slept the night before they were executed; and here,' added he, 'in this place they were both beheaded.' So true is it that tragical events take precedence over all other local associations; and yet, were such here more particularly individualised, a tumulus might be raised at every door. The fate of these two noblemen has deservedly met with sympathy: they were, in the highest sense of the word, patriots; and they both fell victims to the treachery and cruelty of the Duke of Alva, who signalised his return into Brussels, after the dissolution of the confederacy which had been organised to shake off the Spanish yoke, by an indiscriminate number of executions.

The Hôtel de Ville is considered a very fine example of what is called the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and is surmounted by a very light and elegant spire, in open fretwork, through the sides of which the sky on either side is visible. Upon its top is a statue of St Michael, the patron saint of Brussels, which swerves to and fro with the wind, and serves as a weathercock. This spire is remarkable for not being in the centre of the building; still the defect does not impair, at least to an unprofessional eye, the beauty of the edifice. The interior possesses little to interest the visitor, excepting the salon or hall in which the Emperor Charles V. abdicated his throne. Here, rising from his chair of state, supported on one side by his sister, the queen-dowager of Hungary, and on the other by his son, in the presence of the august assemblage which he had convened to give befitting solemnity to so important an event, the enfeebled monarch, with 'an air of dignity, without ostentation,' explained the reasons which induced him to resign the sceptre which he could no longer wield for the benefit of his people; and his son, kneeling at his feet, received that wise and paternal admonition which should be inscribed on the hearts of kings. This interesting event is depicted on some curious old tapestry. From the town-hall we proceeded to the ancient cathedral, which is dedicated to St Gudule, upon entering which, we proceeded at once to the extraordinary pulpit of Verbruggen, one of the most curious and elaborate specimens of oak-carving in the Netherlands. The English guide-books all refer to it with admiration, but not one of them describes it; neither do they give the popular story connected with it. The subject is the representation of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. Underneath, and in the foreground of the pulpit, appear the guilty pair, their figures being somewhat larger than life. Adam is represented turning round from Eve, covering his face with his hands in a penitent attitude; while she, standing by his side, hides in her left hand the apple, and uplifts the right to protect her face from the fiery sword of the cherubim, who is immediately over their heads. The despondency and grief expressed by the countenance of Eve are finely depicted: the drapery of the figure is also extremely well managed. Immediately behind them is the skeleton of Death, grasping with his bony hand the pulpit, and looking steadfastly down upon Eve, under whose foot, among the trees which support the pulpit—the rugged bark and woody knots of which are given with great fidelity—the serpent appears, and may be traced coiling upwards, and behind the pulpit, until it reaches the summit of its canopy, upon which stands the Virgin, with a glory of stars round her head, and the infant Saviour before her, through whose tiny hand passes the crucifix, the point of which she appears thrusting into the serpent's head. The effect of the grouping, as a whole, is exceedingly striking. The balustrades on each side of the pulpit stairs appear to consist of the branches of trees, well foliaged; among which, with artistic eccentricity, are disposed numerous animals—a peacock, a squirrel, an eagle, a parrot, and other creatures, some of which it would be difficult to discover in any work of natural history.

The cathedral of Saint Gudule possesses many fine statues and interesting monuments. It was enriched at one time by sixty altars, which were magnificently wrought; but they were all destroyed during the insane riots of the Iconoclasts, or Image-Breakers, at the Reformation. In the blindness of their zeal, they armed themselves with hatchets, bludgeons, hammers, and other weapons, with which they broke into the chapels and churches, and destroyed what they considered to be symbols only of idolatry. This cathedral was attacked by torchlight, at midnight, by an immense multitude of armed men; and the systematic manner in which they accomplished its pillage, without a single accident happening among the tumultuous evildoers themselves, has been a subject of wonder to historians.

The museum, and more especially the library connected with it, which contains an invaluable collection of manuscripts and rare editions of scarce works, which have accumulated since the fourteenth century, might tempt a visitor to while away many agreeable hours in Brussels. There are here also, as in other towns in the Netherlands, several private galleries, to which strangers are courteously admitted, and which contain some charming masterpieces of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The palace of the Duke D'Aremberg, who resides the greater part of the year in Italy, is particularly worth visiting, not only on account of several exquisite pictures by Teniers, Van Ostade, Rembrandt, and Vandyke, but because in the library, in which are preserved numerous Etruscan vases and interesting relics of antiquity, will be found the original head of the Laocoon. We cannot, however, leave the picture-gallery without specially noticing a Madona by Otto Venius, the master of Rubens, which must haunt the memory of all who see it. She is kneeling before a cross formed by two little broken sticks. She is fair, possessing what the French would describe to be *une figure bien arrondie*, and without any affectation or St Cecilia upturning of the eyes. The sweetest serenity is blended with an expression of the deepest devotion. The colouring of the lilac gown, which we observe in many of this artist's pictures, contrasts with, or we should rather say heightens, the transparent complexion of the neck and shoulders, and the impersonation alto-

gether is most striking and beautiful. It is certain that pictures, like poems, affect the imagination of individuals differently; and this, to us, has always appeared a *chef d'œuvre* of art. To return to the Laocoon. This group, representing a father and his two sons struggling with unutterable agony in the coils of a serpent, which, from the numerous plaster casts of it, must be familiar to everybody, was discovered in the year 1508 by Felici de Fredis at Rome, in the ruins of the baths of Titus, the subterranean chambers of which are supposed to have contained some of the finest sculpture and paintings in the world. The excavations which were at that period commenced were discontinued, until the French set about exploring the ruins in earnest about the close of the last century. Instead of this group being, as Pliny the elder supposed, executed out of a single block, Michael Angelo discovered that the figures were executed separately, and the two sons joined with great nicety to the principal figure. It is certain that the head of the Laocoon, the principal figure of the group, which was removed by Leo X. to the Vatican, is a restoration, copied from an antique gem, and the original, now in the Duke D'Aremberg's possession, was, as we have reason to believe, discovered in these ruins by some Venetian explorers, who sold it to the grandfather of the present duke. The connoisseurs attached to the suite of Napoleon were so satisfied of its authenticity, that the emperor, under their advice, offered to purchase it at any price from the Duke D'Aremberg, who declined parting with it, and, for safety, had it taken out of the country, and concealed at Dresden, where it remained until the fall of the emperor, when it was restored to its present place. The head is slightly inclined to the left; the eyebrows are puckered together, or corrugated; and the ball of the eye, which is so chiselled as to represent the pupil, appears turning upwards. The mouth is somewhat open, the lips being drawn up to express acute pain; and, upon closer inspection, the teeth and tongue appear within it. It was observed by Sir Joshua Reynolds that the expression of suffering in this group is more strongly observed in the writhing and contortions of the body than in the features. In like manner Winckelmann observes that it is not in the countenance only, but in the tendons and muscles, that we must recognise the intensity of physical suffering; and the opening of the mouth indicates not the loud cry described by Virgil, but rather the sighs of suppressed agony. Here we may observe, that it was a general principle of the ancient sculptors, that to preserve the most perfect beauty in its most perfect state, the passions should not be expressed which may be supposed to produce distortion and deformity.* 'As the sea,' says Winckelmann, 'is calm in its profoundest depths, however agitated may be its surface, so in the Greek statues, in the midst even of the passions, the expression conveys the grandeur and calm self-possession of the soul. Such is the expression in the countenance of the Laocoon.'

We did not leave Brussels without paying a pilgrimage to the little street god, enshrined on his pedestal within iron railings, called the Mannekin—an eccentric fountain, in the shape of an indelicate pretty-looking boy, who continues to supply, unremittingly, the good housewives of the neighbourhood with the great element of cleanliness and life. The statue is in bronze, by Duquesnoy, and divers legends are attached to the history of this juvenile absurdity. Indeed the '*Histoire du Mannekin racontée par lui même*,' by a no less erudite author than Collin de Plancy, lies before us, by which it is obvious that this, 'the most ancient citizen of Brussels,' has been passively, but not mischievously, associated with all the civil commotions that have, since the twelfth century, disturbed the peace of this city. He witnessed the civil wars under the dukes of Burgundy, and blushed before the flames of the Inquisition under Philip II. He bowed to the dominion of the house of Austria under Maria Theresa, and wore the national cockade in 1794. He witnessed the rise and fall of Napoleon, was a *quasi* Hollander under William IV., and since the accession of the present king, Leopold, has sported the uniform of the garde civique. Hence, in accordance with the most enlightened principles of political philosophy, the Mannekin has accommodated himself to the exigencies of the prevailing dynasty, and has thus obtained military orders and court honours which only few even of our own ministers can boast of in the present day. The Emperor Charles V. settled a pension on him, to conciliate the good people of Brussels; and the Duke Maximilian, in 1698, seriously invested him with his order. Peter the Great came to see him, and bowing before him, said, 'Sir, I have come to see you, since you go to see no one,' and added to his pension. Louis XV. made him a knight of the order of St Louis, and presented him with a suit of uniform, a cocked-hat, and a sword. 'It is a positive fact,' says Addison, 'that, in addition to these gifts from sovereigns, several people have made the little man votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills. Within the last twenty years, a lady left him a "life annuity" of one hundred and twenty francs, for dressing him on fête days. He has a treasurer, who is responsible for his disbursements, revenues, &c.; and Mr Strass, an advocate of this city, some years ago held this enviable post.'* There is a beadle whose duty it is to look after the cleanliness of the little niche in which he stands, and upon fête and gala days he is decked out in one or other of his court dresses, for the amusement of the populace. With these associations attached to his history, we should have accused ourselves of disrespect to the town of Brussels itself if we had not, before leaving it, paid our humble homage to the Mannekin.

* Richard Duppas, Michael Angelo. See also Lessing.

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection; the seed which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living, loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness who causeth the sun to shine and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the ice and snows of winter, but bringeth forth the root, long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendour or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the railway principles, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation, which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverses which mark our own time beyond any which have preceded it, render it particularly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of Heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men as salutary to health and to cheerfulness of spirit; and it would seem that this theory might be sustained, by the happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitement of business or the exhaustion of study. And if he who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature benefits himself—he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good like a medicine. He cheers the despondling invalid, and makes the eye of a child brighten with more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines

* Belgium as She is. By H. R. Addison. Brussels and Leipsic, 1843.

character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by labouring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favourable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our native land we may say—

> 'Praise to the sturdy spade,
> And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook;
> And let the light mechanic's tool be hailed
> With honour, encasing, by the power
> Of long companionship, the labourer's hand,
> Cut off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
> From a too busy commerce with the heart.'

MISERIES OF A PUBLIC DINNER.

It seems to be a rule that the gentleman who first seizes upon the salt should keep it. It is upon the same principle that the party who sits opposite the turbot helps himself liberally to the fins, and having pitched a rude supply into one or two plates thrust over his shoulder by beseeching waiters, drops the fish slice, and can neither see nor hear appeals until he has finished his fins. Whosoever fixes his fork in a fowl becomes the proprietor of it, so far as wings, or breast, or all that he himself has a taste for is concerned. A slice of tongue is quite unattainable with your chicken—chicken and tongue *too* must always be considered unreasonable and romantic at a public dinner; but perhaps the desired slice is securable by itself. We make a trial; we send a plate, having little chance of seeing another—with an earnest, a pathetic appeal. That plate we never see again. With exemplary patience we wait its return; time passes on, and the dishes disappear: we have become accustomed to our hunger, and having some of the nicely-rasped roll left, we forget our application in applying ourselves to that. But at length the solid dishes have all melted away into a horrible mockery of custards and jellies! Even a wrong cut of the spoiled mutton is now irrecoverable. Grumio's 'beef without the mustard' we might have had—but may not now. The tough turkey has become an impossibility. The dinner, shockingly arranged, infamously selected, and iniquitously cooked—bad as it was—is gone! And now, remembering the almost longed-for, the all-but-necessary bit of tongue, we once more make trial with our own. 'I asked you twenty minutes ago for a slice of tongue—I have had nothing—never mind;' and ten minutes afterwards the slice actually comes. It is brought, set down before us, left there. Why, it must be tasted, then, late as it is. Its colour is inviting. Just as we have adopted so much of it as seemed fairly apportioned to the remaining fraction of the roll, we feel, rather than perceive, that somebody is looking at us; and there, directly opposite, is a huge gentleman, who, having necessarily occupied two seats, had come into the possession of two sets of plates, with a double supply of forks and etceteras, all of which he had contrived, greatly to our loss, to make incessant use of throughout the dinner; monopolising all godsends that came to our part of the table, and confining his whole attention to his own proceedings. And now, when he has performed his appointed task, when he has despatched all, when the very cheese charms him no longer, what is he to do but glance around him? And there, opposite, are we—we alone—eating tongue—tongue at that hour—when the cloth is rolled up, and the mahogany visible at the lower end of the table! His eyes are rivetted upon us. They reveal clearly, too clearly, all that is passing in his mind. He has not the smallest particle of a doubt that *so* we have been going on ever since the far-distant era of soup; that the fork has been in incessant employ ever since the spoon was laid down; that we have been dining, indeed, with a forty-dando power of perseverance! Imagine the position we are in. The tongue's rich redness is faint compared with the blush with which it is contemplated. The smile on our observer's face, his stare prolonged—they are not expressive of disgust at the supposed achievement of a never-to-be-discontinued dinner: no, they are expressive of *envy*. In one minute more, just as we finally lay down the fork with a portion of the untasted treasure upon it, the attention of half the table is attracted to the awkward incident, by his ejaculating in a very audible and emphatic whisper across the table, 'Waiter; here, waiter! bring *me* a small slice of tongue!—Waiter!—thickish!'—*Laman Blanchard's Sketches from Life.*

A MOTHER'S RESIGNATION.

> 'There are griefs that lie in the heart like treasures,
> Till Time has changed them to solemn pleasures.'

No, not forgotten! Though the wound has closed,
And seldom with thy name I trust my tongue,
My son! so early lost, and mourned so long;
The mother's breast where once thy head reposed
Still keeps thy image, sacred through long years,
An altar, hallowed once with many tears.

How oft my heart beats at some idle saying,
Some casual mention of that foreign land
Wherein thy grave was dug with hasty hand,
And thy sole requiem was thy mother's praying;
'Till o'er the ocean swift-winged memory flies,
To that lone forest where my first-born lies!

Sometimes, when in my other babes I trace
A momentary likeness unto thee—
Thy smile that ever shines in memory,
Thy thoughtful eyes, thy love-illumined face—
I clasp the wondering child unto my breast,
And fancy that my arms round *thee* are prest.

I think of thee, but 'tis with grief no longer;
I number thee among my children still;
Though parted in the flesh, by God's high will,
I feel my soul's deep love for thee grow stronger:
Like one of old, I glory to have given,
Out of my flock, an angel unto Heaven.

D. M. M.

FILTH AND FEVER.

Deficient drainage, if not the parent, is most certainly the nurse of fever. My own opinion is, that fever is a contagious disease, spreading from person to person just as small-pox or scarlet fever does; and, like those diseases, haunting over-crowded or ill-drained districts, and all places where, from any cause whatever, the air is foul, and filled with animal and vegetable exhalations. It loves the banks of rivers, the borders of marshes, the edges of stagnant pools. It makes itself a home in the neighbourhood of cesspools and badly-constructed drains, and takes special delight in the incense of gullyholes. It has a perfect horror of fresh air, soap, and whitewash; but when left to itself, will linger for years amid scenes of filth and corruption, and hold in its deadly embrace all human beings who have the same depraved taste, or are so unfortunate as to be thrown into its company. It is the favourite child of *laissez faire* (in plain English, let alone), and bears the same relation to filth that crime does to ignorance.—*Lectures by D. W. A. Gay.*

SAVAGE AND CIVILISED.

Stripped of all its fictitious ornaments, savage life, though it has natural beauties, yet the darker shadows of its vices overcome the lustre of its virtues; and though we may regret individual loss, we cannot but rejoice in the universal advantage and progress. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer-skin lodge of the red; the smoky steamer, as, panting and rattling, she cuts through the lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features than the undulations of the buoyant canoe; the blackened clearing, less grateful to the eye than the woodland glade; the dusty road, than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love of which they are the harbingers—though but dimly discernible in the long perspective of years to come—is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain, for the means by which it is of necessity to be obtained, upon the mind which looks forward to it.—*Rev. C. Nicolay.*

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

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BAKERS.

A few evenings ago, I was induced to attend, and finally to occupy the chair, at a public meeting in Edinburgh, called to consider the condition of the operative bakers of the town and neighbourhood. There was something so remarkable in the appearance of the assemblage, and so much occurred to interest the feelings, that I may be excused for drawing public attention to the subject.

It appears, from statements on the occasion, that the condition of this class of men has long been one of extreme discomfort, as well as of bodily and mental deterioration. Thrust into the business while boys, they may be said, from first to last, to lead a dog sort of life. They are usually boarded in the houses of their employers; and commencing work sometimes as early as three o'clock in the morning, they do not cease till five or six in the evening, if not later. On some occasions, particularly about Christmas, they labour as many as eighteen or twenty hours a-day. The only variation of their toil in the heated atmosphere of the bakehouse, is the duty of carrying out bread to customers, which, in all small establishments, is done on wooden boards poised on the head. I know of no spectacle in ordinary labour so much calculated to excite emotions of compassion, as that of a lad, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, staggering along under one of these heavy burdens. A natural consequence of this complication of in-door labour in a close heated atmosphere, and the out-door labour under head burdens, is a poor state of health, frequently attended by distortion of the limbs and body. The appearance of some of the individuals at the meeting spoke impressively of this physical deterioration, and was more convincing than the most eloquent appeals that there is something radically wrong in the system.

The moral evils, however, have always been more observable than the physical. Having little or no opportunity for improving the higher faculties of the mind, they grow up in ignorance, and with a predominance of the animal passions. Robert Fergusson, Edinburgh's own laureate, speaks of the uproarious doings of the 'baxter lads' of his time, and of the terror they inspired in the ancient military body composing the Town-Guard. They are certainly less now, than formerly, a trouble to the peaceably-disposed part of the community, having participated in the general improvement of manners; but, by their own melancholy confession, they form a less respected class than other tradesmen. Nor, in present circumstances, can it be materially otherwise. When they attempt to devote an hour in the evening to literary recreation, they drop asleep. Attendance on lectures—those useful engines of improvement in the humbler departments of society—is precluded to them. A clergyman present at the meeting took occasion to mention, that on many of this class of operatives he found it pretty nearly impossible to make any distinct impression in spiritual matters. They could not understand what was said: their intellectual faculties were seemingly in a state of dormancy: excessive and protracted daily toil had fallen like a blight on the soul. On Sundays, it was with great difficulty they could refrain from sinking into slumber during divine service.

Another serious ground of complaint is the method of remunerating them for their services. Instead of giving them a stated wage in money, it is customary to pay them partly in money and partly in kind. Their board and lodging is considered as worth so much. But such board—such lodging! One man, with a flow of natural and affecting eloquence, mentioned that 'he had lately been one of six, among whom there were only two beds, and these were placed in a dark closet, in which it was impossible to stand upright. There was no sitting apartment. The meals were taken in the bakehouse. Here he made an effort to read a book when the day's work was over, but the master would not permit the gas to be burnt; and as he did not like to sit in the dark, or immediately to go to bed, he spent a couple of hours walking about the street.' This was possibly an extreme case; yet there appears sufficient evidence to prove that the practice of boarding and lodging these men is exceedingly offensive and pernicious. At the very least, it throws an obstacle in the way of their marrying, and is consequently productive of much demoralisation. When a journeyman marries in the face of every impediment, he runs the greatest risk of being discharged: among his companions he is said 'to be done for;' it being a belief among masters that a married man will not scruple to steal in order to support his wife and family. What a revelation of the social condition of this class of workmen! If true, how deplorable that things should have come to such a pass that theft is presumed to be the only alternative of semi-starvation! One man at the meeting frankly owned that, 'when a lad, he could not have lived without the daily commission of this mean and detestable vice!'

Slow to believe sweeping condemnations of any body of tradesmen, I should imagine that those master bakers who persist in the practices avowedly so obnoxious, will plead the not unreasonable excuse, that they pay for assistance only in correspondence with the state of the labour market—that if great numbers of men will gladly take a small remuneration, it would be folly for them to give more. Supposing this to be the case, the foundation of the mischief would seem to be the overcrowding of boys into the business, producing an undue competition of hands; in short, there are too many operatives in proportion to the number of masters, and wages are

accordingly kept down. Acknowledging the practical application, in the present instance, of this sound maxim in political economy, I would at the same time submit, that the conduct complained of aggravates the evil, and reacts on employers. The sufferings of the journeymen dispose them to embrace the earliest opportunity of going into business on their own account, and thus the trade is greatly overdone and deteriorated. This was clearly made out at the meeting, from the statements of individuals who had formerly been operatives; and it is only another proof that every transgression carries in it the elements of its own punishment.

It was gratifying to learn that it is only a portion of the trade whose arrangements are open to complaint. All respectable bakers appoint regular and not too protracted hours of daily labour, pay a money wage, and permit the men to live where and how they please. This fact verifies another maxim, the force of which has been too long in being acknowledged—that it is not capital, but *poverty* which is the real tyrant of labour. The monied man, conducting a large business, can afford to be liberal; he can safely, and in a manner gratifying to his feelings, grant indulgences to those in his employment which the man in struggling circumstances dare not aim at. Heaven pity the servant of a poor man! the rich man's servant needs no pity.

This brings me to the consideration of what may be done to remedy the grievances complained of. It seemed to be the feeling of the meeting that the only cure would consist in the public dealing exclusively with persons who were known to treat their men with justice and humanity. I will not say that this might not have some effect; but, on general grounds, I would deprecate bringing the principle of exclusive dealing into operation. Besides, viewing the matter coolly, the public cannot be brought, by appeals to feeling, to deal with any one man in preference to another. We must look this fact in the face, that no housewife has any other thought in buying her loaves than where she can get them best and cheapest. Overlooking what may be done by fewer hands pressing, or being pressed into the profession, and also passing over what may be effected by a mere expression of public sympathy, I can see no other rational basis for a regeneration of the baking trade than this: To mend the thing rightly, capital must bring forward her Herculean resources. The baking of bread has all along been conducted in large towns on too narrow a scale. Even the greater number of the largest concerns are too small. The living of too many families is taken out of the sale of a comparatively trifling quantity of material. The object should be to give the public bread at the smallest possible advance on the cost of the grain—not by screwing down poor lads to a miserable pittance of wages, but by the application of capital; in a word, introducing the factory principle into the trade.

It is at present customary for the bakers of London to buy flour from millers; the millers buy from grain-dealers; and the grain-dealers buy from the growers. What an accumulation of profits, all laid ultimately on the price of bread! In Edinburgh, the bakers buy directly from the growers or importers; but as they pay for grinding, and impart a profit to sub-sellers, they stand pretty much on the same footing. Should not all this clumsy process be remodelled? Should not the maker of the bread in all cases buy directly from the grower, be his own miller, and also, as far as possible, his own retailer? 'Impossible! It is much too complicated a trade to prevent the conjunction of so many departments!' Is this assumption quite certain?

In the course of April I had occasion to be in Carlisle, and to spend a forenoon very pleasantly in going over what, I believe, is one of the largest baking establishments in the world. This bread and biscuit factory, as I may call it, was commenced a number of years ago; and from small beginnings, has risen, under the enlightened management of its proprietor, J. D. Carr, to its present huge dimensions. It consists of a cluster of substantial structures, built of the red sandstone of the district, and surrounding a quadrangular courtyard. On entering, we are first shown the source of all the mechanical movements in the concern. This is a low-pressure steam-engine of fifty-horse power—a very fine piece of mechanism; and not less so is the furnace and boiler apparatus; for by an ingenious, yet simple arrangement, the fire feeds and clears itself; in fact, the whole affair seems to go on as steadily, and with as little attention, as a wheel impelled by ordinary water power. The principal duty of the steam-engine is to move the mill, which it closely adjoins. Here, likewise, there are some ingenious economical arrangements. A mill, as is well known, consists of two circular stones; the upper, which is moveable, playing round on the lower, which is fixed. It usually happens that, after working for a few hours, the stones become heated by the constant friction; this heat is communicated to the grain, and raises from it a certain steam or moisture; and the moistened material adhering to the stones, lessens the friction, and causes the mill to be stopped. Heating alone, without raising a moisture, is almost equally detrimental; and any way, ordinary grinding is imperfect where there is a great deal to be done. No plan has proved so effectual for remedying this defect as one—the subject of a patent—which I saw in this establishment. From a small fanner-like apparatus, moved by a belt from the engine, a stream of cold air is conducted in tubes to the interval between the stones (the admission being by orifices which perforate the lower stone); and by this simple and perfectly inexpensive arrangement the apparatus is kept always cool and workable. The mill may go incessantly for twelve months, and yet it will be in as good order at the end as at the beginning. Mr Carr told me that, by this contrivance alone, he could grind his materials at a shilling a bag lower than any miller using a common apparatus is fit to do. He employs four sets of stones, and the quantity of wheat ground by him annually produces 157,000 stones of flour, or about 8000 bags, all of which are baked into bread and biscuits within the premises.

The flour, on being ground, is carried by a connecting apparatus to the sifters or dressers, and thence, without being from first to last touched by hands, is lifted, in an endless chain of buckets, to the floors above. It is now transferred to the bakehouses, which we next enter. The first suite is devoted to bread, the next to biscuits—there being in all thirteen ovens; but at the time of my visit several more ovens were building, besides some other additions. The ovens are formed of stones of great thickness, in order to retain an equable heat; and one great beauty of all the bread and biscuit turned out is, that from one year's end to the other every article is of a uniform gentle brown tinge. Among ten thousand loaves, you could not detect the slightest difference of one from another. The bread is prepared by men; but the biscuit is kneaded, rolled into sheets, and stamped into form by machinery. The biscuits are of two shapes—round, and small oblongs. The round ones are stamped by cylinders, under which the sheets of dough pass; but the small oblong fancy kind are impressed by platens, as in printing with hand-presses. The quantity of biscuits regularly made is eight stones per minute, or four hundred tons annually. The spectacle of so much automatic and human industry is exceedingly pleasing, and the more so from the junior operatives being clothed in pure white linen jackets and aprons, and all apparently healthy and happy little fellows.

The next place we are conducted into in this remarkable establishment is the packing-room, where men and boys are putting up tin cases of biscuits for exportation to all quarters at home and abroad. Below is the large retail shop of the concern. Having walked through this, I was led into a department which no baker with ordinary resources could be expected to organise. I allude to the means adopted by Mr Carr for the comfort and welfare of those in his employment. Not to dwell minutely on particulars, I was shown in succession a

reading-room, a library, and a school-room, all appropriately fitted up, and in daily use by old and young. The boys, besides, attend on Sunday for spiritual instruction in the benevolent proprietor's mansion, a villa situated in the environs of the town. Among other improvements contemplated, and nearly ready, was a bath of fourteen feet square, which is to be supplied with a constant flow of pure water from the steam-engine, at a temperature of ninety degrees. The quantity of water (which has been hitherto lost) is eighty gallons per minute; and as this is much more than is required, I should hope that means will be adopted for diverting the overplus to baths for the use of the poor.

The number of persons employed in the establishment at the time of my visit was between eighty and ninety. The period of labour is from a quarter past five in the morning till six in the evening; and, deducting intervals for meals, it amounts to eleven hours daily. All are paid in money wages—boys 3s. to 5s., and men 17s. The boys have further an allowance of biscuits as a gratuity daily. In answer to a question respecting the character and habits of the men, I was informed that there is not a more orderly or respectable body of individuals in Carlisle; and so marked is this, that landlords are generally anxious to have them as tenants.

Such, then, is a fair sample of what may be done by an enterprising capitalist to manufacture bread on a great wholesale plan, at the smallest advance on the market price of grain, and also to place the operatives on a comfortable and respectable footing. I am not aware that, from the establishment I speak of, bread is sold at a rate lower than that of the trade generally; nor can it be expected that such should be the case, as long as prices are regulated by the cost of inferior modes of working. It is only by general competition that the factory principle can materially benefit the public, however much otherwise it would be to the advantage of employer and employed. At all events, it seems conclusive that a fundamental cause of an unnecessarily high price of bread (other things being equal), as well as of the degradation of the individuals who prepare this useful article of consumption, is the breaking up of the profession into a vast number of small concerns, conducted on ineconomic principles, instead of being confined to capitalists possessing the power to act with a becoming and comprehensive liberality. Avoiding hurried and crude changes, I would hope that the manufacture of bread will, in the hands of respectable bakers, gradually assume this desirable character.

June 8, 1846. W. C.

THE WHIP AND THE WISH, OR THE TWO ESTATES.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Negro slavery in the United States presents, in the present day, many features abhorrent to humanity. Still—the institution apart—it is, with rare exceptions, the mildest form of this terrible scourge of the coloured race. It has grown milder with the increase of knowledge and the spread of information, and when extinguished, will have been so much more by the gentle arts of reason and persuasion, than by the abuse and violence which was formerly lavished against it. Man is a creature to be won from error, not to be driven into virtue. In former days, however, nothing could surpass the dreadful nature of this evil. In no part of the United States was slavery more abused than in the Carolinas, North and South, especially the latter. Peopled from Virginia and Pennsylvania, by not the most industrious and praiseworthy, because of the unsettled and roaming part of the population, many held estates who were not very deserving of the position they enjoyed. The scene of our narrative is laid in South Carolina, between the years 1774 and 1780, or at the date of the great struggle between Whig and Tory, or British and colonial interests.

Between the two estates of Colonel Melville and Major Thornton was what is called a pine-barren; and here, one summer evening, were congregated one of those motley assemblages to be found only in perfection on the spot now described by us, and known as Four Holes. There were hunters and trappers in their rude costumes; there were farmers, English and German; overseers; that numerous class known as loafers; and no small sprinkling of negroes, old and young, who of course kept very far apart from the rest of the congregation, though perhaps more deeply interested in the result of the deliberation than any of the others. It was a stump-meeting, assembled to hear the address of a stump-orator. The speaker was a tall, thin man, gaunt in features, with sallow cheeks and long black hair, which, added to his manifest earnestness, made no small impression on his auditors. Few, however, sympathised with him, for he was a Tory or British orator, striving to stir up the fading loyalty of the people of South Carolina. His address, which was long, and plentifully interlarded with Scripture quotations, was listened to, however, with much respect; and when he concluded, and, mounting his horse, rode away, after naming a place where recruits to the cause could find leaders, many were half-tempted to follow his advice.

The whole of the assemblage had dispersed, when two old negroes met at the spot where the path diverged to the estates of their respective masters, and had a conversation, in their own broken language, on the subject in hand. The sentiments of the two negroes, Methuselah and Jacob, were at variance, from very natural causes. Colonel Melville, the master of old Jacob, was a gallant and noble-minded fellow, who, leaving Virginia from mere love of change, had settled with his family in the neighbourhood of Four Holes, South Carolina. Having a magnificent estate, it was his pride that he should leave it to his only daughter in such an improved condition as to bear comparison with any in the vicinity. This daughter, named Julia, was a very powerful instrument in working out his plans. A lively, good-natured, kind-hearted girl, full of the spirits and enthusiasm of youth, she allowed a great deal of this enthusiasm to lavish itself upon the negroes, of which her father owned a very large number. In this feeling Colonel Melville strongly coincided, and at an early age had commenced a course of treatment which met with its reward. The negroes were taught to love and respect their master, because he attended with watchful care to their comforts; never overworked them; appointed them tasks suited to their age and sex; and invariably issued his commands in the form of a request. 'Old Jacob,' he would say, 'I wish you would leave the corn-field to-day and mend the fences.' By degrees even the very word flogging became unknown on his estate; and yet he never found that there was any less work done, or that he suffered in pocket by the substitution of kindness for compulsion.

Major Thornton had inherited an estate and its accompanying negroes also at an early age; but his disposition was very different. Rude pleasures—hunting, shooting, horse-racing, drinking, the common vice of rich planters in that age—so absorbed his attention, that his slaves were wholly left to the mercy of the overseers. With them the whip was a tradition; they reverenced it as a relic, and could believe in no other panacea against laziness. If a negro was ten minutes late in bed, he was flogged; if he appeared in the corn-field behind his time, he was flogged; and in all other cases the same. The result was not so satisfactory as they might have wished. Beat into work, the degraded slaves did only what they were forced to do—they laboured while the lash was over them; but no sooner was the terrible instrument out of sight, than the negro seated himself, or leaned against a tree in obstinate idleness. With, therefore, loss of time, constant illness of the men, and runaways, the affairs of Major Thornton did not prosper, as, according to the overseers, they ought to have done. And yet these worthies, when

the conduct of Colonel Melville came under discussion, would shake their heads, and prognosticate some terrible retribution on the head of him who had thrown aside the tradition of the lash, which, in their eyes, was venerable and sacred.

It was some days after the meeting on the pine-barren, and old Jacob was standing beneath the shelter of the piazza which ran in front of the whole of Colonel Melville's house. The sun was setting in its full tide of evening glory, shedding a glow over the whole scene, when the clatter of horse's footsteps were heard hurrying rapidly in the direction of the 'Retreat,' as it was called.

'Somethin' of 'portance,' thought old Jacob, 'make a man hurry hese'f in dat bay. I 'spect he no spare 'um hoss.'

The cavalier came in sight at the moment. He was a young man of rather agreeable mien, clothed in something of a military costume, while sword, carabine, and pistols, strengthened the impression that he was a soldier. Pausing only when he reached the piazza, the young man hastily inquired for the master of the house, and giving no time to Jacob for reply, dismounted, and followed the negro into the parlour; not, however, before the sound of other horses was heard coming in the same direction. Mr and Miss Melville were seated at an evening meal, of which coffee, venison, rice niffles, and various varieties of Indian corn cookery, formed the staple.

'Sir,' said the stranger, entering abruptly, 'I am a fugitive, flying for my life from a gang of Tories, who have vowed my instant death because I am myself known as a Whig officer of rank.'

There was something so manly in the young man's address, his manner betraying no slavish fear, but an honest love of life, that father and daughter were at once prepossessed in his favour. The former turned towards Jacob, and bade him instantly summon every male on the estate to arms; and then pointing to a door, intimated to the colonial officer that he might by that ascend to a loft, where he could remain concealed until he came to relieve him. The young man gracefully bowed his thanks, and obeyed. A few minutes elapsed, during which Colonel Melville found time to give instructions to his head overseer, and then up rode the party in pursuit. Under pretence of taking one side or another, sometimes wearing British, at other times colonial colours, gangs of desperadoes overran the country at this period, plundering and committing the most frightful excesses. It was one of these, commanded by one Colonel Diprose, which halted, to the number of twenty horsemen, in front of the 'Retreat.' Surrounding the house, and guarding every avenue, the chief was then shown into the principal apartment of the house.

'Sorry to disturb you, Colonel Melville, said the Tory, 'but General Thornton of the Colonials has taken refuge in your house, and it is my duty to arrest him.'

'I was not aware of the honour,' replied Colonel Melville, somewhat surprised; 'but if General Thornton be in my house, he is welcome to its hospitality.'

'Colonel,' said Diprose sternly, 'I should be sorry to proceed to extremities; but if I burn this house down about your ears, this rebel must be found.'

At this instant one of the subordinates entered, and whispered to the captain. 'We have fallen upon evil dogs,' he said; 'a hundred armed negroes, with some dozen whites at their head, are round the house. They seem determined fellows.'

The Tory chief bit his lip, and then, after a pause, turned towards the master of the 'Retreat.' 'Sir, I perceive you are prepared to resist my authority: your force overpowers mine; but rest assured I leave not this neighbourhood until the general be found.' With these words the discomfited trooper left the room, and mounting his horse, headed his band once more, crying, 'To Squire Thornton's. The father shall pay for the son.'

A few minutes later, the young colonial general was seated between his kind hosts. He now explained that, having been from home for many years, studying at college until the troubles, he was desirous at length of paying a visit to his father, whom he had not seen for so long a time as almost to have forgotten him. On his way, he had been recognised by one of the spies belonging to Diprose's gang, who, looking upon him as an important capture, had chased him for two successive days through the forest. A conference was held, and it was resolved that Major Thornton should be informed of his son's presence, the difficult part of the matter being to decide how.

Meanwhile the baffled troopers journeyed towards the house of Squire Thornton. Their progress was rapid, as the night was drawing in, and half an hour brought them to the mansion of the major. The negroes, save the household servants, were gone to bed in their sheds, where they were locked up for the night, dogs being also set to prevent the chance of their leaving their prison. The overseers slept near at hand, armed to the teeth, while not even a stick was trusted in the hands of the negroes. Colonel Diprose found the major just about to sit down to supper, and, with his chief men, was instantly invited to join him. The Tories complied; and having posted sentries round the house, and seen to their horses, entered, and sat down to the meal with the squire. As usual, wine and the local spirits—rum and whisky—were in abundance; and to these the troopers did even more justice than to the viands. At length they affected Diprose to a degree which increased his natural ferocity. Calling for one of the negro household servants, Methuselah appeared.

'Black skin!' he said, 'go over to Colonel Melville's, and tell him, that if General Thornton aint in our hands before midnight, I will burn his father's house about his ears, and set the negroes free.'

'I am not a guine to gib any sich aggrabating message,' muttered 'Tuselah to himself as he left the room, and retired to the kitchen.

As for Squire Thornton, he had pledged his guests too deeply and too often to be able to have any very distinct understanding of what was passing around him. Still, the infatuated man continued to drink, while his companions, nothing loath, followed his example. We shall pass over the scene which occurred until within half an hour of midnight. At that hour Colonel Diprose, holding in his hand a lantern, and followed by the whole of his gang, issued into the courtyard of the house, and advancing towards the huts of the overseers, awoke these individuals, and bade them go and attend to their master. No sooner were the startled men within the passage, than Diprose entered the door, and turned to the negro sheds, guided by the veracious Methuselah, who had brought some pretended message from the 'Retreat.' In a moment they were open, and the startled slaves heard a voice crying, 'Star up ebery man ob you; you bin free.'

Up rose the negroes with one accord, and poured forth into the open air. Their first act then was to make sure of the arms of the overseers, and any other articles which they could turn into offensive weapons. They then crowded round Methuselah, who (Diprose having retired with his men to the skirt of the forest) alone remained to direct them. Assuming much of the air and manner of the stump-orator of the pine-barren, the old negro addressed his companions. 'I tell you, coloured people, dat you be free; free ob massa, free ob obersheer. Dat's 'um fact. Well, I 'spect you remain so. But free not enough. Do you forget him stripes? Why a nigger suffer white man beat him? His skin smood like anothers man. We'll see if de white man like him hickory-stick!'

He then directed the inmates of the house to be seized, and brought before him. With a loud yell the negroes burst into the house, and soon reappeared, dragging each his victim. Abject and terrified indeed was the aspect of the major and his servants. He would have spoken,

but the voice of Methuselah interrupted him. 'Um too dark to see him white man face. Bu'n 'um house.'

'Fiends! devils!' cried the master, struggling in the grasp of two powerful negroes, 'spare my home. What is it you seek? What want you?'

'Revenge!' said the cracked and cold voice of the old slave. 'Nigger want revenge for blow. Master slave now.'

The order to fire the mansion was one too gratifying to the excited feelings of the slaves, upon whose minds rushed all the memories of years of toil, and suffering, and cruelty, not to be obeyed with fearful alacrity. Wood, straw, combustibles of every kind, were piled around and within the passage, and then a dozen torches were hastily thrown upon the whole. The house, all of wood, took instant fire, and soon a fierce blaze, illumining earth and sky, fields and forest, proclaimed the terrible revenge of the negroes. The miserable gang who had caused the outrage gave a loud cheer as they saw the result of their handiwork, and the wretched major saw at once how the whole had happened. The negroes acted with calmness and precision as soon as the vast conflagration gave them the means of seeing clearly what they were about. Some employed themselves in tying the overseers to posts and logs, in convenient postures for inflicting the retribution they meditated; others sought in the outhouses the whips and thongs which erst had scarified their own backs; while, in the background, dusky forms of women and children were seen gazing, half in terror, on a scene, to them, so new and startling. Still further in the rear were the Tories, waiting only the finale of this event to start upon some other errand of blood. At length all was ready; and Mr Thornton being reserved for the last, the negroes, having so placed him that he could clearly distinguish the punishment of his subordinates, began. Never had slavish voice yelled forth such cries of anguish and pain, as those who so often had callously inflicted the same torture now gave vent to. They shrieked, they intreated, they prayed; but all in vain: the full measure of one hundred lashes was meted out to each of them. This done, they were unfastened, and cast on the ground in agonies they could now understand.

'Now him massa turn,' said 'Tuselah with a savage laugh; 'and gib him two hundred.'

'Hold! down with your arms!' cried the clear voice of Colonel Melville.

Methuselah and his gang turned. Around them, occupying every outlet, so that no hope of escape was left, stood the armed negroes of the colonel, with some two or three dozen white men, attracted from neighbouring farms by the blaze. In custody of these were the Tories. General Thornton sprang into the midst, loosened his father, and bore him from the fierce glare of the burning house, while old Jacob and his faithful followers disarmed the now trembling slaves of the major. 'What needcessity of all dis?' said old Jacob. 'He will dead for dis. It all dat stump chap, I 'spect. Berry glad as Jacob no sich ole fool!'

It was too late to save the house, though the fire was easily prevented from reaching the outhouses. This done, the whole cavalcade returned to the 'Retreat,' where Julia welcomed both her father and the handsome general, in whose fate she had taken a marvellous and sudden interest, especially since she found he was to be a neighbour. Old Thornton was put to bed, from which it soon became evident he was never to rise. The shock was too much for a frame enfeebled by indulgence; and General Thornton found that he had come in time. The major was conscious of his end, and early the next morning summoned his son and his hosts to his bedside.

'Neighbour,' said he, 'how is this? My negroes have revolted and murdered me, though I had an armed force to keep them down, while you put arms in the hands of your slaves, and they serve you as a protection.'

Colonel Melville hesitated; but the dying man insisted on a reply.

'Neighbour,' he said, 'I have treated my slaves with uniform kindness and firmness. They love me, and would give their lives for me.'

'I see,' replied Thornton; 'there has been a great mistake somewhere. I have tried the whip, you the wish. I fancy, neighbour, yours is the true method. Colonel Melville,' said he, suddenly half-rising in the bed, 'you must take my fellows in hand, and see what you can make of them.'

'General Thornton will, I am sure, do his duty.'

'I don't know that; he is my son. You, however, have a daughter there; if she——'

'Father, not now,' said the young man, colouring deeply. 'Speak not of such things now. It is unkind to our host.'

'Major Thornton,' said the colonel solemnly, 'the wishes of a dying man weigh strong with me; and if, a year hence, your son and my daughter find no reason to quarrel with your desire, they shall manage our two estates in one.'

The misguided man, whose thoughtlessness and vice had brought its fearful punishment, sank back with a smile of relief, and in a few hours expired. The same day the Tories were handed over to the authorities, accused of burning and instigating to murder; for which they were severely punished. The negroes were, at the earnest request of their master, just before he died, pardoned; and thus, for the time, ends our narrative of the WHIP AND THE WISH.

At the expiration of a year, General Thornton and Julia Melville were married; and never did they forget the tragedy which chiefly tended to bring about their union. One of their most earnest wishes ever was, to teach their children that kindness, gentleness, the arts of persuasion and of love, are ten times more efficacious than violence or the sword; and that human nature, white and black, is much easier, and more profitably, led by the WISH than driven by the WHIP.

PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

IT would give me great pleasure to be able to introduce the people of India to the people of England. They are at present utter strangers; and this should not be the case between two classes of the subjects of the same empire, who are only at a distance of between three and four weeks from each other. I do not mean that the English of our day underrate the Indians, or treat them with indifference or contempt. They are far too generous for that. They respect and pity them; they are willing to love them as brethren, if they could come to know them better. But all these sentiments, being founded on false data, do more harm than good, tending to retard rather than advance the progress of the objects of their chivalrous sympathy.

The notion is hardly yet extinct in this country, that the British overthrew the Indian empire, and seated themselves on the throne of the Great Mogul! They could no more have done that than they could have stormed the moon. The elements of distraction were within the empire; they did not come from without. The Mogul dominion was already in fragments before the British appeared upon the scene; the great provincial officers had made themselves independent by means of their standing troops, and were at war with the state and among themselves; and it was in the character of allies and partisans that the adventurous traders of the west made their first essay in arms.

At this period the people of India had no political existence. The country was traversed from end to end by armies that were only banditti on a larger scale, and whose chiefs, generally speaking, had raised themselves from meanness and obscurity by their crimes. The people, on their approach, fled from their homes to hide themselves in the jungle; and when the torrent had swept past, returned to rebuild their sheds among the

ruins they found, and cultivate anew their devastated fields. It was with the rebel chiefs the English fought and treated, the myriads of the people being like ants beneath their feet; and when circumstances had led or forced them into a throne which was vacant of all but the shadow of a king, it is not wonderful that their delusion continued; that they counted the banditti as the nation, and the people as—nothing.

But this delusion could not continue within their own territory; for though frequently said, it is altogether untrue, that the English had no desire for the advancement in civilisation and prosperity of that country they had made their own. No sooner were they firmly settled in their territorial acquisitions, than the people began to appear above the soil, and their rights to be examined and understood. It is true a thousand errors were of necessity committed by conquerors ignorant of the language and character of their new subjects, and only gradually throwing off the allegiance they had undertaken to the shadowy empire or one of its high officers—the Dewan of Bengal. But the patient and laborious efforts they made to arrive at true theories of education, law, police, and revenue, are on record; and it is not less strange than true, that the grand hindrance they found was in their own fantastic respect for a régime that had passed away. They would rule the Mohammedans by their own law, under which the dominion had fallen in pieces by its intestine dissensions; and going back beyond the Mohammedan conquest, they would deal justice to the Hindoos under a system which had led to a national fall as contemptible and coward-like as any that is mentioned in history. 'We are the successors of the Moguls,' said they, 'and we must therefore govern like them; we are likewise the successors of the Hindoo princes, a couple of centuries earlier, and we must therefore rule as nearly as possible according to the system of Menu.' But it was vain for them to struggle against that destiny of which they were the blind and unconscious agents. The kingdom was not given to them for the purpose of building up anew a régime under which a great people had remained, not merely without progress, but in a state of active decline, from a period much earlier than the epoch of Alexander the Great. The fulness of time was now come, and India was to submit to the fate of the ancient nations of the west—to be broken in pieces both morally and politically, and new and nobler forms constructed from the fragments.

But while the English were, year after year, introducing into their own territories a closer and closer approximation to the rights of Europe, the fatal delusion went on which had governed from the first their transactions with the banditti around them. They could recognise the people among themselves; but, with a true insanity, refused to believe in their existence elsewhere. The chief and his robber troops were with them all in all; and even when they beat them in battle, they legalised their spoliations by treaty. It was the custom of the Mogul invaders to give up some towns to pillage, even when no resistance had been made, as a right belonging to the army; and in like manner it was, and is, a part of the coronation ceremony of the Mahratta princes to order a few shops in the town to be robbed. But these transactions may be reckoned, in the one case, 'the fortune of war;' and in the other, merely a little peculiarity of taste, characteristic of a rude and despotic government. The annual excursions, however, of the Mahratta armies in the amusement of *kingdom-taking*, are more to the present purpose. Just before the Pindarrie war, in 1817, one of Sindia's generals, for instance, was still luckier than usual; for setting out from Gwalior, according to custom, when the religious festival of the Duseyra was over, he captured, successively, *seven* districts of seven different states, yielding, collectively, twenty-one lacs and a half of rupees in the year. Now the English were, by this time, the lords paramount of India, and the Pindarrie war was undertaken by them, it may be said, as the police of the country—the Pindarries being simply robbers on a great scale, without the territorial possessions which constitute robbers princes. The war ended in the extermination of the Pindarries, and in a treaty with the Mahrattas, in which the latter were guaranteed and confirmed in the kingdoms they had 'taken!' This forbearance, moderation, and magnanimity, were applauded by the English at home, just as they applaud to-day the same qualities which have given up, for a few months longer, a fine country, with a peaceful and industrious population, to the brutal ravages of the Sikh soldiery.

But all this stubbornness, abetted as it is by the unreflecting generosity of the people of England, although it must of course retard the progress of the Indians, can no longer stop it. The revolution has commenced, and no human power can permanently arrest its course. We have no enemies in India but the princes and their robber armies, from whom, at every new convulsion, the people fly in crowds for refuge to our peaceful dominion. The Hindoo mind is in a very interesting state of transition, of which I may, by and by, give some account; and although the change has of course commenced among the upper classes of the great towns, it is obviously spreading, however slowly, throughout the country. This, however, applies exclusively to our own territory. In the native states—that is, the states governed by native princes—the people are in a *worse* position than when under the Mohammedan dominion. Formerly, even the most brutal of their tyrants stood in some sort of awe of public opinion; but now, thanks to the alliance of the British, they are emancipated from all control! It is with *them* we have made treaties; it is at *their* command we have placed our troops; and the people, trampled to the dust by Christian and heathen alike, are without hope.

The transition state of the Hindoos, to which I have alluded, does not appear to receive from government the nicety of attention it requires. It is excellent to liberate the mind from prejudice, and relax the fetters of caste; but the individual at so exciting a time is in great danger. The fact appears to be, that in India, as the people become enlightened, they become intemperate; the government, so beneficent in one respect, actually furnishes the means for drunkenness. This is done just as church-going is encouraged by the building of churches, and a taste for theatrical amusements disseminated by the opening of new theatres. In India, the licensing system has flooded the heretofore sober country with *grog-shops*; and now, in the Deccan, even the Brahmins drink; though taking care, from regard for their religious character, to offer the unholy potation in the first place to the goddess Danee! The mischief has attracted the attention of the native press; and perhaps few Englishmen will be able to read without shame the following remonstrance, in a letter addressed by a Hindoo to one of the vernacular journals called the Dnyanodayu:—'Why does not the government consider whether it will always be able to fill its coffers by such means as this? It may be assured that, by allowing the sale of intoxicating drinks to go on without restraint, the Ryots are by degrees reduced to a miserable condition, and rendered unfit for any useful business. And when they shall be reduced to the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation, then whence will the government obtain the necessary revenue? Was there ever a religion known that rendered it the duty of the people to use intoxicating drinks? Surely no such precept can anywhere be found? And if it be not absolutely the duty of people to drink, then let the government consider how much loss arises from the use of these drinks, and whether it should not anxiously seek wholly to prevent such a practice. Besides, this is not a solitary evil. It always comes accompanied with a crowd of relatives. These are licentiousness, gambling, theft, strife, &c. But why should I enumerate? Intoxicating drinks are like a destructive river, on which float poverty, wretchedness, and the whole catalogue of crimes. If this river of death be allowed, without re-

straint, to flow over the land, then alas for the best interests of the people! And the government will, in the end, learn to its sorrow that there is neither glory nor profit in reigning over a nation of drunkards.'

This writer speaks more especially of the extensive country of the Peshwar—that nominal prime minister, but real king of the Mahrattas, whom we very properly dethroned, annexing his dominions to our own. He states that, during the rule of the Peshwar, intoxicating drinks were allowed to be sold only in one or two places, which were never frequented by persons who had any regard for their reputation; whereas, under the enlightened dominion of the British, grog-shops not merely flaunt themselves in the great streets, but skulk in the lanes and in solitary places, so as to be sure of victims from every class of society.

'But do you think,' adds the Hindoo, 'the government of the Peshwar did not know that a great revenue might be gained by licensing numerous grog-shops? It knew this very well; but it could not in anyway lend its countenance to such an evil business. It had some compassion upon the people. The English government, on the contrary, is like those animals which devour their offspring, or like those unnatural parents who, for a paltry sum, sell their own children. The government ought to regard the people as its children, and watch over their interests with the greatest care; but on this matter it bestows not the least consideration. In the spirit of utter selfishness, it seeks only to fill its own coffers.' Intemperance, I am sorry to add, thus fostered by the British, is rapidly increasing not only in the Deccan, but in all the great cities of India.

Now, what I wish to point out, using the above as an illustration, is the inconsistence of the people of England in their treatment of the people of India. Whether by active or passive agency, whether by fair means or foul, the East India Company holds at this moment for the crown nearly the whole of a great country, separated by geographical features which it is impossible to mistake from the rest of the world. The exceptions are native states here and there, belonging for the most part to the bandit chiefs I have mentioned, in which the people have no political existence whatever, but are trodden down by the army to a level with the beasts of burthen. Is the voice of the free and noble-minded people of England raised in behalf of these unhappy slaves of the soil? No. They throw the weight of their influence into the opposite scale; they league themselves with the oppressors, and insist that the subjects shall remain for ever excluded from that law of progress which rules the world under its new dispensation. They look on with absolute unconcern at the perpetual torrents of blood and tears which inundate those countries, of which we are, by our position, the guardians and lords paramount; and if a finger is raised against the frightful régime, their sympathies are immediately up in arms in favour of the despot, whom their blind and ignorant generosity confounds with the people.

Can I persuade them to turn these generous but mistaken sympathies into a new and legitimate channel? We have *begun* to treat with justice and kindness in many respects our Indian fellow-subjects; but, from an unhappy want of discrimination in an important particular, we are neutralising with one hand the benefits we confer with the other. We have introduced—neither from avarice nor wantonness, but from sheer want of reflection—among a habitually sober people, the licensing system of England, and are thus converting them, by wholesale, into a nation of drunkards. Why *offer* the Indians a poison they do not *ask*? The offer is only too readily accepted by the Mohammedans, who are a dissipated and reckless set of men; but the Hindoo requires (and finds!) long-continued temptation before yielding. Even in the army, the gentle, light-hearted, but gallant sepoy, exposed as he is to the corruption of evil communication, is not *yet* a drunkard. Even at regimental revels he usually abstains from the Circean cup; and it is not uncommon for his European comrade to exact a promise beforehand that he will *carry him home*—a task which is gravely and tenderly executed by the simple Hindoo.

For the sake of all that is good and great, let us save this interesting people, or at least defer tempting them to debauchery till they have received enough of the enlightenment of the west to protect themselves if they choose! Compared with us, for all their ancient parentage, they are a nation of children; and to establish grog-shops among them, is as bad as to plant stalls of poisoned cakes by the door of an infant school. We are fast abandoning the folly of attempting to rule them by the laws of their ancient princes; but let us at least hold by the policy of the Peshwar, in circumscribing the sale of intoxicating drinks.

RECOVERY OF THE ESTATES OF THE OFFLEYS OF NORTON.

A SMALL volume, under nearly this title, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, of the Record Office,* gives an accurate account of a domestic incident, which the author of *Tremaine* has presented, with fictitious embellishments, in a work called 'Illustrations of Human Life.' There is not much in the real story—certainly nothing like the materials of a romance; yet we venture on a brief view of its main particulars, in the belief that these will be perused with some interest. It may be premised that Mr Hunter's aim is solely to show how far the popular novelist has consulted truth, and to prevent the truth of the case from being lost sight of.

In the middle of the last century, the estate of Norton, a few miles from Sheffield, was the property of a gentleman named Offley, a Whig and nonconformist. At his death, in 1751, he left a son, Edmund, and two daughters, all under age—the son being only eighteen and a half years old. To this youth the estates were bequeathed. Edmund Offley had been brought up at the best dissenting schools, passing some time at one in Northampton, which was under the charge of Dr Doddridge. He appears to have been a youth of somewhat weak character, though not to such an extent as to prevent his making a passable appearance in society. It was then customary for the English dissenters of the higher classes to send their sons to be educated at the Scottish universities, there being of course no admittance for them at Oxford or Cambridge, while academical institutions of their own were yet wanting. Accordingly, it was determined by his guardians that Edmund Offley should go with a tutor to Edinburgh. The person selected for this duty was a Mr Reed, a clergyman of the established church; in which respect there can be no doubt that the wishes of the young man's father were departed from.

Young Offley made a tour in the Highlands, in the course of which he was entertained by the Duke of Argyle at Inverary. Then he settled in Edinburgh. He soon tired of his tutor, whom he represented, in his letters, as a person of rude manners. How far Mr Reed had only offended by his conscientiousness in correcting his pupil, cannot be ascertained; but in a short time he became extremely distasteful to Mr Offley, who intreated his guardians for another in his place, but without effect. At this juncture the young man became acquainted with an English clergyman named Carr, who had been settled for some years in Edinburgh as pastor of an Episcopal congregation (unconnected with the Scottish church of that denomination), and who bore a most respectable character. Offley seems to have been kindly received by Mr Carr, and he formed the wish to live with him till he should become of age. Mr Reed, on the other hand, became alarmed about the conduct of his pupil, and sent a servant to make repre-

* London: Pickering. 1841.

sentations on the subject to the guardians. The young man lost no time in writing to them, for his own defence, against the charges he imagined might be brought against him. According to Mr Hunter, he anticipated that one of these charges would be, that he spent too much time at the billiard-table. 'In this letter he acknowledges that he has gone frequently, but that he has not lost to the amount of ten shillings during the whole time that he has been at Edinburgh; but he has gone the more frequently, that he might escape from the disagreeable company of Mr Reed; and, moreover, he has made the resolution that he will go no more. "Another possible objection that Mr Reed's artifice may suggest is, that I have too great a regard for a young lady at Mr Carr's; but I can hardly allow myself to think that Mr Reed can be capable of suggesting such a falsity, for I give you my word of honour that I never had, nor will have, the least intention to make my addresses there." He thinks that the profusion of his entertainments may be another charge; but he conceives that the entertainments he has given have been no more than a suitable return, from a gentleman of his station and fortune, for the civilities he receives. Mr Reed may allege that his letters have not been written by himself: he admits that he has been assisted, but that the sentiments have been all his own. Mr Reed may complain that he has paid no regard to his instructions; which he willingly admits to be perfectly true. In this letter he also informs his guardians that, since he left Mr Reed, he had put himself under the care of Mr Carr, and intends this winter to learn the French language, and prosecute such studies as Mr Carr shall recommend to him with greater application than he has ever done before.'

Other letters of Mr Offley show that he got upon bad terms with his guardians, and continued firmly attached to Mr and Mrs Carr, notwithstanding all remonstrances. The favour of the Duke of Argyle, and his own pretensions as a young man of large fortune, obtained him access to the best society. He passed his time very agreeably in the Scottish capital; but appears gradually to have contracted prejudices against his friends in England, not even excepting his young and innocent sisters. In short, it is easy to see that he acted the usual part of a weak person, who has been thwarted in his wishes, and whose self-esteem has been offended. Resentment in such a case involves all who do not profess to sympathise.

In February or March 1754, young Offley attained his majority, and immediately cut off any entail of the family property, if there were any, which interfered with his absolute control over it. On the 21st of June he executed a will (writing it with his own hand, according to a correct form which had been furnished to him), making Mr Carr the sole executor, and giving to him and Mrs Carr the whole of his real estate and personal property—the former of which was worth two thousand a-year. Two months after, he departed this life—cut off, it is supposed, by a rapid fever.

According to Mr Hunter—'When the news arrived in Derbyshire that the young ladies, the sisters of Mr Offley, were deprived of the family fortune, there was one general burst of indignant feeling. The Duke of Devonshire, great-grandfather of the present duke, is reported to have said that there could not have been a power in Mr Offley thus summarily to alienate the ancestorial property, and that he would spend L.10,000 rather than the daughters of his good friend Mr Offley should be despoiled of their inheritance. In the common mind, suspicions immediately arose of unfair dealing. The date of the will and the date of the death were compared. He was alone, in the hands of the parties to be so largely benefited by his death; no friend of the family to watch over him. A criminal neglect of the use of proper remedies was openly imputed to the persons in whose house he died. Even unfair dealing of a more active kind was more than insinuated by persons who could have had no means of correct information; and, particularly, the lady of the family was elevated by the popular voice into a species of Lady Macbeth.'

'The popular impression,' says Mr Hunter, 'was deepened by the solemn asseveration of the gardener, who was put in charge of the premises, that he actually saw his master enter the hall on the very day, if not the very hour, when, as it was afterwards found, he had died at Edinburgh.'

Mr Ward, in his fictitious narrative, makes this last event appear as an interposition of Providence, to excite a certain old friend of the family to exertions in behalf of the Misses Offley. 'But,' says Mr Hunter, 'one cannot but feel how poor and mean is the object contemplated. What can it signify to whom the use shall be given of the produce of a few acres of land in this corner of the world, or even whether a guilty person shall not be suffered to escape punishment, when hundreds of guilty persons do actually escape? A night's debate on the floor of the House of Commons, and the vote which follows it, are of ten thousand times the importance of all the restitutions and all the detections which have been effected by these supposed peculiar acts of Providence in the last thousand years: and all this without a ghost. And yet what are even these and their effects when looked at in connexion with the vast scheme of the All-comprehending Mind?'

Mr Hunter further shows that the friend in question, a Mr Newton, was a man of much native energy, requiring no such stimulus to induce him to act for the young ladies. We now proceed with Mr Hunter's narrative. 'Having obtained such powers as the guardians could give him, Mr Newton proceeded at once to Edinburgh. He took my grandfather with him, who often accompanied him on his journeys. Mr Girdler had only a few hours' notice, and was not informed beforehand of the place of destination, or the object of the journey. But all this was unfolded as they travelled; and Mr Girdler was given to understand that Mr Newton had arranged the whole plan of operations, and that his business was to observe the proceedings, but to take no part in them.

'One incident only occurred upon the road which requires notice. They met the corpse of Mr Offley at Ferry-bridge; when Mr Newton, who had a very commanding figure, assuming his most dignified air, and producing the paper of authority which the guardians had given him, so awed the persons who had the care of the body, that they consented to let it remain at the inn till Mr Newton should return from Edinburgh, and give further directions concerning it.

'They travelled with great rapidity; and, considering the state of the roads, and the time which must have been required for the negotiation at Edinburgh, what Mr Shore relates is one of the more remarkable circumstances of the story—that Mr Newton called at his father's house, between Norton and Sheffield, on the Sunday on which he started, and again on the succeeding Sunday, when he had returned.

'Mr Newton's first step on his arrival was to secure a legal friend, to whom he might apply for advice if wanted, and to draw up the instruments which might be required; his next, to proceed to the house of Mr Carr. He was admitted without reserve, and allowed to enter on his business; Mr Carr only calling in the assistance of a lawyer. Mr Newton had no one with him but Mr Girdler. The conference lasted, as I have heard, several hours. The arguments which Mr Newton used arose out of objections, as was conceived, to the validity of the will, and doubts of the young man's having possessed such entire command over the property, that he was able, by so simple an act, to turn it from the natural course of descent. He urged the certainty that every effort would be made to recover the estates to the family, the Miss Offleys having many powerful friends, who would afford them all the means requisite to defeat a purpose so unjust and cruel; and that he, for his part, having a large unencumbered

estate, would carry the cause through every court that was accessible; so that, if they persisted in holding the estates, it must be with the certainty of years of disquietude and the most harassing opposition. He set before them the extreme hardship of the case, and the obloquy which always attaches even to parties perfectly innocent of anything wrong, who yet are seen in the possession of that which is theirs only by an act of caprice and injustice. He showed the peculiar aggravations in this case, where the young man had lived in their house, had made the will while living there, no friend being cognisant of the act, and then so soon dying under their roof. He went so far, I have heard, as to say that the most rigid inquiry would be made into the circumstances under which the will was executed, and also into the manner of the death; and he urged, in a very forcible manner, how much better it would be for them, in their circumstances, to possess a few thousands unquestioned, and in peace, rather than the larger fortune which would come attended with contention and anxiety, and probably with obloquy, for the remainder of their days.

'At the close of the first day's conference, Mr Carr had consented to relinquish all claims under the will, and to accept of L.5000.

'At this point Mr Girdler could not forbear manifesting some sign of satisfaction. But Mr Newton had other thoughts, and, by a significant look, reminded Mr Girdler of the duty which was required of him. In fact Mr Newton had fixed in his own mind a much less sum than L.5000.

'He told Mr Carr that he could never consent to yield so large a sum, and that, if it were insisted upon, the negotiation might be considered at an end; that he should leave Edinburgh the next morning, and consult with the other friends of the family on what was to be done. The other party evincing no disposition to make any reduction, Mr Newton took his leave; but when he had reached the doorway or passage of the house, he returned into the room, as if he had suddenly recollected a circumstance of secondary or very minor importance, and coolly inquired if they had any directions to give respecting the corpse. Mr Carr immediately expressed his persuasion that it was already buried; when Mr Newton related, for the first time, how he had stopped the procession at Ferry-bridge, and that the corpse was then there awaiting examination. This I have heard represented as the master-stroke of Mr Newton's diplomacy. He immediately left Mr Carr's house; and it was supposed to be the effect of this stroke which led Mr Carr to desire a second interview.

'At this second interview, the terms on which Mr and Mrs Carr agreed to relinquish their claims were soon settled; the sum agreed upon being L.2000.

'The agreement was immediately put into proper form. The will was delivered up to Mr Newton. He immediately left Edinburgh. When they were seated in the carriage, Mr Girdler is reported to have said, "Now I hope you are satisfied with yourself?" when Mr Newton threw up his hand and exclaimed, "This is worth living for!"

'The body of Mr Offley was then taken forward to Norton, where I find, by the parish register, that it was interred on the 24th day of September; thirty-four days after the death.'

The young ladies, consequently, became joint proprietresses of the estate, part of which is now enjoyed by the descendant of one of them. One of the circumstances most puzzling to us about the whole affair, is the character of Mr Carr. It is represented in the most amiable and respectable light by Sir William Forbes, both in the preface to a volume of posthumous sermons, and in the Life of Dr Beattie. Sir William, who was himself a man of unblemished worth, describes him as being 'more studious of displaying, through the whole course of his life, the meekness and humility, the mild virtues and gentle spirit of the gospel, than ambitious of acquiring honours, wealth, or fame.' Dr Beattie also testifies to the lustre of Mr Carr's private character. Yet to us it appears one of the most obvious of all human duties to abandon wholly, in a moment, every claim to property obtained in such a manner. It is just possible that Mr Carr might consider himself as having a claim to compensation for services rendered to Mr Offley, and that the sum demanded was in regard to that claim. Still, this will not serve to justify so large a sum. Without, however, hearing what the parties had to say on that side, it would be rash to pronounce too severely against the legatees.

A DAY IN CHESTER.

It may perhaps be a weakness, but I must confess that I am a great lover of contrast. I like to see extremes meeting; to see the young and healthy leading the old and infirm; the very rich visiting the very poor; and the gay and thoughtless trying to provoke the grave and thoughtful into a smile. It was accordingly to gratify this propensity that, one fine afternoon in the month of April 1846, I took my departure by railway from the new town of Birkenhead to the old city of Chester.

Perhaps, in all broad England, there are not to be found two towns, so near each other, that present such a striking contrast as Birkenhead and Chester. The former is the creation of yesterday. You see its streets glittering and gaudy as an insect that has cast its chrysalis: there is nothing worn about it; it has not yet, as it were, been used; the shining road-metal is sharp and rough; the foot-pavement is beautifully level; the very windows seem as if not one pane of glass in them had been broken since they were made; and the hands of cleanly servants have not even worn away the hair-strokes in the names on the brass door-plates. On seeing the very wide streets, the regular houses, the capacious drains, the great accommodation for refuse, one is forced to think that the Reports of the Health of Towns Commissioners have had great influence in regulating the laying-out and building of this new town. Unfinished houses and streets, piles of bricks and building materials, and vacant pieces of ground, are seen on every side. But then, there is no water except the troubled waters of the Mersey; no venerable trees, no picturesque houses, no fields that can be called green. Such is the picture, vividly impressed on the visitor's mind, which he carries away with him as he takes his place in the carriage for Chester. In three-quarters of an hour he is conveyed through a flat, level country to a scene the very opposite. He has left the modern town; he is now in the ancient city; for Chester is one of those aristocratic places that have forcsworn the plebeian name of *town*, and glory in the patrician title of city.

Peace, and the supremacy of the law, have rendered walled towns unfashionable. Any town-council would as soon think of extending the great wall of China, as building a wall round the district over which they rule. There is no city in the empire, except Chester, whose ancient walls are entire. No trace of the walls of London is to be found, except in the name of a street; and those of York and Berwick-on-Tweed are broken up to some extent by railways and other improvements. But those of Chester remain entire. You may walk completely round them, a circuit of two miles. They gird the ancient city like an irregular belt, with only three great wide archways for entrance and exit. They have, it is true, been renewed here and there, and patched and repaired to prevent their decay; but they have lost nothing of their original character. They are as irregular, as strong, as well kept, and a great deal more cheerful and lively, than in the days of the Plantagenets. A quiet, meditative walk upon them is like a long perspective view of history. Here, pointing to the north-east, is an old small tower, from which, on the 25th September 1645, King Charles I. saw his army defeated upon the adjacent moor. You reach this

tower by a small stone staircase, with a wooden railing, and it might contain, at a push, about ten men. Great events were occurring in Britain at the period when Charles stood on this tower. The Scottish and English parliaments had recently ratified the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Scottish army was now in England opposing the king. Thirteen days before, a detachment of the covenanting troops had been victorious in the decisive battle of Philiphaugh, where Montrose was completely defeated, and the royal cause lost in Scotland. This battle of Rowton was the last in which the unhappy king was engaged. All his subsequent history is a maze of negotiation and treaty, charges and countercharges, ending in the dreadful tragedy which we all know.

Two centuries have passed away, and now, in 1846, we can stand on the same tower where Charles stood, and mark how much has been accomplished towards the freedom and improvement of man in the interval. Far as the eye can reach across that battle-moor, are now seen well-cultivated fields, quiet villages, manufactories noisy with the hum of industry, and the peaceful, pleasant homes of merry England. The white smoke that hangs heavy in the air is not the smoke of the musket, but of the steam-engine; and the clattering noise that comes fitfully to the ear is not the clashing of the swords of contending armies, but the passage of a railway train. Cold iron is now better employed in making a highway, than in being fashioned into weapons of war. Here, too, where the sentinel may have paced his weary rounds, is a circulating library, and a tea and coffee-house; while beneath and without the walls is a mechanics' institution. But if such a change has been effected in two hundred years, how much greater has been effected in two thousand! For from the same point on the old Roman wall, the eye could see the twentieth legion of Rome, then the empress of the world, encamped within, and the bleakest, dreariest tracts of moorland lying desolate without. Saxons and Normans had not landed on our island then; and the ancient Britons were preserving their independence among the Welsh hills, within sight of the same Roman encampment.

Not far from this tower we arrive at another portion of the walls, where old things and new are brought into striking contrast. A railway from Chester to Holyhead is now in course of construction; and it has been carried straight through the walls, so as to cut them in two places. They are here of a considerable height, and the railway reaches them from a bridge that has been thrown over a canal, and leaves them by an embankment that is carried onwards to the river Dee. Two strong bridges of iron and wood are made to continue the walk, so that when the iron highway is finished, you can stand on the ancient walls, and see a train passing immediately under your feet. In the angle that has thus been cut off are two towers, one of which is of great strength, and is now used as a museum, while in the upper portion of the other is placed a camera obscura. This line between Chester and Holyhead will probably become a portion of the great highway between the metropolis of England and that of Ireland; for in a short time the traveller may seat himself in a carriage at Euston Square, in London, and be conveyed through the heart of England, dash through the old city walls of Chester, flit past the fine romantic scenery of North Wales, and so across the Menai Straits to Holyhead, where he will find a steamer ready to convey him across the Irish Sea, and to land him, in about sixteen hours from the time he left London, at the very entrance to Dublin.

Proceeding still farther along the walls, you pass the infirmary and the city jail, and arrive at the castle, placed on a commanding position overlooking the river Dee. This castle was originally built in the time of William the Conqueror, but has of course undergone many subsequent changes. It is now a place of great strength and extent; and as Chester is a military depôt for North Wales and the adjacent counties, it is generally full of troops, which make the city gay and animated. When the Norman conqueror was dividing England, the whole of the county fell to the share of his nephew Hugh, surnamed the Wolf, who was created the first Earl of Chester, a title which is now borne by the eldest son of the kings of England. Close to the castle is a fine large field, used as a race-course. On the borders of this field is seen the new strong bridge, of many arches, of the Holyhead railway; and on the north side of it, again, can be seen a few trading vessels that have come up the river Dee to the ancient 'port of Chester.' Farther up the river, and nearer the castle, there is a majestic stone bridge, of one arch, said to be the finest in England, and which was opened by the present queen when she was Princess Victoria. The old bridge is a short distance up the river: it is composed of several arches, and the view from it is beautiful. On its north bank are built many pleasant villas, surrounded by delightful gardens; and on its waters are seen numbers of gay pleasure-boats, much patronised by visitors from the banks of the troubled, 'keel-vexed' Mersey, or from the neighbourhood of the murky, polluted waters of the Irk, that drive so many of the Manchester mills. It is said that a Saxon king, in the tenth century, took a pleasure excursion on the Dee at Chester, and that his rowers were six Welsh princes.

The principal streets of Chester are said to have been, in the first instance, laid out by the Romans. Of this there can be little doubt. It is a historical fact, that the twentieth Roman legion was encamped on the spot where Chester now stands, from the time of the Roman invasion until the beginning of the fourth century of our era. The name Chester is evidently derived from the Latin word *Castra*, a camp. Sometimes it was called West Chester, and at others *Castra Deva*, or the Camp on the Dee. At other times, in honour of the victorious twentieth legion, it was called *Legio XX. Victrix*. The name has gradually become corrupted to Chester. Other English towns have been named in the same manner. For example, we find Lancaster, Tadcaster, Doncaster; Worcester, Gloucester, Dorchester, Rochester, Manchester, and many more. In some the termination is modified; thus we find Exeter, Uttoxeter, Wroxeter, &c.; all evidently derived from the same root, and bearing the broad unmistakeable stamp of the proud empress of the world. The principal streets of Chester are at right angles to each other, and run due north and south, east and west. They have been excavated out of the solid rock; and the houses, therefore, stand six or seven feet above the level of the carriage-way. The other streets and lanes form a perfect labyrinth: they run in all directions, without order or regularity, and without due regard to width or means of ventilation. The appearance of the houses is singular. They are generally placed with the gable end to the street; and sometimes this gable end consists of old strong wood, curiously painted. The colours have faded long ago; and though the wrinkles of age are very conspicuous, yet there is a healthy, antique, time-defying look about the houses which is pleasant to see. The houses have lattice windows of course, and many of them have some of those old strongly-clasped doors, that are seldom seen anywhere now except in old churches and towers. There is no want of variety among the houses at Chester. They seem to have been built by men for their own use, with their own money, and in the fashion that pleased them best. Building societies, and rows of houses so uniform as scarcely to be known from one another, are the fruits of *our* mode of civilisation.

The footpath of the street may be said to pass right through the front flat of each house. A fine sheltered piazza thus runs along each side of the street, and these are the famous 'Chester rows.' The walk along them is very irregular. Sometimes the roof is so low, as to cause the stranger to stoop; at other times there is a gentle ascent, and then a gradual descent. In some

parts the row is entirely broken by a lane running into the street, and then you have to descend a flight of steps on one side, and regain the row by a flight on the other. Almost every house in these rows is a shop or an inn. Some of the shops are really handsome and elegant, and much more spacious than would be expected. The appearance of the rows on a Saturday evening, after the shops are lighted up, is most animated and interesting. The walks are then crowded by buyers and sellers, and the whole resembles a lively, bustling village fair.

A small, narrow, steep lane, called St Wesburgh Street, runs out of one of these rows, and following it, the visitor arrives at the venerable cathedral. Its external appearance is not very imposing or beautiful. It is built of soft sandstone, of a dark-red colour, and the effects of time have greatly worn down the blocks of stone, and taken away the sharp angular appearance of the building. This cathedral is perhaps one of the plainest in England. It has neither the elegant elaborate appearance of Westminster Abbey or York Minster, nor the massive grandeur of St Paul's; but its quiet, plain exterior gives it perhaps a more venerable and antique look. It is situated on a rising ground, in the heart of the city, and its heavy square tower is one of the most conspicuous objects when approaching Chester. Those who have seen the interior of other cathedrals, will notice nothing remarkable in this of Chester. There are various marble tablets inserted in the walls to the memory of personages locally known. The organ which it contains is very powerful, and almost new. A short time ago the interior was completely renovated, and it is now in excellent order.

Chester has long been the seat of a bishopric. In the time of the Saxons, the county was included in the kingdom of Mercia, and the seat of that bishop was at Chester. The daughter of one of the kings of Mercia was for many centuries regarded as the tutelar saint of Chester, under the title of St Wesburgh. In the ninth century her body was removed, for greater security, to Chester, and a religious house was founded in her honour. The cathedral now stands where the church of this religious community stood. The present bishopric was established in the reign of Henry VIII. Its jurisdiction extends over the whole counties of Chester and Lancaster, and a small portion of York. This diocese, therefore, contains a population of about two millions, and embraces the large manufacturing towns of Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Stockport, Bury, Blackburn, St Helens, &c. and the commercial towns of Liverpool, Birkenhead, Lancaster, &c. Before the Reformation, Chester was the seat of many religious houses. There were establishments of the white, the gray, and the black friars, a convent, a college of the Holy Cross, and several others, all of which have now passed away.

During the middle ages, when the commercial cities of the Mediterranean were in the zenith of their prosperity, and while New York, Philadelphia, Montreal, Mobile, Liverpool, and the great cotton-spinning towns of Lancashire were yet unborn, the commerce of the city of Chester was most flourishing. It was then the great place of export and import for the west of England and Wales. But the river Dee, in course of time, became sanded up, and the navigation was considerably impeded, while commerce was pursuing the more easy channel of Liverpool; so that the trade of Chester soon fell into decay, and now its principal trade is in cheese, potatoes, and other provisions. The contrast between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee is very striking: they are only a few miles apart, separated by a low sandy shore: the former is narrow, but crowded with ships of all nations, and cloudy with the smoke of many steamers; the latter is broad and spacious, but its smooth, glassy surface is only broken here and there by a solitary sail. Chester, though certainly not the seat of either commercial or manufacturing activity, is not falling off. The population, 14,713 in 1774, was, in 1831, 21,344, and had advanced in 1841 to 23,115. Its situation is very healthy, and it is a favourite residence of many wealthy families. Indeed it may be said to be the metropolis of North Wales, as well from its size and position, as from its venerable appearance, its refined society, and its ecclesiastical and military importance. If the people of Liverpool boast of their town, the inhabitants of Chester are no less proud of their old, comfortable city. Both feelings are reasonable. If Liverpool *is*, Chester *was*. If the work of the one is commencing, that of the other may be said to be well nigh done. Chester has seen the Roman and the Celt, the Saxon and the Norman, within its walls: it has played its part in the stormy, bloody annals of our country, and, surviving the wreck of many powers, is now a curious memorial of the past conditions of our country.

PARISIAN BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

In these days, when the careful education of the young is becoming hourly of more importance to the reflecting portion of the world, it may not be uninteresting to notice the habits of our intelligent neighbours in regard to matters of such consequence to society. In France, where everything is reduced to system, where the government appoints, and individuals can only act in accordance with the orders given for their guidance, the schools for all classes are kept most particularly under the control of the minister of public instruction. It has happened to us to become acquainted with a pupil from one of the principal of these establishments in Paris for the education of young ladies, and hoping an account of the method pursued there will be agreeable to many of our readers, we have induced her to furnish us with the following particulars.

Madame ——, the head of the establishment, was a daughter of one of Napoleon's soldiers. He was only a sergeant in a regiment of the line, but gallant enough to obtain the emperor's notice, and unfortunate enough to lose both his arms in the course of one campaign. The emperor, visiting him after the amputation of the second, kindly inquired concerning the poor man's family; and learning that, besides three sons in the school of the regiment, he had an only daughter, he charged himself with her education, and sent her immediately to St Cyr. Under Madame Campan she remained for some years, first as a pupil, then acting as sub-governess; but the salary of the under-teachers being inadequate to her maintenance, and she having at this time her mother thrown upon her for support, she had the energy to begin a school of her own, with her mother as gouvernante of the household, and her husband as assistant teacher; for she had married a précepteur of some reputation. They began modestly in a small hired house, with a suitable garden, at St Denis; and every year their school increased, and every report of the inspecteurs and inspectrices was favourable to their care of it. In time, the house and garden were bought; shortly after, these were considerably added to, more bedrooms being required for pupils, and a larger playground being necessary for their recreation. A vegetable and fruit-garden has also been joined to the domain, which now extends to several acres. There are at present about one hundred and forty young ladies pursuing their studies under Madame ——'s care, sixty of whom are boarders, the rest day scholars, who conform, as far as their hours of attendance permit, to the regulations of the establishment. Besides monsieur and madame, there are four governesses, and such visiting masters as are required by the course of education.

The house has been skilfully adapted for the accommodation of so large a number of pupils. There are four class-rooms of sufficient size, carefully ventilated after the dismissal of each set of scholars, as is, indeed, every other apartment—the orders of the government upon this very important point, in the care of children, being extremely peremptory. The réfectoire, where all the meals are taken, is a long, lofty room, destitute of

any furniture but forms and tables, with windows opening on the cheerful playground, and a stove to keep it comfortably warm during winter. The playroom is the same size as the réfectoire, and perfectly empty. Here, in bad weather, when amusement out of doors would be injurious, are passed the merry half-hours which intervene between the studying portions of two hours each, into which the day is divided. The sleeping rooms vary in size; their occupants also varying in number, according to the space of the dormitories—all regulated by the orders of government. Each young lady has a small camp-bed to herself, at a certain distance from the next, with a stool beside it. No other furniture is admitted. There must be a certain number of windows according to the size of the room, and they must be placed in particular positions: and a governess sleeps in each apartment, on a flooring raised above the bricks, at the end of the chamber. At the ringing of a bell all rise—in summer at half-past five, in winter an hour later—and repair to the cabinet de toilette, where a waiting-maid assists the dressing. In summer each pupil is served with a cup of milk and a piece of bread at this time; in winter they have soup instead of milk. The governesses always have coffee. They then say prayers, make their beds, and descend to the school-room, where the bell rings for them to meet at seven, or half after, according to the season. They study till nine, when the bell rings for breakfast—a meal which, in France, is quite a dinner: soup, entrées, rôti, vegetables, and wine (vin ordinaire), diluted for the pupils, and served to them very liberally under the name of 'abondance.' Half an hour only is allowed for each meal, so that from half after nine till ten the pupils amuse themselves. The bell then summons them to their classes; it next rings for the change of classes; and rings again at noon for the half-hour's play—governesses and pupils enjoying a run in the grounds, or a romp in the empty room, according to the weather. There is a slight luncheon of bread and fruit about two o'clock; dinner at half-past five, which is just a repetition of the breakfast. Afterwards the younger children amuse themselves till their bed-time, at eight o'clock, when prayers are said by all; the elder girls sit up till nine or ten, as suits their ages, reading aloud, and working in madame's drawing-room.

We hardly think it necessary to particularise the course of instruction pursued—the useful being in these days so thoroughly joined with the agreeable accomplishments required in polite life, that it would be almost a wearisome repetition to call attention to them. What we wish to impress on the minds of those engaged in the tuition of youth, is the care taken of the bodily health of the pupils—the precautions used not to overfatigue the brain—the short time occupied by each pursuit—the very little learned by rote—the extreme attention paid to the thorough understanding of all that is taught, nothing being left behind in a progress which, in the end, is really rapid, in consequence of its careful commencement—the two hours of varied study, regularly followed by the half-hour's play—the crowd of happy children let loose together to laugh, and jump, and skip, and run, exerting every muscle, without one anxious thought; and, in the evenings, madame's cheerful drawing-room, where, as daughters of the house, they are affectionately entertained by one who shows a mother's interest in their comfort. Every Thursday throughout France is a half-holiday in every school; after twelve o'clock, nothing is thought of but amusement. In summer there are long country rambles, expeditions to collect flowers or butterflies, or merely to play at some merry game in some particular field; or the pupils may be satisfied with the extensive grounds belonging to them, in which a tent is pitched for them to read or work in during the heat of the day. In the evenings there is always a soirée, generally ending in a dance, all the preparations for which are made by the young ladies. They arrange the salon for company, superintend the simple refreshments, settle the order of the dances, and select the music to be performed by themselves. Two of the eldest among them receive the guests, acting as hosts during the whole evening—madame being on these occasions one of the company, which is often pretty numerous, as many ladies of all ages are invited; but monsieur is the only gentleman. One day in the week, a proportion of the higher classes attend madame on her regular inspection of the house, assisting her in her care of the furniture. Another day they accompany her to the kitchen, where they are instructed in all that is necessary in this department for the future mistress of a family to be acquainted with. The elder girls have also to take a certain charge of the little ones—their manners, studies, wardrobes; and the younger children become exceedingly attached to their little mammas, running to them for help in all their difficulties. It is so managed that there is always some business of interest going forward requiring the exercise of the pupils' talents—presents to make for the fête of madame, or for the governesses of the divisions, or for New-Year's Day; and madame and the governesses have their little offerings in return—all so many ways of rendering the school-life happy. Then there is the annual public distribution of prizes, when the authorities examine into the proficiency of the pupils, and award distinctive prizes to the diligent—a ceremony not exactly suited to the reserve of our domestic habits, but powerfully aiding to animate the business of the school. The teachers are always well fitted for their employment, as they cannot hold their situations without passing a rigorous examination, not only in the various branches of learning they profess to teach, but as to their acquaintance with the laws of health, the care of temper, the etiquette of society, &c. They are very kindly treated; and though their salaries are small, and their duties unceasing, numerous well-conceived presents make up for the one, and frequent treats to the theatre, or some other place of diversion, reward the other. They live on familiarly agreeable terms with madame, who, in truth, considers herself as the head of a large family, whom she manages most successfully by the force of gentleness, punishment being almost unknown in her establishment.

It would be difficult in France for a school to be greatly misconducted, as the government appoints inspectors to keep strict watch over all proceedings. The maire's wife and the préfect's wife visit Madame ——'s never less than once in every month. These ladies are not satisfied with a general view. They examine minutely, open locks, peep here, pry there, taste the provisions, question the servants, the governesses, the young ladies; come at all times, pop in at any hour, and when anything displeases their judgment, they mention their complaint without hesitation, and require an immediate alteration. Monsieur had to open an additional window in a room they did not consider sufficiently airy: nothing escapes them, though our informant assured us, with the pride of warm affection for her old instructress, that they had very seldom any faults to find.

Madame ——'s is not by any means the *pension* of greatest celebrity in the neighbourhood of Paris. There are many others of equal note, and one or two of even superior reputation. The system pursued in all, we believe, however, to be very much the same: the judicious blending of instruction with amusement—resting the mind by a constant variety of employments—providing for the spirits of the young a sufficiency of unconstrained bodily exercise—and encouraging, by affectionate treatment, the development of kindly feelings.

The strict preparation of the teachers for the arduous duties of their calling, seems to us to be an admirable feature in the plan of education so seriously set about, which might be adopted with advantage in the class generally, whether these future superintendents of the young were fitting themselves for assistants in public institutions, or for governesses in private families. It is too much the custom with us to send out into the

world, as a governess, any respectable young person in want of a home, who undertakes this most responsible of all situations without one idea of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of her functions. It has become a fashion too, to waste a world of pity on their miseries, to compassionate their painful labours, to sympathise with their numerous humiliations. But is all this called for by the facts? Were they, as a class, thoroughly educated themselves, for the purpose of worthily *assisting* in the education of others, they would enter upon this interesting employment with thoughts entirely fixed on the fulfilment of its duties—conscientiously occupied with the one great end in view. They would feel that their place was beside their pupils, with whom their interests were for the time identified; and the affection for their charge, which the very nature of their connexion induces, would soon so lighten their cares, as to make their labours those of love. Another point to be insisted on is, that they should be trained to consider themselves only as *assistants*. No mother *ought* to give up the care of her own children. If this were properly understood, there would be an end of humiliations. Were the relative positions of employer and employed more accurately defined among us, much annoyance would be saved to many sensitive natures, which, in these days of increasing good-breeding, have seldom any very painful grievances to suffer under.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A SPECIES of ostrich (*Struthio rhea*) abounds in the plains of Northern Patagonia and the united provinces of La Plata. The Guachos assured Mr Darwin that it is the male bird that sits on the nest and hatches the eggs. According to Burchell, the Hottentots affirm the same of the African ostrich. At Bahia Blanca, Mr Darwin saw the eggs in great quantities scattered over the country. When they thus lie scattered singly, they are never hatched. A nest is simply a shallow excavation in the soil, and contains from twenty to forty eggs in each. The natives also affirm that several females lay their eggs in one nest: from four to five hen-birds have been seen to go in the middle of the day, one after the other, to the same nest. As the hen-birds lay a number of eggs at the interval of two or three days, the first eggs would be addled before the laying was concluded; and this may account for the practice just mentioned. It may also serve as an explanation of the male bird sitting on the nest instead of the female, and thus incubation can be carried on in one nest while others are in progress of being filled with eggs. The solitary eggs so frequently found scattered about, may be those dropt by the hens before they have formed a combination among themselves to make a nest, and 'persuaded an old cock to perform the office of incubation.' A smaller species of ostrich, called *Avestruz petise*, inhabits the southern parts of Patagonia, about the Straits of Magellan. It is a much shyer bird than the other, and does not expand its wings at first starting. Both kinds readily take to the water, and, when pursued, swim across rivers.

II. Among those industrious animals which labour in summer to lay up a winter store of provisions, one of the most interesting is the Pica, or rat hare (*lagomys*), described by Pallas. This little creature lives among the rocky mountains of Asiatic Russia, beyond lake Baikal, in Siberia. They select elevated spots in the midst of the forests, and hollow out burrows among the rocks. About the middle of August they collect herbs, which they bring near their habitations, and spread out to dry in the sun. In September they collect them into heaps or stacks under the rocks and large trees. They sometimes join together in this labour, or at other times work singly; in the former case, the heaps collected are eight feet in diameter, and five to six feet in height. From their burrows in the ground, a subterranean gallery leads to below the haystack, so that neither frost nor snow interrupts their communication with it. Pallas examined this hay, and found it to consist of the choicest grasses and sweet herbs, intermixed with some of a bitter quality, and perfectly free of ears or blossoms, and all woody fibres. The wandering sable hunters of the country, less provident than these industrious creatures, seek out their stacks, and rob them of their labours.

III. The Galapagos Islands, situated under the equator, and between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the South American continent, are remarkable as containing animals peculiar to that particular spot. Among others, the common tortoise (*Testudo Indicus*) is very abundant; and indeed this locality is supposed by some to be the source whence all these reptiles have originated. Dampier says, that here these animals are so numerous, that five or six hundred men might subsist on them for several months without any other sort of provisions; and he adds, they are so extraordinarily large and fat, and so sweet, that no pullet eats more pleasantly. As these islands are now inhabited, and as the tortoise forms a principal article of food, their numbers are of course greatly reduced; but the people yet reckon on two days' hunting supplying food for the rest of the week. It is said, that formerly single vessels have taken away as many as seven hundred of these animals, and that the ship's company of a frigate some years since brought down two hundred to the beach in one day. These animals are found in all the islands of this Archipelago, and it is said that each island has its peculiar variety, which can be known by certain distinctive characteristics. They prefer the high damp parts of those islands, but are also found in the lower arid districts. Some individuals grow to such a size, that it requires six or eight men to lift them from the ground, and individuals have afforded as much as two hundred pounds of meat. The males are larger than the females, and can be distinguished by the greater length of tail. The tortoises which live on those islands where there is no water, or in the lower or arid parts of the others, chiefly feed on the succulent *cactus*. Those which frequent the higher and damp regions eat the leaves of various trees, a kind of acid berry called *guayavita*, and also a pale green lichen, that hangs in tresses from the boughs of trees.

The tortoise is very fond of water, drinking large quantities, and wallowing in the mud. The larger islands alone possess springs, and these are always situated towards the central parts, and at a considerable height. The tortoises, therefore, which frequent the lower districts when thirsty, are obliged to travel from a long distance; hence broad and well-beaten paths radiate off in every direction from the wells, even down to the sea-coast, and thus the Spaniards, by following them up, first discovered the watering-places. 'When I landed at Chatham Island,' says Mr Darwin, 'I could not imagine what animal travelled so methodically along the well-chosen tracks. Near the springs it was a curious spectacle to behold many of these great monsters, one set eagerly travelling onwards with outstretched necks, and another set returning, after having drank their fill. When the tortoise arrives at the spring, quite regardless of any spectator, it buries its head in the water above its eyes, and greedily swallows great mouthfuls, at the rate of about ten in a minute. The inhabitants say each animal stays three or four days in the neighbourhood of the water, and then returns to the lower country; but they differed in their accounts respecting the frequency of these visits. The animal probably regulates them according to the nature of the food which it has consumed. It is, however, certain, that tortoises can subsist even on those islands where there is no other water than what falls during a few rainy days in the year. Nature has provided them with a means of secreting a supply of water in the urinary vesicle. When moving to any definite point, they travel by night and day, and arrive at the end of their journey much sooner than would be expected. The inhabitants, from observations on marked individuals, consider that they can move a distance of about eight miles in two or three days.' One large tortoise which Mr Darwin watched, he found walked at the rate of sixty yards in ten minutes, that is, three hundred and sixty in the hour, or four miles a-day, allowing it also a little time to eat on the road. They are mute, unless during the breeding season, when the male utters a hoarse bellowing sound. The female deposits her white round eggs in the soil, and covers them up with sand; but where the ground is rocky, she drops them indiscriminately in any hollow. The young animals, as soon as they are hatched, fall a prey in great numbers to the buzzard. The old ones seem generally to die from accidents, as from falling down precipices; for the inhabitants say they have never found one dead except from some such cause. These animals appear to be destitute of the sense of hearing. 'I was always amused,' says Mr Darwin, 'when overtaking one of

these great monsters, as it was quietly pacing along, to see how suddenly, the instant I passed, it would draw in its head and legs, and, uttering a deep hiss, fall to the ground with a heavy sound, as if struck dead. I frequently got on their backs, and then, upon giving a few raps on the under part of the shell, they would rise up and walk away; but I found it very difficult to keep my balance.' In order to secure the tortoise, it is not sufficient to turn them on their backs like the turtle, for they are often able to regain their upright position.

The flesh of this animal is eaten both fresh and salted, and from the fat a very clear oil is obtained. When a tortoise is caught, the captor makes a slit in the skin near the tail, so as to see inside its body whether the fat under the dorsal plate is thick. If it is not, the animal is liberated, and it is said to recover soon from this strange operation.

Young tortoises are imported in great numbers into this country as pets—and rather uncouth favourites they are. Their structure is curious, as showing that unity of plan on which all the vertebrated animals are formed. The shell, which imparts the chief peculiarity of appearance in this class of reptiles, is a superadded contrivance altogether for defence and protection. Below this shell the chain of vertebræ, the bones and joints of the four legs, and the neck and skull, are all visible, though not so perfectly developed as in the higher vertebrated classes. Tortoises have been ascertained to live for a hundred years in a domestic state. They feed only at intervals, sometimes abstaining from all viands for three or four months at a time. They are fond of heat—will nestle among the ashes under the grate, or bask in the summer sun for days. In general they are very inactive, and averse to quick motion; but sometimes they rouse up and stalk abroad, raised high on tiptoe, and assuming a very smart and active air.

IV. Mr C. Darwin, in his passage over the Cordilleras, thus describes a flight of South American locusts:—'We observed to the southward a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour. For some time we had no doubt but that it was thick smoke, proceeding from some great fire on the plains. Soon afterwards, we found it was a herd of locusts—a species identical or closely resembling the locust of Asia. The insects overtook us, as they were travelling northward, by the aid of a light breeze, at the rate, I should suppose, of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet to that, as it appeared, of two or three thousand above the ground. The noise of their approach was that of a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. The sky, seen through the advanced guard, appeared like a mezzotinto engraving, but the main body was impervious to sight. They were not, however, so thick but that they could escape from a stick moved backward and forward. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves in a field, and changed the green into a reddish colour. The swarm having once alighted, the individuals flew from side to side in every direction. The locusts are not an uncommon pest in this country; already, during the season, several smaller swarms had come up from the sterile plains of the south, where they appear to have been bred, and many trees had been entirely stripped of their leaves. Of course this swarm cannot be compared to those of the eastern world, yet it was sufficient to make the well-known descriptions of their ravages more intelligible. I have omitted, perhaps, the most striking part of the scene—the vain attempts of the poor cottagers to turn the stream aside. Many lighted fires, and with the smoke, with shouts and waving of branches, they endeavoured to avert the attack.'

V. 'One day,' writes the same author, 'I was amused by watching the habits of a diodon, which was caught swimming near the shore. This fish is well known to possess the singular power of distending itself into nearly a spherical form. After having been taken out of the water for a short time, and then again immersed in it, a considerable quantity both of water and air were absorbed by the mouth, and perhaps likewise by the bronchial apertures. This process is effected by two methods—the air is swallowed, and is then forced into the cavity of the body, its return being prevented by a muscular contraction which is externally visible; but the water, I observed, entered in a stream through the mouth, which was wide open and motionless. This latter action must therefore depend upon suction. The skin about the abdomen is much looser than that of the back; hence, during the inflation, the lower surface becomes far more distended than the upper, and the fish in consequence floats with its back downwards. Cuvier doubts whether the diodon in this position is able to swim; but not only can it thus move forward in a straight line, but likewise it can turn round to either side. This latter movement is effected solely by the aid of the pectoral fins, the tail being collapsed, and not used. From the body being buoyed up with so much air, the bronchial openings were out of water, but a stream drawn in by the mouth constantly flowed through them. The fish having remained in this distended state for a short time, generally expelled the air and water with considerable force from the bronchial apertures and mouth. It could emit at will a certain portion of the water, and it appears therefore probable that this fluid is taken in partly for the sake of regulating its specific gravity. This diodon possessed several means of defence. It could give a severe bite, and could eject water from its mouth to some distance; at the same time it made a curious noise by the movement of its jaws. By the inflation of its body, the papillæ with which the skin is covered became erect and pointed. But the most curious circumstance was, that it emitted from the skin of its belly, when handled, a most beautiful carmine red and fibrous secretion, which permanently stained ivory and paper.'

VI. Though the surface of the earth, as it now exists, appears very stable and immutable, yet how many changes can be traced upon it, even within the periods of authentic history! Herodotus mentions that the Athenians hunted the wild boar in the forests on Mount Lycabettus, whereas now there is scarcely a shrub to be seen growing there. Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnassus, were also clothed to their summits with fruit-trees, now their sides are bare rugged rocks, with only a few stunted trees and shrubs. The soil must have been gradually washed down to the plains by the action of the elements. As a proof of this, in the plain of Olympia late discoverers have found the columns of the temple of Jupiter nearly twenty feet below the present surface of the ground.

In the first century of the Christian era, when Britain was invaded by the Romans, the whole central parts of the island were either covered with dense forests, or consisted of lakes and marshes. The clearing and cultivating of the country has not only enhanced the value of the soil, but rendered the climate infinitely more wholesome, and has tended to elevate the general temperature. The same effects have been produced in the vast territories of North America within the last three centuries, by the indefatigable energies of the Anglo-American colonists. Wood, from having been once superabundant, is now actually becoming a scarce commodity in some of the older states. In South America, again, very singular changes are being effected by the agency of natural powers. In the neighbourhood of Lima, Mr Darwin mentions the existence of a plain now dry and barren, but covered with ruins and marks of ancient cultivation. Near it was the dry course of a considerable river, whence the water for irrigation had formerly been conducted. The gravelly channel and water-worn rocks of its former course were distinctly visible, but an irruption of the earth forming an elevated ridge of hills, had crossed its channel, and fairly raised its lower part high above its source. The consequence was, that the flow of water was directed into quite a different channel, and the former fertile valley was left dry and sterile. On the elevated coasts of Peru, the same observant traveller remarked in a bed of shale, which had been raised to the height of eighty-five feet, along with shells and sea-weed, 'a bit of cotton thread, plaited rush, and the head of a stalk of Indian corn,' evidently proving that this elevation had taken place since man inhabited this part of Peru.

Similar changes of the relative level of land and sea have also been traced in many situations on the shores of Britain. Marine shells, of the same species as those at present existing in our seas, have been found in strata now elevated several hundred feet above the sea level, evidently showing that such elevations have occurred within the present geological era, and at periods comparatively recent. Thus, while the ever-ebbing and flowing ocean would appear at first view to be continually changing, it is in fact more immutable than the land around which it beats, and on which it is ever making inroads.

VII. The following eloquent passage in Mrs Butler's clever notes on America, forms one of the best incitements to the cultivation of natural science which we have seen:—'The soil, the banks by the roadside, and broken ridges of ravines and water-courses, attracted my attention by the variety and vividness of their colours—the brightest red

and yellow, and then again pale green and rich warm gravel colour. I wished I had been a geologist. How much pleasure of reflection and contemplation is lost to the ignorant, whose outward sense wanders over the objects that surround it, deriving from them but half the delight that they give the wise and well-informed!—even fancy is at fault; for fancy itself scarce devises images more strange, and beautiful, and wonderful, than the reality of things presents to those who understand their properties and natures.' We may add to this the remarks of another traveller, Dr W. Cumming, who thus concludes his wanderings in Egypt and other lands:—'My wanderings have now come to a close, and this night I conclude my diary. What have I gained by all my peregrinations abroad? To this question I find no satisfactory answer. One regret has always been uppermost in my mind; namely, that the education of my youth had been—I will not say neglected, but so misdirected. Of what avail were all the days and nights I spent hammering over the Greek language? or if I did derive any benefit, was it commensurate with the time and labour bestowed? Had the many valuable hours thus applied been devoted to the study of natural history, more especially botany, mineralogy, and zoology, I might have added to the stores of useful knowledge already in the possession of my country; whereas, ignorant to a great degree of these subjects, I return as barren, so far as the benefit of others is concerned, as before my departure. I blame no one: it was the fault not of individuals, but of the system which then prevailed. Thanks to the progress of human reason, or rather common sense, things are no longer so! Far be it from me to underrate the advantages of a classical education, or to deny the refinement and elevation of mind that learning can bestow. But if I had one advice more earnest than another to give to parents, it would be to avoid the indiscriminate teaching of Greek to all their sons, without reference to particular aptitudes, under the belief that they cannot be gentlemen when grown up without a knowledge of this language.'

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

The aptitude for learning languages has rarely been so remarkably demonstrated as in the case of Elihu Burritt, a native of North America, who is at present on a visit to England. Of this extraordinary exemplar of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, the following brief account is given in the Manchester Guardian:—

Elihu was born in Connecticut in 1811, of humble but respectable parents; attended the district school for some months yearly, until the age of sixteen, when, his father dying, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, at which trade he worked until he was twenty-three; and after trying, for a year or two, teaching and other professions, which did not suit his health, he returned to his anvil, at which he still labours when at home, devoting all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. 'By dint of hard labour, he has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages of Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete; among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul! It was stated, in a public meeting in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr Burritt by that time, by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with fifty languages. Mr Burritt shows no disposition to relax from his labours. He usually devotes eight hours to labour, eight hours to study, and eight hours to physical indulgence and repose; and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—those connected with "a sound mind in a healthy body." Nor does he confine his labours to the mere acquisition of literary wealth: he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodicals of high standing; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, with edification and delight.' Mr Burritt is now only thirty-five years of age, and he is visiting England partly to recruit his strength, and partly to see the English people with his own eyes, and judge for himself as to their character as developed at home. In one of his recent American publications, Mr Burritt gives the following notice of his intended journey through England:—

'About the 1st of June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff, and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a-day. Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into the barn-yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people; once in a while into a blacksmith's shop, to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latch-string that we find outside the door or gate, and study the physiology of turnips, hay-ricks, cabbages, hops, &c. and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the lions of the country, and confine our walks to the low lands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the labouring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moonshiny night, and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour, we think we might see and hear some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country on the railway at the rate of thirty miles an hour.'

Mr Burritt is tall, thin, and of good address; and no one, from his external appearance, would guess him to be a blacksmith. He has a fine intellectual countenance, bright speaking eyes, animated features, and a broad expansive forehead. There is none of that remarkable fulness in the eye which phrenologists usually assign to the organ of language when developed in an extraordinary degree; and he is not by any means a fluent speaker. Elihu Burritt is chiefly known in this country as the great advocate of peace principles in the United States; and he is continually publishing small printed slips called 'Olive Leaves,' which are printed in incredible quantities, and reprinted in about three hundred American newspapers. He expressed himself much pleased with England and with English hospitality, so far as he has seen the one and enjoyed the other; and was very much struck with what he regarded as the dense population of the country, as seen on the line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester, although this tract of country is generally regarded as sparely peopled, owing to the mosses and other causes.

SNOW MOULDS.

This is the name given to certain curious fungi belonging to the same division with the mucors, antennarias, and other microscopic kinds of mouldiness. One of these was first discovered, in the north of Iceland, by Hicnemann, who has described the genus under the name of *Chionyphe;* but two other species have since occurred in Germany, one in the neighbourhood of Dresden, and in great abundance. It is developed on the snow in clear weather, when the sun has power enough to melt the outer surface of the snow, without the existence of a general thaw. It appears, according to a correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle, to spring either from the dung of some animal, or on snow which is impregnated with dung or urine, and soon spreads over the surface of the snow in shining fleecy patches, dotted with red or green fruit, which resembles that of mucor. When the snow melts, it is left behind upon the subjacent grass, in the form of a cobweb stratum of great delicacy, which soon vanishes. Strange that the surface of so barren an element as snow should give birth and nourishment to a vegetable of such minute and delicate proportions. More recently, another kind of snow mould, discovered in Germany, has been described by Professor Unger, under the name of *Lanosa Nivalis.* Unlike the former, this is developed beneath the snow, and is in certain seasons extremely destructive to grass and corn. The years in which it is most injurious are those when a deep

snow sets in without any previous frost, when it sometimes destroys whole crops of corn; and this is so well known to the farmer, that in such seasons it is customary in certain districts to plough up the hard frozen surface of the snow occasionally during the winter. The plant is of a very simple structure, consisting merely of branched or jointed threads, the ultimate joints of the small lateral branches of which at length assume a red tinge, and separate at the articulations, producing oblong spores or vessels of fructification. It forms white patches a foot or more in diameter, made up of a number of smaller circular patches; and when the snow melts on the approach of spring, these assume here and there a red tint, as if dusted with red powder, in consequence of the ripening of the spores. The snow is scarcely melted, when the whole disappears, leaving behind a withered plot, which, according to the greater or less vigour or duration of the parasite, is either completely barren, or but slowly recovers its verdure. In some years the mould is so abundant that the crops are completely destroyed, and there is no other remedy than to sow them again.

COPY OF A GENUINE LOVE-LETTER.

[The gentleman who sends us the following, states that it was copied, with the greatest exactness, from a letter actually sent to the female relative of a person in business at Glasgow, by a Yorkshire manufacturer, who travelled for orders in his own gig, and who happened to see the lady at her friend's house.]

Glasgow, 16th Nov. 1810.

Dr Lady—Since you have been so Highly Recomended to Me, My Heart As been a Stranger to Rest, Which Induces, a Wish to Insinuate, My Self Into your Favour, by Entruding those Fue Lines under the Umbrodge of your Abilities, being Modesty Asured of a Favorable Cencor from a Lady of Candor and Judgement, wo Can so Truely Distinguish and Scan Over the Errors of Things That may Hapen in this Nature, but, I know, not whether You Will Prise or Condem Such Freedom from Me a Stranger, to you—But, Sence is no Greater Enemy, then Ignorance I hope Dr Lady youl Excuse My Freedom, and Should I the Good Fortune Share, to have A Little Encouragement Towards, My Perseverance, in Futer to Pay You a Visit, at your Native Place or to Corespond by Letter beleive I will Do it With a Lactrity, For I know My own Intention, But, a Stranger To yours, But if your Be the Same as Mine and not to Sublime For Me, I will Imbrase the Opertunity as quick as Thought, I do Not Mean to Decoy you with Such Words as Womon Doc When they Suckel their Children—but what I tell you is a Serious Matter of Fact Now After 19th Ist. if Ever I have the Pleasure of seeing you again which at all Depends, upon your Self, in Answering My Letters, and Should I have the Honour To Pay you a Visit, it will give Me More Pleasure, then a Weeping Hermit, thats Emegrated, From is Cave, Seven Years—He then is Pleas'd With the Sight of the Work, but, the Sight of you Again Dear Lady will Gratify My Humer More Then All the World Beside, So I must Conclude With Unfeign Comlements For Fear of being to Troublesome, Yours—Truely, And Effectless, Lover, and Devoted Hble Servant

N.B.—Bridle Cutlery, Sadling, Plated Harness, Sign Painting Engraving And Copper-Plate, Printing, &c. Carried on by —— ——— At ——, Yorkshire, and all its Branches in an Emproved Stile, By the Writer Here off Respectfull this Greether Sends With Best Respects, to All His Friends, and Thanks Them For Their Favours Past and Hopes Through Merit, Their Friendship Still will last.

THE ARRACACHA PLANT.

A report was lately read to the Paris Academy, by M. Boussaingault, in the name of a committee appointed to examine a paper by M. Goudot, on the nature of the plant arracacha, and the possibility of introducing it into Europe. It appears from the report that this plant comes to maturity under the same conditions of climate, in South America, as the potato, and therefore M. Goudot infers that it might be cultivated in Europe. In good soil, it produces a root that weighs from four to six pounds; and an acre of land will yield, with good culture, sixteen or seventeen tons, which is one half more than the average yield of the potato. The root is said to have a fine flavour, and to be exceedingly nutritious.

THE POOR MAN'S GRAVE.

No sable pall, no waving plume,
No thousand torch-lights to illume;
No parting glance, no heavy tear,
Is seen to fall upon the bier.
There is not one of kindred clay
To watch the coffin on its way;
No mortal form—no human breast
Cares where the pauper's dust may rest.

But one deep mourner follows there,
Whose grief outlives the funeral prayer:
He does not sigh, he does not weep,
But will not leave the sodless heap.
'Tis he who was the poor man's mate,
And made him more content with fate—
The mongrel dog that shared his crust
Is all that stands beside his dust!

He bends his listening ear, as though
He thought to hear a voice below;
He pines to miss that voice so kind,
And wonders why he's left behind.
The sun goes down, the night is come,
He needs no food—he seeks no home;
But stretched upon the dreamless bed,
With doleful howl calls back the dead.

The passing gaze may coldly dwell
On all that polished marbles tell;
For temples built on churchyard earth
Are claimed by richness more than worth;
But who would mark with undimmed eyes
The mourning dog that starves and dies?
Who would not ask, who would not crave,
Such love and faith to guard his grave?

—*From the newspapers.*

CURRENTS OF THE AIR AND OCEAN.

We are too apt, perhaps, to form our notions of the great atmospheric currents from the character of the winds to which we are exposed upon the surface of the earth; but a little consideration and observation will enable us to correct this prejudice. The lower strata of the inferior currents are perpetually opposed by fixed obstacles—mountains, hills, rocks, forests, and the works even of man—against which they expend most of their force, and by which they are deflected and reflected, and broken into whirls and eddies, producing, by their momentum, fitful rarefactions and expansions, which impress us with their character of unsteadiness and irregularity. But it is not so with the upper strata or with the superior current. Even in stormy weather, the eye can often penetrate through breaks in the canopy of clouds, when it may be observed that the wind aloft is blowing with such steadiness and smoothness, as not to break the form of the lightest cur-cloud that floats in its bosom, and indicates the velocity of its course. The passage of balloons invariably indicates the same steadiness of course; and the experience of every aëronaut confirms the fact, that whatever may have been the velocity of his passage, in the upper regions of the air all around him was perfect calm. A conflict indeed appears to take place at times at the junction of two opposing currents; but these are rare exceptions to the general rule. This state of the upper and under surface of the atmosphere is not unaptly represented to us by the state of the two surfaces of the fathomless ocean, only that the situation of their great disturbances is reversed. The currents of the great deep flow in opposite compensating streams, like those of the atmosphere. The hot water of the equatorial regions flows with various deflections towards the poles, and is replaced by an under-stream of cooled water from the polar regions. The disturbing forces which are perpetually acting upon the surface often mask this movement; but they extend not to the lower current, which flows on undisturbed by the most furious storms, and the mighty billows which oscillate above.—*Daniell's Meteorology.*

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SENSE OF WRONGS.

There are as great differences amongst men with respect to their sense of injury, as in any other feeling of our nature. It would be trite and tedious to go into detail on this point, but it may be allowable to remind the reader how often we see one man bear that with patience, the twentieth part of which rouses deep and lasting resentment in another; how some may be all but literally trampled upon without greatly exciting their indignation, while others take fire at the slightest approach to an insult. Injustice seems to be written in water in some natures; in others it is the tracing of a hot iron upon the living flesh.

Consult the common moral code of society upon this subject, and you find a surprising diversity of maxim. Sometimes we hear that it is amiable to receive injury and insult with patience; perhaps there may even be a reference to a higher standard, which dictates that the one should be returned with good, while of the other we ought meekly to invite a repetition. At other times we hear much of its being manly to stand up against unjust aggression, of whatever kind. To resent affronts, and repel assaults upon our rights, is said to be only showing a proper spirit. More particularly is this tone assumed with regard to the honour and rights of great bodies of men, such as nations; and accordingly the wars of injured and oppressed peoples have ever been among the most favourite themes of history.

There is, nevertheless, in a keen sensibility to injury, an absolute character which it imports us much to lay down distinctly. Not denying that moderate feelings of resentment have a legitimate use—the appointed defence of the innocent and worthy against the unscrupulous—we ought clearly to see that it is nothing more than useful. Being a feeling which regards self alone, it never can be justly regarded as a moral feeling: that is reserved for sentiments which look primarily to the good of others: there can, therefore, be no true grace about the sense of injury. This is true of sensibility to injustice in all its forms, from an Helen Macgregor crazed with her husband's bankruptcy, to a Lecomte shooting at a venerable prince for being denied some trifling favour. There is hardly need to say more on the absolute nature of the feeling; yet we may remark, as perhaps its worst feature, the tribunal from which it obtains all its judgments. That tribunal is self. The patient ever becomes the judge of his own wrongs, and all he says and does in consequence is of the dangerous character of 'wild justice,' or justice taken at his own hands. Even where legal means are taken to redress injuries, this partial judge is usually at the bottom of the plea, prompting the procedure, exacting the last penalty of the bond, and too often pursuing other and extra-judicial measures to make the desired end more certain. Such being the real nature of this feeling, we can only suppose that men sympathise with those complaining of injustice when the case touches their own interests, or is of a very gross and outrageous nature. But apart from such instances, it may be remarked that there is a general disposition to slight those who complain loudly and pertinaciously of injuries. Each man's selfhood contemns the selfhood of his neighbour.

And common observation of life will, we think, bear us out in saying that it is the selfish, as a class, who clamour most about their wrongs. Here possible exceptions must of course be allowed for. Yet we would insist that, generally, the person who is noted for complaints of grievances and persecutions is a selfish person. He feels keenly a loss of money, because he is selfishly fond of money. He suffers for years from some casual and perhaps unmeditated affront, because he is full of self-esteem. He takes bitterly to heart a failure in competition, because he secretly thinks there is no one equal to himself, or who has any claim when he is in the field. One never hears from such a person of any injuries suffered by others, although the world is confessedly full of wrong. He feels so exclusively for himself, as to be totally unconscious of the heart-sicknesses borne, perhaps more silently, by his fellow-creatures. Accordingly, a shipwreck might be passing before his windows, and he would fail to see it if some one were at the moment to break one of his panes. To such conduct that of the unselfish man is a complete contrast. He is placable, because, from a comparatively slender selfhood, he feels his own wrongs slightly. He is ready to forgive and forget before even the adversary who has done him the injustice, because he is more alive to what others, than to what himself, may suffer. *Ego* is little developed in him; therefore he is slow to take affronts, quick to overlook them. Even the goods of fortune he feels to be his by so modest a claim, that, when they are wrested from him, his sense of the severance is only superficial, and he sees comparatively little occasion to complain of it to the world. Such men are never seen to be spited at the world for their own sufferings in it. Injustice never appears to them a sufficient reason for withdrawing into their own shells, and systematically abstaining from efforts to sweeten society and alleviate human wo. No; they 'suffer long, and are kind.'

We also see the character of a keen sense of wrongs in the impulses to which it immediately leads. Startling as it may appear, all malignant passions, from deadly revenge down to domestic harshness, originate in, and are commensurate with, a sense of suffering in ourselves. The simple principle of vengeance is merely this—to make the other party suffer as much as we do, and till our own suffering ceases, which it generally does when a sufficient amount of retaliation has been

inflicted. Common bad temper, again, is only the expression of an inward uneasiness, either resulting from some casual and transient vexation, or resting in an original and unalterable discord of the natural feelings. Suffering—suffering alone—is the root of all the sourness and cruelty that darkens the earth. It follows that any unusual degree of sensibility to injury is extremely liable to be attended by a great and constant display of the malignant passions.

Seeing that the sense of wrong is liable to such associations, we may the more readily become convinced of its deficiency in that dignity and moral grace which the poets have sometimes conferred upon it. The indignant sorrows of heroes and heroines will no doubt affect us powerfully; but so do all displays of earnest feeling, on whatever account. We are excited—we sympathise—but our moral feelings remain dormant. These will stir wonderfully at the recital of woes borne in the manner of a Griselda; but they refuse to move under the vengeful declamations of a Constance.

The lesson here arrived at is that, while resentment of wrong is often useful and justifiable, it is not a thing to be gloried in, as many do. The keeping up a wrath, for however true a cause, during many long years, is not a proper subject of boasting, as many by their conduct would seem to consider it. It is a self-delusion to expect to exalt ourselves in the eyes of our fellow-creatures by telling them that we received a mortal offence half a lifetime since, and have never since forgot it. Only when men sympathise with each other's selfishnesses, which is what they have never yet done, will they admire and applaud when a keen sense of wrong is displayed before them. The proper feeling regarding such displays is pity. And well may this be entertained on such occasions, since, to tell us that you have kept up a bitterness for a series of years, is only to confess that you have all that time been unhappy. Who could look without compassion on one who is liable by each little rub of life to be deprived of his peace for some large segment of his existence?

There are many, of course, to whom such a preachment as this can be of no use. The selfish will be querulous, the benevolent will be placable and long-suffering, without any regard to speculations on the origin of their feelings. There is, however, a class, and that not a small one, who are ready to act very much as they may be guided by what they are accustomed to see and hear. For their sake, it is well to lay down in this manner the distinction between a dull and a keen sense of wrong. Let it be clearly understood by them, that to be placable is not to be tame or weak, but to act unselfishly, and in the way that tends to promote the good of society; while all manifestation of bitter and long-enduring resentment is only a proclamation of selfishness and of a self-war against the world. Let this be understood, and they will at once see whether it is best to reply with the soft or the hard word; to make a concession for peace' sake, or fight out a perhaps doubtful right; to scatter the ashes of the fire of resentment, and look up in the sunshine a genial, free-hearted, man-loving man, or to heap them together, that they may in time burn ourselves as well as others.

NARRATIVE OF JUAN VAN HALEN.*

ARRESTED BY THE INQUISITION.

Don Juan Van Halen was born in the isle of Leon, in Spain, on the 16th of February 1790. His mother was of an ancient Spanish family; his father was of Belgic origin, and had served in the Spanish navy. Juan was sent at an early age to the naval college, and having completed his studies, was appointed a lieutenant, and fought in the memorable battle of Trafalgar; after which he retired to Madrid, where he resided when Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Spain. He immediately took up arms in defence of his country, and was wounded in the bloody skirmish which took place between the French and the Spaniards on the Prado, or public walk, at Madrid, on the 2d of May. He was obliged to flee from the city on the same day, in order to avoid sharing the dreadful fate of many of his countrymen, whom Napoleon had commanded to be shot; and hastened to Galicia, where he fought under the command of General Blake.

Soon after this, articles of capitulation were agreed upon between the French and the Spaniards, and Van Halen, hoping to be more useful to his country by remaining at Madrid than by becoming an exile, took the oath of submission to Joseph Bonaparte, who now mounted the throne of Spain. When this king was driven from his new dominion by the rightful possessor of the Spanish crown, Juan, having received great favours from him, followed him to France, and remained for some time in retirement at Bordeaux.

In the year 1813, the Spanish government offered a full pardon to all those who had served under Joseph Bonaparte, and thus Van Halen had liberty to return to his native land. He presented himself to the Spanish general at Barcelona, who, in order to test his fidelity, gave him a dangerous commission. This he executed with success, and was immediately appointed aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief, and was mentioned in the Gazette of Madrid as 'a young man who had acted the part of a true patriot, by exposing his life to great danger for the benefit of his country.'

Thus far our hero's life was prosperous; but misfortunes soon overtook him; and, in order to understand these thoroughly, we must take a short review of the state of Spain at that time. Ferdinand VII., who had been driven from his throne by the French, was a weak and irresolute prince; he suffered himself to be ruled by those around him, and spent his time in frivolous occupations; he is even said to have embroidered dresses for the various images of the Virgin Mary. His subjects, hoping that he would have profited by his misfortunes, restored him to the throne; but their hopes were vain, for he was perfidious and ungrateful, promising what he never meant to perform, and betraying those whom he had previously flattered. The faithful defenders of their country were punished, religious fanaticism reigned over all, and the beautiful kingdom of Spain was left to the mercy of the Inquisition. This was a tribunal established in the year 1204, by Innocent III. (the same pope who had obliged King John to do homage to him for the crown of England), to judge those who dissented from the Roman Catholic religion. The head of the court was called the Grand Inquisitor, and he acknowledged no superior but the pope; those who were so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, were seized, carried into dungeons under ground, and tried in the dead of night. The victims very often did not even know the crime of which they were accused, nor were they allowed to defend themselves. This infamous tribunal possessed more power in Spain than in any other country. It had been established there by Isabella of Castile, a woman so good and so gentle, that, instead of blaming her, we must pity the superstition and religious bigotry which led her to think it right to introduce into her kingdom an institution so contrary to Christianity. The days which the Romish Church ordered to be kept as festivals were in Spain desecrated by the barbarous spectacle of the *auto-da-fé*, or the burning of those poor wretches condemned by the Inquisition. The procession, consisting of the victims, clothed in terrific attire, of the inquisitor-general, richly dressed, riding on a white horse, and of various monks and officers, moved slowly from the prison to the place of execution; the bells tolled mournfully; and a large concourse, including even kings and queens, assembled to witness this fearful spectacle. Some were strangled, and then burned; but most were burned alive, amid the shouts of the mob. Happily, Christianity is, by degrees,

* Translated, with abridgment, from Van Halen's own narrative, published in 1827.

becoming more understood, and such fearful cruelties are in a great measure laid aside.

We must return to Juan Van Halen. He was stationed with his regiment at the city of Jaen, and on the 8th of December 1815, was present at a family festival held by a friend named Parez. Just after the party was seated at dinner, the colonel of the regiment desired to speak to Van Halen, and informed him that he had received an order from the king to arrest him, and to take possession of all his papers. Thinking it a matter of but slight importance, Van Halen made no resistance, and was placed in the guard-room of the barracks, where he remained nineteen days. He was then sent, under a strong escort, to Malaga, where he was met by the governor of the city, from whom he received intelligence that the king had suspected him of plans to overthrow the government, and had therefore ordered that he should be immediately shot. Montijo, governor of the province of Granada, was, despite this command, determined to save Juan, and wrote to the king in his favour. Ferdinand denied that he had ever given such an order; and, after various applications, publicly proclaimed Van Halen's innocence, and promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Our hero now took up his abode in the city of Murcia, and we might expect that he would, in future, be cautious in his words and actions; but this was not the case. One of his most intimate friends was General Torrijos, who, discontented with the state of affairs, had, with some others, formed societies to second a rebellion, which was on the point of breaking out in Catalonia. This officer sent Van Halen to Gibraltar, in order to confer with some friends there; and various meetings were held during the night, at the different towns in which the disaffected persons resided. These were discovered by a servant, who, suspecting some plot, examined his master's papers during his absence, and immediately set out for Madrid to betray what he had found out. On the 21st of September, while Van Halen was absent on a party of pleasure, a body of soldiers surrounded his house, and two men, enveloped in cloaks, knocked for admittance. The servant appeared at the window, threatening to shoot them if they did not withdraw: they answered that they were General Irriberry and the senior inquisitor. The former ordered the soldiers to force the door; and Irriberry entering, searched the house, and took possession of a box of papers. About four in the morning Van Halen returned home, and upon ascending the steps, was seized by the soldiers, Irriberry saying in a haughty tone, 'I arrest you in the name of the king.' The bishop's carriage was then sent for, and Juan was carried to the Inquisition. This building had been in ruins, but was being rebuilt; and as the new prisons were not yet ready for occupation, our hero was ordered to follow the jailer to one of the four cells which yet remained of the old edifice. These dungeons were on a level with the river, which flowed through the town, so that they were very damp, and infested by rats. The light was admitted through narrow loopholes, and a bench of brick constituted the bed of those who were so unhappy as to be immured in these cells. However, the inquisitors endeavoured to make this wretched abode tolerably comfortable for Juan, and furnished him with bedding, a small table, and other necessaries. Among those who were connected with the secret societies we have mentioned, was a young man named Serafin del Rio, and a jeweller of the name of Esbry; these were also seized, their papers taken away, and they were confined in two dungeons adjoining that of Van Halen's.

At ten o'clock the following morning General Irriberry entered the prison, accompanied by the jailer, and in a rough manner desired Van Halen to follow him to the great hall of the Inquisition. Here were seated the senior inquisitor and many other officers, who immediately commenced an examination of the prisoner's papers; and having done this, commanded him to sign an inventory of them. He was then reconducted to his dungeon. During the examination of the documents, Van Halen had contrived to take away one of great importance, and to secrete it, unobserved, in his coat sleeve. On reaching his dungeon, he sought in vain for some method of destroying it, and was at last obliged to swallow it, as the safest means he could devise to prevent its discovery. The jailer visited these dungeons every evening, in order to bring the prisoners a cup of chocolate; and during one of these visits Van Halen, who had received permission to walk for an hour in the gallery into which the cells opened, examined closely the doors and loopholes of the passage. He found the doors of the other cells closed; and being convinced that these were inhabited, he began singing, and to his great delight was answered by a voice, which he recognised as that of his friend Serafin del Rio. Each related the occurrences which had taken place; and Van Halen found, as he had suspected, that Calvo, the servant, had been his betrayer, and that a box of papers which had been intrusted to his care was now in the hands of government. Several days passed on, during which the incarcerated friends contrived to communicate with one another, till at length the jailer, accompanied by an inquisitor named Castaneda, informed Juan that the new prisons were completed, and that he was to proceed thither immediately.

This new prison could not be called a dungeon. It was situated on the second floor of the building, and was about twenty-four feet square and eighteen feet high. The floor was of brick, and at the top were two large cross-barred windows, looking into the gallery; the bed was upon a large board, fastened with rings to the wall, as was also the table and the bench; at the end of the room, opposite the bed, was a large cross, painted green. We will now make use of the prisoner's own words in describing what occurred during his abode here.

'I waited impatiently for the evening, to see whether I should be allowed my accustomed walk; but the day passed without this indulgence. I heard Serafin's voice singing a hymn, among the verses of which he introduced the number of his prison. On the following day I did not leave my abode, and time passed heavily till the 2d of October, when Castaneda entered my prison, and informed me that I was to start for Madrid the following day. I contrived, after he was gone, to announce, by singing, my intended departure to Serafin. The next day the jailer begged to know my wishes respecting the furniture of my house, which had not been confiscated. I wrote a paper desiring it might be given to Serafin del Rio; thus feigning ignorance of his arrest. The jailer muttered something about Serafin's absence from home, and then retired greatly embarrassed. At one o'clock in the morning I was informed all was ready for my journey, and I was conducted through the streets to the carriage which was prepared for me, and which stood at the gate of a convent. Castaneda here took leave of me, and Irriberry, his adjutant, and myself, entered the carriage. We travelled many leagues without meeting any one, until we arrived the second night at an inn, where were many travellers. Among these I descried an old friend of my father's; but as I was closely muffled up, he did not recognise me, and I dared not ask Irriberry's permission to speak with him, though I longed for some intelligence of my family.

'At last we arrived at Madrid, and the carriage stopped at the door of the Inquisition—a splendid building, in a street of the same name. We went in, ascended a handsome staircase, and were conducted to a study, where we found the senior inquisitor seated in an arm-chair. He seemed to know my name; and presently, when the jailer appeared, ordered him to conduct me to a dungeon in the most retired part of the prison. Irriberry shook hands with me, and I followed my conductor down several flights of stairs, until we arrived at the cell, where another jailer was waiting. I entered, and the doors were closed upon me.'

The prison in which this unfortunate man was now

confined was built on the same plan as that we formerly mentioned, except that each of the double doors which secured it had a small aperture in the middle. At about six paces from the dungeon, in the short passage leading to it, was another door, which separated this part of the building from the staircase leading to the rest of the cells and to the jailers' apartments. The members of the holy court consisted of a senior inquisitor, two judges, an attorney named Yorilla, and two keepers—Don Juanito Sanches and Don Marcelino Villa. The last of these two keepers was a middle-aged man, of prepossessing appearance: he had married when young, and having no children, had adopted a girl taken from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. The other keeper was a young man, who had been brought up from his infancy in the secrets of this infamous tribunal, and, it may be imagined, not desirous of showing kindness towards its unfortunate victims. The treatment which Van Halen experienced here was much severer than that at Murcia: he was forbidden the use of any steel or sharp instruments, and his food was served to him ready cut, with a wooden spoon to eat it with; two jailers cleaned out the dungeon every second or third day.

For a week our hero was left in a wretched state of incertitude as to his fate. He had, before he left Murcia, demanded an audience of the king, and had even written to him to urge this favour more strongly; but no decided answer had been returned to him until the 18th of October, when Don Marcelino, Yorilla, and a third person, enveloped in a large cloak, entered his cell. The latter addressed the prisoner thus:—'His majesty has granted you an audience; remember that it is with the king that you are going to speak, and be open in your communications; to-morrow evening you will see our beloved monarch, and if you do not behave to his majesty's satisfaction, *tremble!* for there is no punishment, however rigorous, that will not be inflicted upon you.'

The next day the jailer desired Van Halen to put on the clean linen and the uniform which he had brought him; and Arellano, the king's messenger and favourite, entered, dressed in a gaudy manner, and commanded Van Halen to follow him to the king's presence. The king was alone when Arellano and his prisoner entered; and upon the latter kneeling to kiss his hand, asked him why he desired an audience?

'Sire,' replied Van Halen, 'because, if your majesty would deign to hear me leisurely, you would dismiss those prejudices which you have formed against me.'

'But you belong to a conspiracy against your king. Who are your accomplices?'

Arellano here pushed a pen and paper to Van Halen, commanding him to write the names of those concerned in the plot.

'I know not one, sire,' answered Don Juan.

'To the Inquisition with him!' cried the favourite; 'that court will extort his secrets by means of the rack.'

The king was displeased at Arellano's violence, and merely added, 'Tell me, by writing, what you have to say.' Van Halen kissed his hand, retired, and was taken back to his dungeon. On being left alone, he commenced immediately writing his petition to the king, which Yorilla sealed, and carried away, in order to send it to the Escurial, a palace about seven leagues from Madrid, where the court had just gone to reside, to celebrate a festival in memory of the obsequies of the former kings of Spain. This absence of the monarch was unfortunate for the prisoner, as he was left for many days in ignorance of the result of his application.

Meanwhile Juan's father, having heard a rumour of his son's arrest at Murcia, became very anxious, and inquired at the Inquisition concerning him, but could gain no information. In fact he seems not to have known that his son was at Madrid until very long after this time, nor did he even learn the origin of his misfortunes; so secretly was all the business of the holy court transacted.

Some days after Van Halen had despatched his petition to the king, Don Marcelino and two officers entered his dungeon. They cross-examined him very closely, adding that they were the officers commissioned to draw up a verbal process against him; and the next week he was visited by Villar Frontin, the king's secretary, who begged him most earnestly to disclose the names of those concerned in the plot. This he steadily refused to do; and the king, much displeased, gave orders that the whole affair should be placed in the hands of the Inquisition. The prisoner was summoned to appear before this tribunal. We will give his account of the court and its proceedings.

'At seven o'clock in the evening the jailers entered, and having searched me, conducted me to the hall of the tribunal, at the farther extremity of which stood a long table upon a platform, with the seats of the officers near it. A large cross, surmounted by a palm branch and a sword, stood in the middle of the table; and under a canopy, on one side, was the president's chair. I was led to the platform to take my oath, which I did by placing my hand on the cross, and repeating after the senior inquisitor a long creed on the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Yorilla then commenced examining me so skilfully, that my answers were limited to a simple *yes* or *no*. I felt much embarrassed, particularly when I was asked to swear to the signatures of letters from various friends, which they had found among my papers; but I succeeded in defeating the hopes of my judges, who imagined that they would have been able to have extorted much from me. My answers were taken down, and I was desired to sign these without their being read over to me; and after I had done this, I begged permission to have an advocate to plead my defence.

"And who would you have?" said Yorilla, breathless.

"Don Pedro Cano; he lives in Madrid, and has known me several years."

"It cannot be," answered he. "You may choose from the list which will be presented to you when the time arrives; but none but those belonging to the holy office are allowed to plead here."

'I was then dragged back to my dungeon in excessive agitation of mind, and with a burning thirst, which, owing to my water-jug being left empty, I was not able to quench.'

A second time was Don Juan dragged before the tribunal; various papers were placed before him, and he was asked if that were his signature which was attached to them. He denied having signed these; and a list of five hundred names of persons high in rank and office was presented to him, and he was asked to name those whom he knew. Happily he was acquainted with very few of those mentioned, and he still steadily refused to implicate any of his friends.

'The truth is what we expect to hear from you,' said Yorilla, red with passion; 'be certain that all the crimes of those whom you endeavour to shield will be visited upon you. The tribunal grants you twenty-four hours to choose either your salvation or your ruin. Take him away,' added he, turning to the jailer; and Van Halen was again led to his dungeon.

The excitement of this last examination, and the certainty that some horrible fate awaited him, now brought on a fever, and he begged Yorilla to give him water to quench his thirst. This inhuman man poured some water into the washing-basin, and giving it to the wretched sufferer, said, 'Drink there, like the savages of Africa; you have no more religion than they.'

'About eight o'clock in the evening,' says Van Halen, 'Don Juanito entered my dungeon, followed by four other men, whose faces were concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped above the head like a cone, and pulling over the shoulders and chest, in the middle of which were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep, when the noise of the doors opening awoke me; and by the

dim light of the lantern I perceived these dreadful apparitions. Imagining I was labouring under the effects of a dream, I gazed earnestly on the group, till one of them approached, and pulling me by the leathern strap with which my arms were bound, gave me to understand by signs that I was to rise. Having obeyed, my face was covered with a leathern mask, and I was conducted through various passages, until we entered a room, where I heard Yorilla order the attendants to untie the strap.

"Listen," said he. "You have hitherto been deaf to the commands of this holy tribunal; and as you will not obey, we will extort the truth from you by violence." I was hurried to the farther end of the room, and two high crutches were placed under my arms; my right arm was tied to the crutch, and my left was kept in a horizontal position. They then encased my hand in a wooden glove, which shut very tightly, and from which two iron bars extended to the shoulder. My legs were tied to the crutches, so that I could not move a muscle. Yorilla then demanded "if I did not belong to a society whose object was to overthrow the throne and the Catholic religion?" I denied it; and immediately the glove, which seemed to be resting on the edge of a wheel, began to turn, and I felt acute pain from the hand to the shoulder. A convulsive shudder ran through my frame, and I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I found myself stretched on the floor; my mask was removed, and I saw that Don Juanito and Yorilla were the only persons in the apartment. I was dragged to my bed, and spent the night in a burning fever, which before morning brought on delirium.' He was now attended by Dr Gil, the physician of the prison, who ordered the irons which fastened his arms together to be removed, and poultices were applied to lessen the inflammation. For several days he hovered between life and death; but at length, through the care and attention of his medical attendant—who seems to have felt some pity and kindness towards him—he recovered, though suffering much from weakness.

We now come to a humble heroine—the girl to whom Van Halen was ultimately indebted for his life and liberty. We have before mentioned that Don Marcelino had adopted an orphan girl from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. She was about sixteen years of age at the time that Marcelino was appointed governor of the prison, and from that time she had been intrusted with the menial services required in the prisons. The attention with which she performed these duties had gained her the confidence of all the officers, except Don Juanito, who never lost an opportunity of injuring her, hoping thereby to cause her removal. Don Marcelino, however, permitted her to enter all the passages of the prison, without watching or following her; and she had thus many opportunities of showing kindness to the unhappy victims.

'On Easter Sunday,' continues our hero, 'the prisons were always visited by the officers of the holy court; and this year the curiosity excited about me was so great, that a larger number of inquisitors and familiars than was usual attended. However, I was spared the uncomfortableness of seeing these men; for I heard Yorilla tell them, as they approached my prison-door, that they had seen all the prisoners, and he ordered them to withdraw. I discovered afterwards that he did this in order to prevent my seeing Don Manuel Centurion, chamberlain to the king, and a very old friend of my father's, who had joined the inquisitors that day in the hope of discovering in what condition I was; for Don Juanito had previously told him that I was confined in one of these dungeons. My unhappy family, who had awaited Don Manuel's return from his visit in great anxiety, were overwhelmed with grief at hearing that he had not seen me, particularly my mother, who had already petitioned the king for my forgiveness, but without success. Towards evening I suffered so much from pain in my chest, that I retired to bed; but at the moment I lay down on my mattress, I felt a little lump, just in the middle. I looked, and found that it was the upper part of an ear-ring. This discovery cheered me, for I had no difficulty in guessing its owner; and I tried to devise some means of answering this sign. At last, hoping that my dungeon would be swept the next day, I wound some of my hair round the ear-ring, and left it in the same place where I had found it.'—(*To be concluded in next number.*)

INDICATIONS OF VEGETABLE INSTINCT.*

In a previous paper, we gave some account of those singular motions which have been noticed in the organs of certain plants, remarking that it is apparently a mistake to believe spontaneity of motion to be the peculiar attribute of animal organisations. Our attempt, in the present instance, will be to exhibit another aspect of the subject, and to give a few indications which seem to point to the conclusion, that the vegetable world is also in the possession of a species and degree of instinct or sensation.

Until of late, it has been the universal opinion that both these endowments must be denied to vegetables; but with the progressive discovery of the motions alluded to, and of the several facts about to be related, this belief is giving way to what seems a perfectly allowable deduction from these facts—an opinion of precisely the opposite character, however startling it may appear to many who have hitherto regarded plants as only a grade above the inorganic kingdom. A short consideration of the subject, in the following manner, may prepare the way for the admission; and we believe few who will calmly discuss the question, will leave it with a doubt upon the mind. If the evidence can scarcely be considered as conclusive, it is at all events of such a remarkable, plain-speaking character, as to call for a certain amount of credence and attention.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that at what may be called the confines of the zoological kingdom, there exist certain simple forms of animalcules, in which no nerves are, by our present instruments, to be discerned; but we can hardly conceive these creatures to be destitute of them, when we find that they execute movements of a character bearing the most precise analogy to those of higher orders of created beings. Thus they chase their prey through the water; in turn they themselves flee from their enemies: they possess the liveliest powers of locomotion, at the complete control of the creature; are endowed with the power of digestion, and of the perception and discrimination of their appropriate nutriment; which are all functions in nobler creations, dependent upon the existence, if not of centres of sensation, at anyrate of nervous fibres. It is easy, therefore, to believe that in their case nerves, and a stimulable tissue not necessarily identical with ordinary nerves and muscles, do exist, but are imperceptible, owing to our defective and limited powers of investigation. But when these analogical inferences are developed to a point yet further, when they are made to embrace conferva, the humblest of vegetable forms, a difficulty arises in the admission of the existence of nerves or muscles, for which no other cause can be adduced than that, in the more complex structures of the same kingdom, such an apparatus is not to be found; physiologists hesitating to admit the existence of other excitable tissues than animal muscle, and of other stimulus-conveying fibres than animal nerves. An assumption like this is not absolutely necessary. It is impossible to say that certain vegetable organs and tissues only discharge one function; it is perfectly conceivable that they may be endowed with two or more, abstractedly. Who, for example, could witness an os-

* To prevent misapprehension, it seems necessary for us to state that this and a previous paper are the composition of a naturalist who has forwarded them for our insertion. Believing that the subjects of which they treat are full of novelty and interest, we give them a place, without vouching in any respect for the accuracy of the writer's hypotheses or conclusions.—Ed.

cillatorial filament wriggle itself out of a plate, and move towards the light with an invincible pertinacity, and could feel a doubt that it possessed the instinct that light was good for it; in obedience to which impulse, it was using every effort in its power to reach it? Place by its side a humble animalcule, which, with movements of equal vivacity, dances hither and thither in its native element, and let science put her finger upon the point where sensation ceases on the one side, and some new faculty commences on the other.

Taking a hurried survey of the striking movements enumerated in a former paper. Here are plants folding close their delicate organs from the cold evening air, expanding them again to the genial sunbeam; here are plants shrinking from the drenching rain, or opening to welcome the refreshing shower, as their different constitutions may suggest; here are some casting forcibly off every intruder to the honey cell; here are others, on the contrary, spreading their leafy traps for the capture of such offenders; here are a few abashed and shrinking from the touch; and finally, were St Vitus's Dance a vegetable malady too, here is one—the Desmodium gyrens—which is decidedly a victim to it.

Leaving, however, the discussion to another and more befitting arena, we would proceed to indicate that, putting aside the question of the amount of sensation involved in the motions referred to, there are other and even more remarkable points of view from which to contemplate the subject.

There is a class of poisons which may be shown to operate purely upon the sensation of animals, causing no chemical or physical disorganisation of their structure; these are opium, belladonna, Prussic acid, nux vomica, tobacco, &c. If, now, it can be shown that these agents act in a deleterious manner upon plants, we have the presumptive evidence of strong analogy in support of the idea of vegetable sensation. M. Marcet has set the question at rest. From his experiments, it has been found that, even in minute quantities, the poisons specified are destructive to vegetable life. If a leaf of the sensitive plant is cut off, and placed in pure water, it curls up its leaflets, but in a short time they again expand, and retain their irritability for several days, expanding and shrinking up as on the plant itself, when touched with the finger or with a needle; but if another leaf is cut off, and placed upon water, to which a solution of belladonna has been added, the leaflets collapse, and subsequently expand; but after this it seems paralysed—its life is extinct, and even if it is then put into pure water, it no longer can be made to contract. Electricity, extreme cold, mineral poisons, arsenic, &c. are productive of similar consequences. Every one is familiar with that simple experiment, the fumigation of a rose-tree, to destroy the insects which infest it. It affords us an instance of the action of a narcotic poison not only upon the insects, but also upon the plant itself. The little creatures tumble from the branches, stupified with the tobacco fumes. And at the same time it may be observed that the leaves of the rose droop, some of its youngest and tenderest branches hanging down, and only recovering, after exposure to a purer atmosphere, their former position and healthy aspect. The effect of these poisons obviously indicates that all plants possess an occult principle, having a certain analogy to sensation. It is found, also, that when certain chemical substances in solution are presented to their roots, the foreign matter is carried into the circulating system of the plant, but is almost invariably, if it is unsuitable for its nutrition or for the formation of its secretions, carried down again, and thrown off by the roots. Even in the selection of its proper food by the delicate spongiole of the root, it would seem as if some kind of discerning faculty were in operation, which at anyrate may be compared to animal instinct.

The struggle which plants growing in a cellar or darkened room make towards the light, however small the glimmer which may pierce the darkness, and the sedulous manner in which the radicle and plumule of the germ respectively avoid and seek the same influence, seem to speak in similar language. Every one who has watched the growth of the tendril of the vine, or the stem of the creeping-plant, must have observed that neither make any turns until they come into contact with some object around which they can twine; so that, up to a certain point, the stem of the most inveterately-twisting plant remains as straight as possible; but at the point of contact with another body, a volution immediately commences, and thenceforward it proceeds in a spiral direction around the object held in its embrace. In the case of the briony, simple contact with the object is not sufficient to cause the twisting of the stem. To prove this, the experiment of tying it with a string at a certain point has been made; but the plant made no attempt to twist at that point. A small weight was then attached to the string, and the tendril immediately began to shorten itself by making several spiral turns. This seems to indicate that the tendril of the briony, naturally, will twist only when it has the weight of the stem to support. The writer who records this experiment, and whose striking phraseology is almost indicative of his name, adds, 'it is a hand seeking in the dark, and grasping what it has felt by the action of muscles remote from the sensible point.'

The remarkable manner in which plants search for their food, within certain limits comparable to that of animals, appears to imply the existence of some higher impulse than mere fortuity. The strawberry plant will thrust its 'runners' completely across a garden walk, on to a bed of soil on the opposite side, where it will for the first time, as it were, perceiving its object to be gained, push out roots, and form a new plant. It is not uncommon to find travellers relating the most singular freaks played by trees and plants in quest of nutriment. Trees are sometimes found which have taken root on one side of a deep ravine, and having exhausted the sterile soil on that side, have pushed forth roots completely across the abyss, which have gained its opposite side, and there struck deep into more fertile ground. Plants are often to be found which have rooted in old walls; but soon experiencing the want of soil, extend long roots in the direction of the ground, which they penetrate, and then form radicles. If the roots of a plant are accidentally denuded, and there happens to be some moist substance, as wet moss, in their neighbourhood, they direct themselves towards it, and eventually succeed in reaching it.

A modern and eminent writer narrates, that 'among the noble collection of palm-trees cultivated by the Messrs Loddige of Hackney, near London, was one furnished with hooks near the extremity of the frond, evidently designed for attaching it to the branches of trees for support, when growing in its native forest. The ends of the fronds were all pendent but one, which, being nearest to the rafters of the conservatory, lifted its end several feet to fasten to the rafter: none of the other fronds altered their position, as they could not have reached the rafter had they attempted to do so.' What a striking recognition, in the tree, of an evidently fortuitous circumstance! What but instinct could have directed that vegetable hand to the roof for its support? and what but that keep pendent the branches which would have sought it in vain? We may conceive a similar impulse to direct the branches of the great banyan-tree, when they can no longer support the ponderous vegetation, to send down roots which shall form at once a support and a source of fresh nutriment to it, extending the giant tree in every direction around the parent trunk.

The pandanus, or screw-pine, so called from the corkscrew-like arrangement of its leaves, commonly found in Madagascar, the Isle of France, and the Indian Archipelago, affords us a most curious example of a self-preservative instinct. The tree has somewhat the appearance as if the earth had been removed from its roots, leaving them dangling in the air. This arises from its sending down long aërial roots for some distance

above the ground. These roots are protected at their extremities by a loose cup-like investment of cellular membrane, which defends the delicate tissue of the tip from any injury until it reaches the soil, where its use is at an end, and the roots then bury themselves in the earth. The trunk of the tree is supported at some distance from the ground by a number of such roots, and as it year by year increases in size and weight, there would be a risk of the downfall of the whole structure, were it not that, to compensate for the increasing ponderosity of the trunk, fresh roots are thrown out, which, reaching the ground, form fresh props to the superstructure, acting also as buttresses against the too great bending of the tree before the wind. But it is worthy of remark, that if the tree leans to one side, endangering its safety during the next storm, it puts out roots, at some distance above all the rest, on the inclining side, which reach the earth, and form supports to the trunk perfectly analogous in their intention and use to the shores and timber-work used by human architects to prop up a building in danger of falling.

Plants, in a few instances, would appear as if endowed with a care for their offspring. Not to enumerate the mechanical contrivances for this end, which do not belong to our subject, the mangrove, for example, retains its berries until they are firmly rooted by its side, when the parental connexion is at an end. This is true also of other plants; while some, whose drooping flowers would drop the ripened seed at the period of its maturation, erect their stems, as if to prevent the seeds falling out.

Vegetable instinct seems also to find an illustration in the adaptability of plants to different climates. It is well known that plants brought from tropical countries, after a little time inure themselves to the altered circumstances of the soil and temperature of temperate latitudes: the most familiar instances are the potato and the dahlia, both natives of tropical climates. Kalm, one of the disciples of Linnæus, relates that apple-trees sent from this country to New England blossomed for a few years too early for that climate, and bore no fruit, but after that learnt to accommodate themselves to their new situation. It is a fact, that seeds and roots brought from southern latitudes germinate in our country sooner than others brought from more northern ones—although exposed to equal conditions of temperature—owing to their acquired habits; but these in time fall in with the new conditions.

To take a concluding glance at the subject. It is manifestly impossible in this place, as indeed it would also be inappropriate, to do more than collect a few scattered instances of phenomena of daily occurrence in the vegetable world which seem to point to the possession of a certain amount of sensation by them. In an inquiring spirit we may ask the nature and the cause of these, while it would be presumptuous to pronounce a decided opinion upon the question. It is reserved for modern science to link these phenomena together, and refer them to their proper cause; ours is the more humble attempt to awaken an interest, which may stimulate further and deeper research.

But while the present state of our information forbids all dogmatising upon the subject, we are by no means precluded from the formation of a strong and not unreasonable supposition that some such faculty as sensation, in a low, and often in an obscure degree, appears to exhibit itself in some, if not actually in all the examples detailed. Until the contrary is proved, let us be content with this, which, at all events, is an ennobling and exalting belief: it is one which elevates our conceptions of the great Creator's benevolence in all his operations; and whether we agree or not with Wordsworth—

> 'And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes'—

there can be no question that the subject demands considerably more attention and consideration than it has hitherto received.

Were we to indulge in the dreams of poetic imaginings, we might expand our views, and conceive—probably not altogether without truth, even where no more prominent indications of vegetable instinct and sensation exist than are to be found in the fresh luxuriance of a thriving vegetation—that there is a world of sentient creatures delighting in the balmy rain, gladly welcoming the returning sun, and silently resting during the shades of night; rejoicing in a measure of happiness which, if not strictly comparable with that of higher beings, yet is all good of its kind, and adds its humble voice to the hourly anthem offered by creation to Creative love.

In bringing the subject to a close we may borrow the words of an author before cited, and, while unwilling to express a decided opinion upon the subject, we may still confess our own strong inclination to his belief:—'If the daisy, the germ struggling for the surface, the tendril searching for support, the root seeking water, the mimosa, and the hedysarum, are without metaphysical powers, without sensations of consciousness, whence should the sponge and the alcyonium (recognised members of the zoological family) possess them?'

A TRADITION OF SARK.

The small island of Sark, or, as it is sometimes called, Serk, is situated in the British Channel, somewhat between, and to the southward of its better-known neighbours, Alderney and Guernsey. In fair weather, it is easily discernible from Port St Peter in the latter island, being distant about seven miles—an hour and a half's sail, under the most favourable conditions, owing to the prevalence of strong currents, which in some cases literally race between the islands. As thus seen, it presents the most singular appearance. To my own mind, there is no simile which seems to picture it more completely than that of conceiving it to be a vast wart stuck in the green waters, with rugged sides and a verdant summit. This will only faintly convey the impression of the precipitous character of the mural ramparts with which the island breasts and defies the Atlantic stream rushing up the Channel. The British seas own scarcely such another island as Sark. It is a natural citadel, shut up on every side, and built, as it were, to defy the entrance of mankind: its perpendicular sides are cleft into deep abysses, which seem to yawn with fearful omen upon all intruders; while every now and then some great wave breaks over their mouths, filling the air with a thunder of the most mournful and depressing character. The surrounding waves bristle with sharp rocks, which assume the most grotesque and hideous forms I ever beheld—huge elephants, giants' heads and arms, pinnacled spires, pyramids, heads of animals—and from the face of one black rock looks forth a gigantic countenance, grinning a grim defiance. These accessories appear as if set by nature as huge sentinels to guard the privacy of the isle. Tradition and history concur in informing us of the fearful shipwrecks which these natural defences have caused; and it is still more melancholy to think that the great caverns, over which the waters idly splash now, have formerly resounded to the drowning shriek of the unhappy seaman.

From an outline so forbidding as this, it may be conjectured that it was long ere Sark was inhabited by man. The gray gull probably held undisputed dominion over it for centuries. It was about the sixth century, if history is to be relied on, before a human being entered the island, at least to dwell there. The first occupant, having a just appreciation of the peculiar appropriateness of the island for seclusion, was, as we are informed, a bishop of Dol, in Brittany, who had in view the conversion of the neighbouring islands to the Christian faith; and, as a preparation for the work, the old gentleman shut himself up in Sark to enjoy a little private meditation. There he built himself a chapel and mo-

nastery. Whether, having once got in, the reverend father found it a hard matter to get out again, and so remained a solitary prisoner to the end of his days, history says not. For a considerable period subsequent to the decease of the bishop, Sark was as desolate an island as the veriest hermit could have desired; but it was a desolation of a peculiar character; for the seas around it, and the nearest islands were, if not filled with life and bustle, at anyrate tolerably busy for quiet times like these; and no doubt many a passing vessel carried a shuddering crew as she ran by the frowning cliffs and roaring caves of Sark.

Of the tradition I am about to relate there are two or three differing accounts. All agree upon the remarkable manner in which the exploit was conducted, but differ with regard to the time and persons engaged therein. A sketch of events in chronological order will give us an outline of both accounts.

The next occupants were a horde of pirates, who, protected by the nature of the coast from all aggression, and possessing themselves of the requisite intimate knowledge of its dangers, were able to pursue their iniquitous trade to an extent which made them the terror of the Channel. The island itself was the destroyer of perhaps more vessels and men than the pirates, as, in stormy weather, they exhibited false lights and beacons, which only too successfully decoyed ships into their power, or caused their ruin upon the iron-bound shores. The havoc committed was so extensive, as to prove a material hinderance and injury to the trade of these parts, and it was determined by the merchants of Rye and Winchelsea, who had probably been among the severest sufferers, to send out an expedition to exterminate the pirates without mercy. If these were really the actors in the succeeding drama, it will tell by what means they accomplished their end.

Sir Walter Raleigh, and some annalists of the Channel Island events, record that, after the expulsion of the pirates, Sark was for some time once more left to its primitive desolation and solitude, until, in fact, the reign of Edward VI. During that monarch's reign, however, it was seized by the French, who performed a work of considerable supererogation in fortifying the island by the erection of two forts thereon; and thus, as Sir Walter Raleigh says, could have held out 'against the grand Turk himself,' there being a sufficient quantity of cultivated ground to support the men necessary for its defence in perpetuity. The French, availing themselves of their invincible position, harassed the English traders, and did serious damage to the Channel traffic, making descents, to the great loss and terror of the inhabitants, also upon the neighbouring islands. No open military efforts appear to have been made to dislodge them from their citadel. If made, they were futile; and, in truth, it was probably perceived that all chance of success by other means than stratagetic was wholly nugatory. In the reign of Mary, some bold Flemings, subjects of Philip her husband, headed by a gentleman from the Netherlands, undertook the work, and immediately set forth on the expedition. Whether the Winchelsea and Rye merchants, or Flemings, have the legitimate claim to the merit of the action, I am unable to determine: either account is sufficient for my purpose in the present place.

A single ship anchored before Sark, having all the appearance of a merchant vessel, which excited an unusual commotion and surprise among the vigilant inhabitants of the island: her sails were hauled down, and preparations were made on board for a temporary stay. There was something particularly alarming in all this; but it was carefully remarked by the look-out on shore, that no weapon of offence was visible on deck, or in the hands of the seamen. There were all sorts of conjectures as to the object of the arrival, and the most sedulous preparations were made by the Sarkese for a vigorous defence in the event of any attack upon the island. Nothing, however, appeared to be farther from the minds of the occupants of the ship. A white flag waved from her top, and every demonstration of a pacific nature was exhibited. But the Sarkese were not without the strongest suspicions of treachery; and when they beheld a boat leave the side of the vessel with a white flag at her bow, and containing only a few sailors, and make for the rocks, which formed the only landing-place, they crowded to meet them with loaded harquebusses and other weapons of offence. The sailors, however, making parade of their defenceless condition, were permitted to approach within earshot of the rocks, and then explained the object of their visit. A comrade, a good son of the Catholic church, had died on board a day or two previously. Their vessel was outward bound; they might not, within a considerable period, touch at any part where there was consecrated ground, and they prayed permission to inter his remains in the little chapel erected by the pious hands of the bishop already mentioned. No weapon should be brought on shore, and, in return for the permission, a present would be made of *such commodities* as they had on board: their only object was, that the bones of their departed friend might be committed, not to the mercy of the waves, but to a peaceful rest in the holy chapel. Accessible through their religious feelings to this demand, the Sarkese were nevertheless somewhat suspicious; but the seamen acted their parts with so much simple earnestness, and they had already given such a striking evidence of the perfect harmlessness of their intentions, in voluntarily throwing themselves into the power of the others, that permission was at length given, upon the express condition, however, that not so much as a 'pocket-knife' would be allowed to be brought on shore—a condition which obtained the readiest assent from the men, who returned to the ship, concealing their exultation, until beyond the reach of detection, at the partial success of their adventure.

On shipboard that night a goodly-sized coffin, which, in anticipation of the mournful event, had been prepared, was filled, not with the cold remains of their comrade—an individual of fictitious origin altogether—but with a large number of swords, targets, and harquebusses, carefully packed, to provide against any risk of detection by their rattle, over which the coffin lid was secured, but in such a manner as to admit of its ready removal. The next day saw the boat leave the ship with a few more men than on the previous occasion, containing in her centre the coffin, covered by a flag, and having in its interior the pseudo corpse. It was met by the Sarkese at the landing-place—nothing more than a few rude steps cut into the face of the cliff; and each man was permitted to leave the boat only after undergoing a rigid search. All suspicion was at rest with the Sarkese, who, after crossing themselves with devout diligence, proceeded to give assistance to the removal of the coffin. To the invaders this was a particularly anxious time, as it was absolutely necessary that none of the islanders should have any idea of its weight. Long ropes had been provided, as, from the precipitous nature of the place, it was requisite to draw the coffin up the rocks; and the seamen, taking great care that none of the Sarkese should lend a hand to the work, with hearts, as may well be conjectured, full of the most painful excitement, eventually, after the greatest difficulty, and by an amount of exertion the more painful, from the necessity of its concealment, succeeded in effecting its safe landing upon the summit of the rock. The men drew a long breath: one of the most formidable of their difficulties had been overcome, and they began to make arrangements for the completion of the funeral ceremony. The Sarkese despatched a body of men to secure the boat, while the rest accompanied their visitors, who shouldered the coffin with a solemnity becoming the supposed character of the occasion, and, with much of the semblance of unfeigned sorrow, carried the remains towards the burial-place.

Those of the Sarkese who had secured the boat, then

pulled towards the ship in anticipation of the promised commodities, and, without a dream of treachery, on arriving at the vessel, clambered up her sides. As soon as they touched her deck, a number of seamen rushed upon them, disarmed them without a blow, and bound them together and to the deck by heavy manacles. A party then entered the boat, and rowed hard for shore, to the rescue and assistance of their companions engaged in the funereal obsequies.

These, being at the head of the procession, proceeded at a steady pace until within a short distance of the chapel, where they quickened their steps. All had entered before the arrival of the Sarkese, who had followed them. The pregnant coffin was set down, the chapel door closed and fastened, the coffin lid was rapidly removed, its contents drawn forth, the men arming as silently and swiftly as possible, and by the time the Sarkese had arrived at the chapel, there was a company of men armed to the teeth ready to salute them. The chapel door was unfastened; and the Sarkese, to their horror and amazement, received their first intimation of the real object of the mourners in a furious attack, before which they fell like sheep.

The suddenness of the onset took away all power from the men, and they fled with the wildest precipitation from before the murderous weapons of their assailants. A few, of bolder hearts, made a short defence, but were swept down by the swords of their enemies. The rest flew hither and thither; and, rendered almost senseless by surprise, some plunged with mad haste into the yawning abysses around the island. Others, more wisely perceiving all efforts at defence and escape to be alike in vain, surrendered themselves to their victors. In a word, the island was depopulated, and the Channel Islands ridded of one of the most serious and mischievous annoyances to which their trade and security had ever been subject.

The foregoing adventure, however much partaking of the character of a romance, rests upon evidence sufficient to assert its credibility in the most complete manner; and, moral considerations apart, there can be no doubt that the projector and executor of this *coup de main* must have been, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'a bold and very ingenious gentleman.'

PROPER NAMES IN POETRY.

While perusing the works of the best poets, we often find—apart from all that strictly belongs to the subject—a charm in the proper names and the manner in which they are introduced. The very sound of these names is felt to be beautiful. Beautifully do they blend with the liquid measure; still more beautiful are the associations which they awaken. Word after word meets our eye as we read, recalling the tasks of our schoolboy days, the well-thumbed volume over which we pored wearily, little anticipating the pleasures we were storing up for a future day. Here a name, long buried beneath the accumulating mass of diurnal cares and duties, starts out in relief, and reminds us of our early lessons, when for us all history was *true*, and our sympathies were all on the side of the world-conquering legions of Rome. We remember many feats of heroic bravery and inflexible virtue, and feel glad when, in after-life, we meet the names of the actors perpetuated in poetry. Sometimes with the recollection of the studies comes the memory of many of the happiest of our youthful days—of visits and journeys in sunshiny weather, interwoven with achievements of the ancient time. Some of the names we not unfrequently read are connected in our minds with whatever is great and glorious. The orator quotes them when fanning with his eloquence the slumbering fire of patriotism; the statesman and philosopher cite them as noble and enduring specimens of human genius; and the historian records them as examples worthy of our admiration and imitation—

> 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

The names of places which have been the scene of great events, of objects linking the present with the past, of countries where thought has shaped itself into matchless forms and immortal deeds, possess the same charm as the names of persons. What a brilliant page of history opens before us on reading Byron's lines!—

> 'The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And musing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might yet be free;
> For, standing on the Persian's grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave.'

And further on—

> 'Of the three hundred grant but three,
> To make a new Thermopylæ!'

startles us by the ease with which the accent lends itself to the rhyme, while we recollect the thrill with which we first read of the little devoted band of Spartans contending, in the narrow defile, against the overwhelming hosts of Xerxes. And what a flood of associations, so to speak, rushes upon us with the lines in the splendid apostrophe to the Ocean!—

> 'Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
> Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?'

We are carried back to the infancy of society and of empire; to our Biblical lessons; to the Punic wars, Hannibal, Regulus, Marius; to the beautiful in art, the sublime in philosophy, and wondrous in fable.

In another place we feel the almost magical effect of the introduction of the names of persons—

> 'Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
> The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe:'

evoking from the past the deadly struggle between the haughty Venetian and indomitable Turk. Nor do the names lose any of their charm when connected with the more peaceful and humanising pursuit of literature and science. In one place the poet speaks of the 'starry Galileo,' and presently we read—

> 'The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
> Rienzi! last of Romans!'

And elsewhere—

> 'Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
> And Livy's pictured page!'

Dryden's writings, among which 'Alexander's Feast' may be instanced, contain numerous examples of the happy introduction of proper names; and the vast and exuberant mind of Milton has heaped them together in his immortal poems, where every word is a picture. How much of Hebrew history lies in these lines from Paradise Lost!—

> 'Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
> Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
> And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds,
> Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
> Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
> Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.'

And of classic memories in stray gleanings from the Paradise Regained, where 'Athens' is described as 'the eye of Greece, mother of arts:'—

> 'See there the olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long:
> There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
> To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream.'

Among our earlier poets, Spenser abounds in beautiful examples of the truth we are attempting to illustrate. It is scarcely possible to turn over the leaves of the Faery Queen without confessing the art displayed in the introduction of proper names. But there is one portion of this musical poem which more particularly applies to our present purpose: we refer to the marriage of the Medway and the Thames, where the bard, contemplating his task of enumerating the principal rivers of the world, says—

> 'Oh, what an endless work have I in hand,
> To count the sea's abundant progeny!'

How well he performs his work, let the following passage testify:—

'Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate;
Araxes, feared for Great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romans' fame;
Rich Granochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river which doth bear the name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possess the same.'

In this verse we are carried into each of the four quarters of the world in succession, ending with the then recently-discovered Orinoco and Amazon, whose names are associated with Columbus and the daring adventurers of Spain. But the poet comes back to his own island, and sings—

'Next there came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gauls ever they do call;
And Tweed, the limit betwixt Logris' land
And Albany; and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stained with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tined* on his strand.'

Many portions of Drayton's Polyolbion are of a similar character: the stately metre is well adapted for the display of the famous names which he introduces, while chanting the praises of the Trent—

'She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear—
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.'

And further on, in a comparison with other streams, he says—

'What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be,
From Isis and old Tame his pedigree derive;
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among.'

Not less spirited is one of the same writer's sonnets, in which he trips lightly from flood to flood, combining, within the compass of a few lines, a thousand historical and poetical associations—the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men, the invasions of the old sea-kings in their swift-rowing galleys, feuds and forays on the borders, ere men had learned that life offered higher duties and pleasures than fighting:—

'Our flood's queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crowned;
And stately Severn for her shore is praised;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renowned;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.
Carlegian Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be;
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame;
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.'

Of a different character are the Castle of Indolence of Thomson, and Falconer's Shipwreck; yet they afford many rare instances of the power of verbal association. Nor are the writings of Miss Barrett and Alfred Tennyson devoid of similar beauties; they show us a marvellous plasticity in the apparently most unmetrical words and phrases. Campbell's stirring poem on the battle of Hohenlinden, Collins's Ode to the Passions, and some of Gray's productions, present other varieties of effect, which may be extended through the whole range of poetry. Rogers has some pleasing combinations in the Pleasures of Memory, verifying one of his own poetic truths, that 'kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,' in a few graceful lines—

'And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

* Were killed.

Burns, again, Scotland's peasant bard, was a master of the vernacular of proper names, which, in his alternating mood, he strung together without any apparent regard to symmetry. Yet how great is their charm, whether found in some of his energetic sarcasms or glowing aspirations! How the effect of his patriotic songs is heightened by the introduction of proper names, let those tell who have sung them on the heath-clad hills of his native country. With what truth does he sing of three brother poets in Coila's address!—

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.'

The writings of Scott abound in picturesque examples of the magic of association; a whole history, the memory of a life, are often conveyed in a single word. We are told that a great portion of Marmion was composed while the author was galloping up and down on the sea-shore at Musselburgh; and, judging from the lively and musical 'cadency' of the poem, we may believe that it was written with but little of what Butler calls 'the drudgery of brains.' We who live in the south, well remember the delight with which we read the lines—

'And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland.'

The latter word brought the whole border county before us, as we had often longed to see it: its rocky shores and ruined castles, broad fells and lofty hills, bright and tortuous streams, Chevy-Chase and the Cheviots, all flashed at once on our mental eye. The same effect would not have been produced in reading prose. It seems that measure and harmony are needed for the effectual working of the spell. We have since walked through the county in its length and breadth, and felt that all the glorious associations connected with the romantic scenery were heightened by having been tuned into poetry.

But to return to Scott. His description of the scene viewed by Marmion from the top of Blackford Hill, affords numerous instances of the beautiful and suggestive effect of *names;* and again, in reply to the 'royal vaunt,' when the haughty lord declares—

'But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;'

we feel that the true characteristics are preserved, and that, were the names changed or transposed, the whole of the charm would be lost. The same spirit runs through the succeeding cantos. The camp, Lady Heron's song, the 'awful summons' from the cross at Edinburgh, the fatal battle of Flodden, acquire new life from the distinctive appellations scattered through them. Neither are the introductions to the cantos deficient in examples of a different character. Who has not felt a genial glow while reading the lines—

'On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung?'

The finest portions of Scotland's magnificent scenery are enshrined by name in the poems of this writer. It would be easy to multiply instances, were it not better that readers should have the pleasure of discovering them for themselves. His ballad poetry, too, is singularly effective, and partakes much of the simple beauty of the old English writers, whose productions were the result of the poetical genius and temperament of a people yet untrammelled by scientific theories and matters of fact. When the bards and skalds of the early ages were the only historians, the names and exploits of their heroes were associated in songs of vivid and eloquent poetry, heightened by the figurative language of a race innocent of all philosophy save the right

of might. Some portion of their spirit has, however, come down to our own times. In the Lays of Ancient Rome, by Mr Macaulay, the metrical romances are revived—the ballad poets of the seven-hilled city reappear to chant their measured histories. The sonorous Latin names tell with surprising effect, and adapt themselves beautifully to the flow of the verse. We select a passage from the defence of the bridge by Horatius Cocles and his two brave companions against the three Tuscan chiefs, advancing from the invading ranks of Porsena:—

'Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.'

Equally effective is the prayer of Horatius, as he plunges into the river after the fall of the bridge:—

'Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'

In the War of the League, by the same author, many fine effects occur; but perhaps the most interesting is his noble poem on the arrival of the Spanish Armada off the shores of England, recalling many glorious associations; while the native Saxon names fall into the metre not less appropriately than the majestic Latin. The poem opens with the arrival of a merchant ship at Plymouth, the crew of which had seen the Spanish fleet at sunrise off Cape La Hogue, sailing up the channel with

'The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.'

Active measures for defence, keeping a look-out on the enemy, and to despatch the news inland, are immediately taken. 'The stout old sheriff' comes with his guard, and plants the royal standard as

'Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.'

The movements consequent on the rapid diffusion of the intelligence by means of beacon fires are finely described:—

'From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread;
High on St Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
* * * *
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
It roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.'

The news reaches London, from whence it speeds without a pause to every quarter of the island. The rapid succession of proper names renders the concluding portion peculiarly effective: county after county comes before the mental vision as we read—

'And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lovely height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain—
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent—
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.'

The beauty and effect of these lines are perfect, and bring the great historical event in full reality before us. Each name, as it occurs, embodies a host of associations, and as the eloquent author, in another place, truly observes—'Its effect is produced not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them.'

BEGINNINGS OF IMPROVEMENT.

At present, as is pretty well known, there is a general move on the subject of improving the ventilation and sewerage of towns, the establishment of public baths, and the erection of salubrious and comfortable dwellings for the operative classes—the necessity for which improvements has been repeatedly shown in the present Journal. The movement, widely as it has spread, cannot be said to have assumed any practical character, except in Liverpool and London, and even there it is yet but feebly developed. There has been much speculation, associations have in different places been formed, and money has been collected; but, in the main, up till this moment little has been actually *done*. Lamenting this tardiness of action, we cannot but feel thankful that the subject, in its various ramifications, has been agitated so widely. If the 'Health of Towns Commission' has done nothing more than issue blue-books and concoct bills, it has at least the merit of disseminating information and stimulating thought on matters of vital importance to the community.

During a late excursion in the south, I made a few personal inquiries and examinations as to what is really doing in the way of improving the public health. At Liverpool no improved kind of houses, as far as I could hear of, have yet been got up; and there large masses of the humbler classes still live in cellars. The town has, however, taken a start as to baths and wash-houses at a low charge. The baths are crowded, and the wash-houses, at which a family's clothing is cleansed at an insignificant charge, are fully occupied. At the beginning of July an interesting report from the committee of the baths and wash-houses was laid before the town-council, from which we glean the following expressive facts:—The number of baths used during the first year has been, 'warm baths—men, 15,163; women, 1551. Cold—men, 3065; women, 788: making a total altogether of 20,567. The receipts were L.383; being an increase over 1845 of 6763 baths, and L.103. In the wash-house department there were 12,977 tubs used, and 24,095 dozens of clothes washed. The total receipts for baths and washing, amounting to L.437, 2s. 6d., are greater than those of any former year since the opening of the establishment, and are L.104, 6s. 6d. more than in 1845. They exceed the expenditure, which is L.428, 9s. 8d., by L.8, 12s. 10d. Of the expenses, L.78 is for additions and alterations. The receipts from the baths have increased, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of low-class baths, in September last, from 2d. to 1d. for a cold, and from 3d. to 2d. for a warm bath. Mr Tinne dwelt at some length on the increase in the number of bathers, manifest from the above report, and stated that, during the last four weeks, there had been in each respectively no fewer than 1081, 936, 918, and 822; and the baths being insufficient to accommodate the numerous applicants, upwards of 100 persons had been sent away in one morning without bathing. Seeing, then, the increased demand for the use of these baths made by the public, the council would not only be neglecting their duty by doing anything which may check their efficiency, but also if they did not try every means to increase the accommodation. Nothing appeared to him to present a more legitimate use for the corporation funds than the multiplication of institutions so important to the health and comfort of the inhabitants; and he therefore gave notice that at a future council he should propose a motion for the erection of an additional number of baths, to be conducted on the same principle.'

A clergyman of Liverpool, in a letter to the Times, gives his testimony in favour of all general suppositions on the subject; that the establishment of these baths and wash-houses has been attended with moral as well as physical advantages to the humbler classes; and he expects that, by further extensions of such establishments, a sensible impression will be made on the condition of the population. 'A labourer or mechanic,' he very properly argues, 'accustomed to disregard his personal cleanliness, the tenant of a wretched house, unhealthy and immoral, learns from a fellow-workman of the baths. He is induced to go on the Saturday evening to them, expresses himself delighted and refreshed, and declares that he is fit for another week's work. I need not say that he bathes again: the habit is induced. He then finds his home unsuitable to his newly-acquired taste; his wife, who, if she continue to be slovenly, would drive her husband from home, sees the necessity of a change, and it follows, the family are clean; and they who a little before were filthy, and in rags, and could tell their ministers that this prevented their attendance at the church of the district, can now, on the Sunday, be amongst those who frequent the house of God.'

In London, which is usually more difficult to move than any city of lesser dimensions, several societies have been established with the professed view of improving the public health. One of these, entitled 'The Metropolitan Working-Classes' Association,' has issued two addresses, of which a large number has been dispersed. How interesting is it to hear a handful of working-men addressing their less-instructed companions in the following emphatic language!

'Why is there so much disease among us? Because, in numbers of things, we do just what by our nature we were never meant to do. For example:

'1st, Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their houses, and the working-people in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

'2d, Man ought to breathe pure air at every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad, that the vapours and foul gases rise, and we breathe them.

'3d, Man was intended to take exercise in the open air every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his liver, his skin, his lungs, his kidneys, nor his brain, will act rightly without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walk, or only a very short one, which is scarcely of any use.

'4th, Man is formed to take simple, plain, wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good, but do him harm; and he drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach, and take away the proper use of his brain.

'5th, Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin, else they get stopped up: he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe. The majority of the people only wash their hands and faces every day.

'6th, Man should wear clean clothes next to his skin, because the body gives off bad fluids. At present, many people wear the same things day after day for weeks together.

'7th, Man was intended to live in the light. Many, very many, have scarcely any light in their rooms.

'8th, Man in this climate must wear warm clothing. Many have no flannel, and are clad with heavy and useless things.'

Recommendations follow as to how the families of working-men should attempt to live, and these include hints on bathing, washing, ventilation of dwellings, temperance, out-of-door exercise, and so forth. The necessity for government enforcing better drainage is also strongly insisted on. With respect to bathing, there is one great difficulty. Where are there baths for many hundreds of thousands of people? London is such an enormous place, that not one or two, but dozens of establishments would be required to make any distinct impression on the population. Everything, however, needs a beginning, and this beginning has fortunately been made. Some time ago an experiment was made on a small scale in East Smithfield, in which the use of two single baths, and two washing-tubs, were offered gratuitously to all applicants. At the expiration of the half year recently concluded, it was found that the two baths had been used 13,538 times, and the two washing-tubs 15,543 times—a fact at least proving that the poor were not, on any general ground, unwilling to resort to a public bath and wash-house. Encouraged by this, as well as other experiments, a society, of which the bishop of London is president, has commenced a very effective-looking establishment in the north-western, but still a central part of the metropolis. This I went to see, and found it to consist of a continuous range of building, of one storey, surrounding a quadrangular space of ground on the Hampstead road. In the centre of the space is a large mound of earth, enclosing a reservoir of water, belonging to the New River Company, from which reservoir the establishment is to be supplied with water at a very small annual cost—the first six months for nothing. The entire range of building, erected on a plain and unexpensive scale, yet neat and comfortable in its arrangements, covers an extent of 14,000 square feet, being altogether 900 feet in length, and 22 feet in width.

Entering by the principal doorway in George Street, Euston Square, I was led through a covered passage to a lobby or receiving-room, from which corridors diverge to the right and left. Going first to the left, we find twenty separate apartments, each entering from the corridor, and containing single baths—cold, warm, or shower—for men. Of these, fourteen will be used at the charge of 1d., and the remaining six, having somewhat better fittings, at 2d. each time. Besides these, there is a range of ten superior baths for men, approached by a separate entrance and gallery, to be charged at the rate of 6d. About sixty gallons of cold fresh water, raised from springs two hundred feet below the surface, will be supplied, together with towels, to each bather. When, however, the same baths are required tepid or warm, the charges will, in each case, be double; namely, 2d., 4d., and 1s. Beyond the single baths, two tepid plunge or swimming baths, which are in the course of erection, will be speedily completed: one of them will be 36 feet by 18, and the other 60 feet by 20. They are to have different means of access, and to be charged respectively at 2d. and 6d. each person. This completes the left wing of the establishment. To the right of the receiving-room, arranged on a similar plan, and to be used on the same terms, are twelve baths for women, five of which are fitted up in a superior style. Another door from the receiving-room conducts, by a separate passage, to five very commodious apartments, each of which, arranged with every attention to neatness and comfort, contains a vapour and shower bath, the charge for which will be 1s. The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, has an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing-room, in which are placed sixty double tubs, and a patent drying machine, a series of hot-air drying closets, an ironing-room, a mangling-room and six mangles, and a waiting-room. Each washing-tub is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions, so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labour without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is provided with a shelf and other convenience. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great

rate, and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at asylums and other large establishments. The clothes are next hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to these accommodations are mangling machines, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, hot irons excepted, for the space of three hours, the charge is 1d., and with irons 2d.—a sum so trifling for the weekly washing and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. In short, for the price of a quartern of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

All this, then, is now in operation, and open daily to the inspection of the public. The only thing I would object to is, that the concern is founded on charitable subscription, which is a wrong basis, only to be in some measure excused from the experimental nature of the institution. There can be no hope of spreading such establishments over the metropolis, and over every other large town, unless they can be shown to pay as commercial undertakings. On this account we shall wait with some anxiety for the first annual report of the association.

In London, from what I could learn, there are two societies for improving the dwellings of the humbler classes—one of which, however, has not got beyond the talking stage. The other, entitled the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes,' under the patronage of the queen and many philanthropic individuals (committee room, 21 Exeter Hall), has advanced so far as to have a lot of buildings in actual operation. These I likewise went to see. The 'model houses,' as they are termed, are erected on a slip of ground between Gray's Inn Road and the Lower Road, Pentonville, near the east end of Guilford Street—rather a low-lying locality, but not insalubrious, and conveniently central. The committee, in their prospectus, make the following statement:—

'In the arrangement of these houses, the object has been to combine every point essential to the health, comfort, and moral habits of the industrious classes and their families, reference being had to the recommendations of the Health of Towns' Commission, particularly with respect to ventilation, drainage, and an ample supply of water. The houses are of three different classes, and designed to accommodate in the whole twenty-three families and thirty single persons. 1. Nine of the families occupy each an entire house, with a living-room on the ground-floor, having an enclosed recess or closet large enough to receive beds for the youths of the family; two bed-rooms on the upper floor, and a small yard at the back: these houses are let at a rent of 6s. per week. 2. The remaining fourteen families are distributed in seven houses, each family occupying a floor of two rooms, with all requisite conveniences; and as the apartments on the upper floor are approached through an outer door distinct from that belonging to the lower floor, their respective occupants are thus kept entirely separate, and each floor is virtually a distinct dwelling. The rent paid by each family is 3s. 6d. per week. A wash-house, with drying-ground, is provided for the occasional use of the tenants of these houses at a small charge. 3. The centre building on the east side will accommodate thirty widows or females of advanced age, each having a room, with the use of a wash-house common to them all. The rent paid for each room is 1s. 6d. per week.'

That the houses, great and small, come up to these general explanations, is perhaps true; yet they fall considerably beneath what I had anticipated. They form a short alley of brick houses, consisting of a ground and upper storey; but so slender and Lilliputian in their proportions, that they are, in my opinion, anything but models of what is desirable for all the operative classes in London. Diminutive, however, as they are in size, and limited as they are as to space, all is neat and orderly about them, and I have no doubt they are an advance on the confined and ill-provided habitations of the classes for whom they have been specially designed. The houses for the widows are each single rooms, entered from two long corridors, one below and another above, and the whole shut in by one outer door. A young woman who lived with her mother obligingly showed me their dwelling, which consisted of two of these apartments, for which they paid three shillings weekly—'just half,' she added, 'that she had formerly paid for a single and much worse room elsewhere.' Notwithstanding this cheapness, the committee speak confidently of realising 6 per cent. on the cost of the buildings, and 4½ per cent. on the cost of the land, held on a lease of ninety-nine years. This handsome return, they expect, 'will encourage many benevolent individuals to promote the erection, in their own neighbourhood, of similar dwellings, and thereby conduce to the moral as well as the physical welfare of a large class of their poorer brethren, who at present have not the opportunity of bringing up their families with a due regard even to the decencies of life, and are thus placed in circumstances tending greatly to counteract the influence of all religious instruction.'

We should hope that these expectations will be realised, yet have serious doubts as to the society having adopted the proper means to bring them about. The great object of the movement is to show that the erection of good houses, to be let at moderate rents, will answer as a commercial undertaking; but to have done so with effect, the society should have started on the ordinary principles of trade, and not assumed an eleemosynary footing. From the prospectus before us, it appears that they have been favoured with subscriptions to the extent of L.4800, and are promised certain payments annually—a method of raising capital against which no tradesman can compete, and the results of which can furnish no accurate data to encourage individual enterprise. It is not by begged money that the buildings of London are to be regenerated. This good deed must be the work of associations or of individuals proceeding on the plain and sound principles of trade; assisted by a general permissory act of the legislature, giving power to force any proprietor of an old building, which stands in the way of improvement, to sell it at its proper value, on cause being shown to a magistrate. Until such powers are imparted, there can be no hope of seeing anything like a clean sweep of the meaner class of houses, streets, and alleys of the metropolis; and to procure an act communicating these powers, all kinds of improvement associations, all who really wish a regeneration of dwellings for the operative classes, should direct their attention and energies.

THE TCHINGEL GLACIER.

[The writer of this paper introduces it in the following manner:—'I observed, in your number for January, an account of the very difficult ascent of the Wetterhorn, undertaken by Mr Speer. As a narrative of a somewhat similar expedition across one of the most unfrequented glaciers of Switzerland may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, I send you the following abridgment from the notes I made immediately after passing it in the summer of 1844.' He then proceeds—]

Our excursion was one that is rarely undertaken, and has, I believe, never before been described. This circumstance, together with the peculiarities of the route, may make the sketch of it bear somewhat the appearance of novelty, albeit it is laid in a country so thoroughly explored and described as Switzerland. The head of the valley of Lauternbrunnen is closed in by a part of the giant chain of Swiss Alps, whose summits are crowned eternally with snow, and whose sides are clad with ice. A pass of great height leads from the valley at right angles to it, and descends upon the village of Kaudersteg through the Œschinen Thal. Higher

up the valley, and leading on from its extremity, but thousands of feet above it, lies the great Tchingel Glacier. To visit this, and, if possible, to cross it, was our present object.

A walk of a few hours brought us to our destination for the evening; it led us past the fall of the Staubach, its waters swept away, as they fell, by distance and the wind, and also past that of the Schmadribach, whose situation makes it the more picturesque of the two. A rude path at first, and soon after none at all, led us more than a thousand feet above the valley; sometimes among fir-trees, and sometimes through little streams, that trickled down to add their mite to the lake of Thun. At this height, on an open piece of turf, a single châlet is erected, to enable a herdsman to tend a few cows while they are at the pastures. Here the brawny Swiss, who was to be our host for the night, braves the weather annually, until the snow obliges him to descend, although he numbers sixty-seven years. A hay-loft above the cows served us for a sleeping apartment, till the dawn of morning warned us that it was time to depart.

But alas! the morning proved most unfavourable to our excursion. A fog had set in, so thick that we could see but a few paces in advance of us. We waited some hours, in hopes that the weather would clear; and this hope failing, we set off in the mist. Had we at that time been able fully to appreciate the danger of the route, we should have decided otherwise; but as the chamois-hunters, who acted as our guides on this occasion, declared themselves willing to proceed, we set off. For some distance our way lay along the side of a steep part of the mountain of the Steinberg, but the precipice was principally hid by the mist. Crossing several streams, which, in consequence of the steepness of the ground, tumbled almost in the manner of cascades, we arrived at a quantity of snow, the remains of an avalanche of considerable size. This we crossed, and then climbed, for the space of a quarter of an hour, a hill formed of the debris brought down by the waters from above. We now arrived at the lower part of the glacier. It was covered in great measure with snow, and formed a gently inclined plane. At the side were some traces of a *moraine*—as the mass of stones which the glacier, in its progress, brings down from the summit of the mountains is called. The last occasion on which the glacier had been crossed was early in the year. A considerable change had, in the meanwhile, taken place. The sloping nature of the ground beneath it had had its usual effect upon the ice. In its advance it had cracked, by reason of its own weight, and large impassable chasms had formed. Small streams of water were running through some of them. By keeping, however, the line of our route, and following the chinks to their head, we evaded those of greatest size. All this time the fog had been closing in, thicker and thicker, and we now held a council, to decide on our future plan. There are two ways of reaching the summit of the glacier: the one, by following its course, and passing under the Gletcher mountain, would have taken us by a sweep into the great plain of snow at the top; the other, by climbing the crags which skirt it, and cutting off the angle, would lead us to the same spot. The density of the fog, and the delay we had made at starting, seemed to require us to hasten our expedition. Having, therefore, sent on one of our party to reconnoitre, and finding that there were no streams, it was finally determined to proceed by this, the more rapid, but more dangerous way, and to climb the precipice, called by the chamois-hunters 'the step of the Tchingel.'

Leaving the glacier, for some time we mounted an acclivity formed by a downfall of shale and mud. It was so steep, that we were obliged to continue the ascent without ceasing, in order to prevent ourselves from sliding backwards. By this, we arrived at a place where Hannibal's expedient of destroying the rock with vinegar seemed necessary to be put into execution. The Tchingel Schrit, which now lay before us, was apparently as impassable as any rock that reality or fiction could conjure up. It is a precipice altogether perpendicular; and along the top of it runs a narrow ledge, in face of the upper precipice, where there is bare room for the footing of one person at a time. Below lay the precipitous hill of shale, on which we could only stand with the assistance of our alpenstocks. To attempt to descend it again, would have been to court a difficulty much greater than we had already found in its ascent, on account of the softness of the material, which gave no hold to the footing. We saw, therefore, that our only way lay over the rock before us, there being no room for hesitation, had we for a moment doubted. Our position was, in fact, one of considerable danger. The hill on which we stood had gradually grown narrower in the ascent, after the form of a pyramid, till, at the top, it was only a few yards wide. Thus if, in climbing the precipice before us, we should slip, our fall would not be immediately upon the hill, but into the depth below, which continued one immense chasm of many hundred feet. From the face of the rock, here and there pieces of stone jutted out; of these, some were only a few inches in size, affording a very precarious footing. One or two were of more considerable dimensions. In stepping upon one of the latter, the youngest guide, perceiving that it trembled under him, struck it a few times with his foot. It shook, cracked, and gave way. It fell into the abyss below, rattling and echoing whenever it struck against the side of the rock, till the noise it made was lost in distance long before it reached the bottom. We looked in each other's faces, I believe, for an instant, and read in every countenance the expression of our own feelings. If another stone gave way, or if we missed our footing on the ledges, now rendered slippery by the moisture, or should the apprehension of the dizzy height unman us for an instant, we had already had evidence of the road we must follow. But the Rubicon was passed, and we had no choice but to proceed, without incurring a danger similar to that before us. However, the ascent did not seem so terrible at the moment. When I recall the nature of the precipice, and the attending difficulties, they appear far greater than they did at the time. I was too much occupied with attention to my footsteps; indeed the necessity of abstracting the mind from the more disagreeable view of it, acted as a very sufficient sedative. But when some of us were arrived at the top, and we were unable to see the rest in their perilous course, every moment beyond the time which was sufficient for their reappearance seemed to announce a fatal termination to the expedition.

Had it not been for what we had now passed, the farther ascent of the precipice above would have appeared sufficiently difficult. But if retreat had been in a manner dangerous before, it was now nearly cut off. We therefore proceeded with great care, but more alacrity, and soon after gained a greensward. A few sprigs of 'forget-me-not' had found their way to this spot, and were growing in spite of the cold and their proximity to heaven. We gathered some of the flowers, as we had a sort of right to them. They seemed hardly born to bloom for any one else, and were wasting their fragrance on the desert air. We did not long experience the easy travelling afforded by the turf. It soon ceased; and, after climbing over alternate beds of shale and rough rocks, we found ourselves on the snowy remains of another avalanche. It was steep and slippery, so that we had the uttermost difficulty in keeping our footing. Indeed, one of my friends and myself fell; but, with the never-failing assistance of the alpenstock, we stayed our downward slide after we had receded about ten yards. For about half an hour we continued this ascent, till on a sudden we turned into a plain of snow, one dazzling sheet of white. We now found that, had the fog continued, we should not have been able to cross this immense tract; and that, however dangerous our return might be, we should only have had the alternative of

attempting it, or of losing our way in boundless wastes of snow, more than nine thousand feet above the living world. But the fog had nearly disappeared. The prospect was one of the greatest sublimity. In front of us lay an apparently immeasurable tract of snow, on which, as yet, there was the print of no footstep. On the right, the huge aiguilles of the Blumlis Alp rose with bare crags, too steep to retain any snow on their sides: on the left, the more sloping parts of the same mountain were clad entirely in white. Behind were the height of the Gletcher, and the summit of the Jungfrau: below were the clouds.

As we stood for a few seconds, impressed with a feeling of the loneliness of the place, where we seemed to have reached the extremity of the earth, and were cut off from existence by the mists which lay between us and the world, we were reminded that even here the Creator has prepared an inhabitant to enjoy the work of his hands. Startled by the unwonted trespass on their haunts, a herd of chamois, fourteen in number, darted up from a hollow close to us, and began to ascend the black aiguilles of the Blumlis with an agility which we at present envied. As soon as they had reached a sufficient height to set rifle at defiance, they turned round, and stood to look at us, as if in mockery of our want of ability to follow them; then, having satisfied their own and our curiosity, they darted off again, and were quickly lost amid impenetrable fastnesses.

And now began the real labours of the day. The snow lay many yards thick, covering the glacier. We sank into it ankle-deep, as we dragged our feet through it in silence. The cold was beginning to be felt severely in spite of the exercise. We had stopped a few minutes to take some bread and kirsch-wasser, but the cold warned us to proceed, and our repast was finished in motion. Nothing could be more laborious than our travel through the yielding snow. The more we exerted ourselves, the more we were retarded by the half-hard crispness, which gave way as soon as we trod heavily upon it. In this manner we continued forcing our way for an hour, and yet the summit of the inclined plane was apparently as far off as ever.

The difference between our immediate view of the Swiss Alps, and the appearance they bore at various distances, recurred to my mind, and made the present feel a yet more cutting frost. But it was not in imagination only that we felt the difference. My legs ached, and my feet were benumbed, so that I scarcely knew where I placed them. The higher we ascended the slopes, the more the snow increased in softness, and from ankle became nearly knee-deep. Our sufferings now became intense. Some of us began to feel the effect of the rarity of the atmosphere, occasioned by the great elevation at which we were arrived. Circulation had deserted my feet, and, aided by the nature of the air, the blood rushed to my head. My face became purple, I was deaf, my sight in a great measure failed me, and I plodded on mechanically, scarcely knowing or caring whither I went. As we descended on the other side, these sensations disappeared with all of us about the same place. At the summit, the hail fell with some violence for a while, and it rained the whole way down. Such is the general character of the 'land of mist and snow.' After traversing nine miles of it, we came upon the uncovered glacier. It was still a gently-sloping plane; but now it inclined towards the valley opposite to that by which we had first ascended. Thus the form of the whole glacier resembles a saddle bestriding a gorge of the Blumlis.

As, however, the inclination was not so great, so neither were the cracks so large, but they were more treacherous, in consequence of being sometimes partially covered with snow; and in one or two instances we felt the edges yielding as we crossed them, where we had supposed we were on firm ice. We were obliged, therefore, to feel our way at every step with our alpenstocks, and by this means escaped all danger. We soon left this part of the glacier, and trod by its side the firm ledge of rocks which shut it in. After walking for half an hour, we came in full view of that part of it which empties itself into the valley. Nothing can compare with its beauty. Other glaciers fall infinitely short of it; and from the moment we beheld it, we no longer regretted the labour which brought us to it. I have seen nothing to equal it in the Mer de Glace at Chamounix, in the glaciers of Gründelwald, in the great glacier of the Rhone, or in those that lie in the neighbourhood of the Orteler-Spitz. Masses of ice 'mast high,' not, however, 'as green as emerald,' but of as rich an azure as ultramarine could paint them, formed the steep bulwark closing up the valley into which we were to descend. Here the glacier rose in crags and obelisks, in pinnacles and towers, broken and hurled into every form like a colossal mass of crystallisation.

Being now free from the extreme cold, we sat down on a wild promontory to enjoy the situation. Avalanches fell continually from the glacier and the neighbouring mountains; some thundering loudly near us, and others rumbling and echoing far away.

We had still a considerable journey before us. The descent, however, did not occupy much time. When we reached the valley, we walked for two hours through the very beautiful Gasterenthal, until the gorge suddenly opened into the plain in which stands the cheerful little village of Kandersteg, where we shortly arrived, cold, wet, hungry, and way-worn.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Upwards of seven thousand tons of white gravel, says a New York paper, have been shipped from this city to London since the 15th of September 1845. It is taken from the beach at Long Island, and used to beautify the parks and gardens of London!

A striking instance of economic talent, says a writer in the British Quarterly Review, came to our knowledge in the district of Alston Moor. From the smelting earths of one 'house,' an arched tunnel conducts the smoke to an outlet at a distance from the works, in a waste spot, where no one can complain of it. The gathering matter or 'fume' resulting from the passage of the smoke is annually submitted to a process, by which at that time it yielded enough of lead to pay for the construction of a chimney. A similar tunnel-chimney, three miles in length, has been erected at Allendale. Its fumes will yield thousands of pounds sterling per annum. Truly, here it may be said that smoke does not end in smoke.

Masses of iron and nickel, having all the appearance of aërolites or meteoric stones, have been discovered in Siberia, at a depth of ten metres below the surface of the earth. From the fact, however, that no meteoric stones are found in the secondary and tertiary formations, it would seem to follow that the phenomena of falling stones did not take place till the earth assumed its present conditions.

We have been favoured, says the editor of the Civil Engineers' Journal, with a view of the plans of the Grand Junction Extension Railway, from Aston-Grange to Aughton, and also with those for the bridge in connexion therewith, to cross the river Mersey at Runcorn. Our readers may form some idea of its magnitude, when we state that there are to be five wet arches of 280 feet span, 100 feet above high-water mark at spring tides, and one hundred and sixty-eight dry arches of 30 feet span, and 51 feet high; making a total of 2480 yards of arching, which will be, when completed, the greatest work of the kind in Europe.

In a recent communication in the Newhaven Courier (United States newspaper), respecting some instances of houses being struck by lightning, Professor Silliman states that the lightning-rods cannot be relied upon, unless they reach the earth where it is permanently wet; and that the best security is afforded by carrying the rod, or some good metallic conductor duly connected with it, to the water in the well, or to some other water that never fails. The professor's house, it seems, was struck; but his lightning-rods were not more than two or three inches in the ground, and were therefore virtually of no avail in protecting the house. He states that his confidence in the efficiency of rods is in no degree diminished.

Till within the last twelve or fifteen years, the only

source of the beautiful pigment—ultramarine—was the rare mineral, *lapis lazuli*; now it is manufactured artificially to a very considerable extent on the continent. Formerly, the price of the finest ultramarine was as high as five guineas an ounce; now the same quantity can be purchased for a few shillings.

In the duchy of Luxembourg a well is being sunk, the depth of which surpasses all others of the kind. Its present depth is 2336 feet—nearly 984 feet more than that of La Grenelle, near Paris. It is said that this immense work has been undertaken for working a large stratum of rock-salt.

Some experiments have of late been made with a submarine boat, constructed after the plan of Dr Payerne, and called by him bateau cloche (bell-ship). It is made of iron, and to be seen near the Pont Royal at Paris, where it is now moored. On its last experimental trip, eleven persons were on board, and the craft passed (invisibly to the public) through the space between the Pont Royal and La Concorde. None of the passengers, it is said, felt the least inconvenience during the submarine trip.

It appears, from the researches of Professor Miquel, that the 'manna' which fell in the province of Van, in Asia Minor, in 1845, consisted of fragments of *Lichen esculentus*. These must have been torn from their woods by a storm, and carried through the air to the places where they fell.

PICTURE OF A MARQUESAN.

Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust, and well made, but of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the roots from every other part of his face, was suffered to drop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin. Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal strips of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance, thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'—*Melville's Residence in the Marquesas.*

PRICE OF LAND IN GERMANY.

The pride of the German peasant is to be a small landowner. The sacrifices made to gratify this longing are incredible, as is the tenacity with which he clings to his land in all changes of fortune. The price paid for small lots of land in the valley of the Wüpper and the adjoining districts would frighten an English farmer. From 500 to 700 dollars per morgen, or L.117 to L.150 per acre, is no unusual price for arable and meadow land. What interest he gets for his investment seems never to cross a peasant's mind. The rent of small patches adjoining these houses is not proportionately high, although dear enough; ten or twelve dollars per morgen (L.2, 10s. or L.3 per acre) is constantly paid in situations remote from the influence of towns. Building sites, especially those favourable for trade or manufactures, sell also as high as in England. The sum of 3000 dollars was paid a few years back for about an acre and a half of ground, on which some zinc works now stand, at Duisburg. This was equal to L.500 per acre.—*Banfield's Industry of the Rhine.*

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

MATTHEW vi. 28.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing!—in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers;
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show;
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and owned you good;
His blessing on earth's primal hour
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm;
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares will bring to sight:
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.'

—*The Christian Year.*

MARITIME ENTERPRISE.

Nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordering dinner at Dessin's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the College of Surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into the oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the college who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor.—*Quarterly Review.*

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BONA FIDE.

That men deceive when they have an interest to be served, or an apprehended evil to be avoided, or when a jest can be made by imposing on credulity, is only too notorious. Excepting, however, in certain extraordinary persons, there is no love of deception for its own sake. The bulk of men, apart from the motives above enumerated, will be more likely to speak the truth, as far as they can, than to falsify. That is to say, in indifferent matters it is more natural to be faithful than false. The disposition of the human mind as to the reception of intelligence and the interpretation of appearances is in conformity with this view. Men do not instinctively suspect deceit. The child listens with the most perfect good faith to everything that is told it. We only, in mature years, cease to be easy of faith when we have found ourselves often deceived, often wrong in our first apprehensions.

It would not be difficult, we think, to show that the errors and delusions of all times have depended much more upon credulity than deceit; thus proving that the former is a primitive natural condition of the mind, while the latter is a comparatively rare impulse, unless where prompted by such motives as those already stated—this very credulity being one of them. To take one section of knowledge—history. The early historians of all countries—for example, our own monkish chroniclers—are full of fable. But even in those who give us the greatest prodigies, there is seldom a case of proved forgery or use of the imagination. Almost always they have some authority for what they say. They may have foolishly listened to the report of a clown, or some distorted tradition of the vulgar; or a man may have weakly adopted all the childish stories communicated by earlier writers; but scarcely ever can we detect any one in an absolute fiction of his own making. For the real sources of fabulous histories, we must partly go beyond the writers of history—to the early popular voice itself, reporting the dubious recollections of uneducated minds. Partly these errors take their rise in well enough meant efforts of the first writers to make clear the doubtful, to cause gaps to join, and give a sense to what, in the course of time, has lost its original meaning. It is, in short, to imperfections and mistakes of the intellect, not to deliberate falsification, that most of our fabulous histories are owing. The credulity is monstrous. Great blame may be due for the failure to examine and weigh evidence. But each might say, and say truly, though to his own condemnation, 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'

M. Salverte's book, *The Philosophy of Magic*, which has recently been translated into English, proceeds upon the general proposition here advanced, that there is more credulity in the world than deceit. It wholly leads to the conclusion, that in magic, in apparent prodigies, in all the mysteries and delusions of antiquity, and in all the tales which our fathers have sent down to us, there was a principle of good faith at bottom: the very deceivers were themselves, in the first place, partly, or altogether deceived; as they might well be in their imperfect knowledge of the natural circumstances with which they dealt. With regard to the fables of history, M. Salverte shows how they arose, in many instances, from men ignorantly taking up in a literal sense what was originally emblematic or metaphorical. As an example, there are many stories of early Christian saints who were said to have carried away their heads in their hands after being decapitated. This was a gross thing to state; but then remember the faith of the middle-age Christians in continued miracles. And observe how such stories might arise. In those times figured almanacs were used for the instruction of the illiterate. To explain that a saint had perished by decapitation, he was painted as standing, and holding his head in his hands. Here was the actual object presented to their minds. Then, it was common for the friends of a decapitated saint to experience great danger and difficulty in carrying away the body. Suppose this were described as done miraculously, how easy would another generation slip into the error of supposing that the holy man had himself walked away, carrying his head! As another illustration:—'Near the burning mountains, north of the Missouri and the river of St Peter, dwell a people who appear to have emigrated from Mexico and the adjacent countries at the time of the Spanish invasion. According to their traditions, they had hidden themselves in the inland country at a time when the sea-coast was continually infested by enormous monsters, vomiting lightning and thunder, and from whose bodies came men who, with unknown instruments, and by magical power, killed the defenceless Indians at immense distances. They observed that these monsters could not reach the land, and in order to escape from their blows, they took refuge in distant mountains. We see here that the vanquished at first doubted whether these advantages were not more to be attributed to better arms than to the power of magic. It is probable that, deceived by appearances, they endowed with life the ships which seemed to move of themselves, and transformed them into monsters; and either this prodigy has from that day been firmly rooted in their minds, or, on the contrary, it was merely a bold metaphor, invented to depict and to perpetuate so novel an event.'

In like manner, it is found that many of the apparently fabulous descriptions of old writers are either simple misapprehensions of facts, or actual facts of an extraordinary nature. Some of the early Greek authors speak of 'a pigmy people, two and a half feet in height; of people constituting whole nations whose eyes were

in their shoulders; of cannibals existing among the northern Scythians; and of a country named Albania, in which were born men whose hair was white in childhood, and whose sight was exceedingly weak during the day, but became very strong in the night. Aulus Gellius treats these narrations as incredible fables; nevertheless, in the descriptions of the two first people, we recognise the Laplanders and the Samoyedes, although the diminutiveness of the one, and the manner in which the heads of the other are sunk between their shoulders, have been greatly exaggerated.' The northern cannibals may have been certain Tartar tribes whom Marco Polo describes as eating the corpses of malefactors. The men of Albania are evidently Albinos, the name of the country being formed from the leading peculiarity of the people. So, also, Herodotus was told among the Mongols of a more northern people who slept six months of the year. He disbelieved it; but he was merely told, in an ignorant manner, of a people in the polar regions who had a night of that duration. This author has related many things believingly, which others have doubted, but doubted erroneously. We find reference made to one in a *Familiar History of Birds*, by the present bishop of Norwich, and to which M. Salverte also refers. 'Herodotus,' says his lordship, 'asserted that there was a certain small bird which, as often as the crocodiles came on shore from the river Nile, flew fearlessly within their jaws, and relieved them of a peculiar kind of leeches which infested their throats. This ancient historian added, that although other birds invariably avoided the crocodile, it never did this bird any injury. So extraordinary a story was treated as fabulous by the naturalists. It is, notwithstanding, strictly true. M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, an eminent and accurate French naturalist, confirms the fact beyond doubt. The bird alluded to is the Egyptian plover (*Charadrius Ægyptiacus*), which sometimes enters the mouth of the crocodile, attracted thither, not, according to his account, by leeches, but by a small insect like a gnat, which frequents the banks of the Nile in great quantities. When the crocodile comes on shore to repose, he is assailed by swarms of these gnats, which get into his mouth in such numbers, that his palate—naturally of a bright yellow colour—appears covered with a blackish-brown crust. Then it is that the little plover, which lives on these insects, comes to the aid of the half-choked crocodile, and relieves him of his tormentors; and this without any risk, as the crocodile, before shutting his mouth, takes care, by a preparatory movement, to warn the bird to be off. This singular process is, moreover, not confined to the crocodiles of Egypt; it has been noticed in those of the West Indies, where, when attacked in a similar manner by small flies called "maringouins," a little bird (*Todus viridis*), which lives chiefly on flies and insects, performs the same kind office.'

Some of the alleged miracles of antiquity were merely natural, though extraordinary and misunderstood events. 'The ignorant,' says M. Salverte, 'have been led to believe that water was metamorphosed into blood, that the heavens rained blood, and that the snow lost its natural colour, and appeared stained with blood.' The explanation is found in an animalcule called the *Oscillatoria rubescens*, which is developed in certain waters, and which M. Ehrenberg has discovered to be the cause of the colour of the Red Sea—and in the development of a humble plant of a red colour (*Protococcus nivalis*) upon the surface of snow. 'In the environs of Padua, in 1819, the polenta prepared with the flour of maize appeared covered with numerous little red spots, which were soon considered, in the eyes of the superstitious, as drops of blood. The phenomenon appeared many successive days; although pious terror sought by fasts, prayers, masses, and even exorcisms, to bring it to a termination. Those feelings, excited to an almost dangerous degree, were at length calmed by a naturalist, who proved that the red spots were but the results of a mould until then unobserved.'

M. Salverte cites various instances of falls of stones from the air, which were supposed to have come miraculously. Jupiter was said to have rained stones upon the enemies of Hercules. The Arabs tell of a similar shower which crushed the Ethiopians while they were profanely besieging the sacred city of Mecca. These were of course *aërolites*—stones which actually fall from the atmosphere, and that so frequently, that their descent might, on various occasions, coincide with the time of a battle or siege. Fifty years ago, however, these stories would have been set down as wholly fabulous, because the fall of aërolites was not then believed by men of science. It was a frequent occurrence during all time; yet, never being observed by philosophers, it was held as only a vulgar delusion or imposture, till established by Chladni. It is, by the way, hardly fair of scientific men, when anything is inexplicable by them, to charge it upon the common people as a fable. While writing this paper, we observe two statements in a single newspaper—one referring to a shower of little frogs, the other to a live frog found in a mass of rock eighty feet below the surface. Statements of both kinds are not unfrequently met with. They are always scoffed at by the scientific world. But what is there more wonderful in the fall of showers of young frogs, than in the fall of showers of the *Protococcus nivalis*? Or, if a frog, and certain other animals of low grades be, as we know, capable of reviving after being kept for an indefinite time in a mass of ice, why may not such a reptile have survived from the time it was enclosed (possibly in that state) in the sand from which the rock was formed? The ordinary attempt to account for the phenomenon, by supposing the animal to have fallen into its place through a chink, is purely ridiculous. So is the supposition that every statement of a live frog in stone is a fable. The scientific men are merely ignorant of the natural principles concerned, and have not the magnanimity to admit it.

The real basis of Thaumaturgy, or magic, and of all the impostures of the ancient priesthoods, was, according to M. Salverte, an acquaintance with the secrets of nature. The practitioners had gained some knowledge of physics; and, by parading their experiments, easily deluded the vulgar into a belief of their own supernatural character. 'To work magically, to conjure genii, or so to invoke the gods as to constrain them to apparent obedience, required very extensive preparations; but over the nature and operation of these the veil of mystery was thrown. Plants and animals, collected in secret, were in various ways combined and subjected to the action of fire; and scarcely one step was taken without the assistance of some formulary, or the consultation of books, the loss of which was almost equivalent to the loss of all magic power. Such were the sources of the power of the greater number of the Thaumaturgists, who were truly scholars of natural philosophy, and who were forced continually to seek in their sacred volumes the prescriptions, without which they could neither properly work out their charms nor display their delusions. Traces of the existence of these books are found among a people fallen, in the present age, into the most lamentable barbarism, but whose traditions are connected with a very ancient, and probably an advanced state of civilisation. The Baschkirs believe that the *black books*, the text of which they allege originated in hell, give to their possessor, provided he is capable of interpreting them, an absolute empire over nature and demons. These books, together with the power which they conferred, generally descended, by inheritance, to the individual among the pupils of their possessor whom he judged most worthy to succeed him. Sound works on physics and on chemistry, as applied to the arts, might replace with advantage the magic books of the Baschkirs; but we are still not much in the advance of the time, in which certain persons, indifferent as to either the enlightenment or the ignorance of mankind, would have assumed that such works could only emanate from the Principle of Evil.'

It is remarkable that so early a philosopher as Democritus became convinced of this being the true explanation of the works of the magi. 'His philosophy,' says Lucian, 'brought him to this conclusion, that magic was entirely confined to the application and the imitation of the laws and works of nature.' M. Salverte displays an immense number of illustrations of this doctrine, and leaves a general conviction of its truth. If it be true, does it not show an enormous amount of deliberate imposture in the ancient world, and so far tend to annihilate the proposition that deceit is not a conspicuous feature in our natural character? We think not. It appears from M. Salverte's work, that the magicians and priests were themselves deceived men. Such knowledge as they had, was in the form of detached facts respecting the phenomena of nature. They had no methodised view of natural philosophy. Such secrets of nature as they had acquired came to them as mysteries, not as the results of laws established for the government of the world. These secrets were, therefore, necessarily objects of superstitious regard even to the magicians. The silly formalities which accompanied their experiments were thus not necessarily impostures, but might be results of their own self-delusions. The history of a secret of nature in their hands we can imagine to be this. First lighted on by accident, it would appear to the superstitious mind of the discoverer as a special revelation of a divine mystery to himself. The superstitious ceremonies in which he had been engaged at the time would appear to him essential to the result, and would accordingly be handed down, and ever after practised, in connexion with it. The whole stock of the mystics would be but an accumulation of such discoveries, with their attendant mummeries, all regarded as prodigies, and not in any relation to nature as a principle. And all this we may the more readily admit, if we reflect on the obscure and marvellous notions as to nature and its phenomena which have prevailed among philosophers almost down to our own time; for example, in the minds of Tycho and Kepler. Nay, for that matter, are we sure that a just notion of nature and its relation to the Divine Author is yet established among us?

There is something satisfactory in thus regarding mankind as more truthful by nature than their practice would sometimes lead us to suppose. It delights our moral sentiments, as it is always agreeable to think well of our fellow-creatures, and to find occasion and justification for confiding in them. It also answers well to our notions of final causes, because, constituted as we are, we cannot learn much by personal examination or experience, and must therefore take no small portion of our knowledge from testimony. If man were naturally untruthful, what a limit were imposed on our knowledge! It is only through his being naturally truthful, that we get ninety-nine things in a hundred of what we know. It may be startling to hear testimony spoken of in this manner, for certainly deceptions are frequent. But those who are so startled, would only need to place against the instances of deception, the vast number of occasions we have every day to act according to what we are told, or to put trust in the probity of those connected with us, in order to see that the instances of true testifying and true acting are as thousands to units of those in which wilful deceit has been practised. It is necessary, at the same time, to be cautious in the reception of much that comes before us, for of course imposture is often practised. But it is a sad necessity. In common society, to be cautious and sceptical appears clever, and excites respect. But, in reality, it is a vicious state of mind, to answer a state of vice in others, and only is admired because found practically useful. Apart from the question of utility, the credulous state of mind is one of pure moral beauty in comparison. We too readily despise it, not reflecting that it is the primitive, child-like, innocent state of the mind; the state in which we would all be, but for the existence of deceivers amongst us, and the liability of the human intellect to apprehend and report facts incorrectly. Some there are whom nothing pleases more than to make fun of scientific inquirers by misleading them, on merely finding that such persons do not suspect their veracity. Where probable things are told, this is properly no fun at all; for why should probable things be disbelieved when they are communicated by an apparently serious person? Where even improbable things are related, the same may often be said; for are we not forced every day to believe things which we would have previously said were improbable? Amateurs of this kind of amusement do not consider what results from their actions. Why, it is just one of the greatest of all the obstructive agencies in the path of truth, that we are so liable to be deluded by impostors and ill-designing misinformers. The one proven case of imposture is, in the mass of testimony, like the dead fly in the ointment of the apothecary. By it all previous labour is undone; the whole task is to be renewed. Till it is forgotten, the best accredited truths will only get their passports examined; they will make no real progress. The destruction of a collected audience by a wanton cry of 'fire!' is therefore the type of an imposture in matters of science. In the whole of this system of hoaxing, as it is playfully called, there is even a more special evil: it is teaching the semi-vice of suspicion to a mind which would otherwise remain candid and innocent. Oh, it is unholy work! and, above all, it is so to children. Alas! are deceptions *for an end* so few in this world, that even what are called well-meaning persons should think it necessary to do what in them lies to break up that confidence between mind and mind which we bring 'from God, who is our home?'

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL—A TALE.

'STRAWBERRIES—fine ripe straw-ber-ries!' Such is the cry that steals in long cadence down London streets during June and part of July; making the mouths of little errand-boys water, as the fragrant-scented basket passes them, and breaking upon the reveries of those who sit within-doors, in the deep solitudes of quiet streets; bringing Epicurean thoughts to holiday children, and old memories to wiser folk. There it comes—faint at a distance—almost sweet when far off—nearer in its full glory—then gradually dying away in indistinct echoes at the farther end of the street. And here sit we, pondering over the thoughts it leaves behind.

First, we think of Leigh Hunt's Essay on Strawberries—how he lectures on the rich fruit with a love worthy of Pomona! discussing the various merits of strawberries and sugar, strawberries and cream, and strawberries in their native simplicity; diverging to their useful and healthy properties, and alluding to all the writers who have lauded them. Then we think over all his graceful pen has written: we have fancied strawberries have tasted sweeter ever since we read what he says of them. And lastly, we remember the old poem praising this fruit in Italian sweet and luscious as the strawberries themselves.

Finally, our musings become more personal, and bring us, in spite of many years and many miles, to a garden where, once upon a time, we ourselves, and one or two more of whom we need not speak, used to be; and we think of one strawberry-bed in particular, beside which we little elves loved to sit or lie on the ground, tossing about the thick leaves in eager haste for the purple treasures beneath, and never quitting our lowly position, until, as far as the little hands could reach, nothing but leaves were left. And then appear the long line of laburnum-trees, and the two willows growing into one in loving union, and the forbidden bunches of jessamine—precious, because so rarely allowed to our greedy hands—and our special white-currant-tree, which no one intruded upon. But we are thinking of all these, and forgetting the strawberries.

Few whose tables are daily garnished with this delicious fruit, while in season, ever cast a thought as

to whence comes this abundant supply, making the streets of London almost like a strawberry garden with pleasant odours. But let any one drive down the great western outlet of the metropolis, towards Kew, Chiswick, or Twickenham, and he will perceive the air laden with the perfume of strawberries; he will meet innumerable groups of women, laden with baskets which are filled with those anomalous wicker cornucopias entitled *pottles*, in which, like the good things of this world, the finest and ripest of the fruits are temptingly placed at the top, while the smaller and less valuable are carefully hidden from view at the bottom. But alas, and alas! a moraliser could find many things in London to remind him of the strawberry pottle.

And this is the secret of the strawberry deluge. Every year, from Shropshire and from Wales, multitudes of women come to London, as the Irish labourers in harvest, for the strawberry season. The fruit is cultivated in immense gardens, extending from Fulham to Hampton, and many sloping down to the river-side. Here the women congregate to gather the fruit, and dispose it in pottles for sale. You may hear their ringing laughter and songs from behind the thick hedges on a June afternoon; and you are sure to see them patiently carrying their heavy baskets, and trudging along, nor murmuring at the heat. Poor souls! some of them will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a-day—up at daybreak, or before, to gather the fruit—walking six or eight miles to Covent Garden market—back again for another load; and all through dry, dusky, shadowless roads, where are few trees or green lanes. Yet many a pretty and cheerful face peeps from under the basket, which is borne in such a graceful attitude on the head; and many a true and tried woman's heart is among these poor labourers: mothers who come miles from home to toil for six weeks, that they may bring home five or ten pounds to clothe their fatherless children; young girls, who, strong in their innocence, go forth to work for their aged parents, or often to gain a small portion wherewith to begin married life with some country lover. And to such, toil seems light; and humble though they be, there is hope and happiness for the poor strawberry girls.

Not very long ago—when, it matters not—among this band of humble heroines was a girl named Alice Clare. Her father was once the owner of a small farm in Shropshire, at which he and his active wife were the chief labourers; and Alice was their only child. Poor they were, but still not very poor; the hard-working father and thrifty mother always had wherewithal 'to keep the wolf from the door,' and to bid the houseless welcome therein. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' was the wise prayer of a good man in olden days; and in truth such a state is the happiest portion. Alice Clare had a happy childhood, more than her class in life generally experience. She had no rude brothers or cross elder sisters to mar her cheerfulness, and was the delight of her father's heart and home. She was a pretty, gentle child, not strikingly beautiful, as befits a heroine, but yet fair enough to win love, and of sweetness to keep the love thus won. Every one in the village liked pretty Alice Clare; but her best friend was the clergyman's daughter. From her Alice gained an education which raised her a little, but not too much, above her sphere; and learned, at the same time, not to despise her homely parents.

So time passed on, ripening Alice into blooming womanhood, and making her parents' heads grayer each year. A turn came in their fortune. There was the old story—failing crops, burning ricks, and cattle dead; so that the year which had found Matthew Clare a contented farmer, well in the world's eye, and hopeful in his own heart, left him with the cloud of impending poverty hanging over him. January came with its cold dreary days, and his heart sank within him. He had not courage to tell his wife and daughter what he feared. One Sunday they left him to go to the village church: they returned—the spirit of the husband and father was flown to keep an eternal Sabbath. He was sitting in his chair, the Bible on his knee, in the same position in which they had left him two hours before. Sudden death—that end so dreaded, and yet, in many instances, a blessing, not an evil—had taken him away in a moment. His death revealed all; and that night all was fear, anguish, and ruin in the penniless widow's dwelling.

Alice Clare was now poor, fatherless, almost motherless; for her mother's strong mind was weakened by this heavy blow, and she clung to her child for that support and counsel which the young look to receive from the old. But adversity, which enfeebles a weak character, only shows the hidden resources of a true and strong heart; and Alice's rose in proportion to the sorrows that weighed upon her. She knew that a firm will and patient endurance must bring forth good fruit in the end; and, untried in the world as she was, Alice did not fear. The light-hearted, but feeble girl, clinging to every one for support, was now a woman in thought and deed; but the grief which had caused this change, in spite of her courage, weighed heavily upon her. Her step was slower than before, and her lips were oftener pressed together in anxious thought than dimpling with smiles.

Alice had one honey-drop in this her bitter cup, and that was—love. And yet in her simple and placid spirit this was far from being exalted into that grand passion sung by poets, and supposed to be all-absorbing, all-delighting. Alice's love was a quiet, calm affection, which made her happy in thinking she was the happiness of another. She rested in this thought like a bird in its nest; and it was a refuge in all her troubles to feel and know there was one who would never forsake her—that come what would, she was not alone. There was no sentiment, no affectation, in this love between Alice and Gilbert Millward; it had grown with their youth, unconsciously to themselves, until they discovered that there was no one on earth that they loved better than each other. This mutual affection met with no romantic crosses and trials; no one opposed the union of the farmer's only child and the carpenter's son—steady, good, and well-principled as he was. So Alice and Gilbert were affianced, with the good-will and good wishes of the whole parish, and they were to be married at the end of harvest.

Alice's fallen fortunes could not change the love of Gilbert; but alas! all his exertions could not suffice to procure wherewithal to commence wedded life, now that they were deprived of the assistance which Matthew Clare had promised. Their union was postponed, and this was a double sorrow; for Alice had at first comforted herself with the thought that her mother would not regret her lost home by her daughter's cheerful fireside. But this was not to be at present at least; for Alice and Gilbert were prudent lovers. Still, regrets would come at times.

'Oh, if I could only work to gain something to begin with!' Gilbert would say when their sorrows were a little forgotten, and the bursting spring brought with it hopeful thoughts and future plans; 'if we had only enough to get through the winter, how happy we might all be!'

'Patience and hope,' Alice would answer, as she clung to her lover's strong arm, and looked in his affectionate eyes, and knew that, to such a true heart and active hand, nothing could come amiss, and they must be happy at last. Still, Alice would often anxiously turn over in her mind plan after plan whereby the needful sum might be gained—some vague, some hopeless, all futile, as it seemed.

At last a chance appeared. There was an old friend of Alice's, a widow Austin, to whom she told her troubles, and her wish to gain money.

'There is only one way that I know of,' said the good woman; 'but how you will like it, I cannot tell. You know it is now May. In a few weeks I shall go to

London for the strawberry season, or my poor little grandchild can have no schooling this winter. Suppose, Alice, you were to go with me? I generally bring home ten or fifteen pounds—that would do for you; and why should not you try it, my dear?'

Great was the opposition from mother and lover; but Alice would go. The idea of gaining fifteen pounds was too precious to be lost. Gilbert's pride revolted at the thought of letting her go; but Alice felt no shame in a good work.

'I am a poor girl now,' she said. 'I must work by the labour of my hands; but that is no disgrace. And you will trust me, Gilbert?'

'God bless you, Alice! I would trust you anywhere; but it is very hard for you to leave us in this way.'

'But then I do not go alone; and when I come back rich—only think, Gilbert; fifteen pounds!'

But Gilbert thought more of parting with his sweet Alice than of the fifteen pounds; and when she had taken farewell of her mother, whom Gilbert promised to cherish as his own until her return, they stood sorrowfully at the end of the lane for the last word and the last kiss. Gilbert watched her with his eyes as she crossed the field with Widow Austin, and then turned with a sad heart to his work.

Alice was now one of the strawberry girls, and none worked harder, or with a more cheerful heart, though her slighter form and fairer face contrasted strongly with her companions—many of them hardy, uncouth, and rough-looking women. But the care of Alice's affectionate friend encircled her as with a shield; and even the rudest of the Welsh mountaineers, and the coarse Wiltshire dames, were gentle towards the reserved and quiet stranger. Alice began to look forward to the end of her labours with hope; and every now and then the good news from home, in Gilbert's half-illegible but affectionate scrawl, cheered her heart, and she did not feel the burning sun, nor the interminable roads, with her basket on her head, and the rude but precious love-treasure in her bosom. One day there came a letter; but, strange to say, the writing was not Gilbert's, though it was evidently dictated by him:—'My poor dear Alice,' it began, 'do not be frightened at a strange hand; but I have had a sore trial. I don't know when I may write to you myself: the doctor says never. God help us both! Alice, poor Gilbert will never see your sweet face any more. I was in that dreadful thunder-storm last week; we were all making hay in your poor father's field, and the lightning struck me. I don't remember anything about it; but I was a long time before I came to myself, and when I did, I could not see. My poor Alice, my dear wife that was to be, I am now quite blind! How shall I work for you and your mother! Oh, Alice, Alice! there is no hope for us! You must not marry a poor, blind, helpless man who can do nothing for you; and the doctor has looked at my eyes, and says there is no hope. My cousin Ned writes this for me. Alice, my own dear Alice! write and pity your unhappy but affectionate lover till death—

GILBERT MILLWARD.'

When Alice had read to the end of this letter, she did not weep or shriek, but her whole frame grew rigid like stone. She slid noiselessly down on the hard ground, and for the first time in her life she fainted. At Mrs Austin's cries, all the women in the strawberry garden gathered round the unhappy girl, with wondering though kind-hearted inquiries and aid. Alice slowly recovered—the poor have no time to give way to sorrow—and she had that morning to walk into London with her basket. She gathered up her strength, and set forth; but her limbs moved mechanically, and there was a weight like lead at her heart, though her eyes were hot and tearless. Her eyes, too, had a strange wild look, that made Mrs Austin almost afraid to speak to her; and she silently followed the unhappy girl as she fulfilled her duties and returned from London.

They came back when afternoon was fading into evening. It was the day of one of the Chiswick fêtes, and carriage after carriage dashed by, filled with beautiful and happy creatures—some gay with their wealth, and beauty, and rich attire; others feeling that all this was nothing compared to the one, loved and loving, who sat beside them. But all seemed happy; and none noticed the poor strawberry girl, who crawled along, overwhelmed by the dust of their carriages as they swept past. She was no shadow on their felicity.

Alice came through that green lane by the river-side at Chiswick, which seems made for loving walks and lonely happiness. Old trees overhang the narrow road, making pleasant shadows all the day, and on one hand flows the broad and beautiful Thames, almost at one's very feet. Here and there quaint old houses are seen, and glimpses appear through the trees of the villas of the rich and noble; but for this, the place is one of the deepest solitude. Alice saw not the beauties around her; her eyes were closed to all; her heart only could see, and that beheld nothing but Gilbert—poor Gilbert!—blind, and lonely, and desolate. But woman's love grows stronger in suffering. Gilbert, in his blindness, was far dearer to her than when he was the pride of the neighbourhood, and when she exulted in being the choice of one like him. We once read of a beautiful girl whose lover returned from the wars frightfully shattered and disfigured.

'Surely you will not marry him now?' said a friend.

'I would marry him if he had only enough of mortal frame left to contain his soul,' was her noble and touching reply. And the lovely girl did marry him, wreck as he was; and they were happy, most happy. Like this high-born beauty felt the poor Shropshire girl. She never thought for a moment of giving up her lover, blind as he was. Her only thought was how she could singly maintain her mother and Gilbert, since it was to her alone that both now must look.

Alice reached Kew Bridge, and worn, exhausted, leant against the parapet for rest. The evening breeze came cool from the river, and the waters below looked so clear, and blue, and peaceful—God forgive the poor girl if the thought more than once crossed her mind, what a sweet and calm bed of rest would be there for the heavy-laden with sorrow for which there was no hope!

'Oh, mother! oh, Gilbert!' cried Alice, while a gush of blessed tears melted the frost of despair from her heart, as she sat down on the bridge beside her strawberry basket, and hiding her face on her knees, wept long and bitterly. It was late in the evening, and no one passed, or Alice would not thus have given way. But at last, unseen by her, a passenger crossed the bridge.

He was a very old man, low in stature, and bending also. Even in youth there could have been no beauty in his face, except his eyes, and they were lovely yet. Our heart warms to such wherever we meet them, in old or young, rich or poor, man or woman. They are deep, lustrous, but not sparkling—truthful and loving—in colour blue or gray, we care not which, so that they bear the expression we love. May such eyes never know tears! The old gentleman—for a gentleman he evidently was—bent these kind eyes of his on the cowering form of Alice Clare. He longed to ask the cause of such grief, but was too delicate-minded to do so at once.

'I want to buy some strawberries, my good girl,' said he. Alice started up, and the good old man appeared to be examining closely the few remaining pottles, lest she should think he was noticing her confusion. The strawberries were chosen and purchased, while the stranger looked with pity on the deadly paleness of Alice's face.

'You seem tired,' said he in that gentle tone which goes at once to the hearts of the unfortunate; 'have you come very far this hot day?'

'Indeed I have; but I would not mind that, only for——' Alice stopped, and grew crimson with shame at her openness.

'Only for what?' said the old gentleman. 'I can

tell by your tongue that you come from my county—from Salop, are you not?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Alice, and her face brightened; 'from near O——.'

'I know the place well,' said her companion; and by degrees he succeeded in drawing from Alice her name and her father's misfortunes, and how she had come to gain money by strawberry-gathering. But of her deeper sorrows Alice did not speak. When she curtseyed to go away, the old gentleman put in her hand a piece of gold.

'Take this to your mother,' said he, knowing that in such-wise Alice could not refuse the gift; 'I saw her once when she was a girl, but I daresay she has forgotten me. However, I am coming to live in O——, and I may see her again.'

He watched Alice as she descended the bridge. 'Poor girl—poor girl!' he said half aloud; 'she is not happy. There is something else: I am sure she did not tell me all.'

'If you please, sir, Alice did not, indeed,' said the ever-faithful dame Austin, who had silently stood at a little distance, when Alice thought she was alone. And, begging many pardons, the good soul told Alice's whole story, including the sorrowful news of the morning. The old gentleman patiently listened to the rude tale, made still ruder by the broad Shropshire accent in which it was told. At last he said, 'Tell Alice not to fear, nor her lover either. I will think of something for them: they shall be married yet. Take that poor girl home as soon as she has earned her money; she is too good and gentle for London. And here is something in case she should not earn enough for her journey also.'

The rough Shropshire woman had a kind heart; she called down blessings innumerable on the friend of the fatherless, and hastened joyfully to cheer poor Alice with the hopeful news.

The strawberry season ended, and Alice was once more at home. Full of sorrowful love was the meeting between her and Gilbert. The mother was all joy at her daughter's safe return; but when they were all seated once more in the lowly cottage, and begun to talk of future plans, Alice saw the agonized expression of Gilbert's face. Then her timid love seemed merged into the open affection of a wife; she went up to him, and kissed those blind eyes which would behold her no more for ever.

'I will never, never give you up, Gilbert. I never did love any but you, and I never shall. Come what may, I will be your wife—your own Alice!'

And so Gilbert's heart was set at rest; and as he went about, led by the fond hand of his early love, he looked almost as happy as before this mournful blindness fell upon him.

Alice had not been a week at home when she received a letter. It was from her aged friend at Kew Bridge. He told her that, in the bank of O——, she would find a sum which she must receive as a marriage portion—it amounted to L.300!

'I meant this sum,' wrote he, 'as a gift to a charity in my native place; but I now think that it may be more worthily bestowed in making happy a girl like Alice Clare. Take it, and God bless you and your children after you! May they grow up to be like yourself—humble, God-fearing, and brave in adversity as you have been!'

Alice Clare and Gilbert Millward were married; and the blind husband grew, in course of time, not to grieve for that affliction which had shown forth so plain the devotedness of his Alice's love. He learned various useful employments, by which he added considerably to the gains of his wife's tasteful fingers, which, by instruction that she could now obtain, soon became the fabricators of all the caps and bonnets for miles round. The mother lived in that happy home with her children and grandchildren: she attended to the dairy, her great delight; while Gilbert's chief amusement was in his garden, which he soon learned to cultivate with skill, in spite of his blindness. And it was often noticed that the portion of ground which won his chief care, and on which his wife's eyes rested with most delight, was a large, rich, and beautiful bed of strawberries.

D. M. M.

THE USE OF THE CORSET.

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER TO A LADY FROM DR REVEILLE-PARISE.

ALTHOUGH I have every desire to justify the confidence you honour me with, you must admit, madam, you put me to rather a severe proof. You ask my opinion upon the employment of corsets—whether they are, in fact, as injurious to the health of women as has been said; and whether medical men have not, upon this point, somewhat exaggerated? I well know with what scruples and fears your maternal affection fills you upon this subject. Your daughter, whom I have attended from her infancy, approaches an age at which the desire to please is very natural. But is it possible to please without an elegant form? and can this be attained without a narrow waist?—in other words, without the agency of the corset? These are important questions, not to be decided without care and circumspection. It is long since the subject has been agitated, but always uselessly, the triumph of the corset only becoming the more assured. Rousseau changed the opinions of his contemporaries on many points. By his eloquent declamations he obliged mothers to suckle their offspring; and, more than this, his doctrines and principles have shaken kingdoms, raised nations against kings, and cast down the powerful; society has been moved to its lowest depths, and Europe convulsed for fifty years. But I ask you, what has this philosopher gained against whalebones transformed into corsets? Absolutely nothing. In vain did he say that a woman in a corset was destitute of grace, and seemed cut in two, like a wasp: the witticism obtained currency, but the thing remained. Peter I. humiliates and dissolves his formidable force, the Strelitz, scarcely a murmur being heard; he obliges the Russians to shave their beards, and he is seriously menaced; but what would have become of him had he dared proscribe the Russian ladies the use of whalebone, or had in anyway meddled with their toilet? The Emperor Joseph II. prohibited the use of corsets, and ordained that criminals only condemned to labour should wear them. All this was useless at the end of a few years.

But what, then, is this formidable power which carries the day against kings, philosophers, physicians, reason, and common sense? Who is there that is ignorant of it? Who does not know its imperious decisions, its sentences without appeal? In fact, does not *fashion* govern the world; and, as regards your sex, is it not the only sovereign who reigns and governs? Upon those who violate her decrees she inflicts the chastisement of ridicule, and at once all opposition ceases. Reason may raise her voice, but every ear is closed. Reason advises, fashion acts; so that we may easily guess which will prove victorious.

You see, then, madam, why this subject, so learnedly treated by so many doctors, has as yet furnished such unsatisfactory results. I maintain the principle, however, that we must never weary in preaching the good and the useful. Something always results; and in this manner a great evil may become diminished, and a small one reduced to nothing. How many strange customs, prejudicial to health, have disappeared with time and perseverance in good advice! I might cite the swaddling-clothes and bandages of children, the hairy pig-tails, hair-powder, garters, and buckles of men.

What would you say if some one seriously proposed to you to forcibly compress one of your limbs for a long period? They might indeed tell you that the smaller it became, the more elegant it would be; but you would not fail to resist such torture. Besides the pain, the

compressed part would soon diminish in size, and waste away more or less completely. The pale and thin muscles would no longer enjoy their natural vigour and activity, the vessels would diminish in size, and the part soon lose its strength and beauty. Now, do you not think that this same compression, exerted upon parts of the body which contain the most delicate and important organs, must be attended with yet more disastrous consequences? These organs, pushed, squeezed, agglomerated together, necessarily lose that development which is indispensable for their action and energy. And observe, this pressure is not made upon any isolated point; it embraces an extensive surface, and just that which corresponds to the organs which are the very source of life. Take a large corset, and measure its height and diameters; and afterwards, when it is tightened to the degree fashion requires and suffering permits, compare these admeasurements with the body of the person who wears it, and you will be astonished at the result.

But where is the use of reasoning or experience for those who are convinced not only that the corset is not injurious, but that it is useful? Who is not aware that a thousand marvellous qualities are attributed to it? It supports the waist, strengthens the body, gives grace to the movements, and so on! As to its inconveniences, these are rarely alluded to, or wholly denied. Far more than this, if the shape is ungainly, the corset will rectify everything; and it even cures a vicious conformation of the spine and chest! No sooner are the fatal words, 'She is all one side,' pronounced respecting a young girl, than every description of corset fit for the reparation, or at all events the disguise of the evil, is sent for; the fact being, that these corsets, so far from relieving the deformity, assist and augment it, by compressing, enfeebling, and wasting the muscles. No matter; the torture continues, as if this fact were not known. The patience of women in this respect is worthy of admiration. Ask any of them if she is not too tight, but never will she allow it, however extreme her suffering.

It must not, however, be believed that this instrument of torture is of modern invention. More than one poet of antiquity has reproached his countrywomen with its employment. The Greek ladies had their *sefodosne*, and the Roman matrons their *castula*, a kind of small tunic, which was tightened around the waist. According to Ovid (Fasti iv. 147), the corset would seem to have been in as great request among the Roman girls as among our own. Yet women of other nations reject this article of dress with advantage. Lady W. Montagu observes, that nothing can be more admirable than the forms of the Turkish ladies, who regarded her corset as a machine in which she had been enclosed by her husband, and whence she could not extricate herself. The Spanish women, also so celebrated for the elegant contour of their shapes, do not employ the corset. It was only during the lifetime of Catherine de Medicis that the custom of wearing the tightened corset was introduced into France.

Some women have discontinued this article of dress, whether from fancy or necessity, without sustaining any inconvenience. It is the long *habit* of wearing it which deceives most. Without it, they do not seem dressed—as if something were wanting. This may be so for the first day or two of the experiment, but at the end of a fortnight the loss would not be perceived; just as in the case of a ring long worn on the finger, or any other object habitually employed. Many young women, obliged to renounce this strange article of the toilet, have quickly found their health improve. The blood has then been allowed free circulation, the lungs full expansion; and the free movements permitted to the body have soon reproduced and preserved that fresh, animated complexion, the principal beauty of the young, but which they so rarely possess in large towns. Surely the preservation of health is of more consequence than the retention of these pieces of whalebone? If a young woman, with the most beautiful form and richest portion, does not possess health, adieu to happiness and pleasure, for her life is strewed with thorns. Exemption from suffering is almost everything in our rapid and short passage through life; but to suffer from one's own fault, because we have desired it—is this not deserving the chastisement which we have braved, but which awaits us?

What is most singular is, that women are aware of the injuriousness of the corset—they instinctively feel that its action is an unnatural and eminently hurtful one. Here is the proof. If, by accident, a lady falls ill in a crowded assembly of any kind, a general cry is raised by the others, 'Cut her lace!' This is done instantly—the compressing machine is opened, air rushes into the lungs, the victim breathes, and recovers; which, however, will not prevent her recommencing the next day, so inexorable and powerful is this malicious demon —fashion.

I am aware that, in appreciating on the one hand these inconveniences of the corset, and on the other wishing to sacrifice to custom, you will ask me if there is not some form of this machine less dangerous than another. It is true that the form and size exert much influence on the results and effects which are produced; so that large, strongly-whaleboned or busked, stiff, inelastic corsets—*cuirasse-corsets*—are more hurtful than small ones; but the *degree of constriction* exerted is the one simple and essential measure of the degree of mischief occasioned. In fact, the varieties of form are of little consequence. A corset which is exactly adapted to the body, without exerting too much constriction or compression, without impeding development of the growth, or producing any ill effect, does not exist; and this philosopher's stone of a *model corset* will never be discovered, whatever pains be taken. It is impossible to mould the form of a nymph in an apparatus of iron. An evident proof that these machines are hurtful, is derived from the fact, that the endeavour is constantly made to render them as little fatiguing as possible. The material has been varied: they have been constructed in caoutchouc, and transformed into light apparatus permeable to air; and some are capable of instantaneous unlacing. But all this is useless. The grand hygeianic problem of a *corset without danger*, will probably for ever remain unsolved. In all there is this dilemma—either the corset is worn loose, and then where is its utility? or it exerts compression, and is then dangerous. Whenever I see these perfidious instruments of torture exposed for sale, I cannot avoid shuddering at thinking of all the evils enclosed within their elegant contours. I can believe that you intend your daughter's corset shall be of a proper form and size, and not worn injuriously tight. But observe, that besides engendering a dangerous habit, the exact point of constriction is difficult to seize. Between the little and the too much there is a mathematical line difficult to be constantly followed. And then experience teaches us that women, and even girls, have a mischievous tendency to tighten themselves more and more, and especially if threatened with becoming somewhat stout.

It is a very unfortunate circumstance, that the inconveniences and diseases—the certain consequences of the abuse of the corset—are never immediate; they are long engendering in the substance of the organs so constantly pressed upon and crushed. The corset does not kill suddenly, like arsenic; therefore it is harmless! Can there be a more dangerous or murderous syllogism? When the physician, who, from long experience, foresees the mischief that will arrive, and informs a woman how injurious is this lacing and girthing herself in, she smiles, declares that he is mistaken, for she is not tight, and that habit has rendered her capable of supporting all. She has resisted the effects, and will continue to do so. Her health is good; why should she change her plans? She does not reflect that this condition of pressure is in direct violation of the laws of nature. The most noble organs are deprived of the play and development essential to their functions. Even the very

bones of the trunk and chest suffer under this pernicious influence. To convince yourself of this, have the courage to examine a skeleton, the solid framework of our fragile organisation. On the one hand, you see the spine—the solid yet mobile support of the whole animal structure. A multitude of nerves escape from its lateral openings, giving life to the internal organs, and establishing relations with the brain. This spinal column is covered externally on each side by bundles of muscles—the moving power. Now, I ask you whether a corset, worn habitually tight, must not interfere with, and prevent the action of, these muscles and those of the shoulders? On the other hand, observe that the ribs, forming a kind of bony and movable cage, represent a cone, having its apex above, and its base below. Well, the corset acts in a totally opposite direction. It compresses and binds in this base, whose expansion is indispensable for the play of the lungs and the act of respiration. Can there exist a worse or more fatal practice? We laugh at the Chinese ladies; but the deformed and squeezed-up state of their feet does not at least affect the general health. A mother protects her daughter from the effects of the slightest draught of air, from the least damp, from the rays of a burning sun, and yet exposes her to the dangerous compression of a large corset.

Although all portions of the body suffer, and tend to morbid changes, when submitted to great and more or less prolonged pressure, there are some organs which seem especially destined to endure these evils. Among these are the lungs and heart. It is through their agency that respiration and circulation are accomplished. They are, so to speak, the very roots of life. Now, I ask, what must take place when the cavity containing them is narrowed, and when the extent of their action is limited by the tyrannical exigencies of the corset? The diseases which result are numerous, always serious, and so much the more incurable, as they proceed from a predisposition become constitutional. If you were aware of the fine texture, the delicate network of the lungs, the sensibility of these precious organs, the abundance of blood which penetrates their innermost recesses, there to become revived, you would only be astonished that these diseases were not more frequent still. And yet, will it be believed that women, having the chest thus compressed and narrowed, will read aloud, or engage in singing and declamation? From the most straitened organ the highest amount of action is demanded!

But the chest is not the only organ exposed to this severe compression of the corset. The liver, placed immediately below the ribs at the very point where constriction is greatest, equally suffers. Hence results pain in the side, indigestion, and diseases of the organ, with chronic jaundice. The stomach itself, compressed by the bone of the corset, does not enjoy its natural vigour and extensibility. Hence distaste for food, painful digestion, languor, pallid or pimpled countenance, &c. Soemmering, a celebrated German physician, found a stomach nearly divided into two parts by the excessive and long-continued pressure of a steel-busk. I know well that few women would submit to such torture; but some there are whom no rein or prudence can restrain.

It is for balls, parties, theatres, &c. that interminable preparations for the toilet are especially made, and that the most destructive conspiracy against health is contrived. The lady of elegant form who repairs to these, is girt in every possible manner. Her shoes are as small and narrow as possible; the entire body surrounded by a large and strong corset mercilessly laced; the clasps of her dress maintain the ground already gained; and her girdle exercises no less constriction. We need not mention bracelets, necklaces, &c. which, nevertheless, exert injurious pressure upon the neck and arms; so that every part of the body is encircled with more or less tight ligatures. Thus fettered and bound up, she repairs to the place of assembly, where the air is contaminated by a crowded company, while the mirrors are tarnished, and the candles melt, in a temperature equal to that of Senegal. Nevertheless, she will remain here for five or six hours, perhaps dancing, or singing in a more or less loud voice. It is not until she has returned home, and removed the instruments of torture, that she can *breathe*. By a miracle of nature she has not succumbed to efforts which the most robust man could not support for an hour. And yet this is the feebler sex!

NARRATIVE OF JUAN VAN HALEN.

HIS ESCAPE FROM THE INQUISITION.—CONCLUSION.

We have seen how Van Halen was arrested on a charge of conspiracy, imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and tortured to extort a confession. All this, however, was in vain: he never breathed the name of an accomplice, but steadfastly maintained his innocence of any design to overthrow the throne or subvert the Catholic religion. Under these circumstances he was retained at Madrid, where every hope of release was gradually receding, till his misfortunes excited the interest of the orphan girl who had been adopted by Don Marcelino, the keeper of the prison, and who, it appears, was in the habit of cleaning his cell. Without exchanging a word with Juan, she adopted a truly ingenious mode of communicating that she had it in her power to be of service to him as opportunity might offer. This was by leaving her ear-ring under his pillow—a signal to which he responded by replacing it wound round with a lock of his hair. For three days after this no one entered his cell, nor did the girl make her appearance. On the fourth day, however, 'I was removed, as usual, to the adjoining dungeon while mine was being cleaned; and on my return thither I hastened to examine the bed; but the ear-ring was not there. I was disappointed; but suddenly I perceived that my watch was gone from the usual place at the head of the bed. I searched, and found it under my pillow—the hand pointing to the wrong hour. I could not understand this sign; but on the following day, just at the hour indicated, I heard a voice saying, "Quick—quick!" I leaped from my bed, and hastening to the door, looked through the slit which I have before mentioned, and saw the girl's face. She addressed me thus—"You are very unfortunate: I wish to be of service to you. Don Juanito is in bed; answer quickly."

"My good girl, can you give me a paper and pencil?"

"Not at present; but," she added, looking back and leaving me for an instant, "here is some."

"Thanks; now give me a pin."

'She thrust her arm through the opening in the door, and I received the pin: she disappeared immediately. I knew not at first to whom to address my note, so fearful was I of implicating any of my friends. At last I remembered a cousin named Murfy, who held a subordinate situation in a government office, and to him I resolved to write. I then drew some blood from my arm, and wrote as follows:—"The ink with which this is written will give you some idea of the state to which I am reduced. I am surrounded with horrors, but no one shall suffer from my want of caution. Endeavour to see Don Facundo Infantes, a friend of mine; show him this paper, and act in concert with him. Farewell."

'I had just concluded these lines, when the jailer entered with my dinner. I hid the note under my pillow; and two days afterwards I found, in the same place, when I returned to my dungeon after it was cleaned, a pencil, some folded paper, and my watch pointing to eleven. I waited impatiently till this hour arrived, when my benefactress appeared.

"Are you better?" said she. "Don Juanito is ill, and Don Marcelino is going out: tell me what I can do for you?"

"Can you go out into the town?"

"Yes; I go every morning to market."

"Take this note then," said I, "to Don Jacobo Murfy, who lives in the street of Alcala. Show him this watch, on which my name is engraved, and do what he asks you."

"Is he a man of honour?" said she; "for you have many enemies."

'I assured her he was; and then fastened the watch and note to the end of the broom, which she thrust through the aperture in the door. "What is your name?" asked I.

"Ramona. This is my *only* name:" her voice changed, and she bade me farewell.

'On the following day I found a note and my watch under my pillow: the darkness unfortunately prevented my reading the former; I therefore spent this night, the last of the year, in fruitless conjectures. At length the 1st of January 1818 dawned, and I read the following note from my cousin:—"Nothing can equal my surprise on receiving your note; I will inform your friends of your situation. Be assured my affection for you will prompt me to strain every nerve for your rescue. Heaven preserve you! Adieu." I read these lines again and again, when the noise of doors opening announced some one's approach; and Don Marcelino entered, attired in his gala dress. I told him that I suffered much from pain in my chest. "Yes; the weather is cold," answered he; "you had better keep in bed;" and then withdrew.

'As soon as he was gone, I wrote a note to Infantes, begging him to write to Murcia and Granada, to assure my friends there that, whatever I might suffer, I would never betray them. I had just finished, when I heard Ramona's voice. She related to me the particulars of her visit to my cousin, adding that she had appointed him to meet her at a place nearer the prison, as he lived at some distance, and she was afraid of being missed by her master. "Have you any more notes for your friend? Don Juanito is ill, and my master is gone to the levee of the inquisitor-general."

"Have you been long in this prison?" said I.

"Ask no questions," said she; "I only wish to alleviate your misfortunes."

"Are there any more prisoners in these dungeons?"

"Yes; only one more, whom my master says will soon be set at liberty."

"What kind of man is he?" asked I, fearing that this might be Calvo, of whose arrest I had heard.

"He is young and handsome; he sings constantly, and has covered the walls with drawings."

'I knew that this could not be my treacherous servant. I asked who kept the keys of my dungeon; to which she answered, that sometimes her master, and at others Don Juanito; but that the former always laid them under his pillow at night; and though he allowed her to enter the passages, he never intrusted her with the keys, not even when she cleaned the dungeon; for he always accompanied her to unlock the door. She now withdrew, and was scarcely gone, when Don Marcelino arrived with some books, which he had brought for my use. On the 5th of January I received another visit from Ramona. She gave me some more paper and a pencil, and then said softly, "Tell me quickly if you want anything else: the prisoner who was confined in the passage above this has been removed to a dungeon close by; Don Juanito has left his room this morning, and is meddling as usual. Put your note under the pillow. Lest he should watch my visits here, it is better that you should write instead of speaking to me."

"Can you read well, for I have much to say? But if you are not willing to grant my request, pray do not raise my expectations."

"I will do all you require; my fears are all on your account."

'Between the paper she gave me I found a note from my friends, begging me to let them know if I would combine with them in devising some plan of escape; and adding that, if my plan failed, they would so far do violence to their own feelings as to send me the means of self-destruction.

'My first idea was to consult Ramona, as I had but a confused recollection of the passages and staircases of the building; and without her help I dared not attempt to thread these, even should I be so fortunate as to escape beyond the doors of my cell. Dr Gil visited me the evening of this day, and said that no improvement could be expected in my health until I had a fire in my dungeon. He was evidently wearied with attending me, and begged me not to send for him unless I really wanted him.

'At the usual hour the next day Ramona reappeared. "I bring nothing for you to-day," said she; "Don Juanito seldom leaves his room, for he was worse after he went out the other day."

"I am glad to hear it, because I do not think it is safe for us to communicate by writing."

"How?" replied she; "do you think me indiscreet?"

"No," said I; "but will you bring me two pistols and some other things, which my friends will give you?"

"Are you mad?" cried she. "I have often heard my master say that you wished to destroy yourself. While I can serve you, why should you wish to die?"

'I assured her that I wanted these weapons only for my deliverance.

"How will you effect that?"

"Through the door; nothing is easier."

"You do not know the state of the prison," said she. "I will tell you all that occurs; but you shall never have anything from me with which you can hurt yourself. I heard the physician tell my master last night that you were mad. My master said that he would rather have thirty prisoners than *the bird*, for that you had often deprived him of his sleep. The doctor said there was not a single person outside who ever thought of you."

'Ramona related this to show me that I was watched, even during the night. A noise in the passage now obliged her to quit her post. On the following day I received a visit from Don Juanito, who did not fail to behave as insolently as possible. Five days elapsed before I saw my messenger: on the sixth, on returning to my dungeon after it had been cleaned, I found a note from my friends, which I answered, begging them not to undertake any plan for my escape at present, as Ramona had excited my apprehensions respecting the suspicions of my jailers.

'On the night of the 15th, Don Marcelino told me that Castaneda, the senior inquisitor, wished to see me; that he would bring with him a person to whose wishes I certainly would attend. I asked whom. He answered, "Your father: yes, your father is coming to visit you."

'I knew the intention of this visit, which would be very painful to me; but I calmly answered that I should be very glad to see my respected father.

'The next day but one I heard Ramona's voice; she told me that Don Juanito had not left his room, there being no tribunal that day. I then painted to her, in the strongest colours, the situation in which I stood, declaring that I must escape or die.

'She burst into tears. "It is impossible; my master's death would be the consequence of your escape."

"You will go with me?" said I.

"No; I should then dishonour myself. Ask of me anything that will effect your escape; but wait for an opportunity, when the blame may be laid on Don Juanito. I will lose my life to save yours; but neither yours nor my master's blood must be spilled." In this wild manner she talked for some time, until the fear of discovery caused her to leave me.

'On the 19th I wrote a note, begging my friends to procure me the means of leaving Spain. I had meditated this journey without considering the state of weakness to which I was reduced; and had not my friends arranged matters more prudently, my scheme would have failed.

'Several days passed away; my keepers brought me

some more clothes for my bed, and also a brasier to warm the dungeon. At length Sunday arrived; and my jailers, wishing to profit by the holiday, visited me very early, and took away the brasier. Soon after, I heard Ramona.

"Don Juanito is gone out," said she; "but he is more vigilant than ever. Since he was ill, he has never entered the prison till last night, when he stood reading at the top of the first staircase. I have twice followed my master's steps: he does not shut the doors after him; but the whole prison remains in darkness, as, except the light which he gives to the other prisoner, there is not one to be seen. The key of the third door goes badly; it has been made since you came here. I heard him talking with Don Juanito about you. That fool told him that he should read the book he had got, about *a bird* as wicked as you, who escaped from a dungeon in the country of an heretic king, who had no Inquisition, and consequently no good jailers."

'I immediately guessed that this book must be Baron Trenck's memoirs, and related some part of his history to her, and thus endeavoured to engage her in a conversation so interesting to me; but she hastily quitted me; and scarcely two minutes had elapsed, before Don Juanito appeared.

'I found afterwards that Ramona had a little dog, which was so much attached to her, that he followed her wherever she went. She always left him, when she came to visit me, outside the first door of the prison; so that, whenever any one opened it, he ran to his mistress, and thus gave warning of the approach of the person entering, whom it was easy for her to avoid in the darkness of the passages.

'The next day I found under my pillow a plan of the streets in the vicinity of the prison; and I wrote to my friends, saying that I should attempt my escape about the 30th of the month, between seven and eight in the evening; and added a description of the dress which I wore. I laid these under the pillow. I did not see Ramona until the 28th, when she only stayed a few minutes. I grew daily more anxious and restless; and at length, on the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, Ramona delivered to me a note.

"I have been obliged to assign more than one pretext in order to induce my master to allow me free entrance into the prison this afternoon," said she. "I tremble at what you purpose doing to-morrow."

"Purpose doing!" said I; "I *will* do it."

"Wait till Juanito is ill again," said she. "I formerly feared for my master's life; I fear now for yours. Juanito has never lately missed his nocturnal visit to the prison. You would meet with both, and would be ruined."

'She burst into tears, and leaning her head against the door, sobbed aloud. I begged her to accompany me; but she still firmly refused, adding that she would aid me in all my plans for escape.

"If I remain," said she, "no blame can be attached to me; if I fly, I convict myself at once."

'She then informed me that, when Don Marcelino visited the prison alone, he did not shut any of the doors after him; and that very probably Juanito would not accompany him to-night, or to-morrow either.

"If," said she, "the plate on which Marcelino brings the glass containing your medicine have a border on it, be sure that Don Juanito is watching outside; if it have no border, all is safe."

'She retired, and I read the note she gave me; it assured me that a friend would wait for me every night from seven o'clock outside the doors of the Inquisition; and referring to the plan, informed me of the course I ought to pursue through the streets.

"To-morrow," said I, "I shall be at liberty, or shall die."

'The next day dawned, and Don Marcelino visited me, and ordered me to exchange my tattered jacket for a green surtout, as the time of the intended visit was approaching. This alteration in my dress annoyed me, as I was afraid that my friends would not recognise me thus. My dungeon was cleaned at noon, and on looking under the pillow, I found a small gold cross, and the same ear-ring which had at first inspired me with hope, both fastened to a hair-chain. I then took a piece of charcoal from the brasier, and wrote in the blank leaf of one of Don Marcelino's books a few lines, stating "that my situation left me no alternative but to seek my liberty by forcible means; and that, should my attempt be fruitless, I begged him to respect my misfortunes, and show me more mercy if I again should be placed under his custody."

'At length the hour for the execution of my plan drew near. I heard the noise of bolts, and presently Don Marcelino entered. Without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing this might be my last opportunity, I extinguished the light, advanced towards my jailer, and pushed him violently to the farther end of the dungeon; then rushing to the door, opened it, closed it quickly, drew the bolt, and stood in the dark passage. I opened the third door, and groped my way through several passages till I reached the staircase, which I ascended. I found myself on the threshold of a kitchen, and went in to seek a hatchet, or some weapon of defence. The first object that met my eyes was Ramona, pale and breathless.

"Where is my master?" said she. "What pistol is that in your hand?"

'I showed her that what she imagined to be a pistol was a key. She drew from her bosom the notes I had previously given her, gave them to me, and pointing to a court which led to the outer door, said, "That is the way to the street. My mistress expects some friends this evening; they will come directly; for Heaven's sake hasten away."

'She pressed my hands, and I hurried to the court.

'It was quite dark, but I contrived to reach the door. Just as I did so, I heard voices outside. Ramona, who ought to have opened the door, began screaming as if hurt; those outside screamed also; and in this confusion I opened the door, and rushed out, throwing down the person who was entering. I was now in the street, and breathed a second life.

'Following the direction pointed out by my friends, I turned the corner of the building, and saw a tall man muffled up in a cloak, who exclaimed immediately, "Juan Van Halen! is it you?"

"Yes," cried I. He then whistled, and several friends joined us. My old cap was exchanged for a laced cocked-hat, and a cloak was thrown over me. We then set forth. My friends gradually dispersed, leaving only two with me. On arriving at the street Tudescos, we stopped at the entrance of a large house, the principal door of which was open. Having entered, we met on the staircase a large masquerading party, who were coming out of the principal rooms. We continued ascending the stairs till we reached the humble attic, which was the asylum prepared for me by my friends.'

Meanwhile all was dismay at the prison. Don Marcelino's wife, alarmed at Ramona's screams, and the rough treatment her guest had experienced, hastened, regardless of all danger, and guided by the heroic girl, to the dungeons. As she went along the passages she called her husband's name, and fainted away when she found the door of Van Halen's cell locked. Juanito at this moment entered the prison, and ordered them to force the door of the dungeon, when they found Don Marcelino lying on the floor in a swoon. Intelligence of the escape was immediately carried to the inquisitor-general; and, by a curious coincidence, Van Halen's mother, who had not yet heard of his flight, presented herself a few hours after to plead for her son's pardon. To her astonishment she was told that he had fled.

It was agreed that Van Halen should remain in Madrid until he had recovered his health: he was accordingly placed under the care of the Biscayan woman to whom the secret of his concealment was intrusted. This individual nursed him very kindly, and never in

the least degree attempted to betray him. Meanwhile the report was spread by his friends that he had left Madrid; and to strengthen this idea, he wrote a letter to the inquisitor-general, dated it Bordeaux, and then sent it to a friend at that city, who posted it there. This quite misled the Inquisition.

Van Halen now ventured to go out at night; and one evening, passing before his father's house, he saw his mother and sisters sitting at work near the balcony, whilst several men, wrapped in cloaks, were stationed opposite the windows, and evidently watching their movements. Various adventures befell our hero during these moonlight walks; but he happily escaped all dangers; and when the spring arrived, he determined to leave Madrid for France.

A passport, designating him as a public commissioner, was, after much difficulty, obtained, without exciting suspicion; and Van Halen bade his brothers, who had been made acquainted with the whole affair, adieu, and set out with his faithful friend Polo for the frontier. Nothing remarkable occurred on their journey till they reached the city of Olite, in the kingdom of Navarre. Here, on entering the kitchen of the inn, they found a capuchin friar and a priest, who displayed the hateful badge of the holy office. This was sufficiently alarming; but the evening passed off without any discovery being made. The next morning they started on their journey before the rest of the travellers were astir, and hastened to an inn which was only one day's march from the frontier.

Van Halen's friends had intrusted the landlord of this inn with the secret of his flight, and having given the watchword, they asked for advice respecting the crossing of the Pyrenees. He advised them to travel under the protection of some smugglers who were going, and who would open a path through the snow; he added, that their sudden arrival had excited the suspicions of a notary, who was in the kitchen; on hearing which, Polo went to that room, and taking out his pocket-book, began to look over some papers, dropping, as if accidentally, the passport, and then left the kitchen. The host, who was in the secret, picked it up, and asked the notary to read it aloud, which he did, and this stilled their suspicions. Van Halen dared not trust to the guidance of the smugglers, and he and Polo started alone for the mountains, trusting to chance for their road, and for escaping the queries of the custom-house officers. As they approached the frontier, one of the guards, who was on the look-out, came up and demanded their passport; they delivered it, and dismounting, led their horses as near to the barrier as possible. For fifteen minutes they were kept in suspense, the officers looking suspiciously at them. Polo lighted a cigar, and began a conversation with one, but could obtain only monosyllabic answers.

Meantime they were repeatedly invited to go into the house; but they declined, at the same time taking care to show no signs of alarm. At length the officer came out, saying that their personal appearance so completely agreed with the passport, that he did not require any time to consider; but that he had had an order from the viceroy of Navarre, desiring him not to credit any passport that was not countersigned by his lordship. Van Halen answered that the exalted rank of the minister who had signed his, entitled him to respect. The officer returned the passport, ordered the gates of the barrier to be opened, and bade them farewell. They rode slowly until out of sight of the officers; and being sure that they were safe in the French territory, they alighted and embraced each other. Van Halen then threw off the insignias of his assumed rank of public commissioner, and dropped the name of Manuel Suelto, under which he had travelled through Spain.

The two friends were now transformed into wool merchants, and as such passed the custom-house. It was so customary for merchants to travel armed, that their pistols and swords did not attract any attention. They then hastened to Paris, and thence to Calais, where they embarked for England, in order to obtain an asylum in that country, which is always open to all in distress. Here, properly, the narrative of Van Halen's *adventures* ought to end; but he played so important a part in another country some years afterwards, that we cannot resist the temptation of saying a few words more about him. We will first, however, acquaint our readers with the remainder of Ramona's history, as we are sure that they must be interested about so generous a character.

After Van Halen's escape from the Inquisition, both Ramona and Don Marcelino were examined, and placed in separate dungeons: all communication between the latter and his wife was forbidden; and Don Juanito was appointed to the post of seeing these injunctions fulfilled. The tribunal then accused Don Marcelino of not having acted with sufficient strictness towards Van Halen, and Ramona was charged with having opened the door of the prison communicating with the jailers' apartments, her master having declared that he shut them when he carried the medicine to his prisoner. Don Marcelino was condemned to the galleys for ten years, and Ramona to perpetual seclusion in a convent. This girl was, however, for some time in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and bore all her miseries with unshaken fortitude. She remained in the convent till 1820, when the political events in Spain restored her to liberty. She then married a soldier of cuirassiers, to whom she had for many years been attached. She seems to have been very humble and disinterested in her generosity, for she never asked for the slightest reward, either from the government or from any individual; and when Van Halen returned to Spain, he showed her all the kindness which gratitude for her services prompted; but she never sought in anyway to raise her condition, and lived a happy and a humble life. Don Marcelino received, some years after, a situation under government; Don Juanito enlisted in a company of grenadiers; and though still wearing the badge of that office which had been overthrown with so much exultation by the people, assumed the uniform of the national militia, and was killed, while forcing an entrance into the king's palace, on the 7th of July 1822. He died expressing sorrow for his misdeeds; and we must hope that his repentance was sincere.

To return to Van Halen. His friend Polo left him as soon as he was safely settled in London, and returned to Spain. Van Halen remained some months in England; and at last, being driven by poverty to find some means of subsistence, determined to enter the army of Russia. He remained in the Russian service until the revolutions of the year 1820 rendered his return to his native country quite free from danger. He then intimated his wish to retire from the army; but the Emperor Alexander—a true despot—being displeased at the attempt made by the Spaniards to throw off the yoke which for six long years had held them in bondage, and reduced them to the same state of degradation as the Russian serfs had sunk into, gave orders that Van Halen should be dismissed from the service, and quit the Russian dominions under an escort, which should be provided for the purpose. And this order was given just after Van Halen had been planting the standard of Russia on the towers of the emperor's enemies in Georgia!

Van Halen journeyed immediately into Austria, thence through Switzerland and France, and arrived in Spain, where, in a few days after, he had the inexpressible joy of being once more in the bosom of his family.

Soon after this he married, and was sent with the far-famed General Mina to quell the rebellion in Catalonia. He shared the fate of this chief after the capitulation of Barcelona, and left Spain for the western world. In 1826 he returned to Europe, and settled in the Netherlands. Here he became acquainted with some of the warmest advocates of Belgic freedom; and being in Brussels during the Revolution of 1830, he placed himself at the head of the people, and led them against the Dutch troops during the fight of the four

days. He was then made inspector of the fortresses, and also lieutenant-general—but here we will leave him, merely mentioning a curious fact; namely, that the steam-packet which brought to England the first intelligence of the Belgian revolution was named the *Ramona*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

Telegraphs on the electric principle are now in rapid construction along all our main lines of railway; in fact, the time is at hand when they will be regarded as indispensable as the rails themselves. Nor is it in Britain alone that this gratifying progress is discernible. France is equally on the alert, and her savans are unremitting in their endeavours to extend the capabilities of these wonderful instruments. The same remark is applicable to Austria and other continental countries, and in particular to the United States, where Professor Morse, the inventor of a new signal apparatus, capable of performing sixty signs a-minute, has been charged with the construction of several lines of telegraph, covering an extent of three hundred leagues. More than this, seas of moderate width will ere long be traversed by those magic wires as effectually as the most sheltered nook of land. We observe that the Admiralty, with a view of testing the practicability of conducting a submarine telegraph across the English Channel, have approved of, and given leave to, the projectors to lay down an experimental wire across Portsmouth harbour, from the admiral's house in the dockyard to the Gosport railway terminus. When this experiment has been sufficiently tested—and there seems to be no doubt whatever of its perfect practicability—then both the English and French governments will give their sanction to the projected line across the Straits of Dover. From Calais it is intended to continue the line to Paris, and from Paris to Marseilles. Upon the completion and success of these projects, a line on a still more gigantic scale, it is stated, will then be attempted by the French government; namely, that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria!

All this is highly gratifying, not only on economical, but on moral and social considerations. By and by these lines will be used not merely by railway companies in conveying their own directions, nor by government in transmitting important intelligence, but they will be employed by private individuals, by friends, by members of the same family, as a sort of extraordinary post in cases of emergency. How delightful, for instance, to learn, even by one day's anticipation of the ordinary post, that the long absent friend has safely arrived from abroad! How gratifying to know, morning and evening, the condition of a distressed relative who may be four or five hundred miles distant! In matters of business too, it will be of infinite advantage; the most perfect secrecy being obtainable by making the officials connected with the telegraph transmit certain ciphers known only to the parties communicating. Moreover, it will afford one of the most thorough means of detection, as has already been proved in several cases of theft. Let a bank robbery be committed in Edinburgh, for example, during the night, and next morning, by ten o'clock, the intelligence, with its particulars, may be communicated to the bankers of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and every other town between which the telegraphic wires may be suspended. In fact, by means of this and railway and steamboat communication, the escape of culprits, which is every day becoming less practicable, will soon be rendered next to impossible—a fact which will tend powerfully to lessen the amount of crime; the certainty of detection being one of the most potent means of prevention. And, taking still more general ground, it will be the means of uniting countries in closer friendship and friendly regard—bringing them, in many of their most important transactions, as it were together—placing them, as regards time and distance at least, on the same exchange, and in the same council chamber; and it will develop reciprocal feelings, which have now scarcely existence. Once in the enjoyment of such privileges, it will not be a slight matter that will lead to any disruption; for there is nothing more certain than that the tendency to war becomes always less in proportion to a nation's experience of the advantages of peace. What a wonderful chapter in the world's history may yet be founded on the fact of the instantaneous transmissibility of the electric fluid along a metallic wire!

BATHING AND DROWNING.

Every summer brings its catalogue of 'drowned while bathing,' but we think the present season has been unusually rife in these melancholy casualties. Scarcely a newspaper we take up but contains some such record; 'having gone beyond his depth'—'took cramp'—'heroically leapt in to save a drowning companion, but being no swimmer'—or the like, being invariably the reason assigned for the catastrophe. Frequent as these droppings away of human life have become, yet year after year passes by without any really adequate means being taken to prevent them. It is true that, at some of the larger ports, the commissioners or a humane society may have provided a couple of life-buoys; but these ports are seldom the resort of bathers, and we are not aware of any such provision at the little outports and sheltered nooks which usually form the bathing grounds of the country. Useful and necessary as we admit such apparatus to be, yet though every maritime hamlet were provided with them, they would go but a little way in preventing the evil to which we refer. What we require is proper bathing-places—places prepared and set aside for that purpose—of moderate depth, and so sheltered and secured, that a woman or a child would be in no danger of drowning. It will not do to tell us, as is sometimes inconsiderately done, 'Oh, if swimming were more commonly taught and practised, there would be fewer cases of drowning.' The truth is, that, among a people circumstanced as we are, swimming could never be very generally practised, even had we the perpetual summer of the tropics; and far less can it be acquired, seeing that for nine months in the year the severity of the climate forbids its enjoyment. Fifteen years ago, the writer of this note would have yielded to none in the exercise of swimming; but, from dwelling inland, from the calls of business, and the like, he has had no means of keeping it in practice, and now feels almost as much disqualified as though he never breasted the water. Thousands must feel themselves in the same predicament; not to say anything of those whose inland dwelling prevents them from ever acquiring the art.

All that is aimed at and required by our people—whether maritime or inland—is a few weeks of healthful bathing in the open air; and the question should be, how is this to be obtained with the greatest comfort and safety? Undoubtedly by the preparation of proper bathing-grounds, whether on our shores or on our inland rivers. Where a corporation exists, this might be done by such a body for the common good; in much-frequented watering-places, the proprietors would find it their interest to provide such accommodation for their visitors; and where none of these means can be secured, it might become a subject of private speculation, as most parties would pay a trifling fee rather than run the risk of discomfort and danger. Public gardens, parks, recreation grounds, and baths, are now quite the rage; why not safe and comfortable situations for one of the most

healthful of all recreations—bathing in the open air? On most of our beaches a shallow space could be netted or railed in at a very small expense, and such netting, being carefully removed after summer, might be made to last for several seasons. Such a space could be subdivided, and even partially protected by an awning, so that parties might, for a trifling charge, enjoy all the seclusion of a private bath. It is true that individuals could not be prevented from taking the open sea; but the generality of females, the aged and infirm, the cautious, and those in charge of children, would assuredly prefer such places of safety. So long as the present system of unconcern prevails, there will be grievous losses and bereavements; rash and inexperienced youths will venture beyond their depth; and chills, spasms, and cramps will unaccountably seize the most robust and experienced. We would not, by any means, discard the boats and buoys now in use; on the contrary, we would rather multiply than diminish. What we contend for, in addition, is the laying out of proper areas, which would be perfectly safe even for the least experienced, and which, moreover, could be kept more secluded, more cleanly, and more comfortable.

BURNING OF WATER.

It was once remarked by a celebrated chemist, when speaking of the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, that he had little fear for that event, as long ere then the progress of science would have enabled man to support the combustion of water. Extravagant as this opinion may appear to the unscientific, there is nothing more likely. Water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen—two gases without which it would be impossible to eliminate a single phenomenon of combustion. Thus the gas which we burn in our houses is carburetted hydrogen; that is, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, which, on ignition, gives us light and heat only when in a medium containing oxygen—such as the atmosphere. Here, then, hydrogen and oxygen play most important parts; and could we resolve water into its elements, which it is quite possible to do, all that is necessary to produce heat and light is a little carbon. But we are not left to speculate on this matter; the thing has been so far done by M. Jobard; and gas made from water, possessing double the illuminating properties of ordinary coal gas, has been used both in France and in our own country. M. Jobard obtains his hydrogen gas by the decomposition of steam in vertical retorts filled with incandescent coke, and unites this gas, *at the moment of formation*, with hyper-carburetted gas, produced by the distillation of any hydro-carburet—as oil, tar, naphthaline, and other products at present rejected by our ordinary gas-works. It is of no moment whence his hydro-carburets are produced; indeed the substances which are rendered useless and injurious to the manufacture of the gas, by the present mode of operating, are precisely those which are the richest in illuminating properties. M. Jobard's process and its details have been submitted, since its invention in 1833, to several commissions of inquiry both in Belgium and France, and the reports of these have been uniformly favourable both as to its cheapness and the higher illuminating power of the gas so produced. In a recent number of the 'Bulletin du Musée d' Industrie,' the inventor gives a full account of his process, which is about to become public property; and mentions that it has been used in a manufactory near St Etienne, in Dijon and Strasburg, partially in Lyons and Paris, and by private individuals in Dublin and London. He modestly concludes his paper by observing, that he will not be accused of exaggeration when he states 'that there is some value in a process, the principle of which is to decompose water, a substance of no value, by means of coke, which is of very little value—as under this process one pound of oil, which costs a halfpenny, will supply a burner giving a light equal to ten candles during twenty hours.'

M. Jobard's is certainly a discovery of great interest, and though not the complete combustion of water predicted by Sir Humphry Davy, is at all events, as every one must admit, an important step in the right direction.

THE LAST NUMBER OF THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY

CONTAINS a fair show of articles, though, it strikes us, less exclusively in reference to foreign matters than formerly. The leading paper is a pleasant and amusing one upon Captain Stokes's Australian voyages. It appears that this expedition has been the means of adding immensely to our knowledge of Australian geography, though in many places the progress of scientific discovery has been anticipated by squatters—solitary pioneers of civilisation, who have established themselves for years in unmapped regions. Of this kind of population there is a vast quantity in and about Australia, particularly about Bass's Strait. The following is the reviewer's account of

THE STRAITSMEN.

'About the beginning of this century the south coast of Australia was much frequented by sealing vessels, which flocked thither to take advantage of the discoveries of Bass and Flinders, and to ply their profitable but precarious trades on islands, many of which had never before been visited by man; for the natives of Australia and Tasmania never crossed to them—at least to those which did not hold out the promise of a fertile soil. For some time the vessels engaged in sealing made large gains; but the supply did not equal the demand. It is in the nature of this occupation to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Animals sought after only for their skins soon diminish in number. Accordingly, many of the crews of the vessels, becoming attached to the spots they were in the habit of visiting, and finding, too, that it was scarcely worth while, with the small profit they made, to return to a civilised country, determined to remain and establish themselves. In lieu of pay, they generally took a boat and some stores; and, bidding farewell to their comrades, took up their abode in their favourite islands. They soon found it necessary to disperse in small parties; each station only affording subsistence to one or two; and they seem, besides, to have been fond of a comparatively solitary life. Intrepid seamen, they spent their days upon the water, and returned at night to sleep in rude little huts which they erected under the shadow of some crag, or in some narrow valley where protection was afforded from the wind.

'It was not long before these wild dwellings became invested with all the charms of home. Gardens, well stocked with vegetables, gradually grew up around them; and these rough and uncouth beings delighted, too, in surrounding themselves with the flowers which they remembered to have loved when young. Many a rude imitation of an English homestead grew up, accordingly, in those storm-beat isles; and passing ships have beheld, as they were driven along by the fury of a tornado, brief glimpses of cottages that reminded them of the land they had last quitted, with doors and windows shaded by the honeysuckle or the rose.

'The above account of the origin of the straitsmen is true with reference to many of the older men and their families; but it is well known that these islands of Bass's Strait have afforded a refuge to many of the convicts who from time to time escaped from the gangs of Tasmania. Mingling with the wild and somewhat lawless inhabitants of this region, they easily escape pursuit, and are thus enabled, if they please, to spend the remainder of their days in peace.

'It is now time that we should explain the use of the word families, which we have used in reference to these straitsmen. They have all got one or more partners of their existence. Polygamy with them is in high honour. The man who has most wives is held in most respect, because wives and wealth are synonymous terms. The straitsmen have made it their practice to beg, buy, borrow, or steal their better halves from the tribes of the continent in Tasmania. A few seals have often procured as many women; but in cases where no disposition for barter was exhibited, force has been resorted to, and the black-eyed and black-skinned damsels have been appropriated without the consent of their parents and guardians. At

first, the companions thus acquired were not treated very gently; but by degrees an affection, based partly on interest, was engendered. It was found that these women might be of great assistance. They caught wallaby; assisted their lords and masters in managing their boats; in short, made themselves generally useful. Some of the straitsmen were actually enabled to dispense entirely with the assistance of white companions, and lived alone with their harems, on separate islands, in solitary grandeur.

'The new population thus created, which appears destined at a future period to overcome and occupy the whole of the islands, is exceedingly curious. They are, without exception, vigorous and clean-limbed, with a dark ruddy complexion, and very fine eyes and teeth. They excel in all the qualifications of their fathers, make excellent headsmen in whalers, and will, probably, constitute a splendid nursery for seamen, in case any maritime power should rise in the southern hemisphere. Even already they prove of great service to shipping, furnishing vessels with supernumerary hands, and filling up places left vacant by accident or desertion.

'It is very pleasing to find that their children are not allowed to run entirely wild. Their fathers give them a rude but useful education; many can read and write; and we are told that the elementary principles of Christianity are early infused into their minds. But when our author alleges that none of the native superstitions, which might interfere with the purity of their belief, are transmitted to them, we confess our inability to believe so strange a statement without further inquiry. The paramount influence of the mother in moulding the mind of her child is notorious. No education sinks so deeply, or abides so ineradicably, as that which is unconsciously imbibed with a mother's milk. Now, these Tasmanian women, in spite of the influence of their husbands, all retain a firm hold of many of the extraordinary notions prevalent among their people. The most remarkable of these is the doctrine of the transmigrations of aboriginal souls into the bodies of white men. Nothing will induce them to abandon this idea. They cherish it fondly, and resist tenaciously any endeavour to deprive them of it, as an attempt upon their happiness.'

Our reviewer also presents one or two curious traits of the population at Sydney. The following cannot fail to amuse our readers:—

THE 'GOVERNMENT CLASS' AT SYDNEY.

'It may be worth while here, suppressing names and dates, to give an instance of the feeling which exists among what are called the "free," in opposition to the "government" classes, now emancipated, and possessing the same political rights and privileges with the others. Several attempts have been made to conclude a treaty of alliance between them, but in vain. All endeavours hitherto have failed before the invincible prejudices of hereditary virtue; and there seems every possibility of the permanent existence of a class which thanks God it is not as its neighbours are—sons and daughters of publicans and sinners. The prejudices entertained against the black natives have been partially overcome, by a matrimonial alliance at Swan River. It was thought, therefore, that if a marriage between persons of a distinguished position, one of them being of convict descent, were brought about, a great step would have been taken. A couple answering this description existed. The accomplished and beautiful daughter of a man of wealth, who had been one of the compulsory founders of the state, was betrothed to a young man glorying in all the pride of honest blood. The marriage took place; the bride was given away by the governor of the colony. The public looked on in seeming approval; and as soon as the reluctance of the young wife to appear in public was overcome, she entered, leaning on the arm of her husband, a ball-room filled with all the rank and fashion of Sydney. A titter ran round; there was shaking of fans, and rustling of gowns, and exchanging of glances, and tossing of heads, and whisperings. Suddenly every kind and charitable lady rose from her seat, the dance was broken up, and in a few minutes all the rank and fashion of Sydney had disappeared; and even the hostess, who had magnanimously issued the invitation, awed by this expression of public opinion, dared scarcely advance to console the confounded and weeping cause of all this confusion!

'Another instance will exhibit the state of feeling among the reprobates themselves. They have been taught to caricature the feelings of the free. Because these will not associate with the descendants of rogues, those will not associate with any who are not descendants of rogues. A public dinner was given by this class, to which the doctor who took care of their bodily health was invited. Great was the joviality among these sinners, and toasts of all kinds were drunk. Our medical friend got on his legs, to answer for his profession; when suddenly a man arose, whose claims to Newgate descent were undoubted, and insisted that, because the son of Æsculapius was a wild *sheep*, he could not be heard. No sooner was this hint given, than divers significant glances were cast on the worthy doctor, who stood almost overwhelmed by the imputation. At length, mustering courage, he repelled the charge "of his honourable friend," denied the purity of his descent, and, for fear of falling a victim to the "exclusive dealing" system, actually proved, by a long genealogical deduction, his relationship with some notorious convicts.'

SELF-CULTURE.

[The following paper is an abridgment of Channing's essay on the same subject—slightly simplified in language, and with one new passage, marked by brackets. The public will be the more satisfied with it, on learning that it was put into its present form by a young married lady of the county of Sussex, with a view to circulation amongst the labourers on her husband's estate.]

I AM going to address those who gain a livelihood by the labour of their hands, from whose industry and skill I derive almost all the comforts of life. I wish to express my sense of obligation to them, and my sympathy with this large portion of my fellow-creatures; and I wish to encourage them to the duty of self-culture—a duty which every man owes to himself. I will first explain what I mean by self-culture. To cultivate a plant is to make it grow. Nothing admits of culture except that which has life in it. He who unfolds all the powers of his mind, and all the good feelings of his heart, so as to become a wise and good being, practises self-culture. Another word for self-culture is self-education.

I am aware that there is a common notion that the mass of the people need no other education than is necessary to fit them for their various trades and occupations. But a man is to be educated because he is a man; not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins, or because he has to labour in the fields. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being; for his mind cannot be shut up in it, his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. Men of all conditions are placed in circumstances which give rise to the highest virtues, and demand great powers of mind. The labourer is not a mere labourer: he has close, tender, responsible connexions with God and his fellow-creatures; he is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian; he belongs to a home, a country, a church, and a race. And is such a man to be educated *only* for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for the great work of improving himself? Is not the greatest work on earth, the education of his children, committed to him by God? In these remarks I do not mean to recommend to the labourer indifference to his outward lot. Undoubtedly a man is to perfect himself in his trade, for by it he is to earn his bread. But bread is not his highest good; for if it were, his lot would be harder than that of the brutes, whom nature feeds and clothes without any care of their own. If a man knows no higher use of his mind than to drudge for his body, his case is desperate as far as education is concerned.

Still, I hold it important that every man, in every class, should possess the means of health, of comfort in food and clothing, and of occasional retirement and leisure. These are good in themselves; they are to be sought for their own sakes; and, still more, they are important means of self-education. A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals, is no small assistance to the improvement of the morals and the understanding. A man living in a damp, cold, or dirty dwelling, and striving, without success, to appease his hunger on scanty and unwholesome food, is in danger of falling into in-

difference and recklessness. Multiply comforts, then, as much as you can by honourable means—only do not sacrifice for them better and greater things.

Labour may be one great means of education, and this every man may find in his condition or occupation, be it what it may. If he strive to do his whole work faithfully—to be honest, not because 'honesty is the best policy,' but for the sake of justice, and that he may do good to others—he is making his daily labour a means of improving and perfecting his nature. It is strange that labouring men do not think more of the vast usefulness of their toils, and take a benevolent pleasure in them on this account. A man, to support himself, must serve others; he must do or produce something for their comfort or gratification. Now, this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour, as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing, in desiring, amidst his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive makes the commonest pursuit holy. It is by thus interweaving goodness with common labours that we give virtue strength, and make it a habit of the soul.

One of the chief means of self-education is intercourse with superior minds; and this we can enjoy chiefly through books. In the best books, wise men talk to us. God be thanked for books! They are the voice of the distant and the dead. They give to all who will use them properly the society of the best and the wisest of our race.

To make this means of education effectual, a man must choose good books; such as have been written by right-minded and strong-minded men; and these works must not only be skimmed over for amusement, but read with attention. In choosing books, we may be assisted by those who have studied more than ourselves; but a great deal must depend upon our natural tastes.

I know how hard it is to some men (especially to those who spend much time in fatiguing bodily labour) to fix their attention on books. Let them strive to overcome this difficulty by choosing subjects of deep interest, or by reading in company with those whom they love. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

But, it will be asked, how can the labouring classes find time for reading? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes time. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to good account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed, that they who have most time at their disposal profit by it least. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of an interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. Then winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many labourers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries, the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year—no small portion of existence—may be given by almost every one to the cultivation of the mind.

But some will say, 'Be it granted that the working-classes may find some leisure; should they not be allowed to spend it in amusement? Is it not cruel to summon them from toils of the hand to toils of the mind? They have earned pleasure by the day's toil, and ought to partake it.' Yes, let them have pleasure. Far be it from me to prevent them refreshing themselves after life's labours. But I maintain that reading multiplies and increases their pleasures; that it creates new capacities of enjoyment; that it saves their leisure from being, what it too often is, dull and wearisome; that it saves them from rushing for excitement to indulgences destructive to body and soul. It is one of the great benefits of self-improvement that it raises a people above the enjoyments of the brute, to give them pleasures worthy of men. In consequence of the present intellectual culture of our country, a vast mass of enjoyment is given to men, women, and children of all ranks by books; an enjoyment unknown in former times. At this moment numbers of gifted writers are employed in multiplying entertaining works. Sir Walter Scott, a name well known among the greatest of his day, has given us tales of fiction which have taken their place among the delights of all civilised nations. How many millions have been chained to his pages! How many melancholy spirits has he steeped in forgetfulness of their cares and sorrows! What multitudes, wearied by their day's work, have owed some bright evening hours and pleasant sleep to his delightful stories! And not only do fictions give pleasure. In proportion as the mind is cultivated, it takes delight in history, in descriptions of nature, in travels, in poetry, and even graver works. Is the labourer, then, deprived of pleasure by education? Let me only add, that in proportion as education spreads among a people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures—conversation—increases in delight. This, after all, is the great amusement of life—cheering us round our hearths, and often cheering our work. This source of pleasure is often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, activity of mind, and refinement of feeling. And do we deprive the labourer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly blessings of conversation within his reach?

As I wish to raise no unreasonable hopes, I must make one remark on the subject of education. Though, by faithfully endeavouring to strengthen his mind by thought and reading, every man, of whatever age, will be richly rewarded, he must not expect to enjoy the fruits of his labours so thoroughly if his early education has not prepared his mind for future improvement. They whose childhood has been neglected, though they may make progress in future life, can hardly repair the loss of their first years. I say this that we may be all excited to save our children from this loss, and that we may prepare them, as far as is in our power, for an effectual use of all the means of self-education which a riper age may bring with it. [Do not neglect to send your children to school, for the sake of any weekly addition to your earnings which their labour might produce. They have been committed to your charge by God, and you will have one day to answer at his judgment seat if you have in anyway neglected the improvement of their hearts and minds.]

I conclude with recalling to you the happiest feature of our age; and that is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Let us thank God for what has been gained, but let us feel that we have only started in the race. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, drunkenness, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is lost! When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, unselfishness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation! How few understand that, to raise the depressed, by a wise education, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state! Shame on us that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt! I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them, Your nature is too great to be crushed; you were not created merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the brutes. If you *will*, you can

rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition, can depress you and keep you down in knowledge, power, and virtue, but by your own consent. Awake! —resolve earnestly on self-education. Make yourselves worthy of your country and your religion, and strengthen them by your intelligence and your virtues!

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. 'I was thinking,' answered Park, 'how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface.' It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it: a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St Andrew's castle; and if Mr Grenville had not carried, in 1746, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging 'certain stamp duties' on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the Faery Queen in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd-boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.—*Asiatic Journal*, 1846.

MICE IN GERMANY.

A plague peculiar to the dry districts along the Rhine is found in the mice, which, in a fine season, swarm in such myriads, that whole fields are devastated where no energetic means are adopted for destroying them. It is true that the winter frosts and spring floods cleanse the fields, to all appearance, thoroughly of this nuisance; yet, if the month of May be fine, they appear in August with undiminished force. In various villages, the remedies attempted are different. Sometimes a reward in money is offered per one hundred skins, and the youthful population is encouraged to exert its skill and passion for the chase on the modern hydra. All such efforts prove, however, ineffectual to keep down the numbers of the general foe, whose paths across a corn-field are nearly as broad as those trodden by single foot-passengers, while the hoard abstracted from his crop is estimated by the farmer from the number of straws nibbled off at a short distance from the ground, the ears from which have disappeared within the subterranean labyrinths, that often repay the labour of digging up. In the neighbourhood of Jülich a mode of smoking out the mice has been introduced from Belgium. An iron pan, two feet high, has at bottom a grating supported by a pin. On the grating some charcoal is laid, and the pan, when filled with rags, leather, and sulphur, is fastened with an air-tight cover, which has a small tube, into which a small hose, connected with a bellows, is inserted. The pan is held by an upper and a side handle. The night before it is used the field is surveyed, and all open mouse-holes are trodden close. In the morning, such as are re-opened indicate those which are tenanted, and one being selected, the lower part of the pan is pressed against it, and the bellows being set to work, the smoke issues from the orifice near the grating, and penetrates into the runs and galleries that connect the holes. A number of assistants are required to tread the crevices close through which the smoke is seen to escape; and if all due precautions be taken, great numbers of these diminutive enemies may be slaughtered, and at the same time buried, in their subterranean holds.—*Banfield's Industry of the Rhine.*

THE POETRY OF RAILWAYS.

[A specimen of '*Voices from the Crowd*, by Charles Mackay, LL.D.' London: Orr and Co. This may be called a volume of political poetry—the poetry of the movement party, and especially the party of the intellectual movement. It is bold and energetic—perhaps too much so—full of fine thoughts and generous aspirations. We particularly sympathise in its anti-war spirit. About a third portion of the pieces have appeared in the *Daily News*.]

No poetry in Railways!—foolish thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought.
By mammon dazzled, though the people prize
The gold alone, yet shall not we despise
The triumphs of our time, or fail to see
Of pregnant mind the fruitful progeny,
Ushering the daylight of the world's new morn.
Look up, ye doubters, be no more forlorn!
Smooth your rough brows, ye little wise; rejoice,
Ye who despond; and with exulting voice
Salute, ye earnest spirits of our time,
The young Improvement ripening to her prime;
Who, in the fulness of her genial youth,
Prepares the way for Liberty and Truth,
And breaks the barriers that, since earth began,
Have made mankind the enemy of man.

Lay down your rails, ye nations near and far;
Yoke your full trains to Steam's triumphal car;
Link town to town; unite in iron bands
The long-estranged and oft-embattled lands.
Peace, mild-eyed seraph—Knowledge, light divine,
Shall send their messengers by every line.
Men, joined in amity, shall wonder long
That Hate had power to lead their fathers wrong;
Or that false Glory lured their hearts astray,
And made it virtuous and sublime to slay.

Blessings on Science! When the earth seemed old,
When Faith grew doting, and the Reason cold,
'Twas she discovered that the world was young,
And taught a language to its lisping tongue;
'Twas she disclosed a future to its view,
And made old knowledge pale before the new.

Blessings on Science! In her dawning hour
Faith knit her brow, alarmed for ancient power;
Then looked again upon her face sincere,
Held out her hand, and hailed her—Sister dear:
And Reason, free as eagle on the wind,
Swooped o'er the fallow meadows of the mind,
And, clear of vision, saw what seed would grow
On the hill slopes or in the vales below;
What in the sunny South or nipping Nord,
And from her talons dropped it as she soared.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream;
And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

POLISH HONEY.

Poland is perhaps the greatest honey-producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine, and Volhynia in particular, the cultivation of the honey-bee has long formed an object of national importance; and in these bee-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland, with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! There are some farmers who collect annually more than 200 barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is often in this way enabled to pay his rent and taxes, to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

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A PILGRIMAGE TO SELBORNE.

When lately in England, I found time to perform what I had long had in expectation, a pilgrimage to the tomb of that most amiable and industrious naturalist, Gilbert White of Selborne. Pilgrimages in the present day are happily less fatiguing and dangerous than they were in the days of Thomas à Becket. For the ancient and prescriptive staff and scrip, we substitute a travelling-bag and railway-carriage, or, what is still better, a postchaise; and with these conveniences, I had, on the present occasion, so little to complain of, that my pilgrimage did not, from first to last, produce a single adventure. The thing, indeed, is perhaps too easily done. You have only to take the railway from Nine Elms to a station about forty miles distant on the line, and then get across the country in a southerly direction to Alton, whence it is a drive or walk of a few miles to Selborne. Circumstances led me to make a wider stretch. I had been on a trip to Portsmouth, and instead of returning to town by rail, proceeded across the country by Petersfield, so as to strike on the line at the proper distance from London.

Accommodated with a vehicle at Petersfield, our little party approached Selborne from the south-west, our way being by a country road full of all sorts of crooks and bends, ups and downs, every turn disclosing some new object of rural interest. Now we would be brought right up in front of a bank overhung with dog-roses in full blossom; then we would turn round on a little hamlet with a slip of green before it, on which were merrily scampering two or three Hampshire pigs; next we would have to give room on the narrow pathway for the passage of a loaded wain, driven by a sturdy peasant in his smock-frock, who would politely —who says the English are not courteous?—touch his round white hat as he came under the fire of bright eyes from the carriage window. Having emancipated ourselves from the winding efflorescent alleys, we at length came to a kind of open but irregular-shaped valley, surrounded by woody heights, and in the centre of which was the object of our excursion—the far-famed village of Selborne.

The word village, however, is scarcely a proper designation for this interesting place. There is no exactly regular street, neither is there much continuity of houses. The dwellings of the ordinary English rural character are pitched about here and there, some on the tops of banks, others low down; one class brisk and forward, coming perking out to the edge of the roadway, another more modestly retiring; and the whole a good deal mixed up with trees, gardens, ricks, barns, and other country things. Rather more than half-way through the village—to call it by that name—you arrive, on the right hand or south side, at the principal inn, a mansion of two storeys, with a projecting sign over the doorway. The establishment is quite the species of hostelry which I like best to be set down at. Instead of a rush of waiters with white towels, the sudden stoppage of the wheels brings to the door a little flaxen-haired maiden, who curtsies, and waits till her mother, the mistress of the mansion, and her father, the red-faced, good-natured Boniface, arrive—the said Boniface being no way rubicund from ongoings at the tap, far from it, but from fair out-door labour, as is proved from his being without his coat, and his hands fresh from a bit of work in the sort of half-garden half-orchard with which the house is two-thirds environed.

The arrival of a party of ladies and gentlemen in a carriage at the inn of Selborne is of course not an every-day event; at the same time it does not make any extra-ordinary fracas, and, with suitable hospitality and composure, you are invited to step in and walk up stairs. No, no; we will just sit down a moment in the parlour, if you please, in order to get a little local knowledge from our host, who is obligingly ready to give ample directions as to what we should do and see. He has it all at his finger-ends, and can fortify everything he says with a big old edition of White, which he drags from a cupboard, and lays before us on the parlour table. But we have brought with us a little handy edition,* which, with much new information, and a map to boot, is a far better book, and this rather disconcerts Boniface. But he rallies, and kindly offers to conduct us to Gilbert's shrine: we cruelly decline this too, at which he is again a trifle nonplussed; but we put him in the best possible humour by ordering dinner, and telling him we shall be back at three, after a pretty long walk round the village, as far as the Hanger in the one direction, and the Priory in the other.

So this is all settled. The ladies leave their shawls, for the weather has become rather warm; but they say they will take their parasols, not so much on account of the sun, as of a heavy blackish cloud which is suspiciously peeping over the edge of the Hanger, and almost as good as threatening something mischievous to a couple of new bonnets.

Contrary to the fashion of most cities, the 'west end' of Selborne is in the east; and proceeding in that direction, we arrive immediately in front of the house once occupied by the Whites, but altered somewhat from what it was when inhabited by the naturalist. It is a substantial edifice of two storeys, the walls of faded brick, slightly time-worn; and being dignified with a flower-plot in front, it possesses a decided dash of aristocracy, so far as outward appearances are concerned. Latterly,

* White's Natural History of Selborne; a new edition with notes. By Edward Blyth. London: W. S. Orr and Co. Paternoster Row. 1836.

the mansion has been acquired by a new resident, and the grounds behind, so often spoken of by Gilbert, are in the course of considerable improvement; for one thing, the lawn now seems to extend from the house all the way to the foot of the Hanger, and this imparts additional beauties to a spot which had always been elegant and pleasing in its features.

Gilbert White, who made this locality so famous, was the eldest son of John White, a gentleman of small fortune in Selborne, and was born in 1720. After receiving his school education at Basingstoke, he was admitted at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1739; in 1746 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and in 1752, became one of the senior proctors of the university. Contented with these scholarly honours, Mr White retired to Selborne, where, on his moderate patrimony, he proposed to devote his life to the study of nature and general literary occupation. It is commonly imagined that he became the ecclesiastical incumbent of the parish; but this is a mistake. Gilbert White was a country gentleman, who spent his existence in his native village only from choice, not in the exercise of any professional duty.

About 1768, he commenced the remarkable series of letters to Thomas Pennant and the Hon. Daines Barrington on subjects of natural history, which form the popular work known as the 'Natural History of Selborne.' These letters are matchless for their minute yet graphic and entertaining notices of the soil, climate, vegetable productions, animals, social characteristics, &c. peculiar to the parish. Out of what would be called the most dull and uninteresting materials, he has elaborated a most amusing and instructive narrative. The charm of the book is its exceeding naïveté. Every appearance, every fact, everything in the least degree bearing on the great object he had in view, is related with an apparent unconsciousness of its forming a contribution to the body of human knowledge.

The following may be taken as examples:—

Talking of bats, he observes—'I was much entertained last summer with a tame bat, which would take flies out of a person's hand. If you gave it anything to eat, it brought its wings round before the mouth, hovering and hiding its head in the manner of birds of prey when they feed. The adroitness it showed in shearing off the wings of the flies, which were always rejected, was worthy of observation, and pleased me much. Insects seemed to be most acceptable, though it did not refuse raw flesh when offered; so that the notion that bats go down chimneys and gnaw men's bacon, seems no improbable story. While I amused myself with this wonderful quadruped, I saw it several times confute the vulgar opinion that bats, when down on a flat surface, cannot get on the wing again, by rising with great ease from the floor. It ran, I observed, with more despatch than I was aware of, but in a most ridiculous and grotesque manner.'

One day, in walking in the fields, he sees a mouse of a remarkable species, which attracts his attention. It was the *Mus messorius;* and making inquiries into the habits of this pretty little creature, he writes as follows to Pennant on the subject:—'These mice never enter into houses, are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves, abound in harvest, and build their nests amidst the straws of the corn above the ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn, most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind. As this nest was perfectly full, how could the dam come at her litter respectively, so as to administer a teat to each? Perhaps she opens different places for that purpose, adjusting them again when the business is over; but she could not possibly be contained herself in the ball with her young, which, moreover, would be daily increasing in bulk. This wonderful procreant cradle, and elegant instance of the efforts of instinct, was found in a wheat-field, suspended in the head of a thistle.' Recurring afterwards to these mice, he says, 'Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois, so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island.'

So on he alludes to and describes the habits and appearance of numerous insects, reptiles, and other living things. Among other pets, he domesticated a small land tortoise, which he called Timothy. The habits of this poor little foreigner seem to have attracted much of his attention, and been the subject of numerous harmless experiments. Timothy lived thirty years at Selborne, and, to appearance, was contented with this long captivity; but on one occasion he made his escape, and was brought back in disgrace. As an instance of the playful humour of the naturalist, I present the following suppositious letter of Timothy to a lady, giving an account of himself and his sorrows. It was found among Mr White's papers after his decease.

'MOST RESPECTED LADY—Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little, and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short. Know, then, that I am an American, and was born in the year 1731, in the province of Virginia, in the midst of a savannah that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who attained to great ages without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species, that a funeral is quite a rare occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate and the society of my friends, had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprised me as I was sunning myself under a bank, and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy of recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to soothe my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor on the coast of England, in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half-a-crown to a country gentleman who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a basket, and carried, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles, and as I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy with my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after showing me to some of his neighbours, and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me, so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers. With this gentlewoman I remained almost forty years, living in a little walled-in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet, and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society, which I often languished after. At last the good old lady died at a very advanced age, such as even a tortoise would call a great age, and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and packing me in a deal box, jumbled me eighty miles in a postchaise to my present abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages, such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney-beans, and many other salubrious and delectable

herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition; for you must know that my present master is what men call a naturalist, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, &c. and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting during summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about, to the great diversion of the shopkeeper's children. * * These are some of my grievances; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know, then, tender-hearted lady, that my great misfortune, and what I have never divulged to any one before, is the want of society with my own kind. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement; for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill, or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrace. One sunny morning I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of the gardener, and escaped into the saintfoin, which begun to be in bloom, and thence to the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose; I could find no society such as I sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility; let me, therefore, make my case your own in the following manner, and then you will judge of my feelings:—Suppose you were to be kidnapped away to-morrow, in the bloom of your life, to a land of tortoises, and were never to see again a human face for fifty years! Think on this, dear lady, and pity your sorrowful reptile—TIMOTHY.'

Passing Mr White's residence, we went towards the church, in front of which is an open space of ground called the Pleystow, or Plestor [*locus ludorum*, the place of village festivities], having on one side the vicarage, a new and handsome edifice. The churchyard, which we enter freely by a wicket, is a plain but neat enclosure, dotted over with tombstones, one of which, with the simple inscription, 'G. W., 26th June 1793,' marks the lowly and scarcely distinguishable grave of the naturalist, and the date of his decease. Near the entrance to the church still stands an old yew of great size, to which Mr White thus alludes in one of his most pleasing letters:—'It seems to have seen several centuries, and is probably coeval with the church, and therefore may be deemed an antiquity. The body is squat, short, and thick, and measures twenty-three feet in the girth, supporting a head of suitable extent to its bulk. This is a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina. As far as we have been able to observe, the males of this species become much larger than the females, and it has so fallen out that most of the yew-trees in the churchyards of this neighbourhood are males; but this must have been matter of mere accident, since men, when they first planted yews, little dreamed that there were sexes in trees.'

The church is a heavy Gothic edifice, of the reign, it is believed, of Henry VII., and remarkable for nothing inside but a painting over the communion-table, in the style of Holbein. Near this antique work of art is a marble tablet in the wall, with a Latin inscription commemorative of the virtues of Gilbert White. To the archæologist, White's very minute history of the church and parish of Selborne is doubtless full of interest. It was more in my way, however, to inquire into the social characteristics of the district; and what so likely to throw light on this branch of affairs as the church register? Having, accordingly, inquired for this important record, which is kept in the vestry, I found that, in 1845, there took place eleven marriages, and that of the twenty-two persons united in holy wedlock, only seven could sign their name! It is a fact; fifteen subscribed with a mark, and so likewise did some of the witnesses. Oh national disgrace! England, art thou not ashamed of thyself, thus to rear thy sons and daughters in ignorance of letters! The clerk, who was our conductor, was at any rate ashamed; but he eagerly took refuge in the fact, that, by means of a school recently set up in the parish, the young ones would most likely be able to read a bit, and to sign their name when they grew up. I hope the visitor of Selborne, twenty years hence, will find the good clerk's prognostication verified.

Having done with the church and churchyard, we next crossed a field, and ascended the Hanger. This hill, which is often mentioned by White, is finely covered with beeches, which, at the time of our visit, were in full leaf. The ascent is rendered comparatively easy by a zig-zag pathway, leading to the top, on which is an open down, or sheep-walk, described as 'a pleasing park-like spot, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the south-east and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex Downs, by Guild-down near Guilford, and by the downs round Dorking and Ryegate, in Surrey, to the north-east, which altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.'

From the Hanger, we returned by a winding lane, and pursuing our way through the village, got into the valley of the Bourne, on the opposite side. Here we had a charming rural walk, for about a mile, to the Priory. Of this place White presents an ample and interesting account. Here, it seems, was founded a priory in 1232, by Peter de la Roche, bishop of Winchester, on his return from the Holy Land. This establishment, in virtue of royal and other grants, rose to considerable local importance, and continued as a conventual foundation till 1468, when it was suppressed by its ecclesiastical superiors, and its revenues and privileges united to Magdalene College, Oxford. For a time, a chaplain, and one or two other functionaries, were maintained within the defunct priory, but at length even this small establishment was withdrawn; the buildings were left to go to ruin; and finally the very ruins were cleared away; so that latterly there was not a vestige remaining of the ancient religious settlement. In the present day, the site is occupied by a farm-house, in the garden of which, laid within an alcove, we found a few encaustic tiles—the only relics left to point out the abode of the learned churchman, Peter de la Roche.

From this secluded spot we rambled to other scenes mentioned by White, everywhere having occasion to admire the fidelity of his descriptions. I need hardly say, it is impossible to make these rounds without giving all honour to the man who, by his laborious exertions, has clothed the place with so many delightful associations—made so much out of little—framed so instructive and eloquent a book out of rambles over a few fields noway remarkable for their features. The country appears so little changed, that we can almost fancy the fine old figure of Gilbert stalking about, cane in hand, peering into holes and corners in quest of beetles, casting his eye upwards watching the flight of swallows, or mounting a stile in quest of a truant hedgehog. It is undesirable that all should be naturalists, like this amiable enthusiast; but every one of us may take a lesson from his lifelong labours, and try to be useful in our generation. Whether we reside in villa or cot, we can occupy many idle hours in the

pursuit and enjoyment, and even in the spread of knowledge. If so unfortunate as to possess no taste for investigating the works of nature, perhaps we have a fancy for matters of social concern. If we can add nothing to natural history, we can surely extend a helping hand to some beneficial institution in the neighbourhood. Where so much ignorance and prejudice has to be cleared away—so much has to be done by parish libraries, temperance societies, insurance associations, and other aids—who need spend his life in worthless indolence—who shall *do* nothing in return for the gifts which have been showered upon him by a gracious Providence?

It was now nearly three o'clock, and time to retrace our steps to the inn, where, on our arrival, we found dinner set out in an upper apartment overlooking the winding dell through which we had lately been strolling. I need hardly say that, by the united exertions of the household, a capital meal was prepared and put before us. And so well appetised were we from our long walk, that the little fair-haired girl, who acted as waiter, was kept on the trot, supplying us with dishes of hot chops as each successively disappeared. I only add, that if the reader wants to enjoy a country walk and a country dinner, he knows where to go. About five o'clock, sending the ladies in the chaise round to Alton, we crossed the fields on foot, climbing perhaps as many as a dozen wooden stiles by the way, and zig-zagging to view points of scenery or geological features of the country mentioned by White, whose book was in constant requisition. Pretty well tired by this post-prandial feat of pedestrianism, we at length reached Alton, got a fresh chaise to the railway station at Winchfield, whence we were in little more than an hour conveyed to Nine Elms. And so terminated my long-wished-for and much-enjoyed pilgrimage to Selborne.

SCIPIO CRACKLES.

A NARRATIVE OF AMERICAN NEGRO LIFE.*

I HAPPENED, on one of my journeys on the upper waters of the Trinity River, to lose my way—a by no means unfrequent occurrence with the traveller in the American wilds. On this occasion I was so far distant from the boat by which I passed from place to place, that I had no choice but to camp out in the forest for the night, or find some shelter. Preferring the latter, if practicable, I made a circuit through the forest in the hope of falling upon a trail. For some time I searched in vain, but at length reached an open glade, where a beaten path rewarded my exertions. Stepping out firmly, I had not proceeded far when I heard the sound of human footsteps in advance, and seizing my rifle, in case of any awkward result, shouted loudly for the man in advance to pause.

'I wait, massa,' was the reply, proclaiming the stranger to be a negro.

Making as rapid progress as possible, I soon came up with the black, who was calmly seated on a log awaiting my approach. Used as I was to the severe, servile laws of Texas, the man's appearance somewhat surprised, and for a moment alarmed me, as a negro maroon was not likely to be alone. Clothed in a trapper's garb—fat, sleek, and happy-looking—the negro was further armed with musket and knife, against the practice of the country, which denies to slaves the use of arms. A couple of huge wild turkeys showed that he had been on no unsuccessful hunt, while there was something so thoroughly honest in his look, that my most injurious suspicion flew away ere hardly it had existed. Our greeting was friendly; for, much to the horror of many of my American friends, I always treated negroes as I would have done a white man of the same class, which, in a country where it was illegal for a free black to reside, made me often somewhat obnoxious.

'Well, friend,' said I, 'I am glad to meet you, for I have lost my way, and am both hungry and weary. I suppose I can find both food and shelter at your master's house?'

'Ees, massa,' said the sturdy black with a broad grin; 'I 'xpect I show you war you find 'em.'

I thanked him, and, as we advanced, pursued the conversation. I saw that the black looked surprised, and I speedily informed him that I was an Englishman, who regarded not the colour of the skin, but looked with the same satisfaction on an honest negro as on an honest white man. The darkie, though scarcely able to credit me, was delighted, and entered with spirit into the questions which I asked him. I found him intelligent, lively, and with a singular degree of independence, that puzzled, while it gratified me. At length we emerged from the forest; and just as I discovered a rude log-hut, a field of corn, a few stray pigs and fowls, breaking agreeably the late monotony of timber, my companion exclaimed with pride, 'Dere, massa—dere my house, and me very glad to see you.'

I was much surprised. A negro squatter was a novelty which I had never before seen, and I began to hope a valuable discovery in my new friend. Preceding me with rapid step, the black gained the door of his habitation, where a sable girl, of about three-and-twenty, and three diminutive specimens of dark humanity, stood awaiting his approach. I followed, and being heartily invited to enter, found myself in a neat log-hut, furnished with all the usual conveniences of frontier dwellings. All was clean and sweet, while to the right of the fireplace were two chambers apportioned off as sleeping apartments. I had, while on my way, explained that I was hungry, and the black girl at once, on her husband's mentioning this fact, busied herself in preparing a savoury meal. It was soon ready, and smoking on the pine board. I advanced to the table, and saw that but one knife and platter had been laid. 'My friends,' said I with a smile, 'are you not going to eat with me? When I seek hospitality, I never turn the master from his meal.'

The negroes looked puzzled. For a white man to consent to sit down to the same meal with blacks, was to them a novelty of a startling character, and it was with difficulty I could make them join me. When, however, they did, it was with no small animation and delight. After we had discussed a very hearty meal, the negro produced a keg of spruce beer, and, placing a couple of mugs on the table, prepared, over this harmless beverage, to satisfy a curiosity I had not sought to conceal from him.

It appeared that Scipio Crackles—for by this uneuphonious name was he known—was born upon the estate of one Colonel Ephraim Jones, in one of the Carolinas; I do not think proper to mention which. At a very early age he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a fellow-slave, Judith by name, a young negro girl, in whose shining ebony skin, white teeth, and merry eyes, he could see more beauty than is found by many a European lover in the mistress of his heart. Their master making no objection to the match, they were speedily married. Colonel Ephraim was a just and righteous man, who, deploring his being born a slave-owner, knew not how to remedy the evil. He was merciful, however, to both man and beast; and his blacks enjoyed as much happiness as can ever be found in a state of physical bondage, and consequent moral degradation. Many of the negroes are happy: the happiness, however, too much of animals, unconscious of the blessings which their false position deprives them of. Perhaps this state of existence was never more benign than with our young couple, who were looking forward to the supreme satisfaction of being parents, when the colonel died. Great was the

* The facts of this narrative were communicated to the writer in manuscript, by a friend who resided many years in Texas, and whose words have, as much as possible, been preserved.

grief of all his blacks, mourning one who had lightened their anomalous and peculiar position as far as possible; but greater was their consternation, when it was announced that the heir-at-law, a merchant in a non-slaveholding state, had ordered the property to be sold by auction in various lots, the blacks of course to be included in the arrangement. The heir was a zealous abolitionist, and so abhorred the idea of owning a man, even for a day, that he hurried on the sale as fast as possible, having no objection to possess the value of his human cattle.* To none was this intelligence more disastrous than to Scipio Crackles and his dusky little wife; for they well knew how likely it was they should be purchased by different masters, when they might be separated without mercy, and perhaps never meet again; for, though united by a minister of religion, the law made no provision for keeping sacred the marriage tie. There was one law for the free, another for those in bondage.

The day of sale approached, and the arrivals from all parts were numerous, while Judith in the meantime became a mother. It was on a Monday morning when the sale began. It were useless, as it would be most painful, to follow all its details; suffice that, about dusk, Scipio was made to ascend a platform, and there, exposed to the whole audience, was put up to auction to the highest bidder; a scene which, though it may be glossed over, as it has been by many writers, can awaken but one sensation in every justly-constituted mind. A man exposed for sale by man! Scipio was a likely youth—he was tall, robust, and well-made, and he found many candidates for the honour of possessing him. At length he was knocked down to one Jabez Minton, a blacksmith, who saw in the slave, or rather in his thews and sinews, a very proper pupil for the forge and sledge-hammer. A deadly sickness overcame the young negro; for he knew Jabez Minton to be one who was little likely to encumber himself with poor Judith and his week-old infant.

Judith was now put up, and on her the auctioneer lavished all his eloquence, pointing out, as temptations to give a high price, her youth, her comeliness, and all the many charms which had won the susceptible heart of poor Scipio. The auctioneer was a bit of a wag, and loved a joke; accordingly, he dilated on the sable attractions of the young mother, who, cowering on the platform, with her infant in her arms, gazed wistfully at the husband from whom it seemed she was likely to be severed. The auctioneer meanwhile proceeded. He called her the 'yaller flower of the forest;' dilated on her youth, and the healthy babe she carried; on the excellent qualities which she must possess as a domestic servant; nor were his least encomiums lavished on her beauty. In truth, she was the prettiest negro girl that could be found in all the Carolinas. The seller of human flesh was successful in attaining his object. The bidding started high, and was rapid. Several entered into competition, but none more strenuously than the young Squire Archer of the Crow Ferry. Poor Scipio—whose position is common wherever the curse of slavery exists—sat the image of despair, his heart sinking within him, and his whole soul pervaded by a feeling of hopelessness. The scene was one, indeed, to which no pen or pencil could do justice. It lays naked, however, in its full deformity, the scourge of bondage. In vain the husband looked imploringly at Jabez; that worthy was whittling a stick, and calculating the weekly profit of his purchase. Still the sale continued. The bidding was at seven hundred dollars, the highest market value of a female slave. 'One hundred for the pickaninny,' said one bidder, 'and that's eight hundred dollars.'

'A thousand for the lot,' replied Squire Archer fiercely—and they were his. A general titter followed; for in offering two hundred dollars above the utmost value, the young man had betrayed that the good looks of the negro girl had weighed not a little with him—a matter which, amongst the slave-owners, was regarded as a very good joke. With a sensation which may be imagined, poor Scipio saw her become the property of the unscrupulous young squire, who by this purchase became her sole master, with scarcely any limitation but that of taking her life, which, had he done, would have probably cost him a fine of some five hundred dollars.

Jabez Minton, the blacksmith, dwelt about half a mile from the estate of Squire Archer, and to his dwelling the unfortunate Scipio was taken that very night. The blacksmith lived in the largest house in the village, which is the less surprising, as it served the purpose of inn, alehouse, and farriery. Scipio was at once put into harness. He was told to officiate as waiter to the numerous guests brought together by the sale, and, amongst others, on the squire, who had sent Judith home to his house. As they were not separated, therefore, by any very great distance, Scipio was not without hope that their several masters might permit them still to continue to be united, and dwell in a hut of their own, as was often done by considerate slave-owners, the chief stumbling-block being the question of whose property the children were. Watching, therefore, his opportunity, Crackles placed himself in the squire's way, and with a very humble obedience begged a word with him. 'Well, darkie, what is it?' said the squire, who had his good points; 'is it a picayune to drink my health?'

'No, massa,' replied Scipio, with a slight tinge of pride in his tone; 'but him Scipio ask a berry great favour.'

'Speak out, nigger; I am in a hurry.'

'Well, massa,' continued the negro, 'you buy him nigga wife and pickaninny, and Scip he want to larn if squire 'bject to Scipio have a hut, whar him lib wid him wife, and go when his work done?'

'Why, you black vermin,' said the squire wrathfully, 'I have a great mind to horsewhip you. What have you to do with Judith now? I bought her, not you; and if I catch you only speaking to one of my slaves, I will have you whipped at a cart's tail.' With these words the planter re-entered the parlour of the village alehouse, followed by the disappointed Crackles, who, however, never said a word, but continued to perform the duty assigned him without a murmur.

About midnight, Crow Ferry, as the squire's house was called, from its propinquity to a ford of that name, was wrapped in gloomy darkness. The clouds sailed darkly overhead; not a star even was visible. A light, however, burned in a window, which overlooked a kind of lawn. The window was open, and through it could be seen the planter walking up and down, as if reflecting upon some purpose, from which even his somewhat hardened nature shrank. At length he muttered, 'Pshaw! he is only a negro; why should I acknowledge his claim? I am not bound to buy the husband with the wife, and his sale destroys their union. What have I to do with the whinings of my slaves? It must be.'

'What must be, massa?' said Scipio, stepping through the open window, and standing before the astounded planter, armed with a cutlass and musket. His mien was proud and threatening, and the consciousness that he stood there by a sacred right to claim his babe and its mother, gave him an air of solemn firmness, which made the tyrannical slave-owner tremble. 'Scipio is come for him wife and him pickaninny, massa. Don't call, or him nigger hab to use de sword. Him offer fair enough before, and now him hab no choice.'

The planter was so surprised at this unexpected act of courage in one of a class usually so abject, and who generally suffered oppression without a murmur—save when some fearful tragedy showed on what a volcano men were sleeping securely—that he suffered himself to be prostrated, and bound hand and foot, without a struggle. Recovering himself, however, he spoke.

* Human cattle is a harsh word; but slaves in America are really no other, as the leading incident of this narrative will abundantly testify.

'Scipio,' he said; 'idiot, do you know what you are about? Your life will not be half forfeiture enough.'

'So him 'xpect, massa; but him not act widout tink. Scipio don't mean show him black face in dese parts again for a long chalk. But where 'um wife?' The planter made no reply, relapsing into a sullen silence, during which he was dwelling with acute satisfaction on the punishment—signal and condign—which should be the price of the negro's audacity. Scipio, however, assumed so threatening an attitude, that Mr Archer thought it wise to inform him where the young negress slept, taking care, however, that his information should not be correct. Scipio guessed as much, but took no notice of what the other said, proceeding, with singular calmness, to gag the prostrate planter. He then laid his musket and cutlass beside him, and, armed only with a pistol, left the room.

Advancing rapidly across the corridor, Scipio, with instinctive sagacity, and with a calculation which afterwards surprised him, found the hall where the servants were accustomed to meet. Here, as he expected, he found a negro asleep on the floor, awaiting the planter's retiring to rest ere he sought his bed. Awaking him with a shake, after putting out the light, Scipio said, 'Ha, gilly! what you sleep for? Massa want to speak to Miss Judith. War her room, you old nigga?'

'Well, I 'xpect you wake Job out ob 'lightful dream. Fetch Judith youself out of dar,' pointing to a door which opened out of the hall. Scipio replied not, but suffering Job to relapse into the enjoyment of his much-loved slumbers, reached the door, and entered. On a rude pallet lay Judith, sleeping with her infant babe. The negro paused to look on her by the moon's pale light, as lovely, indeed, to his eyes, she rested in a slumber as soft as that of an infant. With regret he awoke her, and giving her no time for speech, took the child in his arms, and bade her follow him. In the hall, whither Judith, half bewildered, hurried with her husband, they found no watch; and in a few words explaining all, Scipio resumed his arms, and left the house.

Near the ford were two horses belonging to the squire, which Scipio had captured, and intended leaving for him to recover ere he left the state. The negro had fully made up his mind to risk all the dreadful penalties of a runaway slave — imprisonment, branding, and perhaps the loss of ears, anything to him was preferable to seeing the young wife of his bosom torn from him by a white master. Crossing the river by swimming the horses, without waking the ferryman, Scipio, followed by his faithful and delighted wife, travelled hard all that night, halting only at dawn. Now began that series of tactics which the negro was compelled to follow in order to evade capture. He was well aware that, before a week was over, every newspaper in the slave states would contain a full description of his person, with a large reward for his capture, and that his only hope was to travel at night, and lie scrupulously hid all day. Scipio had therefore taken precautions; and leaving his wife and child in the centre of a thicket with the horses, he sallied forth in search of food. A truant pig supplied this day the wants of nature, which, having cooked at a distance, he brought to his camp, where he remained all day with his wife, planning the details of their escape to Texas, where alone there was hope of safety. At nightfall they started, and next day the same arrangements were followed. For three weeks, guided only by the sun and moon, and the friendly directions of some negro on whom they lighted, did the fugitives proceed, until at length they reached the banks of a great river, which could not be crossed except by a boat, and where it was determined to leave the horses. The dilemma was a serious one, as no doubt their story was by this time in everybody's mouth. Still Scipio did not despair. The forest grew down to the very banks of the river, and, in order to watch their opportunity, the devoted couple had camped close to the ferry. Their object was to cross at dusk, and to travel all night; and accordingly, about sundown, they were more particular in their examination of the position of affairs. The ferry-house was close at hand; above it, on the bank, was an alehouse, in front of which were seated two most suspicious-looking characters. Their broad-brimmed hats, shabby, and covered with crape, their cow-hide whips, their coarse and brutal jests, their whole demeanour and air, proclaimed them slave-hunters; and, after a careful examination of their faces, Scipio saw that they were tracked. His only remaining hope was to get across the river, which, in the face of these two worthies, was no easy matter. After a few moments' consideration, the negro decided on a bold and daring act, which, while it risked all, gave also every reason to hope for complete success.

Tying his clothes on his head, and placing his arms over all, the negro plunged into the river, far above the ferry, and leaving his wife, swam across. A few minutes elapsed, and then a negro voice was heard from the opposite landing shouting loudly, 'Hollo, you old Sambo!'—the ferryman was a negro—'kim and bring ober my massa, Colonel Jenkins, and him lady.' At the same moment Judith emerged from the turning which led from a neighbouring village, sauntering along the road towards the ferry. 'What 'um say,' said she, 'Massa Jenkins and him lady? Why dat my massa and missus. Take a nigga girl across?'

'Berry fine,' said the old negro, showing his white teeth. 'Colonel Jenkins hab to pay for four den?' Judith making no objections to this, the ferryman unmoored his boat, and was about to depart.

'Hollo!' cried one of the slave-hunters; 'who is that girl?'

'All right, Massa Sleacomb; dis gal Cubnal Jenkins's nuss;' the old ferryman unwittingly assisting the deceit.

No opposition being offered, the boatman pulled across, and was met on the bank by Scipio with a pistol in his hand. He told the astounded negro at once who he was; and learned that, as he supposed, the two seedy-looking individuals drinking at the alehouse were in search of him. Scipio told him to inform them that Squire Archer's horses were in the copse, and that he returned them with pleasure to the owner's agents. The trembling ferryman promised obedience, and would have wended his way back; but Scipio arrested his progress, by inquiring if there were any other boats near at hand. Learning that there was not one, he pushed the ferry-boat violently out into the current, in the hope that it would not reach the shore for some miles; and after showing the sable Charon that, consistent with his own safety, he could have done nothing else, the fugitive, now on foot, and with his babe in his arms, continued his perilous journey.

Nearly three months elapsed ere, after traversing the most unfrequented parts of the states, Scipio and his wife reached Texas. Their sufferings, often from fatigue and hunger, were intense; their powder being more than once exhausted, and only renewed by the connivance of some poor cottager, to whom they dared to unfold their tale, being never once—to the honour of the rude settlers be it said—betrayed or harmed. Love and hope, and the sweets of liberty, alone sustained them; and at length, from indications which had been pointed out, they felt certain they had reached Texas. Resting for a few days, they then looked around, and after careful examination, hit upon the spot where I fell in with them, which they had occupied three years when I met them. By supplying boats with provisions, and a stray steamer with wood, and by accommodating the few travellers who came that way, they contrived at last to collect around them the rude comforts which are all that are necessary in the wilds; and rich in the knowledge of the evils they had escaped, dwelt happy and contented, dispensing cheerfully hospitality when required, and deeply grateful for any trifle added to their store.

I departed early next morning, and for a long time

heard no more of them. At length, however, it came to my ears that a free black, dwelling on the upper waters of the Trinity, had removed with his family to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, apprehensive that the annexation of Texas to the union of the states might militate against his liberty. I made no remark at the time, but I knew well they spoke of Scipio Crackles.

THE POETIC INSTINCT.

We have already endeavoured to present a concise and intelligible view of the essential nature of poetry,* forming our judgment, such as it may be, from the productions of those original thinkers who wrote from the inspiration of their own hearts—in whom genius was 'born, not made'—rather than of that more numerous host who have striven, with various degrees of success, to follow in their footsteps. However apposite 'the average' may have been in judging of statistics, it has led men widely astray in forming an estimation of poetry. Here, as in morality, the highest conceivable standard is that by which all must be judged. We cannot learn the nature of sterling gold by examining a piece of pinchbeck, however similar they may appear to a superficial observer; nor can we judge worthily of poetry from that which is at best but a clever imitation. We now purpose extending our remarks to a consideration of the mental operations which are absolutely necessary to the development or discernment of truth, when we shall be better able to distinguish that which is essentially the poetic element, the peculiar endowment of all great poets, of all profound and original thinkers.

There are three distinct modes, or mental operations, by which truth is discovered; namely, observation, logical perception, and what may be called instinctive eduction; and these operations are all indispensable to the development of a single universal truth. That observation alone is not sufficient for this purpose, is evident from the fact that all human observation must necessarily be limited. We may by observation ascertain a general rule; but it would require universal observation to ascertain, of itself, a universal law. This fact is too evident to need any further illustration: it will be equally evident, with a little consideration, that the addition of logical perception, or the mere faculty of *reasoning*, would not enable the mind to perform the required function. All reasoning is confessedly based upon the principle developed by Aristotle, that 'whatever is predicated (that is, affirmed or denied) universally of any class of things, may be predicated in like manner (namely, affirmed or denied) of anything comprehended in that class.' It is clear, then, that the first requisite to any argument must be to know what may be predicated universally, that is to say, without exception, of the given class. Having ascertained this, we may then 'infer' that such predicate belongs to any particular individual of that class—the inference, let it be noted, being previously expressed in the universal predicate, technically called the major premiss. But it will be observed that this major premiss is just the universal truth which we have to discover; and yet every act of reasoning requires that this shall be fully established before a single step can be taken. How, then, do we arrive at such a truth? In some instances, it is true, the major premiss may be established by simple observation: for instance, we may ascertain by observation, that *all* the words in a given page are English, and then infer, from that proposition, that any particular word in that page is English. This would be a perfectly sound argument, but it would be utterly puerile; because the particular truth inferred must necessarily have been ascertained while establishing the general truth. And this must be the case with all arguments whose major premises are established by mere observation.

That the *process of reasoning* is unable to develop, from the mere results of observation, any new truth; that is, any truth not already contained in the premises, is distinctly admitted by Dr Whately in his admirable 'Elements of Logic;' and yet he has an imperfect statement of this matter, which, like a ravelled thread, becomes a web of entanglement to many of his remarks on 'the discovery of truth.' In order to trace distinctly the abstract process of reasoning, he substitutes (as in algebra) certain arbitrary unmeaning symbols for the significant terms generally used; thus, 'every B is A; C is B; therefore C is A.' Upon this he remarks —'Viewing, then, the syllogism thus expressed, it appears clearly that "A stands for *anything whatever* that is affirmed of a certain entire class" (namely, of *every* B), "which class comprehends or contains in it *something else;*" namely, C (of which B is, in the second premiss, affirmed); and that, consequently, the first term (A) is, in the conclusion, predicated of the third C.'

Now, if C really *is* B, as is affirmed (not merely equal to it), how can it be 'something else?' Such an expression evidently involves a positive contradiction. The following, then, seems to be a more correct and intelligible statement of the case:—A stands for *anything whatever* that is affirmed of a certain entire class; namely, of *every* B, which class comprehends certain particulars; namely, certain Bs. C is B; that is, is one of those particulars. But *every* B is A; consequently C, the given particular, is A.

Dr Whately proceeds—'Now, to assert the validity of this process now before us, is to *state the very dictum* we are treating of [namely, Aristotle's, already quoted], with hardly even a verbal alteration; namely—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class *something else* is contained.
3. May be predicated of that which is so contained.'

If the preceding observations are correct, this statement should evidently be as follows:—

1. Anything whatever predicated of a whole class.
2. Under which class certain particulars are contained.
3. May be predicated of *any particular* so contained.

This may perhaps appear to some of our readers rather too abstract an inquiry to afford them much interest; but we must intreat their patient attention to this point, for the truth of our subsequent remarks will mainly depend upon the correctness of the position now taken; and surely it must be a matter of some interest to every thoughtful mind to trace to their source ideas constituting our peculiar inheritance as intelligent and progressive beings? If, as Dr Whately expresses it, the '*whole* class' indicated in the major premiss may contain or comprehend '*something else*;' that is to say, something not absolutely expressed in the general term indicative of that class, then we may imagine that this 'something' involves some new truth, which we may by reasoning, in some unknown way, elicit from mere sensuous impressions. This, however, would be virtually asserting that we know nothing concerning the nature of a logical sequence. But, on the other hand, if we see clearly that the 'whole class' is merely a technical term, signifying an aggregate of perfectly similar particulars (having no reference, so far as the given argument is concerned, to *anything else*), and that a 'logical deduction' is merely the assertion of the truism, that whatever is predicated of *all* the particulars may be, or rather actually is, predicated of any one of them, we shall then see that *reasoning*, with the assistance of observation merely, cannot be productive of a single idea. If these were the only means we possessed of acquiring ideas, the process of reasoning would evidently be useless, since it could lead to nothing that was not previously ascertained by observation, and confirm nothing that observation had not already confirmed. In fact, observation would be our only means of investigating truth, and reasoning, the boast of the logician, so long regarded as infallible, would dwindle to the mere echo of a truism.

We are thus brought unavoidably to the conclusion,

* See No. 118 of this Journal.

that the process of reasoning of itself adds nothing to observation; and yet we know that reasoning, when properly employed, is *not* a mere puerility. We know that it does produce conviction in the mind; in short, we know that it is indispensable. And more than this, we know that the higher order of truths are widely different from the facts made known to us by mere observation. How, then, did they originally come? Not from without assuredly; nor by mere reasoning upon outward facts, as we have shown: the answer, then, is unavoidable—they are a revelation from within. This brings us to a consideration of the third mental operation; namely, instinctive eduction. In developing this idea, we shall also have an opportunity of ascertaining the real use or function of the reasoning process.

In the first place, let us clearly understand that, without observation, we could have no ideas whatever. This is evident, for all our ideas must be respecting somewhat; they must have reference to some object; and the mind can only become cognisant of objects, either by its own observation, or from report of the observation of others. We could not even imagine an object having no relation to anything we have either seen or heard of; the most that we can do in this respect is to modify, to separate, or recombine. But, on the other hand, a mere impression on the senses does not constitute an idea: a person might see an object distinctly enough, and yet be unable to form a single idea respecting it. What idea could an uncultivated savage form of many of the contrivances and customs of civilised life? The nearest approach he could make to a definite idea, would be the negative one of their apparent uselessness; or else his mind would be occupied with a feeling of vague wonder: but his ideas would necessarily be circumscribed within the limits of his own experience. The only way by which he could be brought to form an intelligent conception of any such contrivance, &c. would be to show it to him in operation, and thus explain to him its purpose; but even then he would not be able to realise the conception, unless it answered to and awakened some desire or ability in his own mind. If, for instance, he should be a warrior, he would, in all probability, readily comprehend the purpose and nature of a warlike instrument; if, again, he should be of industrious, peaceful habits, an agricultural or domestic contrivance would be more intelligible. Thus his idea of the instrument or contrivance would depend on two conditions; namely, the accuracy of his observation, and the distinctness with which he *felt its use*. It is in the nature and various development of these desires and instincts that the several human races differ from each other; they, in fact, give character to the mind. The savage is often as acute in observing, and as shrewd in deducing logical conclusions, within the limits of his experience and wants, as the more cultivated European; but he can never realise the same intellectual conceptions, without first awakening in his own mind the feelings and aspirations which called them into being. This illustration may serve to show the distinction between a mere sensuous impression and an intellectual conception of any given object. The one is but an unmeaning image; the other has become a practical reality—a living idea: the dust of the ground is enkindled with the breath of life.

There is a similar distinction between the 'dry facts' of science and those vital principles by which they are rendered intelligible, and thereby actually converted into a portion of our mental constitution. The recognition of the law, upon the truth of which all our researches and actions depend—namely, the uniformity of nature's operations—is as clearly a matter of instinct as the perception of distances, or the regulation of muscular force, or even as the perception of beauty or sublimity. These instincts are not anything independently of the objects to which they refer: they all require to be awakened and developed; and they may all be quickened by cultivation, and by the conscious aid of the judgment; but we can no more prevent their development when their respective objects are presented, than we can, by a simple effort of the will, cease to live.

It would not come within the scope of the present article to attempt an enumeration of the principal instincts of the human mind; nor perhaps would it be necessary, if men—ay, and women too, for they are not shut out from the circle of conscious life, however ill-adapted they may be for logical encounters—would but observe the tendencies and actions of their own minds, unmystified by the controversies of the metaphysical schools. There is, however, one instinct of such general service, that we cannot do better than venture a few words in its elucidation, more especially as by so doing we shall develop the mode by which all the others operate: we allude to the tendency of all minds, from the child to the cultivated philosopher, to judge of that which is unknown or obscure from that which is familiar or self-evident. Truism as the proposition may appear when stated, its importance has been strangely overlooked; it expresses, indeed, the surety of exhaustless originality, the means of acquiring every new idea. It is this power which connects the soul with the outward universe: without this, the mind would be utterly unconscious, a mere aimless impulse, an active force without direction; in fact, it could not exist, and external nature, although present to our senses, would be to us but an unmeaning blank.

In order to judge adequately of the universality and importance of this power, it will be necessary for us to see what that is which can be strictly termed self-evident. Now, it must be clear to all who reflect upon the subject, that this term properly and only includes our whole conscious life—not merely the consciousness of existence, but the entire experience of our own hearts: that which is self-evident, is simply our own feelings; in other words, our own intuitive perceptions. If we feel the sensation of hunger, we do not require either logical or inductive evidence to prove to ourselves that we are hungry; we *feel* it, and the evidence is complete. The case is similar with any other feeling. We like one thing, and we dislike another, often without knowing why; yet the feeling is as self-evident as our own existence—it, in fact, constitutes a portion of our individual consciousness. But, as before remarked, a feeling does not constitute an idea; nor can we be conscious of its nature, perhaps not even of its existence, except in reference to its appropriate object. All our ideas seem to arise from this union; in some cases, however, the object simply calls forth the feeling or innate perception; in others, the feeling gives purpose and meaning to the object. Here, then, are two distinct classes of ideas; the one intuitive or self-evident, the other apparent or evident to the senses. These two orders of truth constitute the source and basis of all that we can know or imagine, the poetry and prose of human experience—instinct, or eduction; and observation, or induction. Their respective natures are clearly seen in geometry: the one order consisting of 'axioms,' the other of 'definitions;' in other words, of universal truths and of special facts.

We are now in a position to see clearly the use and importance of 'reasoning.' Every universal truth must be perceived by eduction; either immediately, or else derivatively, from a higher truth; while, on the other hand, every special fact must be discerned by observation. Now, the purpose of reasoning is evidently to connect the two; to refer the lower to the higher for illumination, and thus to discern an additional truth respecting it. This additional truth may, and indeed should, be really a 'new truth;' that is to say, a truth not before recognised. It is neither obtained directly by eduction, as an axiom, nor directly by observation, as a definition; but mediately from both, by reasoning or logical perception. For instance, it is a logical truth that the angles of an equilateral triangle are equal to each other. We might suppose this to be the case, and

by measuring we might find that it really was so in all the instances we had tried; but we could not, without the aid of reasoning, see that it must necessarily be so in all instances. Thus logical perception, instead of being an idle toy or a mischievous delusion, as some have imagined, is seen to be an instrument of inestimable value in groping our way from darkness into light. It enables the mind to discern, by successive advances, that which it could not discern by a single glance.

Let us now return to a consideration of what we have regarded as the fundamental law by which all instinctive intelligence is developed. That we judge of unfamiliar objects by comparing them with those objects which are familiar, is a well-known fact; but the law we speak of involves far more than this. We have already seen that that which is self-evident is, strictly speaking, our own innate perceptions. Now, it is only by these perceptions that we can form any idea of those properties of an object which are not evident to the senses. The infant, at the first dawning of intelligence, conveys to its mouth everything that is put in its way. The reason evidently is, that its most distinct perceptions are those connected with nutrition; and it is by these perceptions that it estimates all objects discerned by its senses. This may be regarded as its first distant approach to any intelligible idea. After a time, as the social feelings become developed, its impressions of surrounding objects gradually change. Its first limited impression is corrected by experience, and it now becomes conscious of wider and more varied sympathies; yet still it obeys the same law of its mental constitution. The child still refers its own innate perceptions to the objects around; at first without discrimination, imagining, so far as it forms an idea of the matter, that every object is possessed of similar consciousness, similar feelings, and similar thoughts with itself. This is evident from the sympathising conduct and prattle of children when amusing themselves with their little toys, and thus manifesting in freedom the impulses and impressions of their young hearts. And this is probably the only way in which a child could form an intelligible idea of any object. The case is similar with nations of primitive or childlike habits. Thus they judge of that which would otherwise be obscure, from their own conscious knowledge. This power has, moreover, been the characteristic of the poet in all ages. Let us not be mistaken: we speak not of those dainty amateurs who know poetry merely as an 'imitative art;' who, when they have fulfilled the technical requirements of their respective schools, imagine, forsooth, that they have produced genuine poetry; but of those marvellous spirits with whom the poetic impulse has been an unconquerable reality—men whose hearts have been touched with the living fire of inspiration. It is from such men that we have learned to honour the name of the poet; and it is of such a poet that we now speak. Endowed with sympathies too earnest and truthful to permit him to gaze with vacant eye upon the wonders of creation, he also has walked in the footsteps of the child, and illumined every object in his path by the light kindled in his own soul. Nor is this light a mere fantastic delusion; the gravest philosopher can do no more than discriminate its rays. In truth, all nature is a reflex of humanity. The laws which govern the universe, and those by which the mind is developed, have a distinct and immutable relation to each other; else would nature be altogether incomprehensible—a vast accumulation of unmeaning facts. What ideas could we form of attraction or repulsion, of equality, of dependence, of connexion, of immutability, and of a host of kindred recondite properties, essential to a philosophical idea, unless we judged from our own instinctive conceptions? Whatever may be the subject, we must have something known by which it may be judged, or we could evidently form no idea respecting it. If sensuous impressions constituted the only source of intelligence, we should never be able to rise above them: we could not form a rational idea; we could not understand any object; we should merely be conscious of it as a sensuous impression. But if, as we maintain, our instinctive perceptions constitute the living germs of every genuine idea; and if the senses only serve to connect the mind with external objects, it must be evident that we cannot assign the limit beyond which the human mind is incapable of rising, until we have ascertained the extent and altitude of its whole instinctive nature. We may, to some extent, measure its past achievements, or its present manifestations, but we cannot prescribe limits to its future capabilities.

What folly, then, is implied in the intellectual prostration of modern science! Nothing but induction, 'rigid induction,' is the scientific cant of the day. Men seem to make it a point of conscience, and sometimes of pitiful pride, to keep their minds for ever creeping on the earth: communing but little with their own souls, they have expected ideas to spring up out of the facts they so industriously collected. As well might they hope to see the stones of the ground put forth leaves and branches, and become fruit-bearing trees! Were such men as Galileo and Newton *mere observers* of outward objects? Did they bring nothing from the laboratories of their own souls to the accomplishment of their wondrous tasks? Did the father of induction himself bring nothing to his labours but a willing pen and an observing eye? On the contrary, it is his highest praise that he so clearly described what had yet to become an outward fact. He, assuredly, more than most men, wrote from his own instinctive perceptions. He felt that men were wasting their energies upon idle mystifications of words—words with which no appreciable ideas were connected; and in order to turn their talents to more profitable account, he taught them to leave their scholastic quibbles, and turn to tangible things; to look not to the combinations of unmeaning terms, but to the properties of real objects. In so doing, he unquestionably rendered mankind a most signal service, the sterling value of which we are not even now in a condition fully to estimate. Indeed, his reputed followers seem disposed to thwart the good he did, by listening only to his precepts, and refusing to take a lesson from his yet more important example. If there was a need, in the time of Bacon, to call men's attention from mere words to objects, there is an equal necessity now for us to render those objects intelligible by illumination from within. The present age, teeming as it is with important and interesting facts, is yet strangely barren in all that contributes to the actual growth of a noble and living philosophy.

No philosophy can possibly be merely inductive, for, as we have seen, its very existence depends on the connection of our instinctive perceptions with external objects. We may continue to accumulate facts, we may pile stone upon stone, until the ungainly heap, like the pyramids of Egypt, bear imperishable witness to our futile assiduity; but we can never erect a noble and useful structure, unless an exalted and harmonious conception be embodied in the work. The vast accumulations of modern industry (whether of capital or of scientific facts) can only become serviceable to the great brotherhood of humanity, in the proportion that the industry is ennobled by an earnest and truthful spirit. This spirit is the poetic element of our existence; the very mode of instinctive consciousness. It is mainly by the progressive development of this instinctive nature, that mankind have advanced in intelligence, morality, and social enjoyment. By an 'original mind,' we do not mean one that has been actively employed in accumulating facts, however necessary this labour may be, but one that has developed new ideas; in other words, one whose instinctive perception is not overwhelmed by conventionalities, or by *mere* induction. If this freshness and originality of mind (commonly spoken of as 'genius') be manifested in reference to life and human passions, we call a man so gifted 'a poet;' but if the same originality be shown in explaining the un-

seen operations of nature, we then speak of 'a philosopher:' in either case, the ground of originality is the same; namely, poetic instinct, or instinctive eduction.

If, then, instinctive eduction constitutes so important a power in the development of truth, it presents a question of great practical value for our consideration. How can it be best cultivated and rendered serviceable? The answer is simple and evident: if it really is truth that we desire, we must seek it with a true-hearted affection, with a singleness and integrity of purpose. It is mere folly to flatter ourselves that we can really and honestly seek after truth, while our own private aggrandisement ranks foremost in our minds. Is it not clear, that whilst self-interest is the leading motive of our lives, we shall always be seeking to favour and confirm our own opinions, even although truth should suffer? We must learn to love truth because it is true; not because it is our own opinion, or because it is the opinion of some individual whose genius or whose virtues we may respect. Truth should be felt as something sacred and immutable; altogether above mere personal favour or selfish predilection. We are all too apt to value truth less for its own intrinsic worth, than because we have identified it with ourselves. Add to this the well-known fact, that we are ever too ready to adopt those errors which sanction or encourage our own corrupt inclinations; and we may discern in these two principles the source and stronghold of the various delusions which have blinded or perverted the human intellect. Seeing, then, that the mind is so cunning to its own overthrow and abasement, it is well for us that we have been provided with some less mutable standard of truth, to which we may refer each other, and which may serve as a test of its intrinsic reality. This test is to be found in its use or power of beneficial application. In reference to philosophy, whatever tends best to explain the wonders of creation, and to elevate our thoughts to a just conception of its divine Author, is, by the very terms of the case, the nearest approximation to the truth; and the same, in reference to morality, of whatever will best promote the happiness of the whole human family. To form an adequate judgment of this requires the co-operation of our whole conscious or intellectual nature, generally spoken of under the comprehensive term 'reason.' This term we have now endeavoured to render somewhat more intelligible than it has hitherto been; and although feeling strongly the disparity between the success of the attempt and the importance of the subject, we yet venture to hope that we may not have written altogether in vain.

LIFE AT THE WATER CURE.*

This is a remarkable and highly amusing book, somewhat like the celebrated *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, and likely, if we are not much mistaken, to do more for the advancement of hydropathy than any previous publication,† so great is the power of *readableness*. The author is a well-known artist in the department of lithography, the brother of the Mr Lane who has written so successfully on Egypt. It is a capital example of a class of books—written by men of general talents, but whose exertions have been in fields apart from literature—which, from their freshness of thought and expression, often throw the writings of professed literary men into the shade. Mr Lane tells us that, from overbleeding in youth, and the effects of severe professional application during twenty-five subsequent years, he had reached a state of bad health imminently threatening. He had severe neuralgic pains, and felt the approaches of paralysis. In this condition he was induced, in May last year, to commence a month's attendance at Dr Wilson's hydropathic establishment at Malvern. The book is mainly a journal of the proceedings of that period, which ended in the banishment of most of the disagreeable symptoms by which the author had been visited.

Ask a common doctor about the water cure, and he tells you it is a dangerous quackery, which you ought not to countenance in any way. Possibly, he adds a description of the 'miserable patients,' and cites an array of fatal cases. Look into Mr Lane's book, and you find descriptions of the most cheerful possible life, mingled with accounts of the most wonderful, as well as *real* cures. Dr Wilson he describes as placed by private fortune above all mercenary motives—a sagacious, kind-natured man, proud to be the oracle and minister of nature in what he believes to be one of her appointed means of restoring to health and vigour the human frame. What a strange contrariety of opinion! There is this, however, to be said in favour of the water people, that they approve from knowledge and experience, while the doctors condemn upon presumption. One thing we can tell ordinary medical men, that a system so dubious, and in many of its features so abominable as theirs, has but a poor chance, in the eyes of reflecting persons, against any more natural-looking and practically more pleasant system, which is supported by such testimony as we find in this volume. This we say, treating the question of the water cure quite hypothetically.

Mr Lane, who was accompanied by his son Ned, a youth of fifteen, took at once kindly to the treatment and life at Malvern. The neighbouring hills form delightful walking ground, refreshed every here and there with charming springs of the purest water. The style of living at the house, though strictly temperate, was not without relish; the company extremely agreeable. He began with the shallow bath, then proceeded to 'packing' in the wet sheet, and finally, when strengthened, to the 'douche,' or cascade bath, using the sitz and foot baths at least once each day. On the third morning we find him saying—'A sense of present happiness, of joyous spirits, of confidence in my proceedings, possessed me.' On the fifth—'Every habit, every temper of mind induced by this system, presents to the mind salutary and thankful thoughts.' The cheerfulness here spoken of is fully evidenced as a general feature of the water cure, by the pleasantries—we could almost say frolics—which went on throughout the whole period of Mr Lane's stay. The men and women were as boys and girls engaged in the sports of vacation time. As an example—

'After dinner I begged to be enlightened respecting some displays of discipline and subordination that I had remarked during the meal; and found that a section of the patients, who happened to be personal friends (with liberty to add to their numbers), had adopted the fagging system after the manner of public schools, with this refreshing peculiarity—the ladies were in every case the masters. The result of this seemed to me a never-failing merriment, not only among those who held office, but the less favoured of us, and impressed me with a happy anticipation of the month to be passed in such company. Wishing them all well, I yet hoped that none might be so *very* well as to go away during my stay.

'I found that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton originated the idea about a month ago, and moved the address; the senior lady, Mrs Delmour, seconded the motion, and, when the measure was discussed in committee, proposed an amendment, suggested by the presumption of Mr Hope, her destined fag, who asked whether he was to be "single-handed," and if so, who was to do the dirty work?—to get gingerbread, for instance, from the pastry-cook's, at a moment's notice, reckless of rain or mud. An animated debate ensued, and it was conceded that, in certain cases, when a lady was disposed to be *exigeante*, her fag should have "a boy under him." Sir

* Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern; a Diary. By Richard J. Lane. With numerous illustrations. London: Longman and Co. 1846. Pp. 336.

† Since we noticed Mr Wright's book, *Six Months at Graefenberg*, another work on this new regimen has fallen into our hands—'Results of Hydropathy, by Edward Johnson, M.D.' It is strictly of a professional character, and details many cases which it may be of advantage to invalids to consult.

Edward having, on the instant, applied for this place under Mr Hope, "only just" wished to know what were the perquisites; and was answered that, as the ladies' means were limited, they would give no stated salary the first month, during which time the fag must consider himself "on trial." To this stroke of policy many loudly objected, until Mrs Delmour's soft persuasive voice stilled the clamour. She urged upon their notice that the office of fag must be profitable as mental discipline; that her fag would be expected to walk with, not after, her (great applause); that he need not appear in livery until dinner-time (immense applause); and that he would incur no expense for beer, or tea and sugar. So, for a happy home, and to be treated as one of the family, the ladies would expect that all talk of perquisites would be dropped.

'The men then conferred aside for a few minutes, and it was refreshing to see one, who had been loudest in his opposition, step forward, and state for himself and his friends, that, upon the broad principle of "wages no object," they had resolved to abide by the rules made and provided; that, if found fault with, no fag would presume to answer, on no account; that, in case of extra work, each would help the others—make himself generally useful; and that they had no doubt of giving the greatest of satisfactions.'

The sketches of the patients are delightful, from a Quaker, Bradley, who is earnest and worthy, to Miss Asplin, who smuggles in clandestine eatables, and has a warming-pan collared by the doctor on its way up to her bedroom. The author's favourite is a fine kind-hearted reflecting young fellow, whom he calls Sterling. They take their long morning walks together. One morning—'Sterling remarked, as we went along the grassy path to the wells, that we might readily fancy ourselves pacing the pasturage of the lower range of the Alps. He owes the doctor a "dodge" for an unlucky remark which he made in the fulness of sincerity. The doctor passed some compliment upon Sterling's manners, and added, "Do you know, I at first thought you rather lackadaisical." Sterling mentioned this to me as a thing scarcely credible, and appealed to me inquiringly, as if to demand an equal show of indignation on my part. The more he allowed his mind to dwell on the subject, the more angry he became, and he eventually vowed vengeance. Lackadaisical! He would buy a shilling's worth of tarts, and give them to the ladies under the doctor's very nose! Alarmed at this most awful threat, I felt it my duty to try to soften the matter. It was perfectly right to punish the doctor. I quite agreed to that; "but when he spoke to me about you, he gave quite a different opinion." Sterling's curiosity was thus excited, and I told him that the doctor had conceived him to be "a medical student in disguise; come less as a patient than to see the establishment." I had put my foot in it. Already inflammable, I had applied a match—in my innocent desire to soothe, if not smother the flame. "A medical student! medical! Why medical?" I ventured to suggest his long hair. This was the first personal allusion that I had made to my new friend, and it made him thoughtful. "Bardon talks of my hair too," said he. [Bardon was the attendant, who assists in the ablutions.] "Yesterday, after douche, he said, when I conceived myself quite ready to start off, 'You haven't done your hair, sir.' This morning, after the bath, he held me a little hand-glass that I might look at my hair." He again threatened the tarts; and as I saw no chance of altogether diverting him from his purpose, I proposed that he should moderate himself down to gingerbread, and that I would join him so far. He objected that gingerbread was scarcely wrong, and would give no promise: his then feeling was, that he would buy the tarts, and shirk his sitz! I begged that we might drop the subject for the present; and, as we went along, Sterling lectured me about driving, which, from the cramped position and inactivity, he pronounced scarcely better than sitting at home. As we had walked full six miles at that time, I was in a state to agree with him, being in a glorious glow, and as active as a dancer. I had reason to be sure, as we entered the house, that Sterling held his purpose as to the tarts.

'How we enjoyed our breakfast, earned by seven miles' walk! We were to douche at twelve. At half-past eleven, Sterling, having deliberately carried out his vindictive purpose, walked into the room with his cargo of tarts, and with a grace—as if there was no harm in it—handed them to the ladies, and all partook, except himself. We then started together to the douche baths, and he was better. Having douched, I heard a laugh in the next dressing-room, and was afterwards told that Bardon had been as solicitous as before with the looking-glass, comb, and brush. I had worked an hour before the douche; and we now started off like giants refreshed. Mounting the hill, we saw some boys playing with hoops, and Sterling wanted to make one. After the manner of dear old Mathews, he so successfully adapted himself to their sport, first by his talk, and then by taking a good run with the biggest boy's hoop, that when I put the finishing touch by saying to one, "He's a funny fellow, isn't he?" a perfect understanding and companionship was established between them, and he was in all respects the big boy of the party. There was one of us, a very small pale boy, who had no hoop, and yet he ran and jumped and romped with the rest; and another little boy lent him his hoop for a turn. It occurred to me to put him on a footing with the rest, and after a little chat, finding that he hoped some day to possess a hoop, I settled the point with a bright sixpence, and so made him quite happy.

'I delight to think how Providence has, with children, tempered their capacities for enjoyment to the circumstances that surround them, and to watch their little wants. Here was a child who had come in for a fortune unexpectedly—who had only looked to a sixpence as a distant possibility. As they grow and get tainted with the world, the degrees of evil are too evident in its advances. The big boy of this party (not Sterling), hearing my inquiries as to the price of a hoop, interposed, "A hoop for that boy will cost a shilling, sir;" but he was at once put down by the little one.'

A gentleman who came unannounced, and *in extremis*, died, as Dr Wilson expected; the only incident of the kind in his experience. It was proposed by the relations to take away the body, or have the funeral in the morning; but the doctor insisted on all being done openly, and in the usual form. The whole proceeding redounded, says the author, to the doctor's generosity of nature, showing his indifference to false rumours.

Many stray pleasantries enliven the journal, some few of them not quite new, but all appositely brought in. As an artist, Mr Lane is entitled to speak to the following point:—'When a lady desires to compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering a room, say, "besom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wish to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say, "brush," the result of which is infallible.'

'A lady friend more than once *douched* at the Niagara Falls. Close to the terrific rush of the chief torrent she has sought a baby-fall of about sixty feet, and received the rushing water amid the din of the whole cataract. Well might we add a native's remark to the father of our heroine, while contemplating the tremendous scene: "I say, stranger, that's an almighty water privilege!—suckles mother ocean a deal! You couldn't show us anything so handsome as that in your country."'

A gentleman comes to the water cure, suffering from two irreconcilable medicines, self-administered; whereon Mr Lane remarks, that even things congenial, and actually made to meet, often produce distressing results, if not brought together in moderation. Illustration of the remark—'On the first consignment of Seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch

was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. (This luxurious potentate, when he heard of the invention of musical clocks, had caused an apartment to be furnished with fifty of those ingenious instruments; and, with taste truly regal, sat in the midst while they were all set to play together. But of the Seidlitz powders.)

'A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers, and having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded; and, in his agonies, screamed, "Hold me down!"—then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death: a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.'

The anecdotes of the water treatment introduced into this book are numerous. It were tiresome to enter largely into the subject; but there is one case so striking, that we cannot resist quoting it. 'I had begged to be introduced to a lady whose recovery seems to me miraculous, that I might receive her own report of her cure. She had been for nine years paralysed from the waist downwards, her limbs altogether useless. She had been pale and emaciated; and coming to Malvern, had no idea of recovering the use of her limbs, but of attaining bodily health. In five months she had become ruddy and full of health, and then her perseverance in being "packed" twice every day was rewarded. The returning muscular power was in three weeks advanced to perfect recovery of the free use of her limbs. She grew stout and strong, and now walks ten miles daily, being in rude health.' Against this, what is it to a rational human creature that medical men ridicule or condemn that of which perhaps they know nothing?

Mr Lane continues at home the water treatment, and, as far as possible, the Malvern habits. After his morning bathings, he starts from his house near the Regent's Canal on a walk across the Park to Primrose Hill. 'It is melancholy,' he says, 'that the want of a slight effort to break through a bad habit should deprive so many thousands of the luxury of the early morning's walk. The new habit, once formed, is always persisted in, and, to a Londoner, it gives a daily taste of the country.

'The smoke and filth of the atmosphere have been swept away by the night wind; and before the impurities arise which are engendered by a dense population, we leave the town, and taste untainted air; and while our renewed energies are intent upon the blessings of the new day, in the very enjoyment they are reproduced, as if every object responded to the happy and wholesome excitement.

'No bad weather deprives me of this walk; nor do I stop to quarrel with the north-east wind, "which, when it bites and blows upon my body," I take thankfully, and ask no questions. I have much to think of in these early walks, and therefore do not seek variety beyond that which ever-changing nature presents. . . . As I advance, I rise high above the houses; and the top of the hill is a mark which completes the half of my walk. If the distance be obscured by mists, I yet am refreshed by the sight of green fields and trees, beautiful even in their winter nakedness; and the sun seldom fails at that early hour to show some sign of greeting, while in the most sultry season it is ever cool and refreshing. In fact, I am prepared to deny, on the faith of a water drinker, that there is such a thing as bad weather for the early walk. Suppose that I look forth in the morning, and confess that it pours, I am immediately sure that it will abate before I have had my bath, that I may be out to see it clear up; and in the meantime I know that the rain is doing some good.

'When I get out, I have double enjoyment of the raised gravel-walk and the double-soled boots. The "pelting" is not "pitiless," and I anticipate the treat of retorting upon those who, cold and lazy, come to me and say, "What a wretched morning!" that it is an unqualified and atrocious falsehood. Bad weather!—why, when you have been ten minutes in the air, the glow on the surface makes a light rain delicious, and I take off my hat to it. I see some few riding round the Park, and occasionally one or two driving, but so becomforted, and greatcoated, and chin deep in neckcloth, that I pity their wretched substitute for the healthy glow of exercise. Rely upon it, that walking is the best exercise, riding second, and driving last; and as to weather before breakfast, any weather is not only endurable, it is enjoyable: we may be fastidious at noon. It is, however, the bath that renders the early walk supremely delightful; without it, there is much of effort in the enjoyment, at least with those who are not used to it.'

Mr Lane breakfasts at eight—works till one—drinks and walks—dines at two—rests half an hour—then works till six, when he goes out again for a walk. Sups at eight, and goes to bed before eleven. So living, he is a healthy, happy man.

THE NORTH POLE.

The possibility of reaching the north pole is an idea which has long occupied the minds of enterprising and scientific navigators. Several attempts have been made, and though unsuccessful, the object appears not yet to be given up. Sir W. Parry, in a recent letter to Sir John Barrow, proposes that the intended exploring expedition should winter in Spitzbergen, and then, in the month of April, set out from Hakluyt's Headland, which is six hundred geographical miles from the pole, and endeavour to reach this point by travelling over the yet unbroken-up ice, and, after a short stay, returning again by the end of May, ere yet the summer sun had melted and broken up the ice. Sir John Barrow proposes another plan, founded on the supposition that the polar region is open sea, and free of ice during the summer. He suggests that two small vessels, similar to those sent to the southern or antarctic seas, should be sent to Spitzbergen in early spring, so as to take the opportunity of the polar sea being open, and about the middle of August sail directly for the pole. A month's sailing, at the rate even of twenty miles in the twenty-four hours, would thus be sufficient to reach the point of destination; while a month's stay there, and another month to return, might all be accomplished before the commencement of next winter's frost. That enterprising sailor, Captain Weddel, in a pamphlet published several years ago, demonstrated pretty clearly the probability of an open sea around both the north and south poles, and more recent observations all tend to encourage this idea. The continued presence of the sun above the horizon for six months would afford sufficient heat to melt the accumulated ice of the previous long winter; and if no high land exists in the regions north of Spitzbergen, the probability is, that not more than one season's snow and ice remain or accumulate.

But many may be disposed to ask, What would be the use of such an exploration? To these a reply may be made in the words of an old navigator:—'The north pole is the only thing in the world about which we know nothing, and that want of all knowledge ought to operate as a spur to adopt the means of wiping away that stain of ignorance from this enlightened age.' It would be an achievement, certainly, to put one's foot on the very point of the axis around which this mighty globe turns—to look around a horizon above which the summer sun appears to move round and round in its

daily circle without ever ascending or descending, where there is uninterrupted day, and twelve o'clock at midnight is exactly the same in all respects as twelve at noon. At first view, a very erroneous idea might suggest itself—that at this point or pivot the earth's motion would be more perceptibly rapid than at any other point of its surface; that we should, in fact, see the earth spinning round like a wheel or a top. Now the fact is exactly the reverse. The space passed over at the earth's axis is shorter than in any other point of its circumference, and consequently the apparent motion is slower. If you look at the axis of the hour-hand of a watch, no motion is perceptible; but by watching for some time the extremity of the same index, you may observe a perceptible portion of space travelled over in the course of a few minutes.

Perhaps, on reaching the pole, not an inch of land would be found on which to rest. This would increase the difficulties of the visit. For were it all sea, and probably a deep sea, there would be no place of anchorage, and no means of remaining steadily at rest till observations could be made. Besides, by the moving about of the vessel, the reckoning would be unavoidably lost; for the sun, pursuing a uniform line along the horizon, there would be no meridian, and consequently no means of calculating the course in which to steer for home. From this circumstance, it is evident also that the time of day, or rather of the twenty-four hours, would no longer be ascertained by the rising, the noonday altitude, or setting of the sun; for to an observer at the pole no such changes would take place, except to the small amount of the daily change of declination. Thus not only to the eye, but also for the practical purpose of obtaining the time by astronomical observation, the sun would appear throughout the twenty-four hours neither to rise nor fall, but to describe a circle round the heavens parallel to the horizon. This common method of obtaining the time would entirely fail. Indeed, however startling the fact may seem, it may be asserted with truth that there would be no longer any such thing, strictly speaking, as apparent time in the heavens at all. This will be evident, by reflecting that what is called apparent time refers only to the particular line or meridian on which an observer is placed, and is marked by the approach to, and recession of, the sun from that meridian. An observer at the pole being on no one meridian, but at the point where all meridians meet, apparent time would have to him no longer existence or meaning. In ascertaining any particular position, the compass, it is true, might still be of use. From the discovery of Captain James Ross, it is known that the magnetic pole does not coincide with the true pole of the earth, but that the situation of the former lies in a lower latitude. Now, as it is highly probable that at the pole even the compass would still act freely, the dip of the needle not being so complete as to prevent the horizontal motion still to take place, the pointing of the north pole of the needle to the magnetic pole would be a means of ascertaining the homeward course. The chronometer, too, under a certain modification, would enable the voyagers to ascertain a given meridian. A common watch or chronometer would be useless, because the dial-plate being marked with only twelve hours, when the hour-hand pointed to twelve o'clock, there would be no knowing whether it was twelve at noon or twelve at midnight that was indicated, the sun being equally visible at both. To obviate this, chronometers have been constructed with dial-plates of twenty-four hours, and the hour-hand making only one revolution in that period. Thus, whenever such chronometers indicated apparent noon at Greenwich, the sun would be exactly over the meridian of that place, and so of any other place of known longitude; as, for instance, the harbour where the voyagers had left their ship, and to which they desired to return.

As scientific objects of pursuit, Sir J. Barrow suggests, among others, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, commencing at the pole itself, in order to decide the actual degree of *flattening* of the spherical form of the globe which takes place at the poles. Observations on the tides, too, as far as practicable, the winds, oceanic currents, magnetism, the aurora borealis, would all be interesting to science; and indeed it is not possible to say what matters of interest or of practical use might not present themselves to observation on visiting a part of the globe on which the foot of man has never yet trodden.

In the event of finding land, however small the portion around the pole, all these observations would of course be greatly facilitated. It may be presumed that any such land will not be mountainous, as no icebergs are ever sent down from that quarter; these masses having been ascertained to be the production of glaciers on the sides and valleys of high mountains, such as those in Spitzbergen and Greenland. On such land the pendulum could be swung, and the rise, fall, and direction of the tides observed—the land itself could be examined, and the nature of the soil—its organic productions, either of a past or present era, ascertained—and thus a polar flora and fauna be presented to the scientific world.

UNEARNED MONEY.

However common may be the desire of sudden wealth, yet it may be safely affirmed that money is never so much enjoyed, nor so pleasantly and judiciously spent, as when hardly-earned. The exertion used in obtaining it is beneficial alike to the health and spirits. It affords pleasure in the contemplation, as the result of effort and industry, a thing which unearned money can never impart; and the natural alternation of labour and relaxation tends to preserve the body in health, and keeps the mind from the injurious extremes of either parsimony or prodigality.

Unearned money, on the contrary, as it is obtained without an effort, so it is often spent without a thought. There is no healthful activity used in acquiring it; no putting forth of those energies, the use of which tends so greatly to elevate and purify; no skill or perseverance called into action; and it is seldom that it is possessed to any great extent without injuring the possessor. It induces a distaste for labour and activity; it lulls to ignoble rest in the lap of circumstances; it allures to float along with the stream, instead of the healthful labour of stemming the tide of difficulty; and he had need be something more than mortal who can possess much of this unearned money without being in his moral nature somewhat paralysed and debased. Naturally rampant as are the weeds of sloth and sensuality in the human heart, that condition of life in which there is not only work to be done, but work which *must* be done, will be the safest and best.

And yet how often do foolish parents debar themselves of almost the necessaries of life, and drudge on to the latest moment of existence, to send out into the world some pet son with a good supply of this unearned money! How often, in order to secure to one member of a family the coveted title of a 'gentleman,' the greatest illiberality and injustice are exercised towards the rest! Not unfrequently, however, does it happen that these 'gentlemen' turn out the most ungenteel of their family; and the poor, unprovided members, who had nothing but their own energy and industry to look to, rise to a level of respectability and usefulness far superior to the ready-made gentility of their envied relation.

In glancing over the glittering list of those who have made the greatest achievements, whether in art, science, or literature, how few of them, we find, were possessed of unearned money! They were for the most part men of single purpose and patient perseverance; and this was their only wealth. Their genius was nursed in the cradle of toil; and we may safely assert that, with respect to the most of them, had they been born in the enervating lap of independence and abundance, the flame of their genius would have been either dimmed

or extinguished, and the works of a Haydn, a Burns, and a Rembrandt, might have been lost to the world.

Among business men this thirst for unearned money often produces the most disastrous consequences. A bubble company makes out a plausible statement of certain profits, to an amount double or triple those which the plodding tradesman obtains from his ordinary business, and he consequently despises those gains which have enabled him to bring up a family in sufficiency and respectability. Business is neglected, customers are offended: his thoughts and energies are bent in a new direction; and, too late, he wakes from his dream of affluence, to find his business gone, his hope a bubble, and his prospects ruined.

Even when speculations are successful, how seldom is the unearned money acquired by them a real blessing! The mind becomes restless and unsettled; habits of gambling are formed; with the increase of money comes an increase of ambition; and generally the spirit of speculation so grows by what it feeds on, that the speculations become more rash and more hazardous, till the hundredth one, proving disastrous, dissipates in an hour the gain of the ninety-nine preceding fortunate ones. Or if the speculator has that rare command over himself to stop at a given point, satisfied with his success, how seldom does his prosperity prove an increase to his respectability, comfort, or usefulness! Too often does the history of such men furnish a striking illustration of the sentiment of Coleridge—

> 'Sudden wealth, full well I know,
> Did never happiness bestow.
> That wealth to which we were not born,
> Dooms us to sorrow or to scorn.'

Seldom is money so obtained spent wisely, and not unfrequently in some absurd manner, that only provokes the contempt and ridicule of all right-thinking men, endued with better taste and sentiments of greater propriety.

In the disposition of property much harm is often done by thoughtless and ill-judging persons, in leaving a mass of unearned money to one individual, for the foolish gratification of keeping it together, or the selfish one of preventing it from going out of the family. How much more judicious, and, in many cases, more just, would it be to consider the claims of poorer relations, to whom a small sum would be so great an assistance, rather than surround some one individual with what too often proves a temptation and a provocative to idleness and dissipation! As long as we can help others to help themselves, our help is a blessing; but when we help them in such a manner as to supersede the necessity of their own exertion, we injure them morally more than we assist them substantially.

There is also a satisfaction and relish, so to speak, about money hardly-earned, which can never be found in unearned money. The wealthy merchant, whose income has scarcely a limit, will sometimes look back with something like a sigh on the time when he was an apprentice, and feel less pleasure in a hundred-pound note than he then derived from the bright silver sixpence which he had earned with such difficulty. How it was looked at again and again; how carefully it was deposited in a place of security; and how, ever and anon, it was anxiously visited, to see that it had not by any strange chance escaped from its snuggery! And then the pleasurable anxieties as to the most desirable way of spending it—the book, the cakes, the present—how difficult it was to choose between claims so equal; how many resolves and re-resolves were taken before the important point was satisfactorily settled! Oh, the possession of that hardly-earned sixpence produced far greater pleasure than any hundred-pound note since! Such a fresh sweetness is there about the 'wholesome air of poverty,' for which the luxurious atmosphere of independence and competence is a poor substitute; and the period of life when money was hardly-earned, will generally be found, in the retrospect, the purest and pleasantest of existence.

Undoubtedly the prevalence of unearned money in old countries is one principal reason of the greater amount of profligacy, luxury, and effeminacy of character found in them than in newer ones; and is also, consequently, one great hastener of their downfall. In young countries, men have to earn before they can spend, and the habits of daily toil give a robustness to the body, and independence to the character, and an elevation to the mind, highly beneficial to the whole community. In old countries, however, where there are always numerous individuals who are above the necessity of toil, and who live only to spend, habits of luxury are insensibly formed, dissipation fills up the unoccupied hours, and society becomes listless and enervated. Such are the effects, both on men and nations, of unearned money.

Money seldom makes men better, either physically or morally, and often makes them worse. Seldom does a man become more healthy in his body as money increases; seldom does his mind become more powerful as his purse becomes heavier; not always does his heart beat more benevolently as his wealth accumulates. But if money, even when laudably gained by wholesome exertion and enterprise, be of doubtful or injurious effect upon its possessor, doubly hazardous and baneful must be the possession of that money which is unearned and untoiled for, and which only leaves the disposal of time at the mercy of idle dreaminess or ingenious mischief, and cherishes the growth of those rank weeds of the heart which are most successfully checked by wholesome exercise and occupation.

Column for the Curious.

THE MINUTE.

Much skill and perseverance have been displayed by the ingenious in all ages in the construction of miniature objects—the purposes to be gained being minuteness of proportions with delicacy of finish. Veritable watches have been set in finger-rings; a dinner-set, with all its appurtenances, placed in a hazel-nut; and a coach and four enclosed in a cherry-stone. Many of these might well be regarded as the result of ingenious trifling, were it not that every exercise of mechanical skill and clever manipulation, though not of itself applicable to any practical purpose, is yet furthering the progress of art, by training the hand to perfection, and leading the mind to new, and, it may be, more useful conceptions. Under this impression, we mean to present our young friends with a few illustrations of tiny mechanism, contrasting them with the infinitely more minute and wonderful organisations of the natural world. If the former can stimulate to imitative skill and industry, the latter may excite wonder and reflection, and thus lead to the study of one of the most interesting and instructive departments of creation.

Among the ancients, the ingenious seem to have attained a wonderful degree of expertness at this species of fabrication. Cicero, according to Pliny's report, saw the whole Iliad of Homer written in so fine a character that it could be contained in a nut-shell; and Ælian speaks of one Myrmecides, a Milesian, and of Callicrates, a Lacedæmonian, the first of whom made an ivory chariot so small and so delicately framed, that a fly with its wing could at the same time cover it and a little ivory ship of the same dimensions; the second formed ants and other little animals out of ivory, which were so extremely small, that their component parts were scarcely to be distinguished with the naked eye. He states also, in the same place, that one of those artists wrote a distich, in golden letters, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

The tomb of Confucius, a miniature model of Chinese workmanship, is considered as the most elaborate, costly, and beautiful specimen of Oriental ingenuity ever imported into Europe. It is chiefly composed of the precious metals and japan work, and adorned with a profusion of gems; but its chief value consists in the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals, and human figures, would require several pages of description, which, after all, would, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible. The late Mr Cox of London declared it to be one of the most extraordinary productions

of art he ever beheld, and that he could not undertake to make one like it for less than L.1500.

Among the many curious works of art produced by the monks and nuns of ecclesiastical establishments, none have been so much admired as their fonts, real and in model. On these were often lavished vast sums, and all the ingenuity which the sculptor, carver, or worker in metal could command. The font of Raphael has long been known and admired; that executed by Acavala in 1562, and presented by an emperor of Germany to Philip II. of Spain, may be considered, however, as the most elaborate of such performances. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of box-wood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or carving, consisting of various groups of figures in alto and basso relievos. These display different events in the life of Christ, from the Annunciation to his Crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The groups are disposed in panels and niches on the outside, and in different recesses within. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height; but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and what renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and distant figures and objects are executed. Though only twelve inches in height, and from half an inch to four inches in diameter, it is adorned with various architectural ornaments, in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the Virgin and child, a pelican with its young, six lions in different attitudes, several inscriptions, and thirteen compositions in basso and alto relievo. The work is said to be of unrivalled merit and beauty, and will bear the most microscopic inspection. It was offered for sale in England about thirty years ago; but we are ignorant of its after-destination.

In the Annual Register for 1764, it is stated that Mr Arnold, a watchmaker in London, had the honour to present his majesty, George III., with a curious repeating watch of his own construction, set in a ring. Its size was something less than a silver twopence; it contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains. This species of mechanism, however, is by no means uncommon; the emperor Charles V., as well as James I. of England, are said to have had similar ornaments in the jewels of their rings; and watches, a little larger perhaps, are not unfrequently set in ladies' bracelets. In Kirby's 'Wonderful Museum,' notice is taken of an exhibition at the house of one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand (1745), at which were shown, among other things, the following curiosities:—1st, The furniture of a dining-room, with two persons seated at dinner, and a footman in waiting—the whole capable of being enclosed in a cherry-stone; 2d, a landau in ivory, with four persons inside, two postilions, a driver, and six horses—the whole fully mounted and habited, and drawn by a flea; and 3d, a four-wheel open chaise, equally perfect, and weighing only one grain. Another London exhibitor, about the same time, constructed of ivory a tea-table, fully equipped, with urn, teapot, cups, saucers, &c.—the whole being contained in a Barcelona filbert-shell.

In 1828, a mechanic of Plymouth completed a miniature cannon and carriage, the whole of which only weighed the twenty-ninth part of a grain. The cannon had bore and touch-hole complete; the gun was of steel, the carriage of gold, and the wheels of silver. The workmanship was said to be beautiful, but could only be seen to advantage through a powerful magnifying glass. In the Mechanics' Magazine for 1845, mention is made of a high-pressure steam-engine—the production of a watchmaker who occupies a stand at the Polytechnic Institution—so small, that it stands upon a fourpenny piece, with ground to spare! 'It is,' says our authority, 'the most curious specimen of minute workmanship ever seen, each part being made according to scale, and the whole occupying so small a space, that, with the exception of the fly-wheel, it might be covered with a thimble. It is not simply a model outwardly; it *works* with the greatest activity by means of atmospheric pressure (in lieu of steam); and the motion of the little thing, as its parts are seen labouring and heaving under the influence, is indescribably curious and beautiful.'

These, and many more which might be added, are, however, of rude and colossal magnitude compared with the delicate organisations of the vegetable and animal world. In the former, we have structures so fine, that they only become visible to the naked eye when growing in myriads; in the latter, animalcules so minute, that a microscope of high power is required to detect them. Let us take, for example, the *Achlya prolifera*, whose soft silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold-fishes, and covering them, as it were, with a whitish slime. This appearance is generally looked upon as a species of decay or consumption in the animal itself, and not as an external clothing of parasitic plants. It is, however, a true vegetable growth, each individual consisting of a single stalk, with a minute pear-shaped ball on the top, containing numerous grains, which are the seeds or embryos of future plants. Dr Unger describes this tiny organism, when at its full growth, as consisting of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet, and much resembling in general appearance certain kinds of mouldiness. When placed under the microscope—for the unassisted eye can perceive nothing of its true construction—each thread is terminated by the pear-shaped ball already alluded to, which is about 1–1200th of an inch in diameter, and consists of a single cell filled with a mucilaginous fluid, in which float the procreative granules. The contents of this cell are seen to be in constant motion from the earliest stage of their existence; but as they advance to maturity, the mucilage disappears, and then the motion of the granules becomes more rapid and violent, till ultimately they burst their way through the cell, and are transferred to the water, there to perform their circle of being, and to give birth to new races of granules. All this takes place with such amazing rapidity, that we are assured an hour or two suffices for the complete development and escape of the spores; so that we need not wonder when we are told that, once established, the *Achlya prolifera* will often complete the destruction of a healthy gold-fish in less than twelve hours. Here, then, we have a little organism—and it is only one among a thousand which might be named—composed of parts for attachment, for growth, for support, and for reproduction, each in its kind as perfect and as unerring in its results, though visible only to the microscope, as the most gigantic cedar. Ask the most ingenious mechanic to fashion one of its filaments in model with all its cells, one of its reproductive balls with its thousand sporules, and, waiving altogether the attribute of life, he could no more produce such a complexity of parts than he could his own existence.

Let us pass now to the animal world, where the minuteness of the mechanism is still more wonderful, inasmuch as creatures visible only through a powerful microscope are endowed with organs for locomotion, organs offensive and defensive, organs for digestion, reproduction, and the other functions of the animal economy. And these organs, be it observed, not simple, but complex; composed of parts, jointed and articulated, and these parts each furnished with nervures for circulation and sensation. The minutest part of the most delicate mechanism ever fashioned by human hands must have dimensions appreciable to the eye or hand. But what shall we say of the component parts of animalcules, where the entire creature can only be discerned through the lenses of the microscope? 'Upon looking,' says Dr Mantell, 'through an instrument magnifying forty-thousand times in superficial dimensions, we find a drop or two of pond water swarming with animals of various shapes and magnitudes. Some are darting through the fluid with great rapidity, while others are pursuing and devouring creatures more infinitesimal than themselves. Many are attached to the twig of pond weed by long delicate threads; several have their bodies enclosed in a transparent tube, from one end of which the animal partly protrudes, and then recedes; while numbers are covered by an elegant shell or case. The minutest kinds—the Monads—many of which are so small, that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, appear like mere animated globules, free, single, and of various colours, sporting about in every direction. Numerous species resemble pearly or opaline cups or vases, fringed round the margin with delicate fibres, that are in constant oscillation. Some of these are attached by spiral tendrils; others are united by a slender stem to one common trunk, appearing like a bunch of harebells; others are of a globular form, and grouped together in a definite pattern on a tabular or spherical membranous case for a certain period of their existence, and ultimately become detached and locomotive; while many are permanently clustered together, and die if separated from the parent mass. No

organs of progressive motion similar to those of beasts, birds, or fishes, are observable in these beings; yet they traverse the water with rapidity, without the aid of limbs or fins; and though many species are destitute of eyes, yet all possess an accurate perception of the presence of other bodies, and pursue and capture their prey with unerring purpose.' The *Monas termo*, for example, has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and so numerously does this animalcule sometimes appear in putrid infusions, that not fewer than ten thousand millions must be contained in a cubic inch—a number of living and active organised beings greater than the number of human inhabitants upon the whole surface of the globe!

THE SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilisation expire long before the traveller arrives at Negroland and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offsets, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell [the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]—cultivating the date-tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards, as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig-tree, and the apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey, with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Tuariehs frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries; but all that is yet known of these singular communities, shows them to be living in a completely constituted state of civil society—eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people—and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life.—*Edinburgh Review.*

ARAB SCHOOL IN ALGIERS.

It was a building adjoining the principal mosque. We saw about twenty children seated confusedly on mats, studying and repeating aloud the lessons they had been set to learn. They repeated these lessons in a sort of singing tone, accompanied by a continued movement of the body. In the midst of all this stunning noise, the Arab schoolmaster communicated his instructions. He was a poor marabout or priest, whose only source of subsistence was the emolument he derived from his little class, together with the payment he received from some sheiks for chanting the Koran. No regular method of teaching was observed in the Arab school. Each scholar was furnished with a little piece of varnished wood, on which the master traced a few letters of the alphabet. When the lesson was learned, the master rubbed the piece of board with a wet rag, and having obliterated the old lesson, he traced a new one. The instruction was not collective: the master successively called up each pupil, showed him his lesson, and then sent him back to his place to learn it. In front of the little building in which the marabout had established hi school, there was inscribed the following appropriate pa sage from the Koran:—'During the first seven years of lif let the child play; during the next seven years, instru and correct him; during the seven following years, sen him forth into the world, so that he may acquire and ado its usages—the man will then be perfect!'—*Visit to Alger*

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,'
The little opening flower transported cries—
'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
'Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—
'Not to myself alone I raise the song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—
'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone'—
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

S. W. P.

ROUTINE EDUCATION.

It is related by Miss Edgeworth, that a gentleman, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was; she answered, rather hesitatingly, 'In the yard with the poultry!'

OPINIONS.

Beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues. —*Sir J. Mackintosh.*

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NOVEL-WRITING MADE EASY.

It is not a new, but it is still a striking remark, that seven musical notes represent, or may be made to represent, the whole range of human sensations. Perhaps it was this idea which suggested to a certain abbé of a former age a singular instrument for the combination of liquors. A row of bottles, filled with different fluids, some sweet, some sour, some bitter, or tasteless, or spirituous, or odorous, was attached to a key-board resembling that of a pianoforte, each bottle being connected to its corresponding key by means of small levers and stop-cocks. Such was the arrangement, that, when chords were played, a most agreeable compound was presented to the bibacious performer; while, on the contrary, discords produced an association not more offensive to the taste than false harmony is in music. Keeping this whimsical invention in view, let us remember how often the human heart has been likened to a musical instrument. Hamlet's pipe was an allegory of this nature. We also hear perpetually of the *strings* of the heart; how woman has one more than man, while she has a cell less in her head, and so forth. Verily, taking this piece of our organisation as an instrument, there have been grand and noble overtures played by the skilful men of ancient times upon it. Glorious harmonies have ascended from it. It has wrought many peaceful, gentle, soul-subduing melodies; it may yet give forth louder, nobler, holier orisons. Meanwhile, there can be no doubt it is also obliged to play much homely music, such as may gratify street tastes, and keep commonplace companies in good-humour. Thus have I been led to suggest to those who are obliged to grind on this instrument for their bread a peculiar kind of music, of which I am now to give some account. It is wholly designed for entertainment.

This, like all other music, is of course based upon a gamut or scale. The gamut represents the requisite series of passions, each of which, again, is an abstraction of a certain form of human character necessary as an ingredient in the desired result; the whole being as follows:—

A. Hope; otherwise Augustus Nobranes.
B. Fear; a discord with A and C.
C. Love; otherwise Clarissa Dulcetia Herbert.
D. Anger; ... Roderick Redhot Herbert, Esq. of Blazy Hall.
E. Pity; ... Mrs Herbert.
F. Jealousy; ... Melancholy Greenhue.
G. Revenge; ... Bill Scowlem.

Then there are certain technical terms required. *Lachrimoso* signifies melancholy; *Vivace*, cheerfulness; *Allegro*, a sparkling style; *Maestivo* alludes to Grosvenor Square; *Bravura*, Italian bandit scenes; *Innocente*, rural simplicity; *Amoroso*, milk-and-water passages; *Con furia*, an angry papa; *Agitato*, a tender mamma; *Crescendo*, the winding-up; *Giga*, the customary end. Sometimes the passage called *Fuga* occurs in the piece; it means Gretna Green. Hope and Love are chords; Fear and Jealousy, Anger and Revenge, Love and Pity, are also concordant. The discords are particularly shocking; they are introduced for effect. Hope or Love and Fear are discords of very common occurrence; they are characterised by intense vibrations, gloomy forebodings, castles in the air, and other feats of performance. Revenge and Love are found in passages of the intensest alarm; Anger and Pity are perpetually jarring; Jealousy is universally discordant.

It is of great consequence to pay particular attention to time. 'Very slow' is equivalent to nine hundred odd octavo pages, or to three volumes; 'moderate' to six hundred, or two volumes; 'very quick' only extends to a few sheets of letter-paper. It is true there are a few solemn tunes of ancient date, in which time is still slower than here mentioned; the celebrated tune of Sir Charles Grandison, amounting to several thousand pages, is a case in point. This measure is rapidly becoming obsolete.

Such is my scheme; novel-writing, as it were, made easy. Before giving directions for the practice of the art, we must be detained by a few preliminary observations upon the members of our gamut.

A, or Augustus Nobranes, is a youth commonly recognised as 'our hero,' whose existence is a sad mixture of concord and discord. The passions Hope and Fear are in endless conflict within his heart, and both impel him to feats and expressions of the wildest extravagance. Shakes are calculated to illustrate some portions of his history, and are very suitable for catastrophes in general. This is the great gun of the concern; he has to do all the heavy business; and it is quite incredible into how many difficulties he may be plunged, and come Scot free out of them all. I have known him knocked down and awfully wounded three or four times, and get well again in no time; or he may be found rushing into fires, or plunging into rivers and lakes, or a-down terrific precipices, or into cannons' mouths, and turn up as good as new again after all. Particular care must be taken that his wounds are conveniently planted. Achilles was vulnerable only in the heel; now-a-days the arm and leg are more favourite limbs, or the treacherous dagger may graze the ribs without serious results. No vital organ must be endangered. Taking off a left arm in extreme cases is perhaps allowable: the legs must be kept intact; it would be absurd to have a wooden-legged hero. The hero must be abyssed in love; this is even more essential than entangling him in any other dreadful peril whatever. He is also peculiarly *au fait* at nicking his time. It seems sometimes as if he were hid in a bush, quietly waiting until his lady's

throat was just on the point of being bisected, when he rushes in and shoots the villain dead in a moment. Occasionally, Clarissa may be put on a runaway horse for the express purpose of developing this peculiar feature of 'our hero;' the horse rushes to the brow of a cliff, Clarissa screaming, and our hero waiting his time with great coolness. He leaps up; Clarissa shrieks, and faints, and falls into his arms, and the noble animal leaps into the gulf. This forms a capital conclusion to the first volume, if three-volume time is performed. A few other adventures, marked by a similar felicitous chronometry, are to be judiciously interspersed throughout the piece. Sundry plots and schemes to put poor young Nobranes in imminent peril of his life are also to be made use of.

C, or Love, alias Clarissa Herbert, forms a delightful chord to A; the discord B, or Fear, only enhancing the covibration of A and C. Clarissa is to be recognised as 'our heroine.' No particular reference is necessary here to her exceeding loveliness. It is wonderful how tastes disagree in this particular. Seven-eighths of the second chapter of the first volume may be legally occupied with her face and hair—which should always be of the 'flowing' style—while the remaining eighth is divisible into two sixteenths, one descriptive of her apparel and ornaments—a locket must never be omitted—the other of her feet and—intellectual endowments. The changes to be performed upon this member of the scale must be of a sudden and startling nature. She may be made, with astounding effect, to leap out of a castle window, hundreds of feet in height, from the pursuit of Mr Scowlem, the G of the gamut. Her neck must not, however, get broken by the fall; stunning, and loss of consciousness for a few days, are the only legitimate consequences of this fearful action. On awaking, she may be made to ask, with great propriety, 'where she is?' It would be tedious to illustrate the many variations which are capable of being performed upon 'our heroine.' Mr Colburn and Mr Bentley, who are great publishers of these melodies, can afford the inquiring student the richest information upon the subject. The heroine must have her fair share of trials and difficulties, and in her deepest calamities may always be consoled by a meeting by moonlight—a light which is particularly suitable for regarding the youthful lovers in. The conclusion of the piece must almost invariably consist of a long chord, in which A and C are *united*, to the time of the marrow-bones and cleavers—I beg pardon, to 'campanulary music.'

D, or Anger; that is, Roderick Redhot Herbert, Esq. is a very essential feature of the piece. This old gentleman must fly into the most furious ecstacies of passion which the performer is able to portray. He may kick young Nobranes once out of his hall-door, and feed unhappy Clarissa upon anathemas and bread and water. He may jar with Mrs Herbert, or E, every day of his excited life. He may plot with miserable Melancholy Greenhue, or F, to get Augustus 'disposed of'—this phraseology is peculiarly in favour. In effect, he altogether is a tremendous character. He flounders about amongst the others, kicking up daily dusts, and making everybody else wonder what will turn up next. He must be a shockingly mercenary individual too. He must call poor Augustus a penniless scoundrel, and openly favour Mr Greenhue on the score of his 'family acres'—which, by rights, don't belong to him at all. He may be either killed before the conclusion, or he may be suddenly converted into the mildest of all mild men, by Augustus's dropping into his rightful estate. Mr Greenhue is then saluted after the same manner as the heretofore penniless Augustus.

E, or Pity, or Mrs Herbert, is chiefly a passive individual; her passivity is, however, subject to severe exercise. She has to sustain, day by day, the towering passions of her tyrant husband, and to undergo hourly blowings-up, because she is understood to sympathise with the young people. She generally melts into tears in the last chapter; at this crisis she falls upon Mr Herbert's shoulder, if he is alive. A great sensation may be produced by saying that at this juncture that stern old man was observed to blow his nose with immense vehemence; an expression having great depth of implication.

F, or Jealousy, is a disappointed suitor: he may be well named Melancholy Greenhue. He is of a gloomy, unhappy frame of mind, and must be of a dark and jaundiced complexion; black eyes and hair are very appropriate. His principal occupation appears to be to stalk about the woods and glens surrounding Blazy Hall. As no pity need be exhibited for him, he may be allowed to fall into sloughs, or to entangle himself in man-traps at pleasure. He is conveniently killed, by being murdered in mistake for Augustus Nobranes, by the hand of the next character.

G, the last individual of the novelist gamut, being characterised by a revengeful spirit of the most malign description, may be aptly denominated Bill Scowlem. Augustus Nobranes must be acquainted with just enough of this individual's history to give him the power of hanging him, or getting him hung if he so desires; the inevitable consequence of which must be, that Mr Scowlem is uncommonly anxious to get rid of such an intelligent friend. He may twice attempt to assassinate Augustus—the wounds being disposed as before said—and leave him as good as dead on the wayside; these attempts must be unsuccessful. The third time, great interest may be excited by making him dip his dagger in prussic acid, and setting him to stalk about Blazy Hall, in anticipation of the arrival of the unsuspecting Augustus. Moonlight arrives; an individual is seen to steal his way through bush and brake; that is Scowlem. Another is seen, with gloomy tread, to wander down and about, down and about; that is ——. It is inconceivable what interest lies in these blanks. Scowlem rushes up, draws forth the poisoned weapon, and plunges it into ——'s heart: it is unfortunate Greenhue! Scowlem tears open his shirt, finds two moles on his neck—it is his own son! Scowlem swallows the prussic acid, bottle and all.

See, then, reader, the essential characters of our scale. See the elements of this celebrated art. Behold the revelation of the principles upon which that great instrument we spoke of is now strummed. The variations of style are next to infinite. You may take Lachrimoso, for example, as the general character of the performance; and it is instantly suggestive of all sorts of murders, robberies, funerals, and unfortunate occurrences. Augustus and Clarissa may drink tobacco juice, and be found lifeless in each other's arms. It is amazing what floods of tears this style draws forth. The circulating library people might tell you of hundreds of half-washed-out pages. Or you may select the Basso style, which was astoundingly fashionable a little time since. Augustus is a highwayman, or a housebreaker; Clarissa, any dowzabel you please. This style is very effective too. The police magistrates can tell strange tales about the gusto with which even little boys of nine years old peruse these performances, emulating the hero frequently in the most lifelike manner conceivable. And so on; you have but to turn the kaleidoscope, and, behold, a new series of positions and

phases and hues present themselves. The number and character of the elementary pieces remain the same.

This paper clears up a mysterious phenomenon of the present day. It reveals to us that which otherwise seems quite inexplicable—the possibility of one author flooding the country with fiction. Nothing is easier, then, by means of this gamut, than to compose all sorts of tales and romances; 'tis as easy as performing upon the piano—when one knows how. A celebrated Irishman, asked by one whether he could play the violin, replied he had no doubt he could, but he had not yet tried. Reader, do you try to play by this scale; you are as sure of success as he was at anyrate. Set to, and play off a few extempore tunes; you will find every effect you can desire produced. Be sure of this, the more rigidly you observe the directions here humbly submitted to your notice, the more closely will the tune you produce correspond to those which a thousand performers are every day playing off.

AN EASTER RAMBLE IN THE NETHERLANDS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

BRUGES—THE TOUR DES HALLES—BELFRIES—CANALS—ORIGIN OF MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS—THE BOURSE—HOSPITAL OF ST JOHN—THE SHRINE OF ST URSULA—HEMLING—NOTRE-DAME—TOMBS OF CHARLES THE BOLD AND MARY OF BURGUNDY.

Passing through Louvain and Malines, we arrived in Bruges, where we made up our minds to stay some time, there being a charm about this queer old town which wins upon our associations, and forbids its being thrown aside lightly. Bruges was from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century one of the most flourishing cities in Europe. The grass may be now seen growing in its principal squares; its streets are not thronged with busy passengers, or disturbed by the noise of carriages or the tramp of horses; its canals flow noiselessly along their quays and underneath their narrow bridges, bearing neither barge, nor boat, nor any other description of vessel on their surface. Still the town retains its feudal aspect. The sanguinary Goths of the French Revolution may have torn down the statues and armorial bearings from the niches which once adorned the façade of the Hôtel de Ville—the Market Hall may, in its interior appointments, have undergone many derogatory changes; but the square before it, with the surrounding old houses, remains almost intact as when tilts and tournaments were held before the Dukes of Burgundy, and knights in their emblazoned surcoats and shining helmets, mounted on their richly-caparisoned steeds, gallantly encountered knights in the presence of high-born ladies and gaily-attired damsels, who, to witness the spectacle, crowded the windows, over which waved the banners of the noble cavaliers who perilled their honour, or it may be their lives, in the arena before them. The Palace of Justice, too, with its wonderfully-carved oak mantel-piece, which is monumental of the history of Flanders, still retains the narrow and gloomy chambers which were used alternately as halls of torture and as prisons during the Duke of Alva's wicked administration; and connected with this ancient edifice is the chapel of the holy blood, the façade of which is an exquisite architectural gem. These, and other as interesting monuments, are surrounded by old and stately mansions, many of which are highly decorated, and visibly in accordance with the manners and style of the middle ages. In passing through the squares and streets we met with few passengers, and these frequently in the Flemish costume. For young women this dress is extremely picturesque, consisting of a long cloak of fine black cloth or silk, with a hood covering the head, under which many a half-hidden pretty face may be detected; for while Brussels was celebrated for its nobility, Antwerp for its wealth, Louvain for its learning, Bruges enjoyed a reputation above all other cities in Belgium for its pretty girls—'*Formosis Burga puellis;*' and we confess that, from our casual observation, we do not think it has lost its claim to this pre-eminence. There is no outward appearance of any description of business being here carried on with spirit. The shops are unobtrusive, and seemingly little frequented; in their doorways, however, and sometimes through their windows, may be seen women occupied in making the very fine thread for which Brabant and Hainault are celebrated, or netting lace, upon which humble remnant of a once flourishing trade many poor families now support themselves.

The most conspicuous object in approaching or in perambulating the town, is the lofty octagonal brick tower in the market-place, called the Tour des Halles, which commands from its top an extensive view of the surrounding country. It was originally isolated from the buildings which now are connected with it, being one of those belfries which, in the thirteenth century, every town in the Netherlands claimed as a right, not only for the custody of its archives and public records, but for the purpose of enabling the municipal guard to watch over the safety of the inhabitants. They were therefore provided with enormous bells, which were duly christened and honoured with sponsors, who, like other godfathers, found they had little control over the objects of their adoption when they, under the mandates of the popular will, sounded the tocsin of rebellion. The ringing of these ponderous bells, on all occasions summoned the citizens to meet together; but it was customary in Bruges for the night-patrols on duty at the top of the tower to blow a trumpet every hour, as a security for their not slumbering upon their post. The public records and the great town-seal (Zegel Van Serban) were here safely kept in an immense coffer, which was secured by ten different locks: one key of which was consigned to the corporation of the college of burgomasters, while the other nine were confided to the nine deacons of the principal trades. The civic authorities, therefore, could not complete any treaties for the levy of money, or make any other contracts affecting the interests of the people, without the college convoking the heads of these trades to obtain their respective keys, for the purpose of procuring the impression of the town-seal, without which all such documents were null and void. The warders of the town still keep their night watch on the top of this tower, and give the alarm in case of any fire occurring in Bruges, or any of the surrounding villages. It also contains one of the sweetest-toned carillons in Belgium. The old edifice which this belfry originally surmounted, and which was replaced by the present Market Hall in the thirteenth century, was called the Water Hall, because it was constructed over a canal which permitted the boats of merchants to pass under the vaulted arches, and land their goods under its galleries.

Here, it should be observed, that one of the peculiarities of these towns is the number of canals flowing through them in different directions; and which do not suggest the idea of stagnant or unhealthy collections of water, but rather of streams, winding between lofty houses, which are reflected in their depths, now rippling under walls mantled with ivy, and now spreading into wider expanse before gardens, which often appear ornamentally planted, with willow and acacia boughs gracefully drooping over their embankments. While such scenes contribute in many places to the picturesque appearance of Bruges, we should not forget that to these very canals the Netherlands owes all its former commercial pre-eminence; for, being so flat a country, its navigable rivers were easily extended, and these channels, which carry off the drainage water which would otherwise inundate the land, were without difficulty so constructed as to constitute an intricate system of water carriage, by which the most distant places are connected together. Accordingly, after the towns of Italy and those on the coast of the Baltic, the towns of the Netherlands were found most available for the importation and exportation of goods; and Bruges was for this reason selected as one of the depôts of the Hanseatic

League, which was a memorable combination, entered into by some eighty principal cities in Europe for the protection of commerce; and so influential became this confederation, that kings and princes were obliged to recognise and observe its laws. The spirit with which every branch of industry was conducted, and the feeling of independence which the Flemish burghers, who were a proud and haughty race, soon acquired, prompted them to emancipate themselves from the authority of their feudal lords. And having, partly by the wealth they already possessed, and partly by the sale of lands, purchased their freedom, they divided themselves, according to their vocations, into different fraternities or guilds, from which they elected a certain number of bailiffs or *échevins*, who were, as magistrates, empowered to act upon their behalf, and represent their collective interests. Thus municipal corporations were first organised in the Netherlands, and the belfries just described were erected as trophies, and at the same time temples for the safeguard of their liberties. To such energetic people commerce was, as might be anticipated, indebted for many suggestions and discoveries. The first Bourse, or building of Exchange, was established at Bruges; and was so called from merchants having been in the habit of meeting to discuss their speculations near the house of a family named *De Burse*, over whose doorway, fixed into the wall, was their escutcheon, sculptured in stone, representing three *bourses* or purses. The family appears to have been of ancient lineage in Flanders; and the word bourse became afterwards so universally applied to all such buildings, that when Queen Elizabeth wished to give a different name to the Bourse of London, the force of habit, says Guicciardini, was so strong, that notwithstanding her royal ordonnances, people continued to use the word of Flemish origin. Here also the practice of marine insurance was first adopted; so that the principle upon which Lloyd's great establishment is founded, was discovered by speculators on the Exchange of Bruges.

We may easily imagine that a town which is invested with so many associations which are connected with its prosperity in those halcyon days, when it was proudly described as being the Tyre of Europe, will possess many rare and exquisite gems connected with the fine arts. It is so; and we scarcely know which, among so many objects that excite admiration, is entitled to precedence. In the gallery of the Hospital of St John, which is a charitable and religious institution for the reception of the sick, are many admirable pictures by Hemling, Van Eyck, Van Oost, Schellink, &c.; but its principal treasure, which is preserved under a glass-case, in the middle of the room, upon a table which moves round upon a pivot, is the shrine of St Ursula. It is in the shape of a small Gothic edifice, which is divided into compartments, upon which are depicted, in the most exquisite miniature painting, the embarkation and martyrdom of the eleven thousand virgins, whose bones were diligently collected, and are still faithfully preserved in the church which is dedicated to this saint at Cologne. We remember being much struck, upon our entrance into this church, with the curious taste displayed in the arrangement of some of these bones against the wall—those which were long being made to radiate, as it were, from others which were irregularly small, which reminded us of the fanciful way gunlocks, ramrods, swords, pikes, and other deadly weapons are generally arranged in the armoury of a castle. But the greater number of these bones, brown and crumbling into dust, are heaped promiscuously together in recesses closed in by latticework, which go completely round the walls of the church. There is, however, a room set apart, which is called 'the Golden Chamber,' upon the shelves of which are ranged, partially encased in gilt, the skulls of the virgin martyrs, who were, it seems, somewhat more fortunate than their sister companions, as they here enjoy, individually, something like a posthumous reputation; for their remains having been identified, as we were informed by an intelligent young priest, by the tombs out of which they were disinterred, their names are respectively inscribed upon their busts, upon which we observed those of St Florentina, St Marguerite, St Artimia, St Sophia, and St Julia. We grieve to add, however, that these distinctions are highly apocryphal; for many of these skulls are indisputably of a masculine type, and bear the marks of deep sabre cuts, and fractures, and contusions, which would justify the supposition that they are from a very different source than the sacred one assigned them. To return, however, to the shrine. The compartments, three in number on one side, represent the immaculate companions of St Ursula taking their departure from Cologne; and the same number of compartments on the other, their cruel massacre. The different boats are crowded with innumerable figures, which are individualised with admirable precision and accuracy, each countenance conveying a different expression, the minutest features of which are finished with infinite delicacy. This wonderful work of art is the production of Hemling, who was a soldier, and is described to have been an idle and profligate fellow, who accompanied the army of Charles the Bold to Nancy, at the siege of which he was severely wounded, and being a native of Bruges, and consequently entitled to the benefit of this charitable endowment, obtained admission into this hospital. Here, during his lingering cure, he developed his genius as an artist; and the merit and beauty of his pictures being immediately recognised, he was allowed to remain in the establishment after he had recovered, giving his paintings to the institution by way of a consideration for the expense of his maintenance. Hence he introduced into many of his pictures the portraits of the attendants and persons connected with the hospital. In the same gallery is a remarkably fine picture by him, representing the mystic marriage of St Catherine, which is so charming in all its details, that the spectator may sit, as it were, entranced before it, discovering every instant new beauties. Indeed, one of the greatest wonders connected with the painting upon the shrine of St Ursula, and this and other pictures, not only by Hemling, but other artists of the same age, is that they retain in so much perfection all the brilliancy of their colouring, although they were executed nearly four hundred years ago.

Near to the Hospital of St John is the ancient church of Notre-Dame, which contains some fine pictures—a group of the Virgin and Child in white marble, said to be by Michael Angelo; and in a small side chapel, near the choir, called the Chapel of Lanchals—from the name of Peter Lanchals, who suffered death upon the scaffold on account of his being supposed to have favoured the interests of the Emperor Maximilian, and to whose memory it was dedicated—will be found the tombs of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, two of the most interesting monuments in Bruges. The most remarkable incident in the life of this impetuous prince, was his detention of Louis XI. in the fortress of Peronne, when that crafty monarch hazarded a visit to his 'fair cousin of Burgundy,' in the hope of disarming his hostility, and acquiring other political advantages by an outward semblance of brotherly confidence and friendship, while at the same time he was surreptitiously employing his secret emissaries to excite the people of Liege to rebel against his authority. Few characters in the history of Europe are so detestable as that of Louis XI. Hypocrisy, treachery, cruelty—the very worst attributes of humanity—were the elements of his moral nature, in the midst of which he sought refuge from his iniquities by prostrating himself before the images of saints and the altar of his own abject superstitions. His adversary, Charles the Bold, was of a very opposite disposition and temperament. Hasty and impetuous, he could brook no disguise of thought or feeling; a branch of holly, with the motto, 'Who touches it, pricks himself!' was his befitting crest. He was, in truth, a hero in an age of heroes; but, unhap-

pily, as imprudent as he was brave. His reverses in Switzerland, the defection of his officers, the desertion of his troops, the rebellion of his subjects, so recoiled upon his mind, that he fell into a state of moody melancholy, in which, renouncing all intercourse with the world, and conversation even with persons around him, he allowed his hair to remain unshorn, his nails uncut, and his beard unshaven; and from this self-inflicted penance of disappointed ambition and despair, he awakened only to rush headlong upon his own destruction. In the excitement of reaction, thirsting for vengeance, and determining at all risks to retrieve the honour of the house of Burgundy, he led his army once more into the field, and, in opposition to the advice and remonstrances of the generals who still fought nobly under his banners, besieged the town of Nancy. The winter was unusually severe; the snow lay heavy on the ground; many of his troops perished from the direct effects of the bitter weather; others from disease; while the garrison of the town held gallantly out until the Duke René of Lorraine arrived to the relief of the inhabitants, whose supplies having been cut off for three weeks were reduced to the necessity of subsisting on the flesh of mules, dogs, cats, and whatever else they could find, to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The enthusiasm and joy of the troops and people upon the arrival of the duke knew no bounds; and when, the next morning, he led them into action, the Swiss soldiers prayed that Heaven would give them the victory, and kneeling down, kissed the snow upon the earth. The camp of the Duke of Burgundy presented a less animated and glowing scene; and as it has been said that heroes going into action sometimes receive certain presentiments of their disastrous fate, so happened it with Charles; for while adjusting his armour to mount his noble charger —a magnificent black horse named Moreau—the little gilt lion which surmounted his casque fell to the ground, upon which he observed, with despondency, '*Hoc est signum Dei.*' The battle which now ensued was severe, but of short duration, for the army of the Duke of Burgundy was routed in every direction, and cut to pieces; few escaped being taken prisoners or put to death; and the defeated Burgundians were pursued for two hours after nightfall. The victorious Duke of Lorraine now returned triumphantly into Nancy; great were the rejoicings; but nobody could inform him what had become of the Duke of Burgundy, whether he had escaped, or had been taken prisoner, or had perished on the field. At length, under the guidance of a poor woman — a *blanchisseuse* in the palace of Lorraine, who reported that she had, in passing through the field of battle, observed a ring on the finger of one of the slain— a page of the late duke, and some others, were conducted to the spot, where the person of the Duke of Burgundy was recognised, lying naked in a ditch, surrounded by several dead bodies in the same state, all of which were mangled by the wolves. Hereupon his physician, his chaplain, his chamberlain, and many other persons, clearly identified his remains, which were carried into Nancy, and having been washed with warm wine and water, were laid in state. The body was enshrouded with a vesture of white satin, which extended to the feet; the ducal coronet was encircled round his forehead; a rich mantle was placed around him; and a pair of scarlet boots were drawn upon his feet, to which were attached the badge of that most noble order of chivalry, the Golden Spur. His head was made to repose on a black velvet pillow; and upon the table on which the body was thus laid out, were, at the four corners, large lighted tapers, with the crucifix and holy water at his feet. When all had been so arranged, the Duke of Lorraine came into the room, dressed in deep mourning, wearing a golden beard, which descended to his girdle, and taking one of the hands of the deceased from under the velvet pall which was thrown over him, he said aloud, in the hearing of all present, 'God would that you should die: you have done us many injuries and vexations!' He then kissed the hand, sprinkled the body with holy water, and kneeling down, remained a quarter of an hour in prayer. The funeral ceremony was afterwards conducted with great pomp, the Duke of Lorraine following upon foot, and wearing the golden beard, as a sign of his having won the victory over the deceased, in imitation of the ancient preux, who themselves derived it from the Romans. Such were the curious customs and manners of an age, in which the gloom of barbarism was often strangely blended with the kindlier manifestations of humanity. The body of Charles the Bold, having been thus honourably interred, remained in the church of St George's at Nancy until his great-grandson, the Emperor Charles V., obtained permission from the dowager Duchess of Lorraine to transport it to Bruges, where his son, Philip II., ordered the erection of the present monument to his memory.

Near to the mausoleum of Charles the Bold is that of his daughter—the offspring of his marriage with Isabel of Bourbon—Mary of Burgundy; a monument of exquisite workmanship, and of earlier date, having been executed immediately after her death. The history of this youthful princess—her early accession to the distracted dominions of her father through his untimely death; the dangers which beset her inexperienced age; and the treachery of Louis XI., her godfather, which led to the torture and execution of her two faithful ministers, Hymbercourt and Hugonot; the noble and generous enthusiasm with which, regardless of her own safety, she rushed through the armed multitude, and ascending the scaffold, threw herself upon her knees, imploring, with frantic gestures and impassioned accents, that their lives might be spared; her marriage with the Archduke Maximilian, which annexed the Netherlands to Austria—these, and other events as interesting, we can hardly touch upon without entering into details which would far exceed our limits. Unhappily, the reign of this amiable princess was of short duration. Upon returning from a tour she had made in Hainault and in Valenciennes, she went out one morning with a party of pleasure, in the neighbourhood of Bruges, heron-hunting—one of her favourite amusements. In pursuing the sport, her horse, in leaping over a fallen tree, burst the girths of the saddle, which immediately rolling round, precipitated her with great force to the ground. Upon being taken up, and carried to the palace, it was supposed that, although hurt, she was not dangerously wounded; but dangerous symptoms soon supervened, and after lingering for three weeks with the greatest patience and resignation, she expired, to the universal regret of her subjects.

The monument which was raised to the memory of this princess consists of a tomb, the sides of which are richly enamelled with the branches and foliage of a tree, in the midst of which are seen numerous escutcheons, designating the duchies, and counties, and sovereignties which were by her marriage brought under the dominion of the house of Austria, and which supports a full-length recumbent statue, which is considered to be an exact resemblance of the deceased. It is in copper-gilt, and beautifully executed. Her forehead appears, as in her portraits, to be somewhat high; and the features of her countenance are small, with lips in some degree, especially the lower one, thick and projecting, which is a physiognomical defect which has been since remarked to be peculiar to the princes of Austria, and which is indeed familiarly known as the Austrian lip. Her head rests upon a cushion, and is covered with a small velvet cap, supposed to be studded with precious stones, which conceals her hair, which she was in the habit of wearing plain against the temples, and drawn up behind, much in accordance with the present fashion. Her hands rest, palm to palm, upraised upon her chest; and a mantle over her robe hangs on each side, richly embroidered. The minutest details of her features and costume are exquisitely finished; and her feet rest against two small dogs, the emblems of fidelity. A massive, and nearly square tablet, is affixed against one end of the tomb, upon which her epitaph is inscribed in Gothic characters, which, after

enumerating her many august titles, concludes with this simple and affecting eulogy—'For five years she reigned as the lady of the Low Countries; four years and nine months of which period were passed in marriage, virtuously and in love and great affection with the prince her husband. She died lamented, deplored, and wept by her subjects, and by all who knew her, as was never princess before. Pray God for her soul. Amen.'

Here I may appropriately conclude these rambling recollections of the Netherlands.

HEALTH AND PLENTY.

Professor Guy, of King's College, shows* that, in one million of inhabitants of large towns in England, there are 7773 deaths per annum more than in the same number of inhabitants of the country. The general annual mortality in England is 22 in the 1000, or 1 in 45; but in Manchester it is 32, and in Liverpool 35, in the 1000. From such facts, it may be safely inferred that, as a general rule, our towns are unhealthy in comparison with the country.

It is found, however, that all parts of towns are not equally unhealthy. In certain districts of London, where there is an allowance of 202 square yards of space for every inhabitant, there is a mortality of 1 in 49; which is less than even the country mortality. In other districts, where there are only 102 square yards of space for each person, the annual deaths are 1 in 41. In a third class of districts, where the allowance of space is only 32 square yards, the deaths are 1 in 36! Thus it is seen that mortality increases in the ratio of *crowding*—a condition usually attended by others unfavourable to health, as severe toils, insufficient food, intemperance, general ignorance. 'Need I tell you,' says Professor Guy, 'that these crowded districts are the abodes of the labouring-classes and of the poor—the districts of narrow lanes, blind courts, and dark cellars—the chosen resorts of filth and fever, of every physical and moral abomination, of all the barbarism that hides itself in the midst of the splendours and triumphs of civilisation. A description of the worst of these places could not fail to excite emotions of disgust and horror. They combine, in a frightful degree, all that is most offensive to the senses, most revolting to the feelings, most injurious to health, most fatal to morals.' Few can be 'prepared to hear of such a fearful sacrifice and curtailment of life as have been shown to exist among the class inhabiting these districts. Thus, to take a single metropolitan parish—that of St Giles' and St George's, Bloomsbury: while the gentry, who inhabit the open squares and broad streets, live on an average forty years, the working-class, who inhabit narrow lanes, blind courts, and dark cellars, live only seventeen years; that is to say, they lose, one with another, just twenty-three years of their lives. In Shoreditch the loss amounts to twenty-eight years.'

It is believed by medical men that one of the leading causes of unhealthiness of towns is defective cleansing and drainage. The Rev. Mr Clay of Preston divided his town into districts, which were in degrees of comparison as to cleansing and draining. In the streets *well-conditioned* in this respect, he found that, of infants under one year old, 15 in the 100 died; in the streets *moderately-conditioned*, there died 21 in 100; in *ill-conditioned* streets, 38 in 100; and in the *worst-conditioned*, the mortality of infants was 44 in 100; that is to say, the poor mothers living in the worst streets lose three times more of their nurslings than the mothers in the best streets! Here, of course, other circumstances besides bad drainage were in operation. But that drainage is a material element in the case, there are plenty of proofs. For example—'Mr Holland of Manchester states that in twenty streets in Chorlton-on-Medlock, the mortality fell from 110 to 89 per annum, after, and no doubt principally in consequence of, the streets being properly paved and drained. Mr Gardiner and Mr Noble have confirmed this result, by showing that in certain streets in St George's district, Manchester, the deaths in 1838–9 amounted to 495; but that in 1841–2, after the streets were paved and sewered, the deaths were only 432, being a diminution of sixty-three, or about one-eighth. In a district in Ancoats, a diminution of forty deaths out of 270, or about one-seventh, followed a similar improvement.'

It is painful to consider how much evil is thus submitted to which might be extinguished by the mere removal of noxious matters from the streets. But the supineness of society in this particular is the less to be excused, when we consider that this very refuse, so destructive to life in present arrangements, is capable, under a proper application, of producing vast additions to the means of sustaining life. Professor Guy almost needlessly shows its fertilising powers. 'There can be no reasonable doubt,' he says, 'that, taking one crop with another, for every inhabitant of a large town there is at present thrown into our rivers, and carried out to sea [or, may we not add, left to fester within the towns themselves], fertilising matter sufficient to crown an acre of land with plenty.'

As an illustration, Mr Guy adverts to a well-known tract of ground stretching between the inferior part of Edinburgh and the sea, which is irrigated by the sewers of the city, and has been consequently raised to a surprising degree of fertility. We can add our own testimony to the change thus wrought in what was in our school-days a sandy waste, bearing furze, and not worth above 2s. 6d. an acre. It is now a rich green domain, bearing several crops of heavy grass per annum, and renting at from L.15 to L.20 an acre. A different portion of this irrigated tract has yielded as high a rent as L.57 per acre. Now, from its nearness to the city, this irrigated district is, to a great extent, a public nuisance; but that consideration does not in the least interfere with the fact of the fertilising consequences of the irrigation. It is entirely an accident in the case. Were the lands only more remote from the city, the simplicity of such an application of manure, and its admirable effects, would be a subject of unmixed congratulation.

It has been proposed to deal with the drainage of towns in such a way as would accomplish this object. 'If,' says Professor Guy, 'after removing the lighter substances which float on the surface, the heavier matters held in suspension are allowed to subside, which they do in the space of four or five hours, the supernatant liquid, though still containing the most valuable elements of plants, will be nearly as clear as the waters of the Thames, and will admit of being dealt with as if it were common water. Now we all know, from the experience of *water companies*, how easily and economically large quantities of water can be transmitted to great distances by machinery, and it is quite obvious that sewer water admits of being so conveyed. If this plan were adopted, it is laid down by high authority that while the cost of cartage would amount, under the most favourable circumstances, to 4s. per ton, the cost of conveyance by machinery would be only 2½d. a ton. According to another high authority, while the distribution in the solid form costs about L.3, that in the liquid form costs only 6s. It has also been experimentally proved that the sewer water admits not merely of being conveyed to the land thus economically, but that it can be easily and cheaply distributed over the land by means of a hose—a plan originally suggested by Mr John Martin, put to the test of experiment by Mr Smith of Deanston, and now, as I understand, in actual use on a large farm in the neighbourhood of Glasgow.'

'One might almost,' adds Mr Guy, 'imagine that, under the guise of a fable, the wisdom of antiquity had designed to shadow forth the excellent uses and surpassing efficacy of water as a scavenger. The strength

* On the Health of Towns, &c. A Lecture delivered at the Russell Institution May 5, 1846. By W. A. Guy, M.B., Cantab. Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College. London: Henry Renshaw 1846.

of a Hercules could not contend successfully with the filth of the neglected stable till he had called into his assistance the irresistible might of water. So, in our heroic days, that which an army of scavengers cannot effect, rivers of water, conducted by the strong arm of machinery, shall accomplish with ease. The worse than Augean filth of our large towns shall be swept away, and with it the pestilence which lurks in scenes of filth; and, as if to make amends for the fearful evils which it has inflicted, the cruel parent of disease shall become the source of overflowing plenty, thus affording to future generations a tardy compensation for the evils inflicted on the past.'

Mr Guy calculates the value of the manure now wasted at several millions per annum, and the loss incurred by disease and death through its misapplication at a like large sum. We can hardly follow him in this part of his speculations; but we thoroughly believe that the loss must be something far beyond what the public has any conception of.

MR DIXON'S COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH POEMS AND SONGS.

THIS is one of the volumes printed for the Percy Society —a body, we believe, which employs itself in thus preserving the old poetry of England, of which it has already brought out upwards of sixty publications. In the present, there are popular elements entitling it to some notice at our hands. The pieces are partly of the nature of moral poems, smacking strongly of the pious taste of the seventeenth century; partly rustic ballads and songs, of doubtful antiquity, but going far to disprove the notion that the English commonalty are not the poetical or singing people which the Scotch have long been acknowledged to be. Mr Dixon supplies notes, stating all that is known respecting the history of the various pieces, and giving whatever other illustration is now attainable.

The popular moral poetry of the century before the last is always readily distinguishable, in consequence of the stern unflattering views which it gives of our mortal state. The worthy yeomen and cottagers of that age loved to have blackletter broadsides pasted on their window-shutters, or over their fireplaces, containing perhaps the *Dialogues between Death and the Rich Man*, or the *Life and Age of Man*; the latter a piece so melancholy, that Robert Burns's granduncle—as we learn from the poet's biography—could never hear it without tears. Fine character came out of the English mind in those rigorous days: let us hope that better will not be wanting as a result of the milder discipline of the present age. We commence with a specimen from one of these moral ditties—one which reminds us much of the strain of the well-known *Soul's Errand*, long supposed to be by Sir Walter Raleigh, but now ascertained to be a production of Joshua Sylvester, who died in 1618. James Montgomery remarks the condensed thought and felicitous language of this piece:—

Look on the brightest eye,
Nor teach it to be proud,
But view the clearest sky,
And thou shalt find a cloud;
Nor call each face ye meet
An angel's, 'cause it's fair,
But look beneath your feet,
And think of what ye are.

Who thinks that love doth live
In beauty's tempting show,
Shall find his hopes ungive,
And melt in reason's thaw;
Who thinks that pleasure lies
In every fairy bower,
Shall oft, to his surprise,
Find poison in the flower. * *

Dost doubt my warning song?
Then doubt the sun gives light,
Doubt truth to teach thee wrong,
And wrong alone as right;
And live as lives the knave,
Intrigue's deceiving guest;
Be tyrant, or be slave,
As suits thy ends the best.

Or pause amid thy toils,
For visions won and lost,
And count the fancied spoils,
If e'er they quit the cost;
And if they still possess
Thy mind, as worthy things,
Pick straws with Bedlam Bess,
And call them diamond rings.

The poem entitled *The Messenger of Mortality* details a conversation between Death and a gay lady, whom he has come to summon home. It opens strikingly:—

DEATH.
Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight—
I'm come to summon you away this night!

LADY.
What bold attempt is this? Pray, let me know
From whence you come, and whither I must go?
Must I, who am a lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale-faced visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.
Do you not know me? Well, I tell thee, then,
It's I that conquer all the sons of men!
No pitch of honour from my dart is free;
My name is Death! Have you not heard of me?

LADY.
Yes, I have heard of thee time after time,
But, being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have called so soon.
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?

It closes with four lines of general remark, which the editor tells us are found inscribed on village tombstones in England. We give them, however, in what appears to us a much superior version, taken from a headstone in the north of Scotland (transcribed from the recollection of a friend):—

Life is a city of many a street,
And Death the market-place, where all men meet;
If life were a thing which gold could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich would not die.

We pass from these solemn subjects to the ballad department of Mr Dixon's volume. One, entitled *The Death of Parcy Reed*, seems worthy of the Border Minstrelsy, and we doubt not that Scott would have grasped at it. Reed was laird of Troughend, in Redesdale, probably in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the execution of his duty as an officer appointed to suppress thieving on the Border, he had incurred the hate of a family named Crosier, by bringing some of them to justice. This led to his being barbarously murdered by them while hunting:—

'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,
'The morning sun is on the dew;
The cauler breeze frae off the fells
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.'

'To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,
And to the hunting he has gane;
And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfield
Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
By heathery hill and birken shaw;
They raised a buck on Rooken Edge,
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They made the echoes ring amain;
With music sweet o' horn and hound,
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
They hunted up, they hunted down,
Until the day was past the prime,
And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
When, as the sun was sinking low,
Says Parcy then, 'Ca' off the dogs,
We'll bait our steeds, and homeward go.'

They lighted high in Batinghope,
Atween the brown and benty ground;
They had but rested a little while,
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
But him that risks to get a fa';
There's nane may in a traitor trust,
And traitors black were every lla'.

They've stown the bridle off his steed,
And they've put water in his lang gun;
They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
That out again it winna come.

'Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
Or by your enemies be ta'en;
For yonder are the five Crosiers
A-coming owre the Hingin'-stane.'

'If they be five, and we be four,
See that ye stand alang wi' me,
Then every man ye will take one,
And only leave but two to me:
We will them meet as brave men ought,
And make them either fight or flee.'

'We mayna stand, we canna stand,
We daurna stand alang wi' thee;
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
And they wad kill baith thee and we.' * *

He had but time to cross himsel'—
A prayer he hadna time to say—
Till round him came the Crosiers keen,
All riding graithed, and in array.

'Weel met, weel met, now Parcy Reed,
Thou art the very man we sought;
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
Now will we pay ye as we ought.

We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
Where we shall hang thee like a hound;'
Brave Parcy raised his fankit sword
And felled the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—
Alake, he was an unarmed man:
Four weapons pierced him all at once,
As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
They mangled him most cruelly;
The slightest wound might caused his deid,
And they hae gi'en him thirty-three.
They hacket off his hands and feet,
And left him lying on the lee.

Peace to the manes of Parcy! Few of the ballads are of so romantic a cast. Some, on the contrary, are highly jocular and familiar. There is one, for instance, called *Saddle to Rags*, said to be a great favourite in the dales of Yorkshire. It relates to a highwayman who met

——— a silly old man,
That was going to pay his rent.

A conversation takes place—

'I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

But my landlord's not been at hame—
I've not seen him twelve month or more;
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore.'

'You should not have told anybody,
For thieves they are ganging many:
If they were to light upon you,
They would rob you of every penny.'

'Oh, never mind,' says the old man,
'Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride.'

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,
The thief pullet out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er the hedge,
And said, 'Fetch it, if thou'lt have any.'

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop—
You need not bid the old man ride!

This thief he was not content,
He thought there must be bags,
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmantle,
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

Many of the songs are relative to country life—some praising the occupations of the farmer and ploughman, others celebrating the hay-season, harvest-home, and other rustic festivals. It is curious, at a time when class interests have been clashing so seriously on the subject of agriculture, to hear its supremacy asserted on such a simple ground as the following:—

Behold the wealthy merchant, that trades in foreign seas,
And brings home gold and treasure for those who live at ease;
With fine silks and spices, and fruits also too,
They are brought from the Indies by virtue of the plough.

Yes, the man that brings them will own to what is true;
He cannot sail the ocean without the painful plough!
For they must have bread, biscuit, rice-pudding, flour, and peas
To feed the jolly sailors as they sail o'er the seas.

I hope there's none offended at me for singing this,
For it is not intended for anything amiss;
If you consider rightly, you'll find what I say is true,
For all that you can mention depends upon the plough.

Mr Dixon tells us—'In some of the more remote dales of Craven it is customary, at the close of the hay-harvest, for the farmers to give an entertainment to their men; this is called the churn supper. The masters and their families attend the entertainment, and share in the general mirth. The men on these occasions mask themselves, and dress in a grotesque manner, and are allowed the privilege of playing harmless practical jokes on their employers,' &c. The song for this occasion opens with the initial line of a beautiful Christmas carol:—

God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Be not moved at my strain,
For nothing study shall my brain
But for to make you laugh:
For I came here to this feast
For to laugh, carouse, and jest,
And welcome shall be every guest
To drink his cup and can.
Chorus. Be frolicsome every one,
Melancholy none;
Drink about!
See it out,
And then we'll all go home,
And then we'll all go home.

We conclude with a song which we have seen elsewhere, but whose arch-humour would reconcile even a teetotaller to read it a second time:—

God above, who rules all things,
Monks and abbots, and beggars and kings,
The ships that in the sea do swim,
The earth, and all that is therein;
Not forgetting the old cow's hide,
And everything else in the world beside:
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell
Who first invented this leathern bottèl!

Oh what do you say to the glasses fine?
Oh they shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a gentleman sends his man
To fill them with liquor as fast as he can;
The man he falls in coming away,
And sheds the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottèl,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Oh what do you say to the tankard fine?
Oh it shall have no praise of mine;
Suppose a man and his wife fall out—
And such things happen sometimes no doubt—
They pull and they haul; in the midst of the fray
They shed the liquor so fine and gay;
But had it been in the leathern bottèl,
And the stopper been in, 'twould all have been well!

Now, when this bottèl it is worn out,
Out of its sides you may cut a clout;
This you may hang upon a pin—
'Twill serve to put odd trifles in;
Ink and soap, and candle-ends,
For young beginners have need of such friends.
And I wish his soul in heaven may dwell
Who first invented the leathern bottèl!

THE MARTYRDOM OF GIVING.

THERE are some persons in the world whose nature is composed of such mean and sordid elements, that they seem to have little idea of opening their hand except for the purposes of getting and grasping. They move, not in obedience to the centrifugal law of love, which throws everything off from the centre, but to the centripetal law of self, which draws everything towards it. *L. s. d.* may be said to be their whole alphabet, and No. 1 the limit of their calculations. They have a horror of collection sermons, and 'boxing-day' is their abhorrence. They cannot endure the sight of a poor relation; and such is their sensibility of pocket, that they can infallibly distinguish the knock of any one who comes on a begging errand. Public dinners they scrupulously avoid, because of those 'annoying collections;' and at any time they would as soon lose some of the blood which circulates in their body, as part with any of that more valued blood which circulates in their pocket. Those who know them, appeal to their generosity with a hopeless shrug, knowing that 'Can't afford it,' 'Bad times,' &c. will be the almost certain response. The vital tide of money, intended to circulate freely through the arteries and veins of society, coagulates in their purse; and that which was given for life and health, produces, by stagnating, nothing but moral disease and corruption.

There are some so entirely possessed by these feelings, that it is an agony and a martyrdom to them to pay even the strict demands of justice. They can scarcely be persuaded to regard a creditor as a being of the same nature as a debtor. It is a part of their system to postpone payment as long as possible; and we have known men, of substance and standing in society, from whom nothing could wring payment of their debts but the iron hand of the law. Such men give a world of unnecessary trouble, besides causing much vexation and annoyance. If, after twenty 'Not at home's,' 'Call again's,' &c. you obtain a settlement, you may deem yourself fortunate; if, however, double that number of journeys be inflicted on you, you must not be surprised.

There are others, again, who scrupulously respect the claims of justice—men of honour and integrity, who would not cheat you of a farthing, yet to whom giving is such a martyrdom, that you can scarcely draw a mite of money from them for the most clamant case of distress or the most useful public object. They seldom buy the smallest article without cheapening it; they must have the greatest possible amount of work for the least possible remuneration; and the little they do give, is done with a grudging reluctance, that shows what mental agony it costs them to part with their gold.

It is often curious to observe how some of those who feel most acutely the martyrdom of giving, yet awkwardly endeavour to hide it by an occasional effort at liberal things. How often, for instance, the most sordid man in the neighbourhood will be among the first to put his name to a subscription list, or yield to the offer of the chair at a public meeting, which has been made as an oblation to his vanity, though he knows that the honour must cost him a five-pound note! How he will contrive to worm his name among the gold-lettered list of benefactors that hangs up in the parish church, as though he had been one of the Oberlins or Howards of the human family! How often do such men seek to atone for a life of avarice and oppression by leaving an immense sum to some religious or benevolent society! If one action could make a character, if a princely legacy could atone for a sordid life, such a deed might be called munificent; but the immense sums frequently left by such men only serve to prove how keenly they felt in their lifetime the martyrdom of giving, as men of more liberal spirit would have chosen rather to be their own executors, and not have allowed the first act of their liberality to be the last one of their life.

It is interesting also to notice what little things will sometimes develop this feeling of mental martyrdom in connexion with giving. How the pretty and refined belle of the party, who never speaks of money but with indifference and contempt, and who sat down to the card-table with the greatest good temper and cheerfulness, strangely frowns and sullenly lours as she empties her purse to pay the envied winner! How the miserly master, who has for many a tedious month promised his faithful servant some token of his approbation, sends at last for him with all solemnity into the drawing-room, and presents him with a magnificent crown-piece, reminding him that it must not be considered as a precedent! How the fastidious, sensitive trifler, who hates nothing so much as the sight of poverty, except it be its appeals, beset by the clamorous beggar, at last, to get rid of the annoyance, angrily flings him a halfpenny into the kennel! How the attentive hearer, who had apparently hung with the deepest interest upon the lips of the preacher, will rise immediately he discovers that the sermon is to be illustrated with 'plates,' and that the last appeal is the *argumentum ad crumēnam;* and, wriggling his difficult way from the farther end of the crowded pew, hurriedly makes for the door, in the eyes of the whole congregation, in order to save his endangered shilling!

It is refreshing, however, to turn from the contemplation of such pictures of selfishness to others of liberality and disinterestedness, and which, we have faith enough in human nature to believe, are not so few nor so difficult to find as some imagine. In paying visits to the poor, I have often been agreeably surprised at the liberality and kindness displayed by the humbler orders towards each other. An instance or two may not be irrelevant. I was inquiring in a wretched alley one evening after two children, when, observing a very poor-looking man, I accosted him, and inquired if he knew what had become of them. He replied that they were in the union; that they had suddenly lost both their parents; that they had no friends to care for them, and that he had himself kept them for several weeks; but that he himself was very poor, and his own family large, and therefore he was at last compelled, unwillingly, to consign them to public charity. On another occasion I paid a visit to a poor man who, with his wife and family, occupied merely a garret, and procured a miserable living by working up tin culinary utensils, and selling them in the street. I was leaving the room, when a wretched-looking girl, crouching by the fire, attracted my attention, and I asked the man if she were his daughter? 'No, sir,' said he; 'we know nothing of her, except that my wife found her sitting at a door one evening, and learning that she had been deserted by her parents, we took pity on her, and brought her here, and she has been with us several weeks, and we have succeeded also in getting her into a school.' Such instances of kindness and liberality do honour to human nature, and prove that, if giving be a martyrdom to some who have ample means, and exercise great influence, yet, on the other hand, the most noble sentiments may be united to the most ignoble condition, and those who have the least to give, may be the most liberal in disposing of it. Honour to the open-handed and liberal-

hearted, who feel the truth of that Heaven-descended saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and who, in their conduct, have the happy reflection that they are in this respect imitating Him who 'openeth his hand,' and is emphatically styled 'the Great Giver!'

THE FACCIOSOS IN ZARAGOZA.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 5th of March 1838, the inhabitants of the heroic city of Zaragoza were awakened from their slumbers by the sound of the générala, or drums beating to arms. It was pitch-dark. The National Guards, composed of the most respectable citizens of all classes, and who had repeatedly given noble proofs of their devotedness to the queen of Spain's cause, clad themselves in their uniforms as quickly as possible, seized their arms, and rushed from their respective dwellings towards the points designated for their assemblage in case of alarm. The spot to which the greater number repaired was the handsome street called El Coso, where the principal or mainguard is always posted at the palace of the captain-general of the province, and where many of the more remarkable public edifices are situated. The best shops and coffee-houses are also in the Coso, which, besides being upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, is very wide. At one end of it two narrow sloping streets branch off, leading to the Plaza del Mercado, or market-place, and it is approached on each side by several long narrow streets.

As the National Guards, in breathless haste, approached the Coso, one by one, or in small parties, they were challenged by sentinels stationed at the *bocas-calles*, or street entrances. The summons of 'Quien vive?' ('Who goes there?') was answered, as usual, by 'Nacionales.'

'Advance, Nacionales!' cried the sentinels; and the civic soldiers, thinking that the invitation proceeded either from their own comrades, who might have assembled in the Coso in obedience to the same call which they were hastening to respond to, or from the troops of the slender garrison of Zaragoza, instantly advanced, and found themselves in the midst of a large body of Facciosos, or Carlist troops! They were instantly disarmed, and made prisoners.

But how did this alarming state of things occur? How was it that one-half of the loyal city of Zaragoza, which had successfully resisted the attack of thirty thousand of Napoleon's best troops, commanded by his most distinguished generals, was now in possession of the factious bands of Don Carlos the Pretender? Alas! treachery had crept in amongst them.

The Carlist chief, Cabanero, had formed a plan for surprising Zaragoza at a moment when its defence was almost entirely left in the hands of its National Guards, the bulk of the regular forces being required in the field. Cabanero, who was an Aragonese, and a landed proprietor, was well acquainted with the city; and the force under his command consisted of four battalions of infantry, and about 300 cavalry—all Aragonese, and devoted to their leader. At about nine o'clock on the previous night—it was a Sunday night—some twenty Facciosos stealthily escaladed one of the city gates called La Puerta del Carmen, by means of ladders, which had been secreted by confederates within the city, at spots outside the walls agreed upon beforehand. The small body of Nacionales to whom the guard of the gate was confided were taken completely by surprise, and were at once disarmed and captured. The gate was then quietly opened, and three companies of Cabanero's picked men instantly passed through it, and entered the city unperceived. They formed, without a word being spoken, at the entrance of a small square hard by, called La Plazuela del Carmen.

It is a remarkable fact, which transpired afterwards, that, at about eleven o'clock on the same Sunday night, a covered vehicle, called a tartana, drawn by one horse, was seen traversing the street called Del Carmen, in the direction of the gate of that name; but although this was an unusual occurrence at that hour, when all the city gates were invariably closed for the night (the tartanas being generally used for country excursions), it did not create suspicion in the breasts of the few persons who were passing through the streets at the time. There can be little doubt, however, that some confederates were proceeding in the tartana to communicate personally with the invaders, who, in pursuance of pre-concerted plans, had already posted their vanguard within the city.

Let us, however, recur to the proceedings of the Facciosos. The three picked companies having established themselves within the gate of El Carmen, the next important object was to ascertain whether all was quiet in the interior of the city; for it was of the utmost consequence to the Carlists that the main force, which was on a forced night-march from Lécéra, a town about thirty miles from Zaragoza, should enter immediately on its arrival, without the alarm being given. For this purpose three men disguised as *payesos*, or private individuals, wearing ample brown cloaks over jackets of the same colour, and conical Aragonese hats, left the guardhouse of the Puerta del Carmen, to go the round of the city. One of them had a violin, another a *bandúrria*, which is a small stringed instrument made of a single piece of wood hollowed out, and covered with parchment. It is played upon with the fingers, and produces a very sharp sound; the effect, however, is agreeable when the bandúrria is played in concert with other instruments. The third had a guitar. These Facciosos in disguise were Aragonese, and played skilfully. When they had advanced as far as the Coso, they tuned their instruments, and struck up the national Aragonese air called La Iota, accompanying it with their well-modulated voices. They sang of love, its charms and its pains; of the chivalry of the Aragonese, and the glories of Zaragoza. Serenades of this description are to this day constantly performed in Spanish cities, towns, and villages, as in the olden time, and I have frequently listened to them with delight. In this way the unsuspected trio perambulated the greater portion of the city, and returned, between three and four o'clock in the morning, to the Puerta del Carmen, and reported to their superiors that the worthy inhabitants of Zaragoza were buried in profound repose. The Carlist forces had just arrived, and the 2500 infantry passed through the gate at once, and marched direct to the Coso, of which, and the entrances from the numerous streets leading into it, they took instant possession. The cavalry, 300 men, remained outside, patrolling round the city walls. Parties were detached without delay to different quarters of the city, for the purpose of arresting some of the principal inhabitants who were well known to be firmly attached to the cause of the constitutional queen of Spain, as well as some of the most distinguished officers of the National Guard.

And now, it being still dark, the stratagem of beating the générala was resorted to, in order to entrap the Nacionales; and it succeeded to a certain extent, as already stated. This brings us to the point at which we had arrived, before entering upon this needful description of the antecedents to the attack.

When day dawned, the inmates of the houses in the Coso perceived, with dismay, that it was occupied by the enemy. The Carlist troops had a rough, brigand-like appearance. Most of them wore dark-green boynas, or Basque caps, and their matted hair fell in wild meshes over their temples and ears. Fringed blankets, of variegated colours, hung lengthwise, and doubled to half their breadth, from their athletic shoulders, forming a primitive, yet graceful drapery; and their cananas, or ammunition-belts, were strapped around their loins, the cartridges being lodged in front, in triple rows of

tin tubes. Some of these Voluntarios, as they were called, wore the peaked Aragonese felt hat, ornamented with tinsel of various colours, and dark velveteen jackets, with several rows of closely-set bell-buttons down the front. In lieu of muskets, these men were armed with trabucos, or blunderbusses; and the sandaled feet of the whole of the Carlist troops showed, by the dust with which they were covered, that they had performed a march of considerable length.

The boynas of the officers were varied in colour—green, red, and white—and, together with the loose, wide-sleeved, collarless black sheepskin zamarra, or spencer, and ample trousers of velveteen, or other stout material, formed an appropriate costume for chiefs of the sturdy bands who had followed them into the very centre of so determined a population as that of Zaragoza, and who were panting to pounce upon their prey.

The bayoneted muskets, which were bristling on the shoulders of the Facciosos, glittered in the rays of the morning sun slanting across the Coso; and as the astounded inmates appeared at the windows of their dwellings, the officers advanced, crying—'Viva Carlos quinto! Viva Don Juan Cabanero! Vivan los Zaragozanos! We are all Aragonese! Let us be friends! The Nacionales are all sold! The castle is ours! Nacionales! give up your arms and uniforms, and let us embrace each other as good subjects of the legitimate king!' 'And defenders of our holy religion!' cried some curas and friars who stepped forth from the Carlist ranks. They were veritable types of the church-militant; for uncouth sabres were pendent from their rusty cassocks and serge frocks, and old-fashioned horse-pistols were stuck in their girdles.

These appeals were not responded to; on the contrary, the windows were quickly closed by those who had been looking out of them, chiefly women. The rebels now changed their tone: 'Surrender, or death! We give you five minutes to decide: if you resist, your houses will be broken into, and no quarter given.' These menaces were re-echoed by between two and three thousand hoarse voices from one end of the Coso to the other, accompanied by brandishing of swords, and levelling of muskets and blunderbusses at the windows by the excited Facciosos, who howled and gesticulated with a vehemence and ferocity frightful to hear and behold.

Before the expiration of the critical five minutes several windows were thrown back, and some Nacionales stepped into the balconies, and instantly fired upon the Carlists: then hastily closing the shuttered windows again, they took shelter behind them whilst reloading their muskets.

This maddened the rebels. Roaring with rage, some fired at the windows, and others battered at the doors with the butt-ends of their muskets. But the gallant Nacionales continued firing at intervals from the rapidly opened and closed upper windows, and from those on the ground-floors, which were protected by bars of iron. Many of the Facciosos who were thundering at the doors, were killed by shots from the ground-floors. Soon isolated parties of Nacionales came rushing to the point of danger, under no other direction than their own patriotism and bravery. They attacked the Carlists from the streets leading to the Coso, shot the sentinels placed at their entrances, advanced boldly into the Coso itself, and there, without any shelter—for the houses were, as we have seen, all closed—they fought hand to hand with the infuriated Facciosos.

Whilst this was going on in the Coso, a battalion, the choicest of the Carlist force, had obtained possession of the Carrio, or district of San Pablo, in another part of the city. But they did not remain long unmolested. Another body of Nacionales hastened to the spot, and commenced a vigorous attack; they recollected, too, that there was a howitzer in a barrack hard by, and it was dragged by the civic soldiers, with astonishing rapidity, to a favourable point, and canister-shot fired rapidly from it, with fatal effect, upon the pent-up battalion. To crown all, the women, and even children, threw down tiles upon them from the roofs of the houses; and with that heroism which the Zaragozanos have ever displayed, the mothers, sisters, and wives of those who were combating so gallantly in the streets against the ferocious rebels, who were howling for their fancied prey, performed their noble part in defence of their homes, and of the cause which they had all honestly espoused.

In Zaragoza, as well as in the other cities and large towns in Spain, a considerable portion of the population live in separate flats or floors; and now, from every house and apartment were cast, with unerring aim, heavy tables, strong earthen jars, brazen mortars called *almirézes*, for pounding salt, spices, &c. with which no dwelling in Spain is unprovided; massive wooden stools, chests of drawers, thick earthenware dishes, iron bars, bucketsful of boiling water, and all kinds of damage-doing missiles. Great numbers were killed and wounded, and an unconquerable panic took possession of the Carlist ranks. The remainder of the battalion fled amidst these heterogeneous volleys from the commanding batteries of the heroines of Zaragoza.

The Facciosos took refuge in the large old church of San Pablo, the entrance whereto is by a descent of several steps. Scarcely had the gates been closed and barricaded, ere a large force of Nacionales arrived. After thinning the ranks of the enemy in some places by their isolated but well-directed and sustained attacks, the civic militia had at length been able to form themselves into different bodies, and hasten to the rescue of those who were exposed to attacks in other parts of the city. The church was instantly surrounded, and the Faccioso battalion, which was considerably reduced by the numbers who had fallen in the streets, was blockaded. The women performed the same courageous and efficient part in the Coso and other parts of the city; and the Carlists, who so lately were drawn up in menacing array, were now glad to retire in search of some strong positions, where they could act upon the defensive. This they did with bent knees and lowered heads, creeping under the balconies like sportsmen in search of game, as far as attitude was concerned; but they themselves were the prey which the valiant people of Zaragoza were hunting down.

They were followed up vigorously by the brave Nacionales, and driven from post to post with great loss. Upwards of fifty of those belonging to the battalion which was blockaded in the church fled towards one of the city gates called La Puerta del Portillo, and were hotly pursued by a party of Nacionales. When the breathless Carlists arrived at the gate, they found it closed! The Nacionales fell upon them with ungovernable fury, and every man was killed. The gate of the Portillo was barricaded by more than fifty dead bodies! The flight now became general. Cabanero, who was so certain of gaining possession of the capital of Aragon, that it was said he had caused his dinner to be ordered at the fonda or hotel, rode off with the remnant of his cavalry, and did not halt until he arrived at Torréro, about a league from Zaragoza. He was followed by as many of the infantry as could make their escape from the bullets of the Nacionales, and the avalanches of pestles and mortars, and all sorts of domestic utensils and household goods. Great numbers were laid low during this precipitate retreat.

The battalion which had taken sanctuary in the church of San Pablo surrendered at discretion; as did about one hundred men who had fled to the church of Santa Lucia. And to the honour of the brave citizens of Zaragoza be it recorded, that they treated their prisoners with the utmost humanity. The wounded were carefully removed to the hospitals, and experienced the kindest treatment, and the dead were decently buried. Nearly two hundred Carlists were killed, and several hundreds wounded. The Nacionales had only eight killed, but great numbers were wounded, some very severely. The Carlists carried off forty Nacionales

whom they took prisoners during the first moments of surprise; but these were speedily exchanged. It would be altogether unjust not to record that the garrison of Zaragoza, insignificant in point of numbers as it was, did its part to the uttermost in gallantly co-operating with the Nacionales and inhabitants on this eventful morning.

It is a remarkable fact, that Brigadier-General Esteller, who, in the absence of the captain-general, commanded in Zaragoza and its province, was not seen until after the rebels had been driven beyond the gates of the city by the spontaneous gallantry of the inhabitants—Nacionales, women, and children—and of the very small body of regular troops who, of their own accord, joined in the defence wherever they could. After the expulsion of the Carlist forces, he mingled with the citizens, and joined in the universal congratulations. But he was coldly received: not only so, he was hotly reproached as a traitor; he was hustled, and with great difficulty made his way to his residence, declaring that he was willing and ready to give up his command, if such should be the people's will.

In the afternoon the attitude of the population became so menacing, that the Nacionales who were on guard at the residence of the general, being anxious to save his life, conveyed him, under the escort of fourteen decided men, to the jail as a prisoner, preparatory to his being brought to trial for neglect of duty.

The report was current among the people that the general was informed, at nine on the Sunday evening, that Cabanero's force was approaching, and that he left the inhabitants in total ignorance of their danger, and did not take any steps to guard against a surprise. It is very difficult to form a correct judgment as to the conduct of responsible officers in cases of this nature. The more charitable supposition is, that when the general saw the Coso occupied by an imposing Carlist force, he became paralysed by the influence of fear. But however he may be absolved from the charge of connivance at the enemy's proceedings, he was, it is to be feared, deficient in the vigilance and activity requisite for the efficient discharge of the highly responsible duty of securing against a surprise so important a city as Zaragoza, situated in immediate proximity to a numerous armed rebel force, which was well organised, and commanded by astute and active leaders.

The humane precautions of the Nacionales were of no avail: the murmurs of the people were not thus to be quelled. From every corner of the ancient city the population surged and surged towards the Inquisition, the name of the prison-house—formerly that of the dread tribunal whose title it bears—to which the unhappy General Esteller had been conveyed, with the most generous intentions, by the Nacionales. 'Abajo el traidor!'—(Down with the traitor!)—was the universal cry. The tide of people became enormously swollen as it approached the prison. Some arrests had taken place, and several delinquencies had been proved; the carpenter who had furnished the ladders was found out, and condemned to death, together with some others who were accused of treachery.

The Aragonese are a determined race of people. If there be time for those whom they respect to remonstrate with them when in a state of exasperation, they will generally listen to the voice of reason; but if they congregate in sufficient numbers to go on their way without effective opposition, they act without remorse when they have been outraged, or believe that they have been betrayed. This mass of excited people, flushed with their recent victory over the Carlists, and burning with thirst for the blood of those whom they believed to be traitors, presented themselves in horrible array in front of the prison. 'Esteller! Esteller! — the traitor Esteller!' they cried. There was a guard of Nacionales at the prison-gate. These brave men stood to their arms, and remonstrated with the frantic populace; but they could not make any effectual resistance. The unfortunate general was dragged from the prison, and forced along towards the place of execution; but before the awful assemblage arrived there, he was no longer a living man. The crowd reached the Plaza del Sepulcro just as the volley was fired which terminated the existence of the convicted traitors.

Such are the appalling effects produced by that most dreadful of all national calamities—civil war. We in England are now happily exempt from such distressing scenes, but the pages of the past history of our own country supply proofs that, in a state of political transition analogous to that of poor Spain at the present day, the English people were not less fatally excitable than the Spaniards, for whom sufficient allowance is not generally made by other nations who have long ago accomplished their own revolutions. On the following day, the bodies of the eight Nacionales who had gloriously fallen whilst defending their city and their homes, were interred with military honours. They were followed to their graves by the greater portion of the population. Zaragoza was immediately restored to its usually tranquil state. The gates, however, were guarded with additional vigilance, and no attempt was thenceforth made, either from without or within, to deliver the city into the hands of the enemy.

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It was my fortune to be in Zaragoza at the next celebration of the festival of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, on the 12th of October. The striking scenes then presented to my eyes are worthy of description, as at once singular in themselves, and bearing a strong impress from the affair of the Facciosos. This anniversary, which is always celebrated with enthusiasm, had been looked forward to by all classes with peculiar interest, inasmuch as they attributed their salvation, on the memorable 5th of March, to the miraculous agency of our Lady of the Pillar, the vigilant guardian of the ancient and heroic city. From a very early hour the country people flocked into Zaragoza through every one of its gates, and the loyal inhabitants were actively engaged in preparations for celebrating the festival. The day was remarkably fine; the large square called La Plaza del Pilar, was by eleven o'clock thronged with men—a large proportion of whom were in their handsome uniforms as Nacionales—women, and children all in their gayest dresses, and on their way to the cathedral of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, whose multiplied domes, incrusted with variegated porcelain tiles, glittered in the sun. The magnificent church was already crowded, and high-mass was being celebrated at the grand altar, which is formed of alabaster, elaborately sculptured, and on this great occasion was illuminated by hundreds of massive wax candles.

So great was the concourse, that a long line of people, on their knees, extended through the open portal as far as several yards across the plaza. It was a singular, a most interesting scene. The brave Aragonese kneeling in a stream of light, the men bareheaded, though the heat of the sun was intense; the solemn notes of the organ, the aromatic odour of the incense, the pomp of the service of the Roman Catholic church, the deep-toned voices of the canons as they chanted in the choir, the mothers leading their children to the massive silver balustrade of the Virgin's chapel, and there kneeling with them, and offering heartfelt thanksgivings for their escape from the horrors of a nocturnal assault—all was, beyond description, affecting.

When the service of the mass was concluded, one of the canons, well known for his energetic patriotism, and who had, when a youth, performed his part in the noble defence of his native city against the French besiegers, ascended the pulpit, and, amidst the deepest silence on the part of the thousands who listened attentively to his words, preached a sermon, in which he referred to the special divine protection which had ever been bestowed upon Zaragoza; its heroic resistance to the conqueror of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Jena; and finally the triumph of the preceding 5th of March.

The most patriotic sentiments pervaded this remarkable and opportune discourse, in which the worthy canon pointed out the hypocrisy of those who, under the mask of religion, were stirring up strife, causing bloodshed, and betraying their fellow-countrymen. He earnestly recommended all to unite firmly in defence of the solid principles of the Christian faith, of the throne of their queen, Isabel II., and of the constitution; finishing by the following appeal:—'Bless us all, oh our Mother of the Pillar, and give us peace in this land of so many miseries, and hereafter eternal peace in glory!' After the blessing, a low hum of approbation arose from the congregation, who gradually retired. Not a single individual, however, left the cathedral without offering a prayer before the image of Our Lady of the Pillar, in the small but beautiful chapel dedicated to her worship. This image — which, according to a tradition firmly believed by the Zaragozanos and inhabitants of other parts of Spain, was, together with the pillar or column which it surmounts, brought from Jerusalem by the living Virgin Mary herself, attended by a choir of angels—stands in a niche over the smaller of the three altars in the chapel, which is of oval form. The *glory*—of pure gold—by which the head is surrounded is very large, and the quantity of rich jewels with which it is inlaid prevents the face from being seen; so blinding to the perception of any other object is the glitter of a profusion of large diamonds and precious stones of great value. The legend of the miraculous image states that the face is made of a wood unknown in the created globe. None but ecclesiastics are permitted to pass within the silver balustrade which separates the chapel from the other portion of the interior of the cathedral. At the back of the chapel, in a dark recess in one of the spacious aisles, there is a jasper slab set into the wall; it corresponds exactly to the spot where the pillar and image stand in the chapel; and the faithful, after praying before those objects of their veneration, repair to the jasper slab, and kiss it. There is a hollow in the stone, about the size of the human mouth, worn by the pressure of millions of lips against it during many ages.

When the ceremonies of the church were concluded, the inhabitants and strangers retired to their homes, and to the various places where refreshments were to be procured, to partake of the usual mid-day meal; and in about two hours afterwards the out-door diversions of the festival of Nuestra Senora del Pilar commenced. The gigantes, or giants, performed a prominent part on this occasion. Drawn up in a row, in due form and ceremony, in the Plaza del Pilar, and in front of the cathedral, were four gigantes, fully nine feet in height. One was a Moor, with tawny face and large staring black eyes; a turban encircled his head, and a long party-coloured robe covered what represented his body, but which was nothing more than a lathen frame, sheltering some ordinarily-sized mortal, who in due time was to set in motion the formidable gigante, who had bare, brown, bulky arms, and whose right hand grasped an immense wooden scimitar. By his side was a giantess, whose very long visage was illuminated by a pair of great blue eyes, while her colossal arms were genteelly folded across her ample bosom. The next giant represented an old serious-looking man, with flaxen hair peeping from beneath a cotton handkerchief of many colours, folded in the form of a band or fillet which encircled his head. His partner was a giantess, whose face and arms were of a fine bronze colour. She was habited in a whitish gown, rather short in the waist, which was encircled by a broad band made of brick-dust-coloured leather, fastened behind with an enormous brass buckle. Presently the giants advanced towards the outlets from the plaza with solemn pace. Now and then they performed a slow dance with a gravity not much exceeding what is often assumed by common-sized living people at balls and assemblies. They were followed by a great concourse of happily-disposed grown-up folks, and by hundreds of boys and girls; and thus joyously accompanied, the giants perambulated the heroic city.

In the afternoon there was a bull-fight in the Plaza de Toros, a fine amphitheatre attached to the Hospicio de la Misericordia, which is an excellent charitable establishment. Its revenues are partly derived from the profits of the corridas de toros, or bull-fights, which take place on the anniversaries of the festival of Nuestra Senora del Pilar. How the amphitheatre was thronged on this memorable occasion! The robust picadores, the gaily-attired and agile chulos and banderilléros, the scientific matadores—all displayed wondrous courage and activity; and it was dark before the last toro was despatched. It must be on another occasion that I express my feelings regarding this favourite amusement of Spain.

That night the Coso, the theatre, and the beautiful public promenades of Zaragoza were thronged with gay company, and the festival of Nuestra Senora del Pilar ended as happily as it began.

VEGETABLE MIMICRY.

It is an interesting amusement to be able to trace in the productions and forms of the vegetable world a certain resemblance, a somewhat of a family likeness, to animated beings, and in fact not only to these, but a resemblance also to various inanimate objects of familiar acquaintance. The subject has often occupied our thoughts, and its consideration in this place may be an occupation not altogether of an uninstructive nature, impressed upon our notice as it is by the luxuriant display of the summer flowers which at this season put forward their most gay and fantastic decorations.

Although, to our recollection at least, the subject has not received a formal notice on any previous occasion,* the resemblance of flowers to other objects could not escape recognition, and the multitude which have received their titles from these similarities abundantly testifies to that effect. The enumeration of a few of these well-known names will immediately remind the reader of the circumstance. The Turk's cap, from a fancied resemblance to that portion of the apparel; the snap-dragon, from its similitude to a dragon's mouth; the monk'shood, the bell-flower (*Campanula*), the trumpet-flower, or *Bignonia*, the star-worts, the cock's-combs, prince's feathers, heart's-ease, lion's tail, satin flower, and many others, the pride of every cottage garden. These all wear some resemblance to the objects from whence they derive their title, and are to that extent vegetable mimics. But it would be to waste our time to enter into further detail upon things of such common occurrence; the reader, if he pleases, can extend the list at his will, and make his own comments. We shall therefore consider principally the rarer and more striking instances of the display of this mimic faculty to be found in the vegetable world; and the singularities thus presented to our notice are well deserving of a little close attention.

We may premise, however, and in this the reader will probably anticipate us, that instances are of most familiar occurrence in which man has imitated the works of nature, which should not be confounded with our present subject. Thus portions of the orders of architecture, and an infinity of the decorations, utensils, weapons, &c. of all ages, find their originals in the productions of the forest and field. It would be absurd to call these cases 'vegetable mimicries.' Again, let not the term under which we have chosen to collect these curiosities be mistaken; it is not, of course, taken to signify that flowers, &c. have the power of conforming themselves to the shape or appearance of other objects; it is intended simply to convey the singular fact, that nature *repeats* in them some of the forms she has ascribed to

* The ingenious author of this paper is to be informed that this subject was once before partially treated in the Journal (old series, No. 521), in a paper entitled *Comicalities of Nature*.

other members of her great family—any correspondence between other forms and appearances, and the works of man, being in many cases a mere coincidence, and in more not a copy, but a text.

Every one has heard of the columbine—not the stage character, but the homely flower of our gardens. It has received its name from a Latin word, *columba*, a pigeon, from the fancied resemblance of a part of its flower to the neck and body of that bird, while the lateral petals represent its wings; a cluster of such flowers being conceived to present something of the appearance of a brood of young pigeons fluttering around their nest. The larkspurs are as well known as the columbine. The bee-larkspur, botanically the *Delphinium elatum*, has the appearance of a bee busily seeking its food in the centre of the flower—a contrivance which no doubt acts the part of a scarecrow; the mimicry being so perfect, as to deter the winged robber from his prey, by the appearance of its being preoccupied. The side-saddle flower tells its own tale. A variety of the tulip tribe, called the parrot tulip, has its petals broken up into shreds, and folded so as to resemble the crest of a paroquet. A greenhouse-tree well known in the vicinity of the metropolis, when in flower, has the very peculiar appearance of there being smooth pieces of red coral stuck over its branches, upwards of an inch in length; it is hence called the vegetable coral-tree. It is a species of *Erythrina*: it is only upon a close scrutiny that the cheat is discovered; and we find that the appearance is produced by the folded scarlet flowers of the plant. Another species of the same tribe bears a flower which in colour and form strongly resembles a cock's-comb. Then my fair readers will not be much puzzled to declare what article of their adornments the drooping flowers of the fuchsia resemble. The little wild convolvulus, which twists round the hedge-spray in its brilliant pink and white streaks, reminds us of the pretty shells which spangle our sea-shores: while the sunflower lifts up his golden face, an apt emblem of his burning prototype: and the *Calceolarias* bring to our remembrance the good old leathern purses of an ancestral generation: and the centre of the impudent jonquil perpetuates the memory of the old-fashioned teacups devoid of handles. Then the sweet pea, and many another *Papilionaceous* flower, bears the image of the painted butterfly, which, from the slenderness of the stalk, seems to be on the wing. *Papilio* is the Latin word for this insect. And the *Tropæolum tricolor* has a flower which seems as if it had originally suggested the idea of the cornucopia.

But the *Tropæolum canariense* or *peregrinum*, the canary-bird creeper, is the favourite mimic of the day. This plant is a native of South America, and was supposed on this account to require the careful treatment of a tropical or greenhouse plant. It was discovered, however, by Mrs Loudon, that it would bear the exposure of our climate; and since that period, it has been successfully cultivated in the open air, and is rapidly becoming as common in every cottage window and plot as the convolvulus or any of the ordinary creepers. The first few plants acquired publicity at the gates of the Kensington Gardens, where they were displayed, and still are, in the greatest luxuriance. At a certain stage in the expansion of this pretty flower, the image of a canary is almost as perfect as if it had just left the modeller's hand: the head is partly bent down, and is supported upon a delicate little neck, which joins the body of the bird, while the fringed petals admirably mimic the feathers of the canary, and the canary-yellow colour considerably heightens the resemblance. When the flower is further expanded, the similarity in a great measure disappears.

Some of the *Proteaceous* plants have beautiful flowers resembling tinted feathers, others have leaves fringed with long hairs, so as to resemble the plumes of birds. The leaves of some magnoliaceous trees are strikingly like the back of a greatcoat—the waist, arms, and tail being all figured. Many other leaves resemble adders' tongues, harts' tongues, spears, stags' horns, beards, hair, &c.

But of all mimic plants, none surpass the orchid race, of which Dr Lindley thus writes:—'Some of these plants are so different from others, as to make one almost doubt whether they belong to the vegetable world. If the Brahmins had been botanists, one might have fancied they took their doctrine of *metempsychosis* from these productions. In the genus *Oberonia* and *Dryopeia*, Pythagoras would have found a living evidence of animals transmuted into plants.' The reader will find, in a future paper, some singular mimicries by this extraordinary race; but the half is not told there concerning them. Even those minute orchids which require the use of the microscope for their development, wonderful to relate, agree with the larger ones in the possession of this strange attribute.

Our own country possesses some of these plants, which are well known for their mimic powers. The fly-orchis and the bee-orchis both represent those insects. In the latter case, the resemblance is quite marvellous: there is to all appearance a little yellowish flower, upon which a bee seems resting, and plunging his long proboscis into its centre; the legs and wings of the insect are faithfully delineated, and the fidelity of the imitation is enhanced by the bee being of a different colour to the rest of the flower. A cluster of such flowers looks just as if a swarm of bees had alighted one on each flower. One of the Oberon genus is called the man-orchis, or the *Anthropophora*, from its close resemblance to the original. The 'butterfly plants' bear flowers which wear the form of that giddy insect. And, last of the European orchids, the lizard-orchis is the most strange of all. Few persons can form an adequate idea of this curious flower who have not seen it: it represents the neck and head of a lizard; it portrays the long under-jaw, the gaping mouth, the marked head, and even the eye of the reptile, which seems projecting his hideous head and neck from the centre of the flower.

Among the orchids of other lands there exists the greatest diversity of forms, many of which have been previously memorialised. Mr Drummond, in some recent researches in the Swan River colony, among other singularities mentions a plant which is named the *Drakæa elastica*, and bears a single flower, poised upon the extremity of a very slender stem, which is from a foot to eighteen inches in length: the flower remarkably resembles an insect fluttering in the air, its graceful support being scarcely perceptible at a little distance. A tree, called the coffee mamma, thickly planted in Surinam, to give shelter and shade to the coffee-trees, among which it is placed, is said by Mr Lance to form the support for numerous orchids, and among them for a plant of great beauty, whose flowers have a pretty faithful resemblance to a spread eagle. 'The inside of the hollow base of one of the Stanhopeas,' writes the authority before cited, 'is covered with numerous tubercles,' of different colours, 'which give it the singular appearance of a grotto lined with purple and yellow spar.' Some of the flowers of the orchids seem dotted all over with blood; and one strangely beautiful air-plant has a flower which looks as if five bleeding wounds had been made in it—a circumstance which has given it the name of the *Quinque vulnera*. Hernandez, an old author, mentions a curious flower, one of the same tribe, which he calls the lynx flower, from the circumstance that it is marked in a similar manner to the skin of that creature. The column and anther of a flower named the bird's bill, are united to form the appearance of a duck's head and neck, the head being of a reddish colour, and the bill yellow. Some of the *Saccolabii*, when in flower, are like groups of pretty golden-coloured birds upon the wing. An orchis named the *Ranifera*, has the disagreeable appearance of a toad squatting upon the flower, blotched and swollen; another has the ornament of a long beard; and a third has flowers, each of which is protected by a monk's

cowl. Some of the *Catasetums* and other genera have extraordinary flowers of the most startling appearance, realising the wildest conceptions of a Fuseli's brain, and exhibiting spectre heads, faces, and forms as fantastic as frightful. An orchidium called the *Pectorale*, for a reason which will immediately appear, bears a flower which displays the most unearthly resemblance to a human thorax. It may appear scarcely conceivable, but it is not the less true, that the breast-bone, ribs, collar-bone, neck, and truncated arms are painted with horrid fidelity by this extraordinary flower, which has, in addition, somewhat of the rounded form of the chest. There is a plant called the *Cypripedium*, which represents a large brown spider on its flower. It is an American species, and the spider whose form it portrays is said by Linnæus to be capable of destroying insects, and even small humming-birds.

One of the flowers of a strange-looking orchid reminds us, though the simile may appear a little exaggerated, of the portraits of Punch standing astride the individual who is blowing his trumpet, as displayed on the page of that well-known periodical.

Lastly, among these plants we may mention the spotted swan plant, of which Dr Lindley thus writes, apparently surprised out of the grave tone which befits a scientific work:—'Surely it is one of the most curious productions of nature in her wildest mood? Did any one ever see such a flower before? Which is the top, which the bottom? What are we to call that long club, which is cloven too? And what the crooked fingers, daggled with blood, which spread from the middle of one of the leaves, as if about to clutch at something? And what, moreover, can they all be for?' We may well re-echo the question, what indeed!

Evelyn, in his discourse concerning earth, mentions among other plants which he conceives to be injurious to the vegetation around them, what he terms the 'Scythian lamb.' Sir Hans Sloane, then Dr Sloane, in one of the old numbers of the Philosophical Transactions, gives us an account of this 'Scythian or Tartarian lamb;' and in some editions of Evelyn's Terra, his editor, Dr Hunter, gives a plate of this curiosity. Darwin also, in his poem, the 'Loves of the Plants,' gives another representation of it, and seems highly tickled with the idea of what he calls a 'vegetable lamb.' Sir Hans Sloane describes it to be a species of fern called the *Polypodium barometz*; the stem is decumbent, lying horizontally upon the ground, and is covered with a thick, soft, and intensely yellow *wool*; it is sometimes pushed up from the ground by some of the inferior branches of the root, and then it has a resemblance to a lamb standing on four legs: to render the simile more singular still, it is said to destroy all plants in its vicinity, as if it possessed a vegetable appetite for them. Some travellers, who have made diligent search for the curiosity, have never succeeded in discovering it, and the Tartars themselves treat the whole thing as a fable. This may perhaps be going too far: it is easy to conceive that a poetic or credulous conception has exaggerated the case, by transforming a hairy procumbent fern, or log of wood covered with yellow moss, into the similitude of a lamb or sheep. The limner in Darwin's work seems to have been delighted with the idea, and has drawn us a most capital likeness of a real lamb, even to its eyes, ears, and mouth. This is evidently an exaggeration.

An account in the Gardeners' Chronicle, however, speaks of a somewhat kindred mimicry—the 'vegetable flannel.' This curious substance was washed on the shores of the river Trent in large quantities; it so closely resembles the production of the loom, that, until it was submitted to a microscopical examination, it was declared to be a manufactured material. Upon examination, it was found to consist of thousands of minute thread-like tubes of vegetable tissue, woven together in inextricable confusion. We can scarcely conceive of a closer imitation of man's handicraft than this production of nature.

The cactus family contains one or two singular efforts at imitation. One of these is the echinocactus, or hedgehog thistle, from its hirsute appearance; another is called most appropriately the old-man cactus, from its resemblance to an aged head covered with long silvery hairs; while a third bears a tolerable similitude to a Turk's cap, with a yellow tassel at the top. Many of our readers must have noticed, in the Chinese exhibition in the metropolis, the remarkable fruit, of which many good models exist there, called the Chinese 'finger fruit;' the resemblance here to a human hand and fingers is little less than marvellous. The vegetable world also mimics the artificial productions of man and animals. Thus there is the bread-fruit tree, the milk or cow-tree, the butter-tree, the tallow-tree, the custard-apple, the gingerbread plum, &c. And in utensils, we have the flagon of the nepenthis tribe, the Florence flask-like bottle gourd, the great fans and chandeliers of the palm-trees, and many more not here demanding particular enumeration.

Some other instances of the resemblance between flowers and objects in the inanimate world could be mentioned, but the preceding will suffice to draw attention to the subject, which, thus succinctly treated, may afford a field of interesting meditation to our readers.

A SCOTCH HERRING-FISHING STATION.

The following graphic account of a herring-fishing station on the western coast of the Highlands is given in a late number of the *Ayr Observer*—a newspaper highly creditable to our Scottish provincial press:—

A winter traveller by sea, along the western coasts of Scotland, will meet with little save gloom and desolation. Villages are few, small towns rarer; and as for anything larger than small towns, the latitude is not favourable for their growth. Broken into a thousand fragments, the western coast is a compound of comparatively barren islands, long, wild, and dismal salt-water lochs and straits, and rocky repulsive shores. Let the winter voyager, pursued by a relentless wind and a white-maned sea, run for safety into any of these watery indentations, he may find smoother water, but nothing wearing the indications of human presence. High and dark mountains, swaddled in mist, and mantled by keen and cutting winds, gird the vision, save where the line of foam rises from which the voyager has just escaped. Broken rocks stud the shore, against which the waters swell with hoarse and melancholy voice; storm-pent birds fly wildly hither and thither, uttering shrill calls; while the lonely bark in which the voyager has his home rides complainingly at her anchor, without companion. And there must she remain; there is no dock, no friendly piers behind or between which lies security. It may be that, after minute examination, the walls of some comparatively rude cottage is distinguished. Its gables, its front and rear, of rough stone, picked up on the beach, and unskilfully put together—its roof uneven, and far from comfort-promising. Gloom and desolation reign undisturbed. Strike the scene with the fairy's wand, however—let the winter and its wildness depart, and summer and its gentleness visit these lonely shades, and then comes a change indeed. The watery mist has vanished from the hills where the fern is green; the war between the sea and the rocks is forgotten—they dwell in peace; the waters are alive with fowl, and with silver fish; the shore is covered with busy men; and a thousand smacks are upborne by the sea: it is the herring season. A fishing village may be seen in all its glory and disorder at any and all times; a herring-fishing station is only to be met with during the summer months. As soon as the earliest indications of the presence of the herring shoals are distinguished in the north, they are trumpeted abroad, and every available vessel is drawn from its hiding-place, masted, rigged, and got ready for active service; for the herring shoal is a mine of wealth, for a share of which everybody thinks himself at liberty to scramble.

Herring, it is well known, always follow one track. Every season finds the great shoal coming forth from the north, splitting into two great divisions, and following respectively the east and west coasts. Through the numerous island-channels of the latter, again, one seems peculiar to the fish, until, doubling the Mull of Cantire, a section finds its way northwards by the Sound of Kilbrannan, to Loch Fyne, and the other lochs and creeks jutting from

the Clyde. On the east coast, no genuine herring-fishing stations are to be met with. There it is in the fishermen but a change from one employment to another—it is no change from the village to the lonely loch side. The fleet that assembles at Ullapool may give an idea of the magnitude of the fishing, but not of the romance. The three-mile fleet congregate at Wick, at Lybster, and all the villages of the Caithness and Sutherland coasts, may bear testimony to the inestimable value of the British fisheries; but Wick, Lybster, and Ullapool are all decided fishing towns—they are not creations of the months, the temporary sailing-places of wandering men, peopled but for a few days, and left in unbroken solitude for the greater period of the year. Herring-fishing stations are only to be seen on the western coast; for there the want of accommodation for the fishermen is amply made up by the superior quality of the fish.

Nothing will more surprise a stranger, unaware or unmindful of the herring season, when voyaging among the Highland isles, than the spectacle which suddenly bursts upon him in the middle, apparently, of some lonely wild solitude. For days may his yacht have been ploughing the green waves without sighting ship; for days may untenanted creek after creek have opened itself—showing nothing of life but a solitary wild swan; for days may he have been dreaming of his being from all the world apart, when suddenly confused sounds reach his ears. Upon his lee-bow lies a Highland loch, which his vessel is rapidly nearing. Gradually the near shores recede, and gradually the far-shore advances; object after object is disclosed, until the whole reality of a Highland herring-station is revealed. First lies at anchor, at the entrance of the loch, the small but spotlessly clean revenue tender, with her bright copper and her black wooden sides, boldly contrasting with the blue water—her long masts and spars, her solitary gun, and the red streaming pennant of her authority fluttering from the truck. Farther in-shore lie some half-dozen sailing vessels, smacks, sloops, schooners, and brigs; some, by means of their boats, discharging cargoes of salt; some sending barrel-staves ashore by the thousand; some disgorging provisions; some curing and barrelling herrings—and all making the utmost endeavour to get away with the produce of the fishery to the great markets of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, or Dublin. Next, at anchor, hauled upon the shore, or, if the tide be out, aground in long files, lie not one, two, or three hundred, but ten, twelve, or perhaps fourteen hundred herring-boats of one description and another. If the visitor lights upon the scene in the morning, after a breezy night, it may well be called unique. Apparently in a mass of confusion, the whole fleet is winding their way shorewards, grinding the salt waves beneath their prows, their large barked sails filled with the brisk wind. If the tide be full, then the shore is covered by boats run aground upon it. The nets are got out, to be taken to the drying ground; and as fast as the shining fish can be shaken from the meshes—in which, in thousands, they are entangled—they are carried away by the assistants of the curers; some of the boats being hired by the season, but the majority disposing of their cargoes at a fluctuating rate per cran. Then comes the labour of the purchaser. If a steamer makes a call at the station, boxes of fresh herring are piled upon her decks in hundreds. If no steamer calls, then are the fish assorted in layers in the barrels, in a manner so compact, as to be matter of mystery to the uninitiated how they can be so crammed—over every layer salt, to preserve from taint, being cast in a liberal manner. When the barrel is full, then comes the hammering of the cooper, who adjusts the lid, fits additional hoops, and puts the finishing hand to the cask of salt herring. Now the ship's boats are in requisition, the waiting vessel is crammed full of heavy barrels, her sails are sheeted home to the yards, and the fish that swam at daybreak are by mid-day on their way, under human pilotage, to feed the needy masses of the huge towns.

Paying no regard to the particular stages in the salt-herring-making process, but casting the glance of a chance passer on the whole scene, it cannot but be looked upon as a curious one. The loch in which this immense fleet has gathered may be a small and winding one; high hills, or rather rugged mountains, bound it on all sides, excepting the narrow entrance seaward. The hills are covered with the purple bloom of the flowering heather, the green saw-like leaves of the fern, and here and there patches of dwarfish wood. A short and dangerous road may show its crooked line winding among knolls, and a little down may pour its distinctive waters down the broken rocks, dividing part a lonely hamlet-place, with its few and rude habitations overgrown and shadowed by lichen, and its white and red blossoms of wild roses—part the cairn, innumerable of some dating as thickly dead of the olden time—part the houses of the living, removed but a step from the houses of the dead, as life is itself but a step distant from death. And these houses of the living—what are they? Hovels in which he to whom rent for them is paid would shudder to lodge his dog. From them come many stunted, gray-visaged, mop-headed little rogues of lads, and little smiling, healthy-cheeked girls, followed by a dog or two, and a legion of hens, with a few red-combed cocks. The superiors of the dwelling—the owners of the children, the dogs, and the hens—are not there; they, too, have deserted the kail-patch, and the hedgeless field or two, showing a scanty herlet of corn, for the more profitable employment of the hour. On the shore of the bench has a line of poles been erected, with supports here and there, forming something resembling the rude frame of a tent; and here come the crews of the herring boats, with rolls of nets piled upon handbarrows, to be extended over these poles, and dried to prevent rotting. The silence is broken by blows, not given in anger, but in the legitimate pursuit of money. Under the roof of an old baronial castle that still stands by the margin of the waters, a colony of mad industrious mopers have established themselves. Alack the use that palaces may come to! The roof-tree that was rang with the whisperings of ladies fair, now bears the jests of rough-bearded, hard-working men; where sounded the harp of the minstrel and the voice of the horn, now sounds the unmusical blows of the mallet; and against the walls, where hung old portraits of illustrious men in armour, and deadly implements of war, now hang bundles of hoop-wood, and the less deadly, though as effective in their way, steel implements of noisy industry. In the courtyard, and on the green sward by the walls, tents are pitched. Again, alack! they are not those of knight and squire, hoping at bugle sound to pummel each other well for glory and the sake of bright eyes—these cotton tents are the sleeping apartments of a host of fish-curers. The glory is indeed departed! We have come to the age of iron—the reign of utilitarianism. Ashore and afloat there is but one scene of industry. The value of many thousands of gold ounces is there; while smiling above all is the bright sun of heaven, approving, as it were by its brightness, the labours of the sons of men. Shut your eyes, visitor: the scene has again changed. Summer and the shoal are away. Winter is here. The hills are bleak, and the stream red with rain and white with chaffing—the shores are sullen and storm-lashed—the old castle robed in mist—the loch without a floating thing, save the old wild swan and the mussel-covered mast of some castaway ship. The shore and the sea have returned to their pristine solitude.

ITALIAN WOMEN *versus* TIGHT-LACING.

It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, *per seculo*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.—*Letters from Italy.*

STATION.

Station cannot confer honour on any person, unless his character reflect honour on the station.

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HISTORY OF A NATIONAL MISTAKE.

Nations, like individuals, are subject to paroxysms of passion and delusion, in which all judgment is lost sight of. We accordingly find that nearly the whole mass of a people may view a particular measure with reprobation, expecting from it little short of national ruin, and yet the event will show that the small minority of disregarded voices was in the right. It is instructive to keep this in view, and instances which prove it are valuable.

The union of England and Scotland is such a case. Regarded at the time in the latter country with horror and indignation—for fifty years after, so unpopular as to be the leading cause of sanguinary insurrections—this measure has, nevertheless, turned out in the highest degree beneficial to both states; and it would now be impossible in Scotland to find a single voice against it. The public opinion of 1707 is therefore entirely a mistake: speeches, pamphlets, poems, votes, rebellions, prove to have been wholly in the wrong. How strange—a whole people judging erroneously for half a century, and doing wild deeds under the influence of the error! Two generations pass away in a delusion, out of which only a third awakes! Let us make a hasty review of these singular circumstances.

The incorporation of Scotland with England was effected by the Whig party, for the immediate purpose of securing the Hanover succession. 'It was thought highly dangerous,' says Swift, 'to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor, fierce, northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king;'* the different king particularly dreaded at this time being the Romish son of James II. In reality, Scotland had made herself somewhat formidable to her neighbour; for, stung by ill usage, she had determined, by an act of her own parliament, not to accept the same sovereign with England, unless certain equalities were ceded to her. England, again, had resented this by an act of her own, declaring that the Scots should be held by them as aliens, unless they agreed to the Hanover succession within a year. It was in the midst of the mutual wrath thus expressed, while actually arming against each other—indeed, to save impending war—that the union was entered upon. It was carried through—there is no need to mince the matter—by means of corruption, amidst the tears and groans of an enraged people. Tumults marked every stage of the measure. Mobs filled the streets of Edinburgh with outcries against it. The royal commissioner was pelted. Private threats of assassination were sent to him.† Riots took place in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dumfries. Armed risings were concerted. In short, there was everything short of an entire insurrection of the people presented in opposition to this alliance. A woman forced into marriage with her hands and feet bound, and a pistol held to her head, would have been a type of the affair.

The Jacobite party had an obvious interest in withstanding the union, as it was designed for the better excluding of their idol, the Chevalier. But parties of an entirely different kind were equally opposed to the measure. The feeling was indeed a national one; though, when we have done our best to analyse it, we can see little besides certain whims respecting the independence of Scotland, the possession of a distinct capital and parliament, and so forth. There was no thought about better or worse government, but a great deal about the preservation of the ancient regalia of the country. Few considered whether their industry would have freer play and better rewards under the new system; but all felt it as a dreadful thing to put an end to the ideal individuality of a thousand years, though it had only been productive of incessant wars. In fact, the opposition to the union was mainly of a childish nature—somewhat like the feelings which animate the Young England party amongst us. It was a thing most appropriately to be expressed in poetry, which was the form that much of it actually took. Yet these feelings were enough to give the Parliament House the appearance of a Polish diet—the discussion resembling less the strife of tongues than the clash of swords. Nor did the spirit of that period subside for many a day.

Not one public demonstration of satisfaction followed in Scotland. On the contrary, there was a general celebration of the Pretender's birthday instead of the Queen's. It had been agreed that a large sum should be sent to Scotland, to be devoted to certain public purposes, by way of an equivalent for the increase of taxation which the country was to submit to. The stipulated time having passed, a number of gentlemen came to the cross of Edinburgh, and took occasion from this circumstance to protest against the conclusiveness of the treaty.* When the equivalent did come, the people pelted the guard, and even the horses which drew it. It was held as the price of the national honour. Unfortunately, the English government did anything but soothe the offended feelings of the Scotch. It almost appeared, from their acts during the next few years, as if they considered Scotland in the light of a purchased slave, whom they were entitled to use or abuse as they pleased. The consequence was, that the antipathy to the union became even a more decided feeling than it had been before, and several of those who formerly supported it were now joined to its

* Public Spirit of the Whigs.

† Defoe's History of the Union, p. 366.

* Defoe's History of the Union, p. 587.

enemies. The year after it had passed saw nearly the whole of Scotland ready to receive the Pretender with open arms; even the more extreme Presbyterians joined in this feeling. 'God might convert him,' they said, 'or he may have Protestant children; but the union can never be good.' This crisis passed over; but the national feeling remained unaltered. So high did it run in 1713, that a determined effort was then made to procure an abolition of the treaty. The leader in the movement was a most appropriate person, the very Earl of Seafield who, as chancellor of Scotland, had been conspicuous in carrying through the measure, and who said, as he directed the regalia to be taken away at the last adjournment, 'There's the end of an auld sang;' which, by the way, Sir Walter Scott interprets into a piece of brutal levity, though it might equally imply a mournful feeling on the earl's part at the termination of a political system which he regarded with a lingering affection. It was this earl's pleasure, six years after the union, to move its dissolution in the House of Lords, alleging as reasons certain practical grievances to which Scotland had been subjected in consequence of the treaty. The Duke of Argyle, who, as commissioner to the Scottish parliament of 1705, had superintended the first steps towards the union, supported this motion, and touched on its more real cause in speaking of the insolence with which the Scottish people and their representatives were treated by the English. If the Earls of Marr and Loudon had remained true to their friends, this motion must have been carried, whatever might be its subsequent fate in the lower house. As it was, it was lost by a majority of *only four votes*. So near were we to forfeiting the benefits since derived from the union at that crisis.

The Hanover dynasty commenced next year, and the next again saw a rebellion break out in Scotland in behalf of the Stuarts, an event which many think would have never taken place but for the union. 'No Union!' was the conspicuous inscription on the insurgents' banner. James told the people 'he came to relieve his subjects of Scotland from the hardships they groaned under from the *late unhappy union*, and to restore the kingdom to its *ancient free and happy state*.' These words would not have been used, if they had not been expected to find an echo in many bosoms. The government put down the rebellion, and punished it; but the popular feeling remained the same. Swords made about this period are found inscribed with 'Prosperity to Scotland, and *no union!*' Allan Ramsay employed his verse to bewail the desolation brought upon Edinburgh by the departure of the native parliament—a point we believe to have been the theme of much exaggeration. Years rolled on, and brought the rebellion of 1745, which was also largely owing to the detested union. The Stuart manifesto on this occasion said, 'We see a nation always famous for its valour, and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, *reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of a union with a more powerful neighbour*. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on, and levied with severity, in spite of all the representations that could be made to the contrary; and thus have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures.'

It was now nearly forty years since the abhorred alliance had been effected, yet the disgust of Scotland had experienced hardly any abatement. Of the strength of the feeling, we have a remarkable illustration in Mr Home's History of the Rebellion. He tells us that, as Prince Charles was entering Holyrood palace, a respectable-looking old gentleman stepped out from the crowd, drew his sword, and marshalled Charles Edward along the piazza, and so up stairs into his apartments. It was Mr Hepburn of Keith, a perfect model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour, whose only reason for joining this rising against the government was the burning sense he had of the wrongs and degradation inflicted upon his country by the union!

This rebellion was also quelled: we know from the poet how hapless Caledonia mourned her 'banished peace and laurels torn.' It certainly was not likely that the terrors inflicted on Culloden heath, at Carlisle, and on Towerhill, should dissolve the objections of Scotland to the treaty of 1707. Neither had any such substantial benefits yet accrued from the incorporation with England, to serve in reconciling the malcontent Scots. The fact is, *the very hatred of the union tended to justify itself, by forbidding the natural benefits of the measure to be realised*. Into so fiercely-disposed a country as Scotland then was, English capital could not come. Absorbed in a sense of her wrongs, she was little disposed to turn her thoughts either to agriculture or commerce. Partly from anger at her wrathful attitude, partly from the selfish and unenlightened policy common to commercial men in that age, the English did all they could to repress her trading energies. Even the course which the Scots were under to make good their convictions as to national wrong and ruin, would help to check all advantage from their new situation. They might have exclaimed, as in the well-known exemplification of their national grammar, 'I *will* fall, and noboly shal help me.' Mr Malcolm Laing, a very acute writer, admits that the nation was 'certainly far less progressive for half a century than if no union had ever been contracted'*—a result which we only can attribute to an actual bad effect from the union itself in indisposing the two nations, or one or other of them, from seeking to realise its proper advantages. The present writer was once intrusted with the temporary possession of a document which he regrets he did not copy, as it would have strongly illustrated the jealousy which divided Scot and Englishman so lately as the middle of the last century. It was a regularly-formed bond, drawn up and largely subscribed by the tradesmen of Edinburgh, agreeing, for sundry good and sufficient reasons, to abstain from transacting business in the smallest extent with the men called *English Riders;* that is, commercial travellers from England! Such were the feelings of our country nearly fifty years after its junction with England had been effected. We may here recall a story of Walter Scott as to his grandfather hearing an old Scotch clergyman confess 'he never could bring his sermon, upon whatever subject, to a conclusion, without having what he called a *blaud*, that is, a slap, at the union.'†

This national mistake of fifty years—this faith, in which a whole generation had gone down to death, not without its martyrs of sword and gallows—this delusion which had for so long worked to its own realisation—was at last dispelled. Men gradually ceased to distress themselves so much about national honour and independence, and began to think more about the ordinary economics of life. The spirit of resistance to the British government was broken by the sad consequences of the last rebellion. A milder and juster aspect being assumed by the government itself towards Scotland, the people at length became better affected to it. Then there really were natural powers and capabilities in our country and its inhabitants which it only required fair circumstances to educe. A change becomes visible about the time when George III. ascended the throne. With a new monarch seemed to come oblivion for past grievances, and new hopes for the future. This, accordingly, is the era of that course of improvement which Scotland has steadily pursued ever since, and which is in itself so remarkable. The native historians, as we have already had occasion to remark, usually close their narratives at 1707, saying that henceforth the country has no separate history. There certainly could not be a greater mistake. It might more justly be said that the only portion of Scottish history possessing any interest or

* History of Scotland, ii. 404.

† Tales of a Grandfather, edition 1840, ii. 122.

other grounds than those of curiosity, is what commences about 1750; the history of it is no less than this—the transition of a nation under law and liberty from poverty and semi-barbarism into comparative affluence and refinement. It is extremely interesting to watch the rising symptoms of improvement; the linen manufacture advancing from L.445,321 in 1753, to L.634,411 in 1770—the colonial trade rising to importance at Glasgow—two note-issuing banks commenced there in 1750, one at Dumfries in 1766—Leith getting up whaling companies—the business of sea-insurance commenced in 1749—an academy erected for mathematics, natural history, drawing, &c. at Perth—the New Town of Edinburgh commenced—a society for the encouragement of arts and sciences set on foot in the '55, and soon after distributing a hundred and twenty premiums—the Forth and Clyde Canal commenced (1768)—about this time nineteen hundred head of Scotch black cattle counted passing Berwick bridge in one day—a penny-post set up in Edinburgh (1773).* One circumstance is especially worthy of notice, as it marks a decline of national prejudice in the higher circles: the establishment of a select society in Edinburgh (1761) to cultivate English pronunciation, and to introduce English teachers into Scotland. The Blairs and Robertsons were at the head of it. These men had already studied themselves into a pure English style of composition; and Hume, Robertson, and Smith had distinguished themselves by writings such as there could have been no reason to anticipate at the time of the union. Meanwhile, under Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Kames, and some other enlightened persons, the first movements had been made towards that improved tillage which has since given Scotland such *eclat* in the eyes of all Europe. Manners, too, were softening. The bitter polemical spirit of the preceding century was sinking into nooks and corners; and political divisions had lost all their former acrimony.

To come down to the present time, and contrast the Scotland of our day with that of 1707, gives such an idea of change for the better, as it is hardly possible to believe real. It is nothing to say that the population has advanced from one to two and a half millions, for we know that the numbers may increase, 'and not the joy.' But in this time the wealth, and all that the comfort of a people depends upon, have increased in a much higher proportion. Take the circulating medium as a criterion. The native coin called in at the union was under a million, and there was no other money worth speaking of: now, of native bank-issues alone there are upwards of three millions. Or look to the taxes. Of these the government drew, after the union, a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which was looked upon as atrociously oppressive: now it takes from us five millions without a murmur. The increase of revenue from English taxation in the interval (speaking roughly) has been as from 1 to 8: that from Scottish taxation has been as from 1 to 30! The Scottish customs were, in 1707, farmed at thirty thousand pounds: now the single port of Leith produces six hundred thousand! Of the total value of real property in 1707 we have no estimate; but it is sufficiently instructive to learn, from one of Mr Charles Maclaren's intelligent abstracts of public papers in the *Scotsman*, that real property increased between 1815 and 1843 to the extent of *fifty-one millions*, or at the rate of about L.1,820,000 per annum. There was at the first period but one banking-office, that of the Bank of Scotland, in Edinburgh: branches had been tried unsuccessfully in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Now there are between three and four hundred banking-offices throughout the country, scarcely a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants being without one. In the same period, Edinburgh has advanced from a small, huddled, though picturesque town, to a city of unexampled beauty, and Glasgow from twelve thousand to three hundred thousand inhabitants. In short, if any one desired to see an example of what one people may be in two different sets of circumstances—first under unfavourable, and secondly under favourable circumstances—he has only to visit Scotland, and compare 1707 with 1846. The general felicity of its position for many years has been shown in the contentedness of its people, and the little trouble they give to the central government. It is seldom there are more than a thousand military in Scotland; sometimes not so many. It has, within the last twenty years, seen its Board of Excise withdrawn to London, and several other public establishments centralised in like manner, without any grumbling. Men do not seem to feel as if their interests depended in any appreciable degree on a few particular incomes being spent amongst them. Such events hardly excite a remark in the public journals.

A question may remain, as to how far all this is owing to the act of 1707. Assuredly it would be wrong to ascribe the whole to this cause. Scotland was fortunate at the revolution in having the religion of the majority of the people made the religion of the state. She was fortunate in her laws, and many of the arrangements for their administration, particularly the provincial courts under sheriffs and their substitutes—men equivalent to a stipendiary magistracy, but with a happy connexion with the supreme courts of law. The provisions for the education of the people have also been of a superior character to those existing contemporaneously in most other countries. To all these causes much of the blessings we now enjoy may no doubt be ascribed. Yet when every deduction has been made, a vast proportion of the beneficial change of the last hundred years is to be ascribed negatively and positively to the union. In consequence of that act, the energies of the Scotch in manufactures and commerce were admitted to equal rewards with the English; a free passage was at the same time opened to the admission of a superior civilisation into these northern regions; all causes for dispute and contention on political subjects were taken away, and a unity of feeling on these points substituted. England may be said to have benefited Scotland in the way in which all nations ought to benefit each other; namely, by being friends instead of enemies to each other, by sharing instead of appropriating advantages; and, with the natural results of this policy, in a reflective benefit to itself. It is only a larger following out of the maxim to do to others as we would have them to do to us. The very idea of bewailing the absence of the usual marks of individuality as a nation seems now to be extinguished in the Scottish mind. We look with interest on Holyrood palace and the regalia as memorials of the past; we feel a romantic glow over the graceful pages of Mr Tytler; but these are holiday feelings. Rationality sanctions what our living eyes behold, and in this we rest satisfied. In our case, at least, centralisation has had none of its dreaded bad effects. It has rather done good, in removing from us those courtly influences which tend so much corruptionward. Perhaps, if there were a committee of parliament seated in Edinburgh for private bill business, it would be an improvement; but beyond this, certainly nothing is needed to complete the happy administration of public affairs amongst us. How strange to reflect that, a hundred years ago, men were frantically execrating and even drawing their swords against what has produced such remarkable benefits! How humiliating to human judgment that such blessings should have flowed from what was then looked on as a bane! What would the clergyman who never preached without a hit at the detested union think if he were now to awake from the grave and see the bonny leas and braes of Scotland bearing such crops of grain, Edinburgh a city of palaces, the very remotest Highlands penetrated by good roads, every firth and sea whitened with the broad sails of commerce, and the whole land occupied by a free, industrious, and contented people?

There is surely a lesson of general utility to be de-

* Scots Magazine, *passim*.

rived from this review of a great national misjudgment? Does it not show that a beneficial measure may be for an age neutralised by the very erroneous way in which it is judged of, and yet realised after all? Does it not demand that passionate national judgments of all kinds should give way to sober and rational considerations? And does it not give to the most hapless nations a hope that, through wise laws, and the fruits of well-directed energy, the greatest blessings may be attained?

REMINISCENCES OF A WEST INDIA VOYAGE.

A West India voyage, in a fine vessel, commanded by a skilful and amiable man, aided by good officers and a smart, well-conducted crew, is delightful, especially when the passengers chime in together, promoting every means of rational enjoyment, and making light of the inconveniences and privations which it may be their lot to encounter.

Such were the circumstances under which, some years ago, I voyaged to the island of Barbadoes. We had a fine run from the Land's End to Madeira; and in three days after taking our departure from Funchal Bay we got into the trade-winds. Impelled by a constantly favourable breeze over a sea whose waves were only sufficiently agitated to give a refreshing animation to the scene, the noble vessel pursued her course. Every stitch of canvas was set; and for three weeks there was scarcely any alteration made beyond running in the light studding-sails at night. Flocks of the flying-fish were continually rising from the crests of the waves, pursued by the cunning dolphin. After fluttering for a few moments some feet above the surface of the water, their long, transparent, finny wings and silvery backs glittering in the sun, they would plunge again into their natural element; and the dolphin was at fault. During the night, a few of these beautiful fish would now and then fall on the ship's deck, having struck against the shrouds or bulwarks in their precipitate flight. One day we caught a dolphin. It is a handsome animal,* not much like those portraits which represent it with broad head and lips resting on the waters, spouting graceful streams from its nostrils, and a lively serpentine tail disporting gaily in the air. When first hauled on board, its colour was a brilliant green, spotted with black; the fin on the back was a beautiful blue with black spots, and when the creature was at its last gasp, the body changed to a bright gold colour.

The stealthy and ferocious shark frequently prowled about the rudder, which moved almost imperceptibly in the verdant and translucent water. For several days the black dorsal-fin of a shark had at intervals been observed emerging from the sea, close to the ship, and we resolved to catch him if possible. A bait, consisting of a piece of salt pork weighing about four pounds, was affixed to an iron barbed hook, rivetted to a strong chain about a yard in length; and this chain was attached to a long rope—or, in nautical parlance, a line—made fast to the stern taffrail. This done, the bait was thrown out astern. Every incident of this kind in a sea-voyage is fraught with the liveliest interest. We watched and watched, until we saw the tiger of the deep make a plunge at the bait; but he recoiled ere he reached it, and the black fin again sullenly arose from the creamy sea in the ship's wake.

One morning the shark seemed bolder than usual. Swimming round or a-head of him were a number of small black fish, which the sailors call pilot-fish, because the shark seems to steer his course under their guidance. Dashing at the bait, the hungry creature turned on his back, and opening his capacious jaw, snapped up the luscious morsel, and plunged with it into the deep. The ship was in a commotion—the hook had taken effect! More of the tightened and vibrating line was let out, so that the shark might partially exhaust itself by ineffectual efforts to get rid of his fatally-acquired prey; and then he was hauled upwards, writhing, and plunging, and struggling to escape, but only fixing the hook more and more firmly into his jowl. How the sailors rejoiced at the capture! All seamen bear a mortal enmity towards sharks; many of the toughest yarns are spun on the forecastle about shipmates and others who had been bitten in half by them whilst bathing; of their hovering about vessels, watching for dead bodies when thrown overboard; and of the diseases which they superstitiously imagine are sure to break out in a ship in whose track the sharks are seen for several days.

At length the detested enemy was hauled alongside, and up the vessel's side; not without difficulty, however, for he hung down with all his weight, and shook his big head from side to side, like a half-strangled bull-dog. But the iron fangs of the barbed hook remained fast in his gullet, and he was quickly brought in and flung on deck, where he was awaited by several sailors armed with hatchets and handspikes; for it was well known that Jack Shark, as they called him, would not die without a desperate struggle.

The men formed a respectful, but not an inactive circle around the shark; they manœuvred to get a cut or a blow at the desperate enemy with hatchet or handspike, and at the same time dodged, in order to escape a blow from his tail, reputed to be sufficiently strong to fracture a limb. At length one of the hatchet-men slashed the fish close to the shoulder; but the formidable tail still thundered on the deck. 'Stand clear!' cried a stalwart seaman, at the same time brandishing a handspike. With this weapon he dealt a stunning blow upon the head of the—I could almost say gallant—fish, which turned upon his back, helpless, and in the agony of death. Until it was well ascertained that life was extinct, no one durst approach within reach of the tail; for it is a tradition among seamen that many a leg has been broken by a sudden and last stroke, when it was supposed that the animal was dead. Jack Shark was about four feet in length. Two little sucking-fish (*Remora*) clung to him until the last, and died with him. The sailors made short work of cutting up the fish into large slices, which served them for a fresh mess for several days. The prime pieces were voluntarily set apart for the cabin table; but, by general consent, a dish of such fresh fish was gratefully declined.

I remember that, on the day after the shark hunt, we had, amongst other things, a couple of roasted fowls for dinner. Although we had really a good table daily, sauce was not one of the ordinary accompaniments, so that the appearance of a sauce-tureen created rather a sensation amongst the party. I ought to mention that our excellent captain's sense of smell was very defective. When the lid of the tureen was taken off, a strong fishy odour assailed our olfactory organs.

'Permit me to give you a little sauce with your fowl, Mr A——,' said the captain, taking some up with the ladle.

'Not any, not any, I thank you,' was the hasty reply.

* We substitute this word for fish, which is the one employed by our contributor. The latter term is no doubt sanctioned by popular use, as it is also in the case of the whale; but in this place it might mislead those who are not aware that the dolphin is, in reality, a mammiferous, air-breathing animal, although living in the sea. The misapprehension as to the natural character of the dolphin has, by the way, led to a mistake on the part of the Roman Catholic church, by whom the flesh of the animal is allowed to be eaten on fast-days and in Lent, as being supposed to be fish. So also our continental neighbours used to be allowed the use of barnacle geese on these occasions, it being a common belief in the middle ages that these birds were only transformed shell-fish!—Ed.

The captain, after having helped another of the party to a wing from the plumpest of the two fowls, was in the act of ladling out some of the sauce, which had now filled the cabin with its odour, when the alarmed guest, lifting up both his hands in a deprecatory manner, cried out, 'No, captain—no fish-sauce! Thank you; no fish-sauce!'

This was too much. We all burst into loud laughter. The captain opened wide his eyes with apparent wonder, whilst his honest features bore the stamp of something like displeasure; but the next minute he joined in the cachinnation most heartily. The gentleman for whom the wing was intended held his plate as far off as possible, and the captain, having approached his investigatory nasal organ more closely to the tureen, pushed it from him with the cry of 'Fish-sauce with a vengeance!' whilst 'No fish-sauce, I thank you!' was re-echoed as rapidly as our increasing laughter would permit. As for me, I was almost convulsed. I never had such a pain in my sides from their being shaken with laughter, and I have had many a pain of that sort, as on that memorable occasion.

'No fish!' I cried. I could not get so far as the sauce. 'No fish——'

The steward and the cabin-boy were leaning against the open door, writhing with stifled laughter; and one of the passengers, who sat on the locker opposite the door, threw himself back in a sort of ecstacy, and pointing to them, exclaimed, 'Look there! No fish-sauce!'

This apostrophe in some measure restored the captain's gravity. 'Steward,' he said in almost his usual tone, 'send for the cook.' The steward vanished. Presently the cook appeared, red-hot from the smoky cabouse, and with his greasy party-coloured woollen cap in his hand. In humble attitude he drew up, like a culprit, close to the door; but the arch cabin-boy gave him a poke in the short ribs as he stood grinning behind, and the poor cook made a forced plunge into the cabin, his head pitching exactly in the direction of the mysterious tureen.

'Cook,' said the captain, 'what is this sauce made of? The passengers all decline partaking of it.'

We were at this moment in various stages of recovery, and anxious for explanation. The cook turned his unctuous cap several times in his hands, scratched his poll just behind one ear, and at last said, with faltering voice, 'It's made of different things, sir: flour—and water, sir; and spice—pepper—salt—and——'

'Well, but what gives it this dark-brown colour?'

'Ah! the brown colour—the brown!' we all cried; 'the rich brown—what's *that?*' And we relapsed into laughter, though it was not so violent as before. The captain in vain tried to keep his countenance; the cook looked very queer, and at last he caught the infection.

'The—the—brown, sir, is—is from the shark's liver—chopped up—and left to simmer, till melted: that makes the sauce so brown and so rich, sir.'

'Take it away—take it away,' cried the captain.

The cook grasped the tureen, and made his escape, saluted by renewed peals, and cries of 'Rich! rich indeed! Shark's liver! why, it's train-oil!'

'We'll try a sauce of my own preparing,' said our excellent captain, who enjoyed the scene as heartily as we did; 'not fish-sauce, I'll warrant. Steward, bring a bottle of that old West India Madeira directly: you know which. I believe there are only a dozen bottles left. It has made three voyages to the West Indies, gentlemen.'

No sooner said than done.

'Gentlemen, a glass of Madeira-sauce all round, if you please!'

We hobbed and nobbed, and kept our countenances until we had quaffed the delicious wine, and then finished our dinner, which was seasoned by that best of all sauces, a good appetite, with the additional choice condiments of good-humour and good-fellowship.

But the grand event of the voyage was crossing the tropical line. This is, or was at the time I am speaking of, the sailors' holiday—the romance of the deep; and it is looked forward to with anxiety by all on board. Great preparations are secretly made by the men for weeks previously for celebrating the festival, and it is an understood thing that the crew are to be allowed to manage everything in their own way. It is very pleasant to see those who, with rare exceptions, faithfully and courageously perform the arduous duties of seamen, enjoying such occasional relaxation of discipline as can consistently be granted. One such day as I am about to describe is, perhaps, sufficient in one voyage; but there are other recreations which they might more frequently enjoy, and which would both cheer them and improve their moral condition.

But to my story. Through the first or second mate, or some other officer, the crew managed to ascertain that, on the following day, the ship would be in north latitude 23½ degrees, which is the line of the tropic of Cancer, and the limit of the sun's northern deviation from the equator; and accordingly, shortly after twelve at noon, when the captain and officers had taken their solar observation, and the latitude of 23 degrees 30 minutes north, proving that the vessel had just crossed the tropical line, had been declared, a hoarse voice was heard hailing the ship. 'Ship a-hoy!' roared the voice in rather an imperative manner. The captain, who was on the quarter-deck with his speaking-trumpet under his arm, seemed surprised, took his telescope and looked out in all directions, apparently extending his investigation to the very verge of the horizon; and no sail being in sight, he, with stentorian voice, increased to twenty-lung power by its passing through the speaking-trumpet, cried, 'Who hails the ship?' Upon this there appeared, as though emerging from the sea, and entering the vessel over the bows, a most singular figure, wearing a capacious wig made of oakum—in imitation of sea-weed—falling over his shoulders, and almost covering his face, which was bedaubed with red, yellow, and black paint. His brawny arms were bare, and also painted with oil-paint, as was his ample chest. Around his waist, and reaching below the knees, was a sort of kilt made of oakum. His bare legs were painted in divers colours, and in his right hand he held a three-pronged weapon called grains, used for striking and catching porpoises. This was a very good imitation of a trident. Slung across his shoulder by a piece of twine was a pouch formed of the upper leather and part of the sole of an old shoe, sticking out of which was a scroll of dirty writing-paper. This grotesque personage was intended to represent Neptune. He was followed by another figure, also bedaubed with paint, and somewhat similarly disguised, who was called his constable.* Striking the deck with his trident, Neptune demanded of the captain, with an air of royal authority, the name of the vessel, whence she came, and whither bound. To all which questions the captain replied with due formality. Then appeared four queer-looking attendants, with oil-painted faces, oakum wigs powdered with flour, and aiguilettes, in imitation of those worn by English footmen, but in this case made of roughly-plaited oakum; and Neptune having seated himself on a gun-carriage, from which the cannon had been removed, was drawn by his four sea-horses—who in a twinkling harnessed themselves with ropes—to the after-part of the ship, where the captain, mates, and passengers were standing. I ought to have said that Neptune's state-carriage was preceded by his constable bearing the British ensign, and waving it with indescribable grace.

* We feel somewhat surprised that no one has ever pointed out the resemblance of this sailors' holiday, in all its dresses, decorations, and proceedings, to the masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The era of the first distant voyages by English ships is that of the prevalence of masques. Hence it becomes the more likely that these rough frolics of our seamen are surviving debased examples of this particular class of entertainments, once the favourite pleasure of monarchs and their nobility.—Ed.

'How d'ye do, captain?' said Neptune.

'Very well, thank ye, Mr Neptune. How are you?'

'Why, so, so. Rather dull, captain. Very few of my children have voyaged this way lately. Besides, my wife Amphitrite scolded me last night for sitting up to keep watch for you; and I can't say that she is in a very good humour this morning.'

'I'm sorry for that,' said the captain.

'Oh, we shall soon make it up,' replied Neptune; and drawing forth from the shoe-pouch a wet and crumpled paper, he called the constable to him, and said, in a commanding style, handing him the paper at the same time, 'Read over the list of my children, Mr Constable.'

That important functionary then unfolded the wet paper, and putting on his nose what he called his spectacles—namely, two large round rings, formed of thick iron wire, and joined together with a piece of twine—he began to read with a gruff voice the names of such passengers and sailors as had not previously crossed the tropic of Cancer: this information had been carefully collected during the voyage. These were his children, and, by usage from time immemorial, were liable to undergo the operation of being shaved, or to pay a fine.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune; 'now, if you please, begin your work.'

I had caused it to be made known that I should be most happy to pay the exemption-fee, in the shape of two or three bottles of rum, or the price thereof towards a can or more of grog for the crew. This was a matter well understood; still there was a certain ceremony to be gone through by the whole of Neptune's children. So, when my name was called by the constable, and gaily answered to by me, the said amphibious-looking officer politely handed me towards the centre of the vessel—a-mid-ships, in nautical language—where the boats are secured during a voyage. The largest of them—that is, the launch—was more than half filled with sea-water, and on one of the seats there was a small barrel, placed on end. By the side of the launch was a ladder, up which I was courteously, yet firmly, invited to step; and when I got to the boat's edge, I was told to seat myself on the round top of the little barrel. Neptune, the constable, and the barber—the latter bare-armed, oakum-wigged, and wearing an apron made of a piece of old tarpaulin—followed. Neptune, trident in hand, and his constable, stood each on a seat of the boat, the constable of course behind his sovereign; and the barber (the identical cook who made the shark's-liver sauce) placed himself on that immediately in front of me, having in his right hand a piece of rusty iron hoop, more than a foot in length, and jagged at one edge like a saw. By his side was a bucket, filled with a composition, as I afterwards found, of tar, grease, and rubbish, and a large painter's brush sticking in it. At first I did not much like these preparations; however, I put the best face on the matter, feeling assured that no mischief was intended; for I had reason to think that I was rather a favourite with the crew.

'Now, Mr Barber,' said Neptune, 'lather Mr —— with some of the best scented soap, and mind you shave him tenderly.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the barber; and seizing a little earthen pot which stood on the top of the adhesive contents of the bucket, he scooped out of it, with his forefinger, some whitish greasy stuff; it was, in fact, what the sailors call slush, being the skimming of the caldron in which the fat pork was boiled for the men's dinners. This was *the best scented soap;* and the barber dabbed it on each side of my upper lip, and then, with the back part of the iron-hoop—not the saw-like side—he gently scraped it off, saying, 'That will do, sir; I hope I have shaved your honour to your satisfaction.'

'Perfectly so,' said I; 'and I am very much obliged to you.'

Neptune and the constable then kissed me, as one of the sea-god's children; and I made the best of my way to the deck, and to the after-part of the ship. The other passengers went through a similar ceremony; but when it came to the turn of those of the crew who had not before crossed the tropical line, the case was very different. No sooner was the 'child' seated on the little tottering cask, than a portion of the contents of the bucket was scrubbed into his face by the barber with the bristly painting-brush, and then scraped off with the serrated side of the rusty iron hoop. It fetched blood; and whilst smarting under the effect of this rough operation, the barrel was slily knocked from under the 'child,' who fell sprawling into the water, in which, in spite of his struggles, he was kept down for a time by the constable and barber; and when, having escaped from their clutches, he was stepping down the ladder, a briny deluge fell upon him from aloft, where some of the old hands were stationed with buckets filled with sea-water, which they emptied upon the devoted heads of the shaven and shorn novices.

All, however, was taken in good part; and in the evening the crew, having had their supper, and enjoyed their grog, danced reels and hornpipes on deck to the sound of a fife played by one of the men. Later in the evening, one of the sailors, a well-spoken man, came aft, and respectfully invited the passengers to visit them in their parlour, as he said. We readily accepted the invitation, and were duly introduced into the forecastle. Most of the ship's company were seated on chests and coils of rope, and after apologising for the modest accommodation they could afford us, they made seats for us in the most commodious places, and then presented us with some grog in tin cups. We took a little of it, after wishing health to those good-hearted seamen, to whose diligence, watchfulness, and courage we were in a great measure indebted for our safe passage over the fathomless ocean; they drank to our healths in return.

But where was Neptune? Alas! he was coiled up in a corner like a great hempen cable, his enormous oakum wig almost covering his whole shortened and twisted body. He had had too much exertion and too much grog in his regal capacity, and had first fallen down from being top-heavy, and afterwards had fallen asleep.

The next day, and for the remainder of the voyage, all went on again in the usual routine. The crew had enjoyed their holiday, and resumed their ordinary course of duties with cheerfulness and alacrity.

POPULAR LECTURING.

The rapid increase of population in this country, and its collection in large towns, which have been created by the sudden development of our manufacturing system, have given birth to many new social relations, and led to the establishment of various institutions, altogether peculiar to the present age. The inhabitants of our large manufacturing towns, whose education must embrace modern rather than ancient things, and be directed to the living languages rather than to the dead, are obliged, in many instances, to pass by our old colleges and schools, most of which possess little power of expansion or modification, and establish others more in harmony with modern wants. Accordingly, in these towns have been founded many societies for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, which, though wanting the permanence and stability derived from charters and endowments, are yet, to a certain extent, supplying popular wants, and have been very instrumental in diffusing information in places and among men whom it would not, perhaps, have otherwise reached.

In all these societies public lectures have been chosen as one of the means for diffusing knowledge. This mode of conveying instruction is nearly as old as instruction itself. All great truths have been made public in this

manner, and in all colleges the lecturing system has been adopted. Its efficiency is manifest from its age. But when it was adopted by recent institutions, its tendency was entirely changed. In colleges, where the audience consists of students who wish to become complete masters of the subject, the lectures are continued in succession over a long period of time, until knowledge of the particular branch of study has been exhausted; in popular institutions, where the audience in general wish to obtain nothing more than an outline of the subject, the lectures are few in number, and of a kind calculated to awaken further inquiry, and create the desire for more extended knowledge.

The information communicated in popular lectures must therefore be superficial; it is impossible that it can be profound. The knowledge acquired by the study and research of six years cannot be conveyed, even by the cleverest and least discursive man, in six lectures; and it would be unreasonable to suppose that a member of a popular institution, who had attended its lectures regularly for a few years, will have acquired a competent knowledge of the circle of the sciences. Such results are not expected; but by the popular lecturing system, as it has hitherto been pursued, much miscellaneous information has been diffused among the ignorant; and its beneficial effects are to be estimated not so much by the knowledge actually imparted, as by the efforts to which that knowledge has given rise. There are cases, well known in many institutions, where young men have acquired distinction by following up in private the information obtained in the lecture-room.

The nature of the public institutions in which lectures are delivered, renders it necessary that the lectures on each subject should be few in number, and the variety of the subjects great. With the public of the present day, 'brevity' is not only 'the soul of wit,' but apparently the soul of every other thing. 'Long-winded' discourses are no longer fashionable; the public will listen only to those that are brief. Long courses of lectures are never well attended; people who have not a direct interest in the subject soon tire of the same theme, and therefore the extent of each course is very limited. Popular lecturing must, in a great measure, be adapted to popular taste, and without entirely yielding to its influence, endeavour to give it a better direction. It is interesting to observe the manner in which these institutions adapt themselves to the public mind. A few cases may be cited from large English towns. Sixty-seven lectures were delivered at the Manchester Athenæum during the year 1844 on eighteen different subjects; twenty-seven at the Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society of Leeds on six different subjects; eighteen at the Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge on thirteen different subjects; and during the year 1845, eighty-seven lectures on twenty-one different subjects were delivered in the Mechanics' Institution of Liverpool. The information conveyed in these lectures must necessarily have been great, but diffuse, and unless a member chose to absent himself intentionally from some courses, the constant change from one subject to another must have interrupted, if it did not destroy, the trains of thought that the hearing of some of them would awaken. If all these lectures, however varied in subject, had a systematic bearing on each other, they would have a stronger educational influence; but neither the taste of the public, nor the arrangements of lecturers, render it possible for any institution to adopt such a plan. Indeed, considering that a regular supply of lectures must be made for each year, it is surprising to find such excellent lists in the reports of these institutions. The variety of the subjects may be illustrated by a few cases chosen at random. In Liverpool, courses succeeded each other on monastic institutions, the progress of the lyric drama, astronomy, and the men and times of the Commonwealth: in Manchester, the subjects presented in succession at the beginning of 1844 were optics, oratorical readings, natural history, civil history, Athens and Ancient Greece, painting, America, education, and readings from Shakspeare. At provincial institutions, it does not often happen that one course of lectures is commenced before another is finished; in London, however, this often occurs. For example, at the London Mechanics' Institution, in the autumn of last year, a lecture on comets was delivered between two on natural magic; the 'early history of steam power' was interrupted by a 'selection of old English melodies;' and four 'on the natural history of plants yielding food,' alternated with lectures on a 'new atmospheric power,' geology, and 'the popular songs of the present century.' This peculiarity in the London institutions is accounted for by the circumstance that the majority of professional lecturers live in London, and larger intervals may therefore, without inconvenience to them, elapse between the delivery of their several lectures. These lecture arrangements are quite in harmony with the intellectual demands of our age. All men do not wish, and do not require, to be profound students. People do not, and cannot know everything; but so long as the present state of public taste exists, so long will the public expect from popular lectures a little information about many things.

The popularity of lectures varies according to the subject. The experience of every institution shows that science is *least* and music *most* popular with general audiences. It is certainly matter of regret that the most useful lectures are not the most popular, yet it need not excite surprise. The life of nearly all classes in our manufacturing and commercial towns is so harassing and full of excitement, that it requires to be varied by some pleasing amusement, by some soothing influence, such as music possesses. Quiet men of thought love and appreciate scientific lectures, but bustling commercial men are more indifferent to them. A scientific lecture is a relief from private study, and so a musical concert is a relief from anxious business. Literary lectures rank next to musical in popularity. Poetical readings, if by a well-known man, are very attractive; and literary criticism, if it embraces much narrative, and introduces many illustrative anecdotes, is highly popular. Scientific lectures, with experiments, are tolerably well attended; but the experiments seem, with a large portion of the audience, to be the main attraction.

But the popularity of lectures depends nearly as much upon the lecturer as upon the subject. An inferior course from a man who has acquired a reputation, will perhaps be better attended than a superior course from a man who has yet a reputation to acquire. The public are, however, very acute judges of a popular lecturer, and a man of talent is certain to be quickly and properly appreciated. The Shakspearian readings of Charles Kemble are always better attended than any others. When Dr Lardner, in the height of his popularity, lectured on scientific subjects, his audiences were always large; and no lectures on the fine arts were better attended than those by the late lamented B. R. Haydon.

What has here been said applies generally to manufacturing towns: public taste in all is usually in the same direction. In other towns, where the population contains a greater proportion of the well-educated classes, there is a greater relish for lectures embodying more thought and research. With an educated audience, a lecturer does not require to resort to any of the small devices necessary to fix and keep attention.

The lecturers engaged at these institutions are a

numerous and varied class. They may be divided into the amateur and the professional. The former are found in all towns; the latter are chiefly resident in London. All the amateur lecturers are men of good education, who have had their minds directed to some particular study, or who have considerable leisure time, and devote a portion of it to promote popular education in this manner. They are usually connected with the institutions as members, or associated in their management, and embrace clergymen of all denominations, teachers, bankers, lawyers, physicians, and others. Several master-manufacturers, employing large numbers of work-people, have delivered lectures at these institutions; and members of parliament have likewise assisted popular education in this manner. In the lists of lectures delivered at the Wakefield Institution, the name of R. M. Milnes, Esq. M.P. appears; and 'the health of towns' was made the subject of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institution of Plymouth, by Viscount Ebrington, M.P. In Yorkshire, where there are many such institutions, the majority of the lectures delivered are gratuitous. Their subjects are in some cases peculiar, and worthy of notice. One gentleman delivered six lectures descriptive of his own travels through the East; at another institution, the well-known Dr Wolff delivered one lecture 'on his journey to Bokhara, Balkh, Affghanistan, and Kashmeer.' The following also appear among the subjects chosen:—'On Wakefield Old Church, from foundation-stone to spire top;' 'On the spirit of the student, and the combination of amusement with study in mechanics' institutions;' 'On the attainability of literature by the working-classes;' 'On the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge under difficulties;' and in one institution a lecture was delivered on the historical works contained in its library.

Professional lecturers have generally permanent engagements for a portion of the year at the many educational establishments in London, and usually devote their holidays to lecturing in provincial towns. It is only from such men that complete and correct popular scientific courses of lectures can be obtained. Each has selected a subject, or class of subjects, of which he makes it his business to obtain a thorough knowledge, and to acquire a ready and pleasing mode of conveying his knowledge to others. Many of those who lecture on scientific subjects possess very extensive suites of apparatus, which illustrate their subjects far more powerfully than words can possibly do. This apparatus is both delicate and expensive; and so anxious are they to make their lectures as perfect as possible, that they will often exhibit some important scientific instrument that may be the first and only one of the kind. Their lectures are always abreast with the progress of invention and discovery. Nay, before the electric telegraph had come into general use, its construction and mode of working had been explained by popular lecturers. They have made the population of the principal towns in England acquainted with the principle of atmospheric railways; and a description of Lord Rosse's telescope, and of the wonders it has revealed, has already been given to a large audience from a lecturer's platform. Every discovery becomes registered, not only in official records or printed publications, but also in the syllabus of the professional lecturer, and is by him explained to hundreds and thousands in a clearer and more satisfactory manner than is possible in written language.

Professional lecturing, like most other intellectual pursuits, is not very lucrative. We seldom hear of lecturers dying rich. Those resident in London receive generally from two to four guineas each lecture, and they are usually paid five guineas per lecture at provincial institutions. Their terms are, however, varied according to the nature of the subject, the number of lectures, and the simultaneous engagements which they may obtain in the same neighbourhood. The number of those entirely dependent on occasional engagements at institutions is very small, and the others are generally young men of talent and ability, who have yet to make their way in the world, and to whom popular lecturing serves the double purpose of obtaining money and of making for themselves a reputation.

GRISELDA.

Such power has the poet of giving to his ideal characters a living place in our hearts, that there are few who do not associate the name of Griselda with all that is meekly enduring and lovely in woman. The Italian scholar recalls the stories of Petrarch and Boccaccio; the student of our earlier English literature thinks of the clerk's legend in the immortal Canterbury Tales; and those who have been repelled by the obsolete phraseology of Chaucer from studying his works, may be familiar with modern paraphrases of them. Many of our readers must be acquainted with Mr Saunders's Tales from Chaucer, in Knight's Weekly Volume; and we have recently met with a modern version of the same story. A contrast between the two will not, we hope, be without interest.

As Chaucer's tale is generally known, we need only advert to its leading features. We are introduced to a young marquis living in Lombardy, in feudal state, among a people to whom his will was law. The only complaint they made was, that he remained unmarried; for they feared that his race would become extinct. He is moved by their urgent remonstrances; and whilst he declines their kind offer to select a wife for him, he promises to wed by a certain day, on condition that they would honour, without a murmur, whomsoever he might choose. To this they readily assent.

The marquis had seen, in hunting, a young maiden, within whose tender breast 'there was enclosed sad and ripe courage,' and who cherished her aged father, a poor shepherd, with all reverence and diligence. The day for the nuptials arrives; no bride seems forthcoming, and the faithful lieges are disappointed and alarmed; and yet the young lord rides in pomp, as one who was about to bring home his lady. He stops near the cottage of Grisilde, who was looking on the show. He addresses her.

> With sad countenance she kneeleth still,
> Till she had heard what was the lorde's will.

At his desire she calls her father, and, after a short conversation with him, he thus makes his offer:—

> 'Be ye ready, with good heart,
> To all my list [pleasure]; and that I frely may,
> As one best thinketh, do you laugh or smart,
> And never ye to grutchen [murmur], night nor day,
> And eke when I say Yea, ye say not Nay,
> Neither by word nor frowning countenance?
> Swear this, and here I swear our alliance.'

Few women in the present day, we apprehend, would choose to agree to such a demand. Grisilde, however, thinks it no more than is due to her feudal lord and master, vows assent, and, what is more, does it with the most perfect sincerity. The marquis makes her his bride: she is splendidly attired; and her grace and beauty, her dignity, wisdom, and goodness, which prove her to be fully equal to her new station, not only reconcile the people to the match their lord has made, but lead them to applaud his discretion. He soon shows, however, that he has no taste for a tranquil happiness, of which he is not worthy. He is seized by an inordinate longing to test her steadfastness to him. He goes to her, reminds her of her humble lineage, and pretends that the people, since the birth of her infant daughter, have murmured at her low origin, and that he is therefore resolved, with her consent, to make away with it. She meekly replies that she and the child are both his, to do according to his pleasure. He then sends a cruel servant to take it away, who adds a fresh wound to her feelings, by not even promising to bury the little body where neither beasts nor birds may tear it. By his lord's command he carries it secretly to his sister,

the Countess of Pavia. Grisilde never mentions the child, but seems to her husband

> As glad, as humble, as busy in service,
> And eke in love as she was wont to be.

Six years elapse, and there is a little son, two years old. The old hankering gnaws the marquis, and the former scene is repeated; but nothing can impair the ready submission of the dutiful wife.

> 'Not grieveth me at all,
> Though that my daughter and my son be slain
> At your commandèment; that is to sain,
> I have not had no part of children twain,
> But first sickness, and after wo and pain.
> Ye be my lord, doeth with your owen thing
> Right as you list; asketh no rede [advice] of me:
> For as I left at home all my clothing
> When I came first to you, right so,' quoth she,
> 'Left I my will and all my liberty,
> And took your clothing; wherefore I you pray,
> Do your pleasánce, I will your list obey.'

Five years more elapse. The marquis desires to see his children again, but he cannot resist the temptation of giving his wife's endurance a final trial. He now pretends that his people require him to wed a lady of rank, that he may have noble heirs, and that Grisilde must return to her home. To put her 'to the utterest proof of her courage,' he gives his sentence 'full boisterously, in open audience;' praising her good qualities, but mockingly desiring her to take with her, to her father's house, the dower she brought him. She answers with unruffled meekness, she never held herself lady or mistress, but humble servant to his worthiness. The mention of her dower reminds her of her wedding-day—

> 'Oh, goode God! how gentle and how kind
> Ye seemèd by your speech and your viságe
> The day that makèd was our marriage!
> But sooth is said, algate [always] I find it true—
> For in effect it provèd is on me—
> Love is not old, as when that it is new;
> But certes, Lord, for no adversity,
> To dien in this case, it shall not be
> That ever in word or work I shall repent
> That I you gave my heart in whole intent.'

And so, stripped to her smock, with tearless eye, whilst 'the folk her followen, weepen on their way,' she returns to her aged father, who curses the day of his birth. But she shows no repining after her high estate; because, in the midst of it, she had been 'discreet and prideless.'

The expected bride at length draws near; and, as a last trial, the marquis orders Grisilde to return to the castle, to superintend his servants in making ready for her successor. She still shows a perfect forgetfulness of self, and that it is her first desire to do everything to serve and please him. She receives the lady and her brother with the utmost grace, unabashed by her rude attire; and in answer to the question of the marquis, how she likes his bride, she praises her beauty, and wishes her prosperity: wisely adding—

> 'One thing beseech I you, and warn alsó,
> That ye ne pricke with no tormenting
> This tender maiden as ye have done mo [me];
> For she is fostered in her nourishing
> More tenderly, and to my súpposing
> She mighte not adversity endure
> As could a poore fostered creäture.'

When the 'sturdy marquis' perceived her cheerful patience, and contrasted his offences to her with her innocence and constancy, he took her in his arms, and kissed her—desiring her to be no more aghast, for he had tried her faith and benignity. She heard him not for wonder, but seemed like one starting out of sleep. Then he tells her that the fair lady and her brother are her own children, and she swoons 'for piteous joy,' and afterwards calls them to her; and all her motherly affection breaks forth unrestrained. She cares not now when she dies, since her lord hath saved her children dear, and she stands in his love and grace. And now sorrow and trial have passed, and all is rejoicing and delight.

Although the reader is carried away by the power of the poet, and the tale abounds in the most beautiful touches, we feel the necessity of his quaint and antique diction to recall us to times far different from our own. Grisilde's love is of a nature that we should not approve now. It is idolatry. She will see no fault in her lord, and indirectly encourages his selfishness and pride. We give unqualified admiration to her when she returns so meekly to her cottage; whilst we wonder that she could maintain such intense affection for one who was treating her with such wanton ignominy; for even had his people constrained him to dismiss her, he need not have sent her home in so woful a plight. But we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the calm manner in which she accedes to the murder of her children. What she should have said appears to be, 'If your vassals disapprove your choice, slay not your innocent child, but banish me with it; for I am the cause of their complaint.' We feel that she is a perfect wife, according to the ideal of the times; but that ideal is not ours. She is a loving slave, not the partner of his life. Moreover, it requires some philosophising to account for the caprice of the husband, which comes on at intervals of five or six years; and though the story has such a happy conclusion, we cannot resist the private foreboding, that another fit of this intermittent fever may seize on him again; and the hardness of heart which could reconcile him to such a prolonged absence from his children, and such a constant sense of his wife's loneliness, does not promise much for their future felicity.

We admire Chaucer's Grisilde as the creation of a chivalric age, and as the impersonation of what we deem a mistaken though beautiful and devoted loyalty. A modern German writer, Friedrich Halm, has written a drama, of which Griselda is the heroine, which appears to us true, not to a conventional idea, but to universal human nature.

In the first act we are conducted to the city of Caerleon, where the renowned King Arthur is holding a festival. Percival, the hero, is seen once more at court, after a three years' absence—

> A shaggy bear-skin o'er his shoulders thrown,
> With a rough doublet of the wild bull's hide—

and, in a conversation with his friend Tristan, we discover the proud overbearing character of 'the giant-slayer.' He loves best to dwell where he is lord and king. In a woman he looks not for wisdom, but 'profound submission to her husband's will.' He speaks of his wife as faithful and true; but

> 'Wore she even angel-pinions on her shoulders,
> A wife—a child—suffice not for this breast.'

He is restless and gloomy; he says—

> 'I'm weary of content; unmingled sweetness
> Has made me long for gall; my loathing mind,
> As the cloyed palate longs for pungent spices,
> Pines for some cross event to rouse its powers.'

The next scene introduces us to a splendid array of knights and ladies, among others to Arthur's queen, Genevra, who is described by her lover, Launcelot, as wrathful even in misery, false in her smiles, and deceptive in her tears. She is the temptress who is to instigate Percival to a trial which, self-willed as he was, he would not have imagined of his own accord. She sees our hero, and, struck with his uncourtly attire, longs to question him respecting his marriage. He approaches, heated with wine—

> His pulses lightly throb, and, winged for flight,
> His every secret hovers on his lips.

When asked whether the report concerning him were true, he replies—

> 'Yes, certainly!
> You think I am ashamed of it? No, never!
> Shall I deny my wife, my own Griselda?
> No lovelier woman ever graced the earth.
> Yet beauty is the smallest of her charms;
> For she is pious, modest as a violet,
> Meek as a lamb, and full of truth and kindness,

Simple and plain, yet quick and clear of thought.
I have seen many women—ne'er a better!
What matter if she be a collier's child,
Or have the blood of nobles in her veins?'

All are astonished, and rejoice in what they deem his humiliation; but resolve to conceal their contempt till they have satisfied their curiosity. He proceeds to give a history of his marriage. His people had importuned him to wed; but he remarks, apparently quite unconscious, or at least careless of the insult he was offering, that he had found the ladies at court

'Malicious, artful, and inexorable,
Self-willed and vain, yet void of faith and courage.'

He gives an extremely engaging picture of the maiden, and the circumstances in which he first found her; which is, however, too long to extract in full, and too beautiful to be curtailed. She promises obedience to him as to her lord, and his vassals receive her joyfully. When his tale is ended, offended pride bursts forth on the part of the ladies, which goads on Percival to insult the queen. A conflict between him and Launcelot is checked by the arrival of Arthur. Percival will not retract his words: she had scorned the mother of his child—

'And every sacred feeling of "his" breast
Poisoned, polluted with her empty wit;'

and he declares, on his oath, that his wife is

'Richer in all that can adorn the soul
Than e'er another woman boasts herself.'

After some further altercation, Genevra declares her readiness to kneel to the 'collier's child' if she can stand the test of her virtues which she will prescribe; but if she fail, Percival must kneel at the feet of the queen. 'Sooner,' says the haughty chieftain, 'the north pole shall the south pole kiss;' but, in full confidence as to the issue, he accepts the trial. Arthur remonstrates with him on his selfish acquiescence—

'To spare yourself one little drop of gall,
You give Griselda the o'erflowing cup.'

But he is determined—

'Her breast, indeed,
May bitter wo and sharpest sorrow pierce,
When she shall tread the thorny path of trial;
But for my sake she will accomplish it,
And she shall prove to all what love can do.'

The next act introduces us to Griselda, who has sent a messenger to appease the wrath of her old blind father, Cedric, whom Percival had expelled from the castle for having, with stubborn temper, denied him the fitting reverence; and who was enraged with his daughter because she had not come to receive her mother's dying blessing at a time when her husband was so ill that she could not leave him. Cedric adds an additional interest to the drama. He was

Easy to chafe, and hard to be appeased;

and we see that Griselda was trained, by filial love to him, to bear the domineering temper of her husband. After she has heard that nothing can soften the old man, she is wrapped in anxious musing as to whether she had done right. She feels that she is innocent of any undue subserviency. It was not the rank of Percival which bound her to him; but the love he bears her claims her heart, her life, unlimited, entire.

And now comes the first trial. Griselda is to give up her son; and two knights accompany Percival from the court, to see that the queen's conditions are fulfilled. She greets him with the tenderest and most ardent attachment, and he thinks that she will refuse him nothing: but he does not know the love she bears likewise to her child. Rather than part with it, she would lose her life; and if the father will not shield it, she will—a woman, but a mother. Percival now declares that his own life will be the forfeiture of her disobedience; and it is only to save him that, with a grievous struggle, she gives up the child. Griselda is not, like her namesake in Chaucer, 'as glad as she was wont to be' in her outward demeanour. It is evident that her heart has felt a wound that will not shortly heal. The knights are moved to tears, and Percival relents. But not for his life, nor for the hope of Heaven, would he kneel to the queen; and he consoles himself with the idea that the tears of women are like the showers which brighten the meadows—

'Her life, in future, shall one rapture be;
Much I demand, and you may call me hard,
But I am one who also can reward!'

And now the banners and weapons of his vassals are seen on the mountains and valleys, for they are assembled to witness the second trial. Griselda must be sent to her home, with nothing but the rude woollen garment she wore of old; for thus the king commands that Percival marry Morgane, Arthur's sister. Griselda looks on these afflictions as proceeding from the King of kings, who designs to try the strength of her presumptuous heart. Many a silent night her spirit had foreshadowed calamity, for her bless was too rapturous for this life. She believes that her husband shares with her the bitter grief of parting, and resolves to force no fruitless tears from him by complaints. She goes, taking at his command her own—her apron and woollen garment.

'What was besides my own,' she says,
'Youth's joyous thoughts, the bloom of innocence,
The hopeful, trusting spirit—for these treasures
I have received from thee far sweeter joys,
And all the after-pleasures of remembrance.
In one thing only thou remain'st my debtor,
For my love still remains behind with thee.'

And so she departs, amidst the tears of the indignant vassals, showering blessings on the head of him in whose sincere affections she still confided.

Her touching farewell makes Percival deeply regret that he had 'repaid her love with wo, and changed her pure soul's gentle harmony to jarring discord;' but he has no time to give way to remorse, for the queen arrives to put Griselda's virtue to the third proof. He would fain have her rest satisfied with the previous trials, and accept his contrition for what he had said and done; but she, who thinks that there is 'truth in hate, but none in love,' supposes that he shrinks from doubting the result, and holds to her stipulation. Let him kneel, and all shall be well. But no; this seemed an impossibility: great as is his pity for Griselda, it is not to compete with his honour.

The fourth act brings before us the stern and earnest Cedric. He does not express the compassion which nature must have wakened for his daughter; and now she comes before him an outcast, but he mocks her—

'His handmaid only wast thou—not his wife;
And like a servant art thou thrust away.'

In vain does she show the purity of her love: he will not refuse her an asylum—

'But no more shall thy arm support my steps,
Thy glance no more shall read into my soul;
Thou art my guest now—thou hast been my child.'

He leaves her to her own heart-communings; and she calls on the 'milder Father, throned above in light!' who knows her heart. Still she has one solace—

Although by midnight darkness compassed round,
The changeless star of love is not yet set.

Percival doubtless mourns for her, as she for him. And now her husband draws near. The queen is concealed in the neighbouring bushes, to witness the last trial. Percival professes to be the victim of the king's displeasure; will she give him shelter, though he

'Gave up her child, and sternly cast her off,
And robbed her life of all that made it sweet?'

'And was it thy will,' she replies, 'to grieve my heart?'

'And is it time on my own fate to think,
When thine hangs tottering on the chasm's brink?'

She *must* preserve him. She directs him to a cave, and though the queen, who suddenly appears, threatens her with death unless she reveals his lurking-place, she is

constant. It was true that he had cast her from the pinnacle of earthly bliss, but

> 'What worth could love be then if it gave not
> More than it has received—if it bore not
> More than it has imposed—if it stood not
> A rock amidst the strife of warring winds—
> If, in misfortune, it remained not firm,
> The last stronghold of hope—what, then, were love?'

Genevra at length confesses that she has found the truest wife in England; but her cheeks glow with shame, for

> To her, the collier's daughter, she must kneel.

And now comes the last act of this eventful history. King Arthur arrives, hoping that he might have been in time to have prevented this hateful strife. Percival thinks that his happiest hour is on the stroke. His wife loves him, and will forgive his wrongs; her praise shall burst from every tongue, and his love to her shall be 'measureless as the blue unbounded heaven.' Into the hall, which is adorned with festal wreaths, Griselda is led in her woollen gown, with the aged Cedric. When she sees the king, she implores him to save Percival; but he tells her that she had been the victim of deceit. And now—how must the story end? Will Griselda, who feels that love is the only requital that can be made for love, be recompensed for her agony by the fame that is to attend her? Will she, who has been sustained throughout by the conviction that her husband's attachment is as devoted as her own, be able to endure the revulse of feeling which the disclosure of his heartlessness must cause? Was the bitter grief which with her life she nourished, which devoured it, an empty show? One of the queen's ladies aggravates her distress, by telling her that her sufferings were but a carnival diversion; and Percival, in his eagerness to make her forget the past, bids her think no more of the 'sport' which all her worth had proved. The queen kneels before her, which her husband views with proud delight; but Griselda declares that all the deadly pangs she had endured were far less bitter than what she has to bear now. Then she had *trust*; now she has none. 'My heart,' she says to him, 'was thine; thou ne'er hast understood it. In thy hand it is broken. Thou couldst sport with its pure tenderness, couldst make a boast of its fidelity and its devotion—

> 'No, thou hast never loved me! Passed away
> Is now the blissful vision of my life!'

She forgives him for the anguish he had caused; hopes that he may be happy; but, to his astonishment, and despite his urgent prayers, insists on passing the remainder of a blighted life with her child, in the cottage of her father, who bids her drink of the pure spring of love which flows in his heart.

We confess ourselves among the number of those who like tales to 'end well;' and yet we know not how it could terminate differently. Percival is evidently unworthy of such a wife. His ruling passion is pride. He thinks death better than contempt, and supposes that the honour she will acquire will recompense Griselda for her sufferings. And yet we pity him. The trial has done him good. Though he thinks that he had foreseen her tears, they evidently move him more than he expected. In the agony of her spirit she catches at the word he hastily utters—that it was *sport;* but he does not do himself justice. He engaged in the trial when heated by wine and passion, and in defence of her high qualities, though it was indeed through a regard for her as part of himself; and knightly pride prevents him from retracting. When, for the third time, he tests her love, he exclaims—

> 'Oh that my word compels me to this trial!
> That to the selfish longing of my soul
> To revel in her overflowing love,
> Her bliss I've sacrificed, and mine with hers;
> But for this phantom honour, I'd say No!
> And to all England bid a proud defiance!'

There is something far more noble in his nature than in that of the queen, who is justly deserted by her lover Launcelot, who has been taught by Griselda that

> Beauty alone is not the greatest charm,
> Nor sprightly wit the soul's most precious gift.

Poor Griselda! and yet we love and respect her more in her sorrows than her prototype in her happy ease. Her love is a pure, but not a blind devotion; and she feels that there is something higher and nobler than a servile, however ardent attachment.

We think that our readers will agree with us that the characters are far more natural than Chaucer's. There is nothing inconceivable in the conduct of the knight, who is hurried on, under strong excitement, to trials of his wife's affection, which last only for a day; and nothing but what is truly religious, dignified, and noble, as well as self-sacrificing, devoted, and humble, in the love of Griselda. Our extracts have rather had in view to illustrate the story, than to show specimens of the beauty of the poem, which we commend to the perusal of our readers.* All that the translator modestly asks, is credit for literalness of rendering. We may state that the piece is elegant and beautiful. Save for one or two geographical errors (such as making the Trent a Welsh river, and Staffordshire close to Wales), there is nothing to indicate a foreign origin.

MY FRIEND, THE POLYTECHNIST.

My friend Baldric Grant goes among his acquaintance by the name of the ingenious man. He resides in the suburbs of a certain great city, just out of the smoke, the dust, and the turmoil, yet within an easy distance of it, so as to have the benefit of the mechanical and scientific facilities which only a large town affords, and at the same time enjoy a due share of the healthful qualities of the country, about which Mr Grant is not less solicitous. His house could be distinguished out of a thousand. To begin with the chimneys. There are three flues, capped with the most curious contrivances, in the shape of smoke-curers, that can possibly be conceived; one strongly resembling a beer barrel, having a hole at each end, and an arrow above; a second wearing the appearance of a lady's bonnet, surmounted by a pigeon in zinc; while the third is of so nondescript a character, as to stamp it with Mr Grant's fecit as legibly as if it had been painted thereon. The remaining flues are so mystified with levers, and wires, and iron plates, intended to put an effectual stop to their mouths, in the event of any back smoke descending, that the respectable mechanician who undertakes the sweeping department is continually compelled to summon in Mr Grant's aid and counsel upon that hazardous operation. Each stack of chimneys is ornamented with a long upright iron rod, bearing a double copper spike at its extremity, and altogether displaying a most suspicious resemblance to a useful culinary instrument in requisition for tea-cakes, only on a gigantic scale. Another iron rod runs all down the front of the house, stopping at the dining-room, where it appears to be attached to a combination of cog-wheels, which move a second iron rod, and this penetrates the wall. At its upper end, the rod carries a wind vane, somewhat like an open pair of bellows. Besides these, there is a vast tin soup-plate, with a pipe in its centre, which carries down rain and hail into a graduated basin. Mr Grant is to be seen weekly at the top of his house, going over all these pieces of mechanism, looking through his spectacles, and making little notes in a large pocket-book; and when he descends, he is able to tell one to a drop how much rain

* Griselda, a Dramatic Poem, translated from the German of Friedrich Halm, by Q. E. D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

fell during the week. His door-lamp is a good study, not only from the elegance of its shape, but from the peculiar contrivances it exhibits. Thus there are a smoke-consuming gas-burner, and a smoke-conveying funnel, and sundry other appurtenances, having reference to the intensity of the light, which no ordinary lamp can boast of. The neighbours laugh at it, adhering, with pig-headed perverseness, to the commonest and rudest forms of lights; but the laugh is on Mr Grant's side in reality, for his hall is never smothered with smoke, or his classic portico begrimed with soot. The knocker is a bit of a curiosity, of a hybrid constitution, being a cross between an ordinary knocker and a bell-pull, and performing the double duties of knocking and ringing simultaneously.

On entering the house, there are evidences, even in the hall, of the refined taste and remarkable ingenuity of the inhabitant. In the centre stands a hot-air stove of Mr Grant's invention, simple in form, yet elegant, and of unparalleled utility, seeing that it diffuses the breath of summer through the whole mansion. No list margins or sand-bags are required for the doors of Mr Grant's sitting-rooms. When they are opened, no rush of cold air enters. Catarrhs and rheumatisms are unknown in the family. Nor is this all; for the constant genial temperature keeps a mass of in-door plants in undying beauty, so that the house is redolent with perfume all the year round.

The parlour does not strike one at first as containing anything extraordinary, though the furniture, decorations, and ornaments harmonise, and are in the best taste. But upon a closer scrutiny, Mr Grant's ingenuity discloses itself in numberless contrivances and nick-knackeries. Thus there is an ivory index at the side of the fireplace, on which are engraved 'Coals, Water, Visitors, James, Grace.' This is connected with the bell-pull, and answers to a corresponding index in the kitchen, and in the servants' hall, so that orders are conveyed almost like magic. Then there is an apparatus for catching all the dust of the fire, and sifting out all the cinders. Mr Grant, moreover, is a great practical ventilator, and has succeeded in bringing in fresh air from the outside of the house, through a pipe which, passing behind the fireplace, obtains, by a simple contrivance there placed, sufficient heat to give it a comfortable temperature, and enters the room in the centre of the floor, opening by a perforated plate. The perforations corresponding to some of the designs of the carpet, make the apparatus almost invisible; while again the central ceiling ornament is made to conceal an exit pipe which has communication with the chimney. Attention is arrested by some singular brass mechanism fixed against the wall near the ceiling. Similar pieces of mechanism are to be found in every apartment in the house. It is a fire alarum—I need not say of whose construction or design. They all communicate with some clock-work at the head of the staircase, near the bedrooms, and would, in the event of the occurrence of fire in any room, however remote, set a great gong at work, under which it must be one of the Seven Sleepers only who could rest undisturbed. In little niches scooped out of the wall are placed, with the most charming good taste, various objects of *virtú*, one or two casts from the antique, and a few models, some of ancient, some of modern structures. Among the latter is a model of a dwelling-house, furnished with all Mr Grant's domestic appliances and improvements, not forgetting even the anti-smoke cowls on the chimney tops. This model takes to pieces, and on many a quiet winter's evening forms the subject of an interesting discussion with some new friend: it is a subject upon which good Mr Grant never was known to grow weary.

Possibly a better idea of the excursiveness of Mr Grant's inventive talent will appear from an account of a morning spent with him, than from any more formal detail. After a liberal use of the hybrid knocker, I was admitted, and welcomed by Mr Grant and his eldest son in the hall. We then entered the breakfast room, at other times his peculiar sanctum, where we found Mrs Grant and the children waiting for us. It was amusing to observe how perfectly familiar they appeared to be with the different objects of singular appearance which surrounded us, while ordinary children would have been all eyes and mouths thereat. I found one young Grant, who had evidently followed his father's steps *con amore*, intently engaged in getting up the steam of a small steam-engine placed in a corner of the apartment. This was to me a good omen of what would follow.

As for the mamma of the establishment, she is just the reverse of her husband. I don't suppose she ever invented so much as a new pattern in anything in all her life: her forte lies in being thoroughly well-versed in the beaten track of things; but she is an invaluable wife to my friend Baldric, who, with all his erratic temperament, is chiefly guided by her prudence, and submissive to her gentle expostulations. He feels that the restraint she exercises over his tendency to extravagance is of incalculable value to them both; and while this is the case, she nevertheless, at every fresh discovery, exhibits such an innocent, child-like wonder, as to fire Mr Grant with an affection for her which five-and-twenty years have not diminished. But to the breakfast.

Half an hour might be spent in describing Mr Grant's urn, to which there were four spouts: from one issued water, from the next milk, from the third tea, and from the fourth coffee—all boiling hot. The great mystery here was the method of heating it; and it is the delight of Mr Grant's eldest son, who acts in a measure as our cicerone, to unravel the same. At the bottom of the machine there is a little door, which, when opened, discloses a gas jet of flame burning below the quaternate caldron; the next mystery is the source of the gas; and upon closer inspection a gas pipe is perceivable, and is found to rise through the pillar of the table, and to appear at a hole in its centre, there being connected with the gas jet below the urn. 'But the table-cloth!' was my exclamation, with an apprehensive look at Mrs Grant, which produced a smile upon the lady's countenance, and a half-perplexed look upon the face of her husband. 'Oh, Mr Grant has his own peculiar way of overcoming these little difficulties. He first cut holes into two of my breakfast cloths, and, to supply their place, made me a present of half-a-dozen new ones.' Mr Grant looked in a deprecating manner over the top of his spectacles, and sent one of his youthful philosophers for a certain little mahogany box, which, when brought to table and opened, was found to contain a minute steam-engine of the vibrating cylinder construction. I had not previously noticed that there was something uncommon about the top of the urn, and that although the quartet, tea, coffee, milk, and water boiled in concert, no steam issued from the apparatus: there was a small safety-valve on one side, and a steam-cock on the other. 'Papa, the steam's up!' cried out the least of the children, as at the moment the tiny valve leapt upright, and whizzed forth a volume of vapour. Then the model was screwed on, the valve pressed down an instant, to increase the pressure, and the steam-way opened, and in an instant buzz went the engine, at a speed which would have put one of our great locomotives to the blush; so that the fly-wheel looked like a ring of shining brass whirling upon nothing; and Mr Grant, enchanted with the amazement he saw upon my

face, wiped his spectacles, and sat down in his chair. On the whole, that was one of the busiest and pleasantest breakfasts I ever partook of. A great deal might be said about the fine young Grants, whose happy and intelligent faces gave me more pleasure than any object I saw that morning; but such is not the object of my paper. Breakfast was concluded, the steam-engine unscrewed, the holed table-cloth removed, and Mrs Grant, with the younger children, retired, leaving us to the more proper occupation of the morning.

Time would fail me were I to attempt to describe all that I saw. The room was a polytechnicon. The steam was up in the boiler of the engine fixed at one side of the apartment—an engine of about one-horse power—and the machine began to move: it drove a lathe of the most modern construction, a lapidary's wheel, and a grindstone—the whole apparatus being so admirably set up, that the working caused scarcely any noise. Mr Grant, who is an adept at the lathe, proceeded to display the powers of his handsome machine. He soon succeeded in executing a profile likeness of your unworthy servant, with the ornament of a gigantic hat on its head, besides cutting out wooden roses, and ovals, and eccentrics, and manufacturing an ivory ring for Mrs Grant's parasol, and embellishing a snuff-box lid with a pattern containing the most intricate combinations and intersections of circles that can well be conceived, with sundry other feats of the chisel and graver which lovers of the lathe delight to sport in, until I began to think it the profoundest and most wonder-working piece of mechanism ever put together by man. Then to the lapidary's wheel: a cairngorm, as ill-looking, unpromising a bit of flint-like rock as could well be picked up, was cut in half, 'faced' so as to bring out its peculiar marks, and was then consigned to our cicerone to polish up; it was subsequently sent after me home, where it forms one among the ornaments of my wife's mantelpiece. Then we saw divers descriptions of pumps, some having glass bodies, to demonstrate the *modus operandi* of the valve-work. At the earnest request and prayer of young Baldric, I consented to be electrified after the most approved method. To his amazing delight I stepped upon the insulating stool, and soon became so charged, that, like Milton's comet, 'from my horrid hair' I might at least have shaken fire. These interesting experiments were concluded by the young gentleman begging to be permitted to show me his father's anti-robbery safe for the protection of jewels, money, valuables, &c. from thieves, and I was urged to attempt to open it. On laying my hand upon the brass handle, I was considerably surprised at the reception of the contents of a moderate-sized Leyden phial into my person. Hereby hangs a tale.

For a considerable period a raking young gentleman, in an over-vinous condition, used to disturb Mr Grant and his family by violently pulling at his house-bell each night on his return to his own home, until the old gentleman was well nigh at his wits' end. A plan, however, was concocted between the elder and the younger Baldric to detect and capture, if necessary, this jocular friend. The bell-wire was connected with a brass knob in the laboratory; and information having been received that the young gentleman had been seen to leave home at six in the evening in dinner attire, the conspirators sat up together in the laboratory, waiting for the customary salute. The dull hours dragged on until two in the morning. The elder Baldric had gone to sleep at eleven, the younger keeping watch. There was a sound of distant footsteps. As they drew nearer, the watcher could discover that the steps were out of all ordinary rhythm; now three or four sudden and violent paces, then one or two heavy stamps. This must be the expected visitor. Mr Grant was awoke, and rubbed his eyes. The friend, true to habit, stopped at the gate, and grasped the bell-handle. He was suffered to give one tolerable pull, as we suffer a fish to take his first nibble, and then, at a signal from Mr Grant, young Baldric discharged a Leyden jar through the bell-wire. A tremendous shout was heard outside, succeeded by a heavy fall, and the Messrs Grant went triumphantly up to bed. On the ensuing day, intelligence was privately conveyed that the young gentleman, in a condition of considerable alarm, reached home, and was now confined to his room. Whether he ever discovered the artifice, it is impossible to say. It is quite certain that thenceforth Mr Grant and his family were undisturbed. My friend then pointed the moral deducible from the incident, by causing Lord Bacon's apothegm to be painted over the door of his laboratory—'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.'

Returning from this digression: Having examined the electrical apparatus generally, my attention was specially directed to what is called the electro-galvanic sub-section, from which I saw some exquisite electrotype casts, taken of leaves and flowers. In the mechanical section, where I cannot long dwell, were a variety of contrivances exhibiting an ingenuity of the highest degree of merit; amongst these were several locomotive and stationary model-engines, constructed upon some singularly novel principles. Of these the most interesting, and, in my estimation, the most important, was a small rough model-engine, of which the propulsive power was not steam, but liquefied carbonic acid gas, the gas being liquefied by its own pressure in its generation: a small wrought-iron tube, partially filled with this liquid, sustained the machine in action, being applied on the expansive principle, for several hours, endowing it with a power almost incredible for its size. The polytechnist stops to throw out a hint to the inventors of aërial machines, and proposes his gas engine in preference to the cumbrous apparatus of steam-boilers and coals and water. The perpetual-motion mania could scarcely fail of a victim in Baldric Grant, and his delusion expended itself in the invention of a very simple machine, probably as near the requisites of the proposition as any other endlessly-going piece of mechanism: it consisted of a wooden wheel, delicately suspended by the fine steel points of a central axis, bedding, like the spindle of the lathe, upon, or rather into, two small holes made in the face of steel pieces, one at either end: to diminish friction, arms of wood loaded with lead were attached by a hinge to the circumference. These swung forward when the wheel was in motion, pressed it down, and as it revolved, fell in losing their temporary leverage, to give place to a new and continually-succeeding series of arms which perpetuate the motion.

In the domestic department, Mr Grant's peculiar genius displays itself in peculiar luxuriance. There are curious lamps of the most opposite construction and odd appearance; one is a highly dangerous and explosive self-gas generator, of which the very polytechnist himself stands in mortal dread; another a hot-oil consumer; a third a coal-naphtha lamp, with an air-blast up its centre, and so forth. I should say coffee-pots were articles upon which the greatest amount of human ingenuity has ever been expended. Mr Grant's are among the most extraordinary I ever beheld, and to this hour I am left in a state bordering upon the extreme of perplexity with reference to their construction. I can remember that one possessed a pump, another a screw, a third a windlass, and a fourth a combination of glass-work and tin pipes; but what is the proximate or ultimate relation of these several powers and applications to the manufacture of simple drinkable coffee, forms one of the insoluble problems of my mind.

Beside these are a host of little inventions, which embrace the several subjects of floriculture, natural philosophy, chemistry, and even astronomy: the wing of our polytechnist's mind is no chicken's pinion, I warrant you—let this suffice. It were a mistake to suppose that Mr Grant has no more serious occupation than that of dallying with the trifles, ingenious as they are, of which this memorial has been made. Probably few men are more actively engaged in the business of life: his warehouse makes calls upon him for exertions of no

ordinary kind; and let his well-earned commercial reputation tell that Mr Baldric Grant's is a mind which, while it can unbend in obedience to an ingenuity of the most comprehensive character, is not the less fitted for the graver and sterner duties of life.

MILITARY GLORY.

We have often denounced the folly and criminality of war, but nothing that we ever said on the subject was half so severe as what is conveyed in the following brief statement by Count St Marie, a French author,* on the losses incurred by the war now prosecuting by his countrymen in Algeria.

'The sacrifice of men is proved by some very correct statistical accounts which have been kindly communicated to me. I find that the average mortality during fifteen years is 100 men per day, in consequence of sickness or the fire of the enemy, making an annual loss of 36,500 individuals; consequently, during these fifteen years since the occupation, France must have lost 547,500 men. The sacrifice of money is thus calculated: Every year five millions of francs for the army over and above the ordinary pay which the soldiers would receive if they were in France; two millions for the navy; two millions for persons employed in the different departments of civil service; namely, the administration of the interior, of finance, of the police, of rivers and forests, and of the clergy; and finally, one million for the secret fund, for presents and losses. All these items form a total of ten millions of francs annually; which, multiplied by fifteen, for the years of occupation, gives the sum of one hundred and fifty millions. This appears enormous, but is nevertheless below the mark; for the 547,500 deaths must be taken into account. Each of the men who have perished in Algeria cannot have cost less than two hundred and seventy-four francs. It must have been necessary to prepare stations, with allowances to support them on their march from the interior to the place of embarkation; to convey them and provide for them in vessels often hired from commercial companies; to clothe and arm them; to nurse them in the hospitals, and leave them their shirts to be buried in. Thus, the whole amount is absorbed in a minimum sum assigned to each of the dead, without taking account of the living; from which it may be inferred that the enormous figure of one hundred and fifty millions does not represent one-fourth of the real amount.'

There is much in this to engage the serious attention of our neighbours, who, from a thoughtless admiration of military parade and conquest, are apt to overlook the cost at which they are achieved. Let us endeavour to analyse the loss stated by Count St Marie. We begin with the loss of life. He says the war has already cost the lives of 547,500 men. This loss tells on the nation in three different ways. In the *first* place, there is the loss of each man, valued as a machine. Every human being, from his birth till the time he is able to earn his own livelihood, is a source of expense: he consumes food and clothing; requires to be lodged, educated, and otherwise attended to; and all this is so much expenditure of capital. His rearing must be viewed as an enterprise, voluntary or involuntary, on the part of parents; and the reasonable expectation is, that there will be a return for the outlay when the youth is capable of self-exertion. In estimating such outlay, we put out of the question parental hopes and anxieties, and confine ourselves merely to the subject of expense; and therefore, viewing each human being as a machine which has been perfected at so much cost, we put him down as an article of value. In the case before us, many of the men could not have cost parents less than L.500. There are at least few English officers who have not caused an outlay of six times the amount. However, we put out of consideration these more expensively-got-up soldiers, and estimate the French army at the moderate rate of L.50 a-piece overhead. We say it is our belief that every one of the 547,500 men who have perished in Algeria cost his parents, first and last, L.50; and so far as each of them is concerned, the money might as well have been thrown into the sea. Well, then, it comes to this, that there has been thrown away twenty-seven millions three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds' worth of men in the African war!

In the *second* place, there is the loss caused by the abstraction of 547,500 able-bodied men from pursuits profitable to the nation; as, for example, agriculture, manufactures, the arts generally, railway cutting, and other useful branches of labour. This abstraction is something more than temporary inconvenience. Every man in a state of mental and bodily health earns more than he consumes. The overplus is less or more, according to circumstances. Sometimes the increase belongs to employers, sometimes it remains the property of the labourer; but that is of no consequence in the present argument. It is enough for us to know that there is an increase, and that this increase cumulatively forms the national wealth. It is, for instance, ascertained that the annual overplus of savings in Great Britain amounts to L.70,000,000. Every year we are seventy millions richer than we were the year before. Without the united industry of all, this grand result could not take place. Were we all to occupy ourselves as soldiers, there would not be a shilling of increase; there would, on the contrary, be a very serious deficiency; and if we went on soldiering, the nation would by and by be utterly impoverished. It will now be understood how much the French have lost, and continue to lose, by their Algerine war. They have lost the services of 547,500 able-bodied men, each of whom ought at this day to have been adding a little to the national wealth and resources. Supposing that the increase realisable by each man were estimated at only L.10 annually, here would be a loss of L.5,475,000 per annum. Taking ten years as the medium period of abstraction, the loss has already amounted to fifty-four millions seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

In the *third* place, the nation sustains a constant loss by the limitation of hands in the labour market. The taking away of 547,500 men, either causes much work to remain undone that ought to have been done, or it throws an undue quantity of work into the hands of those who remain, thereby enhancing the wages of all kinds of ordinary labour. It seems tolerably clear, that if two men are left to execute the operations which should properly be performed by three, they will demand pretty nearly the wages of three, while they do only the work of two: as a consequence of this state of things in France, the wages of labour are higher than they need to have been, had a peaceful policy prevailed. Railway digging, in particular, that modern leviathan, must be far more costly than it would have been, had the 547,500 men now lying in their graves in Africa been still competitors in the general market of labour. But, asks the selfish, is not the absence of these hands so much the better for us? You have no doubt some advantage in this respect, but it is transient and unsound. In the commonwealth, all help each other. The united savings of the nation form a fund out of which each has a chance of getting his share. To seek another example from Great Britain: the wealth that has for centuries been accumulating among us, is a stock out of which wages are paid and competencies realised. There is something substantial, so to speak, for the industrious man to cling to—something he may get hold of. How different is his condition in a poor country! There he may be diligent, and yet scarcely realise wherewithal for his subsistence. Toiling in the midst of poor, he also of necessity is poor. In degree, such is the relative condition of the French operatives at the present moment. Although they may be realising wages higher than would be paid under a broader system of competition,

* Algeria in 1845. Bentley, London: 1846.

these wages are lower than those usually paid in this country; and the reason for this is, that France has been drained by wars; capital has not had liberty to accumulate. Thus the few, with all their monopoly of labour, do not get rich. And if we reduce this few to still fewer, just so much the poorer will they become. Selfishness, appropriately, never meets with any other reward.

Summing up the losses stated by the Count St Marie, and including what we have here suggested, the account will stand as follows:—

Government outlay for fifteen years, at 10,000,000 francs annually, is 150,000,000 francs, or,	L.6,000,000
Government outlay for stations, hospitals, clothing, arms, shirts to be buried in, &c. 150,000,000 francs (said to be not a quarter of the amount),	6,000,000
Parental and national loss of 547,500 men, valued at L.50 each,	27,375,000
National loss of ten years' labour of 547,500 men, at L.10 each,	54,750,000
Loss from undue increase of wages by the abstraction of 547,500 men; cannot be calculated, but say,	5,875,000
	L.100,000,000

France may thus be said to have already suffered, from its war in Algeria, a loss of one hundred millions of pounds! Yet this sum, enormous as it is, feebly represents the complicated injury which France has sustained from this unfortunate enterprise. Confining our view only to the effects of the war on the national finances, it is evident that the drainage of money, without any adequate return, greatly increases the amount of taxation. To raise the required sums to support the war, heavy duties are imposed on imported articles; and besides limiting commerce, this inflicts many evils on the community. Nor is the injury confined to France. All nations have a mutual dependence and connexion. If the French are impoverished, how can they trade advantageously with their neighbours? In a sense the manufacturers of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham are almost as much concerned in the extinction of the Algerine war as are the shopkeepers of Paris.

These may be pronounced utilitarian views; but if by this is meant that an advocacy of peace is suggestive of no exalted or poetical emotions, we should humbly beg to differ. What can there be ennobling in the thought of thousands of poor men dragged from their homes to die in mortal agony under the scorching sun of Africa? What more afflicting or abasing a spectacle than long trains of wagon-loads of wretches abandoned to die in the desert, or by the ferocious onslaught of hordes of Arabs? What is there in the following account to raise one's notions of military glory? We give the words of the Count St Marie:—

'What a sad spectacle was this! Three hundred brave men mutilated, and worn out by fatigue and suffering, not even permitted to die tranquilly in an hospital bed. I was assured that every day fresh convoys were pursuing the same route; and if the men do not speedily recover or die, they are removed to make room for others; thus encountering the fatigues of another long journey, to be transferred to another hospital. The consequence is, that these invalids frequently perish on the road. The last wagon of the convoy we passed contained the dead bodies of two unfortunate men who had perished by being exposed to the chill air of the defiles, and their fevered and shivering comrades seemed to envy their fate. I was deeply moved at the sight of these poor fellows, as the wagons drove slowly past us. Their features were drawn, their eyes wild, their clothes tattered; but in spite of all this misery and suffering, each one grasped his musket.'

It is impossible to believe that such enlightened men as the present king of the French and his minister M. Guizot can be sincerely favourable to the African war, or to any kind of war. We find, indeed, M. Guizot on a late occasion asking what is to preserve the security of France in Europe, and answering (not free trade, or upright government, or the moral and intellectual advancement of the French people—no), the *fortifications of Paris!* But, from the commencement of the revolution in 1789, CAJOLERY has been the leading instrument of government in France. This declaration of M. Guizot is only the sacrifice which he makes to the prejudices of his countrymen. The king and himself think themselves obliged to go a certain way along with popular delusions, that they may retain some hold upon the people. It is the popularity of the war in Africa which forbids the men of reflection to denounce it. The whole of these miseries and losses, which fall mainly upon the people, must therefore be set down, in the first place, to the folly and ignorance of the people themselves.

THE APPRENTICE GIRL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENIE FOA.

THE warerooms of Madame Camille, one of our most fashionable Parisian milliners, had one day received an additional apprentice. Her name was Gabrielle. Her father was a mason, and, like too many of the working-classes, drank on Sunday what he had earned during the week. Her mother did the best she could to support her family, and found it a hard matter with the little she earned.

Gabrielle had suffered such misery from her cradle, that she had never known that youthful spring which usually makes to children the mere consciousness of existence a joy. 'Mamma, what a nice thing it is to be alive!' once said a child to her mother as she bounded before her. Gabrielle was sixteen, and knew not what a smile was. Her fair but faded cheek bore an expression of suffering and quiet resignation, which was more affecting than any open demonstration of grief. The child contrasted the house of her mistress—the abode of order, economy, and industry, and consequently of ease and comfort—with her own home, where reigned every kind of wretchedness that poverty and disorderly habits could produce, and where reproaches—most just, it is true, but consequently the more painful—gave rise to mutual recrimination between the husband and wife.

One evening among others the wife was complaining that the mason had not given her all he earned. 'I should have nothing to drink if I did,' replied the husband. The dispute was beginning to get warm; Gabrielle whispered to her father, 'I give my mother half of what I earn, father, to buy clothes for my brothers and sisters; I will give you the other half for drink.'

'Thank you, my child,' said the father, who accordingly took the money from his daughter and went out.

But this man, who could drink without any scruple the fruit of his own labour, felt a kind of remorse in expending at the tavern the money which had been earned by his daughter; and when he drew from his pocket the hard-earned pieces which the slight, delicate hand of his daughter had placed in his, the sound of them, as they jingled on the counter, went to his very heart, and that evening, for a wonder, he returned home sober. How much may be accomplished by kind looks and words, when all remonstrances fail! A trifling act of kindness, with a look of affection, had smote the feelings of the hitherto reckless father.

The following evening, after having, in a similar manner, received the half of Gabrielle's earnings, the mason went out; but he had hardly taken a few steps, when he came back. 'Gabrielle,' said he, 'come and we will take a walk in the country.'

Gabrielle started up with alacrity. 'You are not going to the tavern, father?' said she to him.

'Is it with a young girl like you? Do you think me a brute?' said the man. The heart, after all, is the best teacher of what is becoming.

Gabrielle knew how to read, and during their walk she related to her father a number of little stories, which amused him, and made him forget the tavern. The next week the mason's family had enough to eat; and the week after, from the united earnings of the father

and daughter, the children were able to be sent to school: in short, at the end of a month, the aspect of this dwelling, formerly the abode of misery, tears, and quarrels, was quite altered; and the companions of the mason, missing him from his old haunt, began jeering him; but he told them what his daughter had done.

'So good a daughter ought to make a good wife,' cried a rich miller who had been listening to him. 'I have an only son, and right glad would I be if you would give her to him. Good sense, gentleness, and modesty are better in the poor man's house than riches.' And immediately, without even inquiring whether Gabrielle were ugly or pretty, he demanded her in marriage for his son.

Gabrielle is now the wife of a rich miller. She is the mother of children, and a blessing to her husband's family, as she had been to her own. Those lips which had never uttered but words of patient gentleness and sense beyond her age, are no longer strangers to smiles; and the rosy hue of health again tinges the cheek which had faded under early hardship and over-toil. Gabrielle is still living.

EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

Moderate exercise in the open air, for the purpose of assisting the various secretions, is another essential requisite for the production and maintenance of good health. None can neglect this rule with impunity; but a sedentary life is certainly not so detrimental to those who live on vegetable diet. Unless sufficient oxygen be supplied to the lungs by daily exercise in the open air, the products of decomposition will fail to be removed in sufficient quantity for the maintenance of a healthy state; and the assimilation of new matter is impeded. Without exercise, also, the contractile power of the heart and large arteries is feebly exerted; and, though sufficient to carry the blood to the ultimate tissue, it is nevertheless not strong enough to carry it through with the rapidity necessary for health. The ultimate tissue being thus filled faster than it is emptied, congestion takes place in those delicate and important vessels which compose it; as well as in the large veins, the office of which is to convey the blood from the tissue to the heart. One of the chief conditions of the body, in that general ill state of health usually denominated 'indigestion,' is congestion of blood in the ultimate tissue of our organs—the brain, the lungs, the spinal marrow, the stomach, the ganglionic system, the liver, bowels, and all the organs concerned in the nutrition of the body. When the system, therefore, undebilitated by disease, will admit a good supply of oxygen by muscular exercise, it is the best means of diminishing the amount of vinous blood, and (in conjunction with a legitimate supply of proper food) of increasing the amount of arterial blood; and in proportion as the latter preponderates over the former, shall we possess health and muscular strength, as well as elasticity of mind.—*Smith's Fruits and Farinacea.*

MANUFACTURE OF ANTIQUITIES.

There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken torsi—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystifications, and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the General Artificial Ruin Association, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and fruitless search before they come finally upon the treasure, for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of months' age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonies—filed, pinched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemy for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle-age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquary showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. 'It is very fine,' said his friend, after examination, 'and it will last you long—for it is quite new.'—*Athenæum.*

A REASSURING PROSPECT.

FROM 'LES RAYONS ET LES OMBRES' OF VICTOR HUGO.

All is light and all is joy.
The spider's foot doth busily
Unto the silken tulips tie
His circling silver broidery.

The dragon-fly on fluttering wings,
Mirrors the orbs of her large eyes
In the bright pond where creeping things
Make a dark world of mysteries.

The full-blown rose, grown young again,
Kisses the sweet bud's tender blush;
The bird pours forth his tuneful strain
Within the sun-illumined bush.

He blesses God, who ne'er is hid
From the pure soul to virtue given;
Who makes the dawn a fiery lid
For the azure eye of heaven.

In woods that soften every sound,
The timid fawn doth dreaming play;
And in the green moss shining round,
Beetles their living gold display.

The moon, all pale in sunlit skies,
A cheerful convalescent seems;
And opens soft her opal eyes,
Whence heaven's sweetness downward streams.

The wallflower with the gamesome bee
Plays by the crumbling ruins old;
The furrow waketh joyfully,
Moved by the seeds that burst their fold.

All lives and sits around with grace—
The sunbeam on the threshold wide,
The gliding shade on the water's face,
The blue sky on the green hill's side.

On joyful plains bright sun-rays fall,
Woods murmur, fields with flowers are clad.
Fear nothing, man; for nature all
Knows the great secret, and is glad!

Paris. —C. WITCOMB.

CANDOUR.

Candour consists in giving a fair and deliberate hearing to opinions, statements, and arguments, and weighing fairly and honestly their tendency. It is, therefore, opposed to prejudice, blind attachment to preconceived opinions, and that narrow disputatious spirit which delights in captious criticism, and will hear nothing with calmness that is opposed to its own views; which distorts or misrepresents the sentiments of its opponents, ascribing them to unworthy motives, or deducing from them conclusions which they do not warrant. Candour, accordingly, may be considered as a compound of justice and the love of truth. It leads us to give due attention to the opinions and statements of others—in all cases to be chiefly solicitous to discover truth; and in statements of a mixed character, containing perhaps much error and fallacy, anxiously to discover and separate what is true. It has accordingly been remarked, that a turn for acute disputation, and minute and rigid criticism, is often the characteristic of a contracted and prejudiced mind; and that the most enlarged understandings are always the most indulgent to the statements of others—their leading object being to discover truth.—*Abercrombie's Moral Feelings.*

In answer to many inquiries, arising from our recommendation of Mrs Kingston's vocal music for the young, we understand that this music is not sold at any shop, but at the author's residence, No. 2 York Buildings, New Road, Marylebone, London.

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SATURDAY EVENING IN LIVERPOOL.

Saturday evening is, in all Christian lands, different from other evenings in the week. The labourer is usually relieved earlier, and the shopman kept later than on ordinary occasions; buyers and sellers of all kinds of wares are more numerous; the circulation of money in small sums is brisker; and there appears in the minds of the working-classes a more provident forethought of the morrow than they seem to possess on any other evening. Saturday is a balancing and reckoning day: the poor man then takes stock, sums up his small capital, and makes his calculations for the future. He has many little purchases to make, several small debts to pay; his wife needs this article of dress, his children require some other, he himself is not without his wants; and how to meet all these demands out of his little stock is to him a very important question, only to be settled by the family resolving themselves into a 'committee of ways and means,' and discussing the subject with as much earnestness as is sometimes displayed on similar questions in higher quarters. Every working-man is a man in business on Saturday night; he has to think and reflect, and so arrange all his little matters as to keep his expenditure within the bounds of his income. Or, if he be a dissipated man at all, he is sure to be so on Saturday night. He does not then seem to know the value of money; he regards it but as the means to obtain a banishment of thought; and if it procure that for him, he cares not what sacrifices it may force others to make. No night in the week is more anxiously looked forward to than that of Saturday. Engagements of all kinds are fixed for that evening; engagements to pay money, as well as to interchange social affections.

Saturday evening may be said to be exclusively devoted to the business of the working-classes. This is strikingly exemplified in all large towns, and particularly in Liverpool. That town is known to all the world for its vast commerce, for its magnificent docks, for its princely merchants, and for the magnitude of their business transactions. But if a stranger entered Liverpool on a Saturday evening, he would find little to bear out his preconceived idea of the town. Let him walk to the docks, and he will find them, it is true, crowded with vessels from all countries, but their whole range appears as solitary and silent as a pine-forest. The clatter of wagons, the creaking of cranes, the confusion of tongues, are all hushed. The wind whistles somewhat mournfully through the cordage of the ships, and there is scarcely a living creature to be seen, except a few policemen or officers connected with the docks. The men called 'lumpers,' employed in loading and unloading vessels, usually cease to work about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; the ships' crews are so long and so often in blue-water, that they spend as much time as they can on land, and *they* are to be found elsewhere than on board their wooden homes; cabin-doors are locked, decks are set somewhat in order, and the enormous amount of property here collected from all lands is lying as still and undisturbed as though it were of no use, and had no owners.

Without the dock walls, among the massive piles of warehouses, the same dreary quiet reigns. These warehouses are of great magnitude, and contain vast quantities of wealth. But now they look like prisons. No light appears at their grated windows; no sign of life is to be traced around them; they form a 'deserted village' of warehouses. In streets leading from the docks there are hundreds of offices, which are now as silent as the grave. On the Exchange, 'where merchants most do congregate,' there is now not a merchant to be seen; the pavement echoes drearily to the sound of footsteps; and the passers-by hurry across as if they had no business there. In the neighbourhood there are magnificent buildings, that might serve as palaces, and on which much architectural ornament has been lavished. They, too, are deserted, for they are palaces for *money*, not for *men*; and if there be any trace of human life within their walls, it is to be found in the watchman who is guarding the secrets of cash-boxes, and iron-safes, and fire-proof apartments. Here, among its docks, warehouses, banks, Exchange, &c. lies the *body* of Liverpool's greatness; but where is its *spirit?* It has gone to sleep, and will not awake again until Monday morning. Its merchants are at their country seats, or their residences in the higher and healthier parts of the town, and their servants are busily engaged with their own private affairs. It is 'Saturday evening' with them all.

But if the wholesale department of the business of Liverpool be for a time suspended, the case is different with the retail department. The great merchants may have closed the transactions of the week, but the small traders and shopkeepers are as busy as bees. In the best streets of the town the shops are nearly all closed by seven or eight o'clock on Saturday, as on any other evening. Those that are open principally belong to Jews, whose establishments are all closed on Saturdays until sunset. In other streets, however, where the shops are frequented by less wealthy customers, few are closed before ten o'clock, and many are open much later. There is one line of street nearly a mile and a half in length, which, about nine or ten o'clock on Saturday evening, seems to be one blaze of light. The upper part of this street is called Scotland Road, and forms the great leading thoroughfare to the north. Every window on the ground-floor is a shop window, the wares in which are arranged in the most tempting order, and lighted in the most brilliant manner. The street is so crowded, as to be almost impassable. The crowd evidently consists of

hard-handed working-people. Some are looking with longing eyes at wearing apparel, neatly ticketed at very 'low figures;' others are haunting spirit vaults; anxious-looking women are thronging provision stores; and scattered up and down are a few shops where cheap literature seems to have its modicum of patrons. Among the crowd you can perceive many whose sunburnt countenances and clay-stained fustians stamp them at once as railway labourers, or, as they are more often called, 'navigators.' They are a rough, hardy-looking set, evidently with little or no education, and nothing but their physical strength to recommend them for employment. It is that strength, however, that has cut through rock and mound, raised embankments, made crooked places straight, and hilly places level, that so the general public of these realms may travel with ease and security, and intercourse with our neighbours be made more swift and sure. About five or six o'clock in the evening you may meet them in the suburbs of the town returning from work, with the smoked tin vessels that have held their coffee. In a short time they are seen in the streets either loitering about public-houses, or accompanying their better-halves in making purchases. Still later, a few of them are wandering more than 'half-seas over;' and others, more quiet and respectable, are seen wending their homeward way with a brown paper parcel in one hand, a basket in the other, and their wives bearing them company. Another class of ruddy sunburnt faces may be seen among the crowd of pale and sallow townsmen. These are sailors, who, while in port, do not relish being 'cabined, cribbed, confined' in their ships, but lead a roving life on shore, that too often brings them light purses and heavy hearts. But there they are in the heart of the crowd, apparently its healthiest and happiest section. There are no stalls in the street; a few petty traders in oranges and lucifer-matches are exhibiting their goods in the open air, but all the real buying and selling is transacted within doors. A few —only a few—miserable men and women are reeling home intoxicated. Street musicians are 'few and far between;' and if there are any beggars at all, they generally find an apology for asking charity by selling the most trifling articles. The street is crowded, but it is quiet and orderly. Here and there is a show of some wondrous natural phenomenon, or wild beasts, or some penny theatre for the representation of the most bloody tragedies; and at these establishments there is always much noise and vociferation, but there are no other evils. There are few idlers in the street. The people generally seem intent on business. The majority appear to have some fixed object—some purchase to make; having made which, they return home. There is no want of spirit vaults brilliantly lighted, and irresistibly tempting to many poor creatures; nor of concert-rooms, where people are seduced by music to buy strong drink; nor of pickpockets and other vicious characters prowling for victims.

It is, however, in the large public markets that the great retail business of Liverpool is transacted on Saturday evening. These markets are numerous, and distributed in separate districts of the town. They are all massive brick edifices, well lighted and ventilated, and with excellent accommodation for buyers and sellers. The largest is 550 feet long, and nearly 150 broad. It is erected in the very heart of the town, and in the centre of a dense population. The roof is supported by more than one hundred iron pillars; fine avenues run along its entire length, which are lined with shops and stalls, where provisions of all kinds, animal and vegetable, are exposed for sale. It is open every day during the week, is closed at eight o'clock on four evenings, and kept open until eleven on Wednesday and Saturday. About ten o'clock on Saturday evening it is usually crowded to excess. It is then brilliantly lighted with gas, and on entering, the ear is saluted by a low sonorous hum of voices, in which nothing distinct or certain can be made out. Many of the stalls are kept by women, and each trader has his or her name hung out conspicuously above the goods. Here again the stranger is certain to see many sailors sauntering among the crowd, in full enjoyment of the scene, their cheerful unconcerned looks contrasting strangely with the anxious faces of many men and women who, though on spending they are bent, seem to have very 'frugal minds.' The system of cheapening articles, and offering for them much less than is sought, is scarcely known here. The sellers in this market seem rather an independent race: they are there, apparently, not more for their own convenience than for the benefit of the public; and to judge by their looks, it would seem a matter of indifference to them whether you buy or not. They do not puff their goods. There is no clamour about 'selling under prime cost,' or 'at an enormous sacrifice,' or inviting purchasers with the old distich of 'taste and try before you buy.' The very reverse of this is the case. The sellers do not apparently require to *push* a trade; their custom flows regularly in to them. They sell necessaries which people *must* buy, and they know full well that the Sunday's dinner, which with every Englishman is a matter of so much importance, cannot be good or complete without their assistance. Buyers and sellers have thus a good understanding with each other, and their business is promptly transacted.

The shouting around some of the market doors is nearly as great as that caused by the crowd within. Little ragged boys and girls dance about, labouring under the strange but general idea that everybody is in want of lucifer-matches or patent blacking. These creatures must create a trade for themselves, else such a species of traffic would soon be forsaken. Passing out of the general market, the stranger finds himself in the 'pedlars' market,' where all the travelling packmen who ever wandered over the face of England would seem to have settled down for life. This little place is full of small wares: hats, shoes, women's caps, children's toys, crockery, glass-ware, and many other articles well known as belonging to 'the pack.' And they are not without purchasers, for the little area that contains them is thronged, and the chink of money can sometimes be heard above the din.

It will give some idea of the extent of these markets when it is stated that, last year, the revenue derived from them for rent of stalls, &c. was nearly L.13,000, about L.6000 of which were from the market that has been here described. Their total expense was about L.3500, thus leaving a handsome sum to pay interest on the cost of their original construction.

What has here been said of one market and one street, will apply to all in which retail business is done. Among the crowds that throng the streets may be observed strangers from distant countries, whose speech tells of some part of the continent of Europe, or whose dress and visage clearly show that they are from the other side of the Atlantic. Some of them may be noticed lounging about the doors of their hotels, smoking cigars, and contemplating the life-current that is rolling past. Cabs and coaches are driving to and from railway or steam-packet stations with other strangers; omnibuses, crowded with passengers, are departing for neighbouring villages; bakers' and butchers' carts, and grocers' vans, that have been in the country with provisions, are wearily returning home; ferry-boats are conveying to Cheshire crowds of people resident on that side of the Mersey, and who rejoice in the prospect of one day's absence from the bustle and smoke of Liverpool; while in many streets near the docks the sounds of music and dancing are heard issuing from taverns, where 'true British tars' are enjoying themselves after a long cruise.

Labourers engaged in out-door work, such as bricklayers, stone-masons, &c. cease work at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; those engaged within doors at five. They have thus ample time in the evening to make purchases. At eleven o'clock the markets are all shut, and the crowd in the streets begins to diminish. All shops and public-houses are closed at twelve o'clock, and

shortly after that time the streets are as quiet and deserted as the Exchange or the docks.

A highly praiseworthy effort is now being made in Liverpool to provide for the working-classes on Saturday evening the means of rational and elevating amusement, by giving concerts, entertaining lectures, &c. at the cheapest possible rate. In all large towns the temptations to intemperance on Saturday evening are very great, and if working-men can be induced to spend an hour or two in a concert-room, instead of squandering money and time in a public-house, one great object will be gained, and a point reached from which they may start in improving themselves in knowledge and virtue. There are many who run into dissipation, not so much from the love of it, as from pure thoughtlessness of its consequences. To such it is often a matter of indifference how they spend their Saturday evening, and the majority of them would be sure to prefer such an entertainment as that given under the direction of the highly influential and respectable parties who manage these concerts, to the debasing pleasure of drinking in taverns. It is but natural and necessary that working-men should enjoy relaxation after a week spent in hard labour, and it is therefore of great importance that as much activity should be used in providing proper, as is displayed in providing improper means of obtaining that relaxation. Too many *downward* roads are open to the working-man on Saturday evening; increase the *upward* roads, and his improvement is effectively begun. The results of these Saturday evening concerts in Liverpool have been highly satisfactory; and as they have been productive of much good, and are well worthy of imitation in other towns, a short account of them may be useful here.

In that very populous district of the town which has been described as in the neighbourhood of Scotland Road, there was established, a few years ago, the 'Northern Mechanics' Institution.' Like others of its class, it was commenced on a small scale, and its proceedings were conducted in a school, the free use of which was granted by the corporation. But about five years ago, the state of political parties in the town-council became changed, and the use of the school for the purposes of the institution was withdrawn. The institution was not rich enough to hire other rooms, and it soon ceased to exist, except in name. In 1844, an effort was made to raise funds for the erection of a building, and the committee adopted the plan of 'Saturday evening concerts, with literary and scientific recreations, intended to elevate the tastes, and improve the moral and intellectual character of the working-classes of Liverpool; to lead such as indulge in degrading and vicious pursuits to habits of virtue and temperance, and to provide for them the means of rational and elevating amusement at the cheapest possible rate.' Thus the means used to raise the taste of the working-classes were expected at the same time to produce funds that were to be appropriated to the providing of a higher kind of instruction, to which these concerts, &c. were preparatory. A distinguished nobleman in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, and many gentlemen of high standing in the town, became patrons of the scheme, and by donations, as well as by the more powerful influence of their presence, contributed greatly to its success.

A large concert-room, in a central situation, was hired by the committee, and the concerts commenced on the 2d of November 1844, and have since been continued with few interruptions. The parties engaged to sing have always been distinguished for their superior talent and ability, and every entertainment has been of a kind calculated to have an elevating and refining effect upon the audience. The room has been greatly improved since the concert committee became the tenants. It is seated for 2000 persons, and at many of the concerts the audience has exceeded that number. The lowest charge (threepence) is made for the body of the room, and higher sums are charged for the gallery and its reserved seats. At the most attractive concerts, the audiences have consisted on an average of about 2200 each evening, of whom 1400 are estimated to have belonged to the working-classes. Other concerts have been attended by about 1500, of whom one-half may be considered as belonging to the working-classes. It is interesting to notice, that at those concerts where the highest talent is engaged, the proportion of the working-classes is much greater than on other occasions; thus showing that, to foster a refined taste, there must be presented to the mind, at the very outset, the best and purest compositions.

When the concerts were commenced, the conduct of some portions of the audience was not unexceptionable. But this quickly improved; and since the first quarter, the audiences have conducted themselves in a most orderly and becoming way, and have shown, by their marks of applause, how well they appreciated many compositions. A few lectures have also been delivered on various attractive subjects, the average attendance at which has been from five to six hundred.

It is impossible to trace the beneficial effects which such a plan of concerts may and probably will produce. Good men, who labour to improve their brethren, must be content to sow the seed, and not be too impatient for the harvest. Those who sow do not always reap; but the influence of these concerts is not the less powerful because it has fallen quietly, and is now secretly working out its glad results. It may have cheered many a home, and altered for the better many a heart. And all who know the working-classes of this country, must feel convinced that whenever such a means of elevating enjoyment is within their reach, they will avail themselves of it; and that, to improve their condition, one sure plan among many is to give such 'Saturday evening concerts' as these described.

LETTER-WRITING IN ENGLAND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

Sir Henry Ellis, the well-known and eminent chief librarian of the British Museum, has recently published a third series of original letters, illustrative of English history, from the autographs in the Museum, the State Paper Office, and other similar collections. Each of the volumes of the former series began with the reign of Henry V., that being the period when letters were first written in English. The present collection, in addition to nearly two hundred letters written by and from the most eminent actors in the English Reformation, includes about thirty-five of earlier date in French and Latin, for the most part of great antiquity.

It is a great mistake to think that we can form a full and correct idea of what is taking place at the present moment from books only, and still less of what has taken place at a time preceding our own. The influence of ideas upon ideas, of one literature upon another, leaves its traces in books, and may be found there; but the living action of man upon man, and of one society upon another, too commonly disappears from the eye when the tomb has closed upon the generation. It is this which forms the great value of letters in a historical point of view. If we hope to discover and feel what people really were at any given time before our own, it will not be literature, properly so called, that will give us the means, but that which has been said, done, and written by people who never thought of publication, and often had not seen a dozen books together. These are the true revelations, where we have the life, talk, and actions in flesh and blood. Letters, every-day talk, newspaper paragraphs, furniture, pictures, as much or more than books, are the substance in which the character of the age has written itself. An author may be playing a part in his book; at anyrate he has a certain definite character to maintain under the eyes of the public of his own time, and, as he hopes, of posterity; but letters are always genuine evidence, so far as they go, inasmuch as they are all necessarily written in the

spirit of the age in which their writers lived. The rays of light which they throw indirectly upon the manners and morals of the times are especially useful, to give correctness and individuality to that vague outline, which is all that a regular historical narrative commonly presents. Considering their value, they have never been used as they deserved; and the history writers of the last century, even the most eminent, such as Hume, often seem not to be aware that they existed.

Sir Henry, in all, has given us this time above two hundred letters, and has added to them, in the shape of prefaces and explanatory notes, a body of information which is always worth attention, and often more amusing than the context. In such a number, and from such a variety of writers, there is, as might be expected, a great difference of style and subject. The farther we go back, the shorter and stiffer they become. To write a letter in the middle ages was no joke—a task which none but a priest or a scribe by profession would willingly encounter. Letter-writing in these early times was resorted to only on occasions of moment; even letters of familiarity frequently took the form of legal instruments. Till a comparatively later period too, vellum was the substance upon which they were written, and scribes were employed to indite them. 'Even at a later period, when English was the language used, we find Anne, Countess of Warwick, in her petition to parliament from the sanctuary of Beaulieu, for the restitution of her inheritance, stating as a proof of her endurance, "that, in absence of clerks, she hath absolutely written letters in that behalf to the king's highness *with her own* hand." The earliest letter written in England now remaining is probably that of Wuldhan, bishop of London, to Beretuald, archbishop of Canterbury, preserved in the Cottonian Manuscripts, desiring his advice as to the mode of proceeding at a council, summoned at a place called Breyuntford, for settling certain differences which had arisen between the king and the said council. Beretuald was archbishop of Canterbury from A.D. 692 to A.D. 731. The letter is greatly injured, and altogether too difficult to be perfectly made out; a solitary record of early epistolary intercourse in the Saxon times. No other letter is known of previous to the Norman Conquest.'

After the Conquest, letters became more numerous, but all either in French, the tongue of the Norman masters, or in Latin, the then universal language of educated men throughout Europe. Nearly all of those in the collection in these languages are by priests. The constant turmoil and insecurity in which the laity then lived, made it impossible for them to cultivate writing; but the want of a cheap and good material to write on, was, to the full, as great a drawback. Our earliest use of paper in epistolary correspondence cannot be carried farther back than the reign of Edward I., during whose reign, or in the later part of his father's time, it seems to have been brought from the east by way of Italy. It was one of the conveniences of life for which we are indebted to the Crusades. The earliest instances of its use are to be found among what are called the 'letters missive,' at the Record Office, in the Tower of London.

The great effect consequent upon the introduction of paper is shown by the appearance, almost immediately afterwards, of numerous tracts, some of which, in later times, would be called 'complete letter-writers,' both in French and Latin.

'One of these,' says Sir H. Ellis, 'for the French language, is preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 4971, of the time of Edward III. The examples of the letters are in French, but the rubrics and directions are in Latin. The first form is that of a letter from King Edward III. to Henry, Duke of Lancaster, with the answer from the duke; the second is from the prince to the Earl of Northampton, with his answer. The forms then go through all the known gradations of society at that day. An earl to a baron, a baron to a knight, the knight to an esquire, the esquire to his companion—merchant to merchant, father to son, burgess to burgess, the lord to his bailiff, friend to friend—all with their respective answers. Then follow forms for the religious: an archbishop to a baron, a bishop to a knight and to an abbot, an abbot to an esquire, a prior to a merchant, a monk to his fellow monk, a father to his son's master. A third division begins with the forms of epistolary communication between women: a letter from Queen Philippa to a knight, of a knight in prison to his lady, from a mother to her son, a student; from an abbess to a lady, from a sister to a sister—all with answers, and all in French.' Letter-writing was evidently becoming more frequent among all classes of society.

A similar volume of formulæ, of the time of Richard II. will be found in the Harleian Collection, volume 3088, clearly designed for English use, as the names both of writer and answerer in every instance are those of English persons. It is preceded in the volume by a tract to teach the French language.

The cultivation of the French language in our monasteries continued till their dissolution; but it was the old Norman-French, such as was used in the law courts—a dialect of which still survives in Jersey and Guernsey—and which had begun to differ widely from the vernacular of France. The great seminary for its acquisition was at Stratford, near the site of the present Victoria Park, on the east of London. Chaucer's reference to the training of young ladies of noble family in that language by the nuns of Stratford is well known. Of his prioress he says—

> 'And French she spoke full fayre and fetishly,
> After the schole of Stratford atte Bowe,
> For French of Paris was to her unknowe.'

A similar remark occurs in a letter from John Ap Rice, one of the visitors of religious houses, to Secretary Cromwell. 'The ladies have their rule, the institutes of their religion, and the ceremonies of the same, written in the French tongue, which they understand well, albeit that it varieth from the vulgar French that is now used, and is much like the French that the common law is written in.'

Among the many features of society which are thus set before us, it would be very natural that, at a time when war was the business of men's lives, it should form the principal staple of their letters. But excepting one Latin epistle, briefly reporting the surrender of a castle in the time of the Conqueror, perhaps the earliest English military despatch on record, and another giving a circumstantial account of the fourth and last expedition of Edward III. into Scotland, nothing purely military occurs; while above a third of them are occupied with details of money transactions, upon which these warlike princes seem to have been fully as anxiously bent as ourselves. The feudal system, which answered admirably for the purposes of mere defence, and to keep society stationary, proved a dead failure when it came to wars beyond the seas which were at all protracted. For such, money was equally necessary then as now; and money could only be procured, at enormous interest, from the Italian bankers. It was about this time that the successful manufacturing efforts of the Florentines brought them into commercial dealings with different countries of Europe, and thence arose the establishment of banks. In a short time Florence became the centre of the money transactions of every commercial country of Europe, and her merchants and bankers accumulated great wealth. Every monarch of Europe had to do with the Italian money-lenders more or less; and, as a general rule, the greater the conqueror, the greater was the debt. Thus we find (letter 19) the magistrates of Florence writing to Edward III., to intreat him to do something for the society of the Bardi, whom they describe as utterly ruined (*facti sunt de locupletibus egeni*), in consequence of his non-payment of his debts.

The Bardi and the Peruzzi of Florence were at this time the two greatest banking-houses of Europe. In

the fourth year of his reign, the Bardi undertook to supply the king with twenty pounds sterling daily, for the space of one year, and all the customs of the realm were assigned to them in payment. In the following year, the same company are represented as having engaged to provide one thousand marks per month, for one year, towards the expenses of the household; and the new and old customs in London and elsewhere were assigned to them for satisfaction of the debt. In the twenty-first year of the same reign, we find the Bardi received to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds (!) in part payment of the immense sum of fifty thousand four hundred and ninety three pounds, for which they had the king's letter of obligation. But matters had then come to an extremity with the most wealthy of the Italian companies. 'The expenses,' says Villani, an old contemporaneous historian, 'so much exceeded the revenues, that the king of England, when he returned home from the war, found himself indebted for principal, assignments, and rewards to the Bardi, more than one hundred and eighty thousand marks sterling, and to the Peruzzi more than one hundred and thirty-five thousand marks. A large part of the money they had lent was not their own capital, but had been borrowed by them, or received on trust from fellow-citizens and strangers; and great danger thence accrued both to them and to the city of Florence. For, not being able to answer the calls of their creditors in England, Florence, and elsewhere, where they trafficked, they lost their credit on all sides, and became bankrupts.' They were not, however, reduced to complete destitution through the king's conduct, as the letter of the Florentine senate affirms; for Villani goes on to say, 'Though our city of Florence, in consequence, received a shock such as had not been experienced for many years, yet the Bardi avoided a complete ruin by their possessions in the city and territory of Florence, and by the great power and rank which they held in the republic. Yet this failure greatly reduced the wealth and condition of the merchants and traders of Florence.' So much for conquerors not paying their debts!

The burden of letter No. 19 would be enough to trouble any man who was conscious of having nearly ruined a flourishing community; but in letter 20, we find the conqueror of Cressy and of the commercial credit of Florence in great distress of mind about a hawk, and Galeazzo Visconti, the Grand Duke of Milan, writing to comfort him. 'We have understood,' he writes, 'most serene prince, that the falcon called the Cyprian, which we sent to you, is dead, which distresses us much, as we hear that it gave great comfort to you. But we have other hawks as good, or better, of which doubt not we will send you one, if the roads permit.' The same distress for money, however, which even the acquisition of a new hawk could not long assuage, runs uninterruptedly through the rest of the epistles. In letter 23, we have Michael Steno, the Doge of Venice himself, pressing King Henry IV. about the payment of eight hundred marks, owing to one Antonio Bembo, from the Duke of Norfolk; and the series of royal necessities terminates in a petition from the unhappy Henry VI. to the abbot of Edmonsbury, praying for the loan of a hundred marks (about seventy pounds sterling) preparatory to his marriage; so low had the disasters of the French wars reduced the royal treasury of England.

The second portion, embracing the reign of Henry VIII., abounds with letters of the greatest interest, as elucidating the history of the momentous times of the Reformation, but which, for obvious reasons, would require a constant historical commentary to render their story intelligible. We prefer to select from among them those which throw a passing light on the manners and feelings of the times.

Thus we find among the first a letter from the lord high admiral as to measures to be taken to prevent the stoppage of the colliers off Yarmouth, showing at what an early period the Newcastle coal-trade had risen to importance. Soon after, we come upon a letter (No. 207) from Henry Hulltoft, surveyor of the customs at Southampton, to Cromwell, announcing the arrival of a present of novelties for the king's highness; namely, 'two musk catts, three lyttle munkeys, a marmozet, a shirt, or an upper vesture of cambrick, wrought with whyte silk in every part; moreover, a chest of India nutts, which be greater than a man's fist; and three pots of earth painted, called porceland; which is all.' The India nuts, as big as a man's fist, of course were cocoa-nuts. The 'porceland pots' presented on this occasion are the earliest distinct mention of porcelain in England. The earliest mention of Oriental porcelain, as known in Europe, is said by Mr Albert Way to be in an inventory of valuable effects of Johanne, queen of Charles le Bel, king of France, who died A.D. 1370.

Perhaps the most curious letter in the collection is one from Sir Edward Howard, then lord high admiral of England, to Wolsey, written when lying with his fleet in Plymouth Sound, preparatory to sailing against the French ships in Brest. Sir Edward Howard's letter is deserving preservation, both as being in all probability the first naval despatch of an English admiral on record, as from the minute incidental particulars about the victualling the fleet, and the early use of nautical language, almost identical with the present: it fully explains the manner in which the ships in Henry's navy were supplied when afloat, and the difficulties, in regard of movement, which the lord admiral had to encounter. The vessels that had received their proportion for two months' flesh could not, it appears, bring about five weeks; the barrels were full of salt. Many of the vessels came out of the Thames with a month's beer, trusting that the victuallers would bring the rest, and were disappointed. Beer was the regular beverage for the sailors—we have no mention of grog. We give the letter, omitting what relates to private affairs.

'Master Almoner, in my heartiest wise I recommend me unto you, certifying that I am now, at the writing of this my letter, in Plymouth Sound, with all the king's fleet, saving the ships which be at Hampton [Southampton], which I look for to-night. Sir, I think our business will be tried within five or six days at the farthest; for a hulk that came straight from Brest, showeth for a certainty that there be ready coming forward a hundred ships of war, besides the galleys; and says they be very well trimmed, and will not fail to come out and fight with us. I pray God and St George that we shall have a fair day on them; and I pray that we linger no longer, for I assure you never was army so falsely victualled. They that received their proportion for two months' flesh cannot bring about for five weeks, for the barrels be full of salt. And when the pieces keep the number, when they should be penny pieces, they be scant halfpenny pieces. And where two pieces should make a mess, three will not serve. Also many come out of Thames but with a month's beer, trusting that the victuallers shall bring the rest, and here cometh none. I send you word, for a surety, here is not in this army, one with another, past fifteen days' food. Sir, the Katherine Fortileza hath troubled me beyond measure. She brought out of Thames but fourteen days' victual, and no victualler is come to help her; and so I have victualled her with beer ever since. In consideration to keep the army together, sir, for God's sake send along the coast that they brew beer, and make biscuit, that we may have some refreshment to keep us together upon this coast, or else we shall be driven to come again into the Downs, and let the Frenchmen take their pleasure. Sir, the Katherine Fortileza hath so many leaks, by reason of Bedell, the carpenter that worked in her at Woolwich, that we have had much ado to keep her above water. He hath bored a hundred auger-holes in her, and left unstopped, that the water came in as it were in a sieve. Sir, this day I have all the calkers of the army on her. I trust by to-morrow she shall be more stanch. Sir, I know no man's proportion but my own, nor one captain

knoweth what his purser has received; for we left all our pursers at London, to haste forth our victual, and neither hear we of our pursers nor our victual. Sir, all the victual that shall come to us, let it come to Dartmouth, for there it may lie ready for us; and sure enough, sir, there is much victual at Sandwich, and they have no vessel to bring it to us. But howsoever the matter goeth, I will make a fray with the fleet of France, if wind and weather will serve. Written in the Mary Rose, by your to my little power—EDWARD HOWARD.'

In spite of his professed zeal, perhaps owing to the defective state of equipment mentioned in his letter, Sir Edward Howard effected nothing with his large fleet. How his force was raised, we learn from a brief preserved in the Harleian Manuscripts of Sir Edward's patent of agreement with the king as admiral and captain-general. The king covenanted that the admiral should have under him, in the service, 10,032 men—of whom fifty-two were to be captains, fifty masters, and the rest, in equal moieties, soldiers and sailors; the first to fight, and the second to work the ship; the former commanded generally by a gentleman or nobleman of distinction, who had nothing to do with the management of the vessel, and the latter under a sailing-master; whence the class of masters in our navy. The admiral was to have for his wages, diet and rewards, ten-shillings per day; his captains eighteenpence; every mariner and gunner five shillings per month, and as much besides for food. The king promised to victual the whole by a rate agreed upon under his own hand; in return for which the admiral was to answer him half of all manner of gains that he should make by land or water; with all prisoners being Christians; one ship of two hundred tons, furnished and rigged; and all artillery in any ship taken.

The vessels of this infant navy were not much better built than they were victualled. In Holbein's pictures they have every appearance of Chinese junks, with immensely elevated heads and sterns, and their port-holes almost level with the water. The Mary Rose, whence the admiral's letter is dated, was the ill-fated vessel which, in the month of July 1545, was lost on the short passage from Portsmouth to Spithead, through the carelessness of her crew in leaving her port-holes open, which were within *sixteen inches* of the water. She went down about a mile from the spot where, nearly two centuries afterwards, the Royal George foundered in much the same manner, with her commander, Sir George Carew, on board, and nearly seven hundred soldiers and sailors, who were all drowned. Such were the early ships and sailors of the British navy.

'THE GASTRONOMIC REGENERATOR.'

THREE years ago (No. 602, first series), we presented an account of a visit to the Reform Club-house, well known as one of the lions of the metropolis, and deserving of attention as possessing perhaps the most complete culinary establishment in the kingdom. Everything is there done which science and experience can suggest for the preparation of food, not only as respects taste, but economy—an economy in material which permits nothing to be lost, economy in time, fuel, and space. The presiding genius of the place, as then mentioned, was M. Soyer, a Frenchman by birth, an Englishman by marriage and length of residence amongst us. 'Monsieur,' said we on that occasion, 'why don't you write a book *de l'art du cuisinier?* You should tell the world all about this wonderful kitchen, and how you prepare these great quantities of nice dishes, the very smell of which might almost serve for a dinner.' A bow from the prince of cooks prefaced the explanatory reply, that he was actually busy with a book which should leave nothing untold as to his art, or the *cuisine* of which he had the superintendence.

We heard no more of M. Soyer till a few days ago, when his promised work fell accidentally under our notice.* Never till now, we think, has the world been favoured with such a mass of information on the matter of preparing food. Monsieur makes little pretence to authorcraft, and we fear there is not a witticism in the whole of his seven hundred pages. His business, however, is not to make jokes, but to make dishes. Although his volume may not compete with such works of humour as that of Kitchener, it will, we believe, be allowed to stand unrivalled for the comprehensiveness and variety of its directions on what is the undisguised profession and purpose of the writer. The greater part of the book is devoted to the preparing of French dishes, a species of cookery which, with all deference to John Bull prejudices, we must pronounce very far in advance of that of England, inasmuch as it has economy for its basis, and effects a charming variety of edibles out of what our everyday cookery literally throws away or blows into the atmosphere. The peculiarity of French cookery is the excellence of the stews and boils; in either case much is made of vegetable substances, and a relish imparted which could not be attained by the separate vegetable preparations of the English. We have been amused, in looking over M. Soyer's book, to observe the resemblance between the cookery of certain French and Scotch dishes. Anything like an improved cookery was introduced into Scotland from France three or four centuries ago, and some of our present dishes are only descendants of this ancestry. Cock-a-leeky, hotch-potch, and that great national standard, *haggis*, are unquestionably French, and bear a close relationship to the modern *pot-au-feu*. Modern did we say? The pot-au-feu, for anything we or M. Soyer can tell, may be as old as the French monarchy—may have been a bequest of the Gauls, and tickled the nostrils and palates of the Roman legions.

On pot-au-feu, M. Soyer, as a good Frenchman, so far as the dignity of his art is concerned, dilates with national loquacity. He is even anecdotic on pot-au-feu, and by way of giving our readers a notion of his style, as well as of what this thing pot-au-feu really is, we present them with the following narration:—

'FRENCH POT-AU-FEU.—Out of this earthen pot comes the favourite soup and bouilli which has been everlastingly famed as having been the support of several generations of all classes of society in France; from the opulent to the poorest individuals, all pay tribute to its excellence and worth. In fact this soup and bouilli is to the French what the roast-beef and plum-pudding is on a Sunday to the English. No dinner in France is served without soup, and no good soup is supposed to be made without the pot-au-feu. Generally every quarter of a century makes a total alteration in fashions and politics, need I say also in cookery, which must be approximated not only to the fashion, but more strongly so to the political world, humbly bending its indispensable services to the whims and wishes of crowned heads, which invariably lead the multitude. For example, the bills of fare of the sumptuous dinners which used to grace the tables of Louis XIV., XVI., and XVIII. of France, were all very different to each other, and none of them were ever copied to grace the sumptuous and luxurious tables of the empire; even the very features of them have undergone an entire change in our own days. Every culinary invention taking its title and origin from some celebrated personage or extraordinary event, every innovation in cookery, like a change in fashion, causing us to forget those dishes which they have superseded. I have no doubt but that if some correct historian could collect the bills of fare of dinners from various centuries and nations which crowned heads have partaken of, he might write a very interesting volume under the title of History of Cookery, in which we should be able closely to

* The Gastronomic Regenerator, a Simplified and Entirely New System of Cookery. By M. A. Soyer. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.

trace the original history of different countries.* Nothing can stamp the anniversary of any great event so well as a sumptuous banquet; peace, war, politics, and even religion, has always been the cause of extraordinary, and sometimes monstrous gastronomic meetings, for a proof of which my readers will find, at the end of this work, a correct bill of fare (found in the Tower of London) of a dinner given by the Earl of Warwick at the installation of an archbishop of York in the year 1470. Everything seems to prove to us that it has always performed an important part in political events, and has been exposed to as many alterations; still, amongst so many changes, it is with a national pleasure that I find, amongst the heap of frivolous culinary ruins, an old favourite of our great-great-grandfathers still remaining ours; having boldly passed through every storm, it has for ever established its culinary power upon our changeable soil. The brown cheek of this demi-immortal is daily seen ornamenting the firesides of millions, and merely acquaints the children the first thing in the morning that something good is in preparation for their dinner. This mighty vessel is called in French pot-au-feu,† in which is made that excellent and wholesome luxury which for centuries has been the principal nourishment and support of the middling and poorer classes of France at a very trifling expense. It is not upon the tables of the wealthy that the best of this national soup is to be obtained, but upon the right or left side of the entrance to his noble mansion, in a square, oval, or octagonal room, commonly called *la loge du portier*, or the porter's lodge, as nearly every porter has his portière; that is, a wife who answers the door (whilst her husband is doing the frotage, or polishing the floor of the apartment). While pulling the string or wire which loosens the lock to let people in with one hand, she skims the pot-au-feu with the other; should she be fortunate enough to possess two eyes, she would keep one upon her pot-au-feu, and the other upon the individual, who had probably come only to make inquiry. Unfortunately for La Mère Binard, she had but one eye, which she almost entirely devoted to the ebullition of her pot-au-feu. Having been portière two-and-thirty years, she knew most of the people in the habit of calling by their voice, and used to answer them even without turning her shaking head. One day her master, M. le Comte de C——, who was a good gentleman and great epicure, came home from a long ride while she was performing her humble duty of pouring the soup into the tureen; a triple knock came to the door, which immediately opened as by electricity, and in walked her beloved master, who came to the door of the lodge to pay his duties to his old and faithful servant, whilst an exhalation of the most delicious fragrance perfumed the small apartment from the boiling consomé, which attracted his scientific attention. After a short inquiry, he discovered, in an old brown pan, the gloriously smoking-hot consomé, and seizing with avidity a spoon by the side, tasted, much to the astonishment of La Mère Binard, several spoonsful—pronouncing the first delicious, the second excellent, the third delightful, in fact magnificent. "Can you spare any of it?" he said, addressing the worthy dame. "Yes," said she; "but I am sure monseigneur does not mean it." "But indeed I do," replied he; "and if I had been aware I could have obtained such a treasure, I would have had nothing else for my dinner to-day; and if you were not so far advanced in years, I would not object to make you a *cordon bleu*." The earthen pan was immediately conveyed up stairs to the dining-room, and deposited upon the table of his seigneurie, where an excellent dinner was waiting for himself and friends; but the immortal pot-au-feu, resting on a superb silver tray, with its handle half broken off, received the exclusive homage of the company, to the great annoyance of the cook, who had thus sacrificed the art he had displayed in dressing a most recherché dinner, and felt no small offence at the whim of his wealthy master, who had neglected his dinner to take pot-luck with his porter's wife.

'By a friendly introduction to La Mère Binard, I, with a great deal of supplication, obtained from her the following valuable receipt, having been obliged first to listen to the constant repetition of the above anecdote before she would explain it to me:—"I generally choose," says she, "a bit of the *gite à la noix*, part of the aitch-bone, a piece of the rump, or a slice from the thickest part of the leg, weighing from four to five pounds, with sufficient fat attached, or adding a small piece; then I put it into the earthen pan, and fill with cold water to within two inches of the rim, being about four quarts; then I set it by my wood-fire until beginning to get hot, when a thin scum will arise by degrees, which I carefully take off, and throw away; then I add half a pound of beef liver, and a tablespoonful and a half of salt; it will produce more scum, which also carefully remove. Have ready prepared, well washed and clean, two middling-sized carrots cut in halves, then in four, two small pieces of parsnip, four turnips, two onions, with two cloves stuck in each, eight young leeks, or two old ones, a head of celery cut into pieces three inches in length; tie the leeks and celery into a bunch, and put altogether into the pot-au-feu; set it alone nearer the fire until it commences boiling; fresh skim again, draw it a little farther to the corner of the fire, put a wooden skimmer across the pot, upon which rest the lid, to prevent its boiling fast—which would entirely spoil the soup, the meat becoming very hard, and the soup thick and muddy." "You quite astonish me, Mrs Binard," said I. "Oh," says she, "I have had so many years of experience, and know it to be the case." "Yes," said I; "my dear lady, I do not in the least doubt your correctness." "Well, then, one hour afterwards I add a little cold water to keep it to the same quantity, put in a burnt onion to give it a colour, and let it simmer four hours, sometimes five, depending if the meat is cut very thick; then I cut some large thin slices of bread, which I lay at the bottom of the tureen, then I take off the greater part of the fat, cut the bunch of celery and leeks open, lay them upon the slices of bread, with one of the carrots, two turnips, and the pieces of parsnip; take half of the broth with a ladle, which pour into the tureen, there being quite enough soup for six of us—myself, Binard, my daughter and her husband, and the two boys; then I take out carefully the meat, which I lay upon the dish, with half of the liver at the side; the other half, when cold, I give to Minette (her favourite cat); lay the remainder of the vegetables round, with some fine sprigs of fresh parsley; by that time the bread is (trempé) moistened; set both upon the table at once, keeping the meat covered until we have done with the soup. That is the way we dine upon a Sunday. The next day, with the remainder of the broth I make vermicelli or rice soup, or the same with bread in it, and fricassée the remainder of the beef in various ways. When my daughter was ill, I used to put a calf's foot in the pot-au-feu with the beef; it made the soup very strengthening, and did her much good." "Will you be kind enough," said I, "to tell me where you get these burnt onions, for I perceive without it your soup would be quite white?" "Bless you, sir!" she replied, "you may get six for two sous at any of the grocers, or you can burn them yourself in the oven, or by the fireside, gently turning them now and then until they are quite black, but not burnt to a cinder, or it would spoil the flavour of the soup." I then took leave of her, returning thanks for her kindness, and put down the receipt as she gave it me during her long explanation, as follows:—RECEIPT.—Put in the pot-au-feu six pounds of beef, four quarts of water; set near the fire, skim; when nearly boiling, add a spoonful and a half of salt, half a pound of liver, two carrots, four turnips, eight young or two old leeks, one head of celery, two onions, and one

* Especially in France, where cookery was first cradled, and has ever since been well nursed.

† Being a brown earthen pot, which costs about sixpence or a shilling, and which, with care, would last twenty years; the more it is used, the better soup it makes.

burnt, with a clove in each, and a piece of parsnip; skim again, and let simmer four or five hours, adding a little cold water now and then; take off part of the fat, put slices of bread into the tureen, lay half the vegetables over, and half the broth, and serve the meat separate, with the vegetables around. Since I have been in England I have broken my precious earthen pot; I have, however, made some very good soups at home in a black saucepan or stewpan, but must admit not quite so delicate and perfect as in the identical *pot de terre*.'

By way of testing the correctness of M. Soyer's description, we have had *pot-au-feu* made according to his directions, and found it all that a *gourmet*, or even a *gourmand*, could reasonably desire.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PEOPLE.*

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

PICKING UP THOUGHTS.

Boys, you have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, and men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up horse-nails and pins in the street, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them; and they will grow into other thoughts, almost while you are asleep. The world is full of thoughts, and you will find them strewed everywhere in your path.

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years of age, while fishing on the banks of the Tennessee, United States, America, picked up a large pearl among the mussel-shells. Returning home, he accidentally exhibited it while rummaging his pockets filled with fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait, &c. A gentleman standing by observed the costly treasure, and asked the little fellow how much he should give him for it? 'Oh,' said the boy, 'a bit or two—just as you please.' 'No,' replied the gentleman; 'you must not sell it for a trifle; it is worth a great sum. I will send it to Nashville to be sold, and the proceeds of it shall be applied to your education.' The pearl was sent to a lapidary, who estimated its value at *five hundred dollars!* Let it glitter in the diadem of a crowned head, and that boy's mind be enriched with jewels whose lustre shall outlive and outshine the light of diamonds, and he will have parted with it for a pearl of greater price.

'THE LONG RANGE' OF THE GOSPEL.

'Warner's Long Range' is a good deal spoken of now-a-days as a wonderful invention for killing enemies. But let me tell Warner, and all other geniuses of his cast, that such inventions are all a humbug. Such tactics and tools are all too short-sighted and short-bitted for the work proposed. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits; and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone-dead as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven among men by which one can kill an enemy; and that is, by *putting coals of fire on his head*; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him, like a good Samaritan, with your hands, eyes, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warm him with clothing and words of kindness, and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot. Try it, and tell the nation to do the same.

VALUE OF CHANGES.

'No political change is worth a single crime, or, above all, a single drop of human blood.' That will be a golden age for humanity which shall see this sublime principle the foundation-stone and top-stone, the crown and glory, of every political edifice which shall be reared on the ruins of despotic institutions. No political change can improve the condition of a people unless it promote a moral end. No moral end can be attained by demoralising means. Moral means are always the constituent elements of the moral end already attained, 'the substance of things hoped for.' They are to true freedom what repentance and faith are to salvation. And any combination of despotic force, in armies or navies, might as well seek to intercept the communication of Divine grace to the heart of the penitent and believing sinner, as to intercept the gift of freedom to that people who commence working out their political or social salvation 'in the fear and trembling' of moral means.

A FREEHOLD ESTATE FOR THE PEOPLE.

There is one great estate belonging to the people of Christendom—an estate which is transmitted to successive generations in fee simple, in the fullest freehold ownership and occupation. This estate consists in a debt of more than L.2,000,000,000, contracted by sixteen European nations, in sacrificing upon the altar of Mars about twenty millions of their subjects and citizens. This is merely the *arrearage* due from the people for the cost of their self-immolation; it is but a tithe of what they have *paid* on the human slaughter-bills since the Reformation. This vast debt is what the people have earned by destroying each other in war. It is a great estate, and yields them an annual revenue of poverty, crime, and wretchedness. Then there is another source of similar income to the people. The Christian governments of Christendom expend about L.200,000,000 annually in preparing for future wars; which, added to the interest of their aggregate war debt, at five per cent., rises to the nice little sum of L.300,000,000, which has to be *raised* every year by *sinking* the condition of the people still lower. The annual war-tax on the inhabitants of Europe may be put down at L.2 a-head, from the infant in the cradle to the man tottering into the grave beneath the weight of a hundred years! To pay the principal of this war-debt of Christendom, it would be necessary to levy a tax of at least L.2 on every inhabitant of the globe! Let the people think of these things.

* Communicated by the author.

THE SPEAKING AUTOMATON.

'We have no doubt that, before another century is completed, a talking and singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of science.' Such are the concluding words of one of Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott. It is my present occupation to show the complete realisation of this prophecy, and to detail the particulars of such a piece of mechanism, as it is now in operation in the Egyptian Hall, London.

It is generally known that, from time to time, attempts have been made to put together pieces of machinery which should be capable of mimicking the human voice. These attempts have been, to the present hour, only very partially successful: the imitation has been rude, mechanic, and unnatural. To understand the difficulties which stand in the way of all inventions of this sort, it is only necessary to remind the reader for a moment of the delicate and intricate nature of the human apparatus. This consists of the expansile and contractile air-tube, the trachea; the delicate ligaments, called vocal chords, stretching across a portion of this tube, called the glottis: to these ligaments muscles are connected, which tighten or relax, open or close them, and these muscles are supplied with nerves, which bring them under the influence of the will in a certain degree. The upper part of the throat, the soft palate, tongue, roof of the mouth, teeth, lips, and nose, are all essentially engaged in articulation; and to give anything like a successful result, these must be closely imitated both in physical properties and configuration. It may not be uninstructive to give a cursory sketch of the inventions

which preceded that in question, and which may have opened the way in some measure for its accomplishment.

Sir D. Brewster, in the work just cited, informs us that, about the year 1779, some of the earliest successful attempts to construct a speaking apparatus were made by a person of the name of Kratzenstein. In a prize essay sent by him to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg, an analysis was given of the vowel sounds A, E, I, O, U, and the construction of an apparatus capable of distinctly pronouncing them was described. The principle of his invention consisted in attaching reeds of various calibre to an air-chest; the mouth of each reed being differently modified, bent at certain angles, covered in a peculiar manner, and so on. Here the invention stopped. It appears, however, that at a later period Kratzenstein pursued his researches; and he is said to have completed a talking apparatus, which imperfectly pronounced words and sentences. M. Kempelen, the inventor of that celebrated imposture, the pseudo-automatic chess-player, then directed his thoughts to the same subject. It seems more than probable that the construction of the vocal apparatus of the chess-player, by means of which it squeaked forth its harsh *echeck*, may have been the germ from whence the thought arose of constructing a combination of machinery which should be more worthy of his amazing mechanical powers than 'the ingenious trifle' about which the world ran mad. His first apparatus consisted of an air-chest, formed out of caoutchouc, into which several voice-reeds opened, which were supplied with air from a bellows. By a division of this India-rubber box, so as to give it a resemblance to human jaws, he obtained the sounds OU, O, A, and an imperfect E. Not satisfied with these results, he added further mechanism, which then produced the additional sounds P, M, and L. Here now was a machine possessing limited conversational powers, and capable of uttering 'mamma,' 'papa,' &c. but with indistinctness. The clacking of the machinery, and some trifling imperfections in the adaptation of its relative parts, obscured the sharpness and distinctive character of the sounds: thus 'papa' was pronounced *pha-pha*. Sir D. Brewster describes this machine, as it was finally constructed, as consisting of five principal parts—a reed representing the human glottis, an air-chest with internal valves, the bellows, a mouth with its appurtenances, and lastly nostrils. The reed resembled the drone of a bagpipe; but its tongue was formed of a thin slip of ivory, which reposed upon a portion of the reed, covered with leather, for the purpose of preventing any clapping sound. The proper pitch of the reed-note was produced by a spring, which was so applied to the ivory tongue as to permit of a greater or lesser number of vibrations in a given time; the note rising or falling in the proportion of the number and intensity of such vibrations. The speech-note proceeded from this reed into the air-chest, which contained several smaller air-boxes, to which valves and wooden tubes were adapted, for the production of the hissing sounds *s*, *sch*, *z*, &c. Small subsidiary bellows were requisite for producing the letters P, K, T, &c. The mouth was formed of a bell or funnel-shaped box of India-rubber, whose physical properties assimilate it to the softness and flexibility of the human organ: into this cavity the vocal sounds proceeded. When the mouth-piece was closed, they passed through the nostrils, the entrance to which was guarded by thin laminæ; when both nostrils were left open, the letter M was very perfectly sounded; when only one, the letter N. With this more perfect apparatus Kempelen came to the metropolis, where it was privately exhibited to a few scientific persons. It articulated such sentences as the following—*opera, astronomy, Constantinopolis, vous êtes mon ami*, and the word *exploitation*, with a strong French accent. Of the further history of this machine we are in ignorance; perhaps it now lies hid in the dust of some philosopher's lumber-room.

A countryman of our own, a Mr Willis of Cambridge, after Kempelen, took up the subject, and invented a very simple machine upon a somewhat analogous principle, by means of which he produced the vowel sounds with great distinctness. This was effected by sliding a plate over a bell-shaped cavity, to which the voice-reed was connected. He also discovered that, by lengthening or shortening the air-tube to which the reed was attached, by means of sliding joints, he could invert the order of the series. With this invention the subject appears to have been dropped.

The *singing* of the human voice has had more successful imitators. There has been long in use, upon the organ, a stop called the *vox humana*, which bears a considerable resemblance to human singing, without articulation. The great Haarlem organ has a celebrated stop of this kind. It is the reed-notes of the organ which most closely resemble the notes of the voice. The note of the bagpipe and bassoon is also intimately allied to the human note. Professor Müller, the great German physiologist, instituted a series of experiments upon the human organs of voice, after removing them from the body, and produced from the larynx a perfect scale of notes and half-notes, extending to about two octaves and a half, which is the average compass of the voice. This was done by imitating, as far as possible, the action of the delicate muscles which govern the several parts of the vocal machinery, by attaching delicate cords and weights to the vocal ligaments, and thus producing any desirable degree of tension or contraction. The note was found to rise in proportion to the tightness with which the vocal chords were stretched; but the upper notes were apt to run into a falsetto, which is the consequence of the vibration, not of the entire vocal ligament, but of its thin edges. In more than one respect, however, even the inanimate human organs are defective: a material defect is the want of adaptation of the length of the air-tube to the vibrating note. It has been found that each note requires a certain length and calibre of tube to be adapted to it, so that the tube shall be capable of the like number of vibrations: if this is neglected, the result will be a discordance. This is, in fact, the philosophy of the different holes of the clarionet, bagpipes, &c. each hole, when covered with the finger, corresponding to a length of tube answering in vibration to a certain note. The human windpipe has an admirable mechanism to secure this end: it possesses the power, by means of its complicated muscles, of elongating or contracting itself, with the nicest adaptation, to the note which is vibrating upon its vocal chords, just as the human eye has the adaptive power of altering its focus to meet the varying distance of objects of vision. The dead larynx, and, in a measure, all imitations of it, want this power; hence the discordance, as I conceive, which we are presently to find even in M. Faber's admirable machine. The human air-tube is also capable of varying degrees of tension; and upon this adaptation, according to M. Savart, do the variety and richness of its tones depend.

Such, then, are the elementary fragments which have preceded, and, as I conjecture, have assisted to constitute, the wonderful mechanism to which we will now return. The speaking automaton, or euphonia, is the invention of a professor of mathematics, a M. Joseph Faber, upwards of twenty-five years of whose existence have been consumed in its production. Its external appearance presents the following character. The half figure of a man, the size known to artists as kit-cat, dressed in Turkish costume, is seen resting upon the side of a table, surrounded by crimson drapery, with its arms crossed upon its bosom. The body of the figure is dressed in blue merino, its head is surmounted by a Turkish cap, and the lower part of the face is covered with a dense flowing beard, which hangs down so as to conceal some portion of the mechanism contained in the throat. The chin is movable, and is attached by appropriate mechanism to some

of the vocal apparatus. The table upon which it rests is supported upon four legs, which are fastened to a wooden framework, so as to allow of its being wheeled about the room. On one side of the figure is a small box, resembling a miniature piano, which has a key-board, and possesses a compass of about two and a half octaves. Beyond and behind it are a series of levers japanned in black, at which the operator sits. At the back is a large bellows, which forms the lungs of the android. The crimson drapery removed, and the whole interior of the figure, presenting a mass of levers, springs, screws, &c., are exposed, with the sole exception of two small boxes contained in the head and throat, where the vocal apparatus and the articulating organs are seated. The interior of the figure is exposed to scrutiny *during the entire performance*; and in the course of it, each of the manifold mechanical combinations is seen to be engaged in the production of the sound. At a private exhibition, the drapery and entire body of the figure were removed, and nothing but the head remained during the display of its conversational capabilities. Many other circumstances combine to demonstrate the complete impossibility of there being any confederacy or extraneous assistance by means of ventriloquism, in producing the effect. The performance commenced with the articulation of the letters of the alphabet in English. My own impression at the first, and I believe it is one which is pretty general, was one of disappointment. It takes some little time to accustom one's-self to the speech-note of the android, which may partly account for the unfavourable nature of the first impression. Possibly, too, the pronunciation of the single letter sounds is a process requiring more accuracy of expression than that of sentences or words; it is to be remembered the first is an analysis of the last. The figure, then, will repeat any phrase or sentence the audience may suggest, *in any language*. Let me transcribe the following, which were spoken by it during our visit, as specimens. It commonly begins with an apologetic 'Please excuse my slow pronunciation;' then followed, 'Good morning, ladies and gentlemen;' 'Welcome, ladies and gentlemen;' 'It is a warm day;' 'It is a rainy day;' 'Buon giorno, signiori;' and the same in Spanish. At the writer's request, the Greek word for 'the sea,' sounding *thalassee*, was very distinctly articulated; and subsequently the letters of the Greek alphabet; 'Edinburgh,' 'Glasgow,' and the uncommonly difficult words 'Lachlin Maclachlin,' which were pronounced with as much accuracy as Englishmen generally attain in the use of the guttural. The writer then proposed the pronunciation of the Welsh word 'Llangollen,' the double *ll* of which is peculiarly sounded by the Welsh; but this it was unequal to—the inventor stating that no mechanical provision had been made for that sound. I suspect it is a sound likely to puzzle even so profound a mechanician as M. Faber to produce with accuracy. An old lady in the company seemed to have run away with the idea, and I believe she was not singular, that the machine was gifted with oracular powers, and capable of answering all sorts of hard questions. It was asked by her what was its name, and it instantly replied, with astonishing sagacity, '*Euphonia!*' Other sentences and words were, 'Radix Quassia,' the numerals in Spanish, 'Philadelphia,' with admirable accuracy; 'Bilboa,' 'Mississippi,' 'Massachusets,' 'Xerxes,' 'Xenophon,' 'Xantippe.' Then it gives 'Hurrah for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert,' with declamation of peculiar discordance.

An extraordinary part of its performance is its mimicry of a child's voice. It says 'mamma,' 'papa;' and then, in a most ludicrous tone, 'poor mamma,' 'poor papa;' after which, as if overcome by its feelings, it convulses the audience by falling a-crying in the most life-like fashion. The automaton also laughs in a wonderful manner, going through the several intonations *hā, hā, hā! hee, hee, hee!* and *ho, ho, ho!* and concluding in a subdued chuckle of an alarmingly apoplectic character. The pitch of the voice is capable of being altered by the removal of a small screw, and may be made to range from a child's, or high tenor note, to that of a deep bass. The automaton also *whispers;* and this is the most surprisingly life-like performance of all. The names of Sophia and Joseph could not be more distinctly whispered by human apparatus; Emily much less distinctly—the aspirated semi-vowels being apparently more readily pronounced than the more strictly vocal. The automaton pronounces Italian, in my conception, more accurately than any other language—which may result from the roundness and fulness of the intonation of that tongue. It is then made to display its singing capabilities, being accompanied by a performer upon a beautiful organ of M. Faber's invention. This is without articulating the words, the sounds *ah* and *ee* being used to accompany the music. The voice is not pleasing, but is very wonderful. The air sung was Haydn's beautiful German Hymn: the lower voice-notes in this performance were harsh and dissonant, the upper G uncommonly clear and round. It then sings the words and music of 'God save the Queen.' This is defective in the non-articulation of the words, which are slurred or slidden the one into the other; the voice also is apt to break into a falsetto.

The imperfect sounds upon this instrument are these: T, sounded like a blunt D; SH, and W, which, oddly enough, sounds something like V. I suspect the primary cause of this latter deficiency lies in the ear of the inventor, on account of the difficulty experienced by foreigners in the use of the letter W. It is a singular circumstance if it is so. B and M are also indistinct. The guttural sound is also a difficulty when it occurs in the middle or at the commencement of a word, but is successfully imitated when found at the end, by an aspirate preceding a hard G; thus, sontach is exactly imitated by sonta*hg*. Its articulation is slow, emphatic, and possesses much of the hesitating character of the pronunciation of a foreigner not certain of his words. It has been compared to that of a child learning to converse; and either simile is applicable. It is defective in the want of variety of what is known as the *speech-note:* its sentences are all monotonous, or very slightly varied; they do not possess that range of notes which, though not exactly musical, yet contributes to give grace and variety to human articulation—those expressive tones, for instance, which often convey more than tongue or gesture can express—the tones of admiration, surprise, questioning, &c. When an attempt is made to give a joyous intonation to the declamatory sentence before quoted, it proves unsuccessful, and the result, to my ears at least, was melancholy and unpleasing. We are willing to believe it impossible to effect this. It appears to be so completely the result of the directive influence of the mind over the vocal organs, as to defy imitation by such inanimate materials as steel and India-rubber.

Several circumstances may here be appropriately mentioned which demonstrate the impossibility of the existence of fraud or collusive art in the case. Not the least remarkable of these is the singular fact, that the figure speaks with a German accentuation. This is evidently the consequence of a want of tutelage in the performer's ear. Thus M. Faber would say 'welkom' for welcome; and he directs the machinery to give utterance to the same too. Now, M. Faber willingly converses while the automaton is speaking, which could not be if *he* were the ventriloquist. Occasional mistakes, too, occur; the operator sometimes touches the wrong key, and produces the incorrect sound. It is evident, then, that the sounds are the direct consequence of the depression of the keys. The sound may also be heard by applying the ear to the articulating apparatus originating there, and the nasal vibration may even be felt by the fingers to proceed from the nose. To this may be added the fact, that one of the company wrote down a word which was heard by no individual in the room, and which, on being handed to M. Faber, was immediately pronounced by the automaton. And, in truth, there appears nothing abstractly so impossible in the

construction of such a machine, as to warrant the belief of its being an imposture. The limited experiments of previous mechanicians demonstrate its possibility, and the concurrent testimony of many scientific persons in the metropolis speaks most indubitably of the truthful character of the machine.

This account, however, is neither satisfactory to myself, nor, as I suppose, to the reader; but when we look for a scientific exposition of the apparatus, we are baffled. M. Faber thinks it advisable to keep the essential portion of the apparatus a secret. One cannot very well conceive the reason of this. It is not an invention which could by possibility be copied, and it is probable its full exhibition would rather elevate than lower our wonder at the skill of its construction. We are informed, however, that the principal portion of this part of the instrument is of caoutchouc, and that the various organs of articulation have been formed out of it, so as exactly to resemble these appertaining to humanity. Let us, however, before concluding, more closely examine the instrument. A clavier or key-board, placed at the side of the figure, is the apparatus which puts in motion the articulating mechanism. There are twelve keys, which are thus lettered—

A O U I E L R W F S S B D G sounded as in
ah *e a* *hiss s*

At the side of these are two important keys, the aspirate and nasal, which are so placed as to be capable of being touched together with B, D, or G. In this manner B is made to produce P, and M and D form T and N, and G forms K. The alphabet is thus simplified and reduced to sixteen elemental sounds, which are the analysis of language. The manner of playing upon it is a complete illustration of the science of phonography; for example, the words Philadelphia city, are thus, so to speak, spelt Filadelfia sitee.

The keys are all in connexion with springs and upright rods, which depress or elevate, and in other ways affect the articulating organs in the head and throat of the figure. Some sounds are manifestly less difficult of production than others, as the keys move but a few rods; others, as the broad *ah*, on the contrary, appear to require the combination of four or five pieces of mechanism. Evidently a great deal depends upon M. Faber in the operation of the machine. There can be no doubt that, by regulating the pressure of the treddle which supplies air to the bellows, and by skilfully modifying the aspirate and nasal sounds, the articulation is capable of material alteration and modification. Other sounds are to be regulated, doubtless, by various alterations and compressions of the mouth, the under-jaw moving in the formation of some sounds. The air from the bellows first enters a spheroidal box, made of caoutchouc; its future progress is concealed from view.

It is conceivable that the rudiments of this machine may be these:—An air-tube of India-rubber, to resemble the human trachea, operated on by springs capable of elongating or contracting it; across the upper portion, vocal ligaments may be stretched of the same material, to which apparatus is connected, to tighten or loosen them, the air-tube in connexion with the air-chest above-mentioned. To these organs are attached articulating apparatus; and one cannot help conjecturing that Kempelen's machine has afforded elements for the construction of this; the M and N issuing from the nostrils, and so on.

The singing apparatus is distinct from the articulating portion, but is capable of being connected to it at pleasure; when this is the case, the other artificial larynx is disconnected. It is more than probable that the singing apparatus consists in a rigid adherence to that of nature. The reader will remember the experiments of Müller on this point. Certainly the notes here produced are not those of an organ reed—the *vox humana*; they are too harsh and discordant. The sounds produced from this apparatus may then be conveyed into the articulating portions of the figure, issuing with these sounds from its mouth. Laughing is effected by shaking the aspirate key, which has a direct relation to the speech-note of the automaton. Sir D. Brewster conceives that caoutchouc may be made more closely to imitate the human tissues by mixing it with molasses or sugar, which are constantly absorbing moisture from the air. M. Faber may have availed himself of this idea.

These are but so many conjectures, which may go for what they are worth. Let us award all the honour due to an unwearied patience and astonishing skill to the inventor, who has brought a piece of machinery to the perfection attained in this. If, in some respects, the articulation is imperfect, it is rather a matter of surprise that so much has been done, than that caoutchouc, and wood, and steel, should fail perfectly to imitate the wondrous and exquisite organisation of the human apparatus. The instrument will probably yet receive further improvements at the hands of its inventor. Even at present, it may be regarded as no mean trophy of that indomitable perseverance for which the inventor's countrymen have long been celebrated.

A DAME'S SCHOOL.

In many parts of England, although, from the influence of parochial education, in very few parts of Scotland, linger those remnants of antiquated instruction, the Dames' Schools; originated before the era of infant schools, and calculated to subserve a similar purpose in an inferior degree; never tending, and seldom if ever intended, to tutor the dawning intellect; calculated rather for the simple purpose of keeping the unbreeched master and newly-fledged miss out of harm's way. It was lately my fortune to stumble upon a veritable dame's school, in one of those few places where alone, perhaps, such a thing could now exist in this country—a burgh of traditionary importance, situated quite off the highway of modern improvement, and preserving all the external lineaments in which it had rejoiced one or two centuries ago, along with many of the customs and prejudices of a former age.

I had attended the examination of the regular schools of this place, and found them, in many respects, creditably conducted. There was, I was then told, another fane of learning—a dame's school—to which the authorities deemed it necessary to pay some degree of attention, and which they were now to visit. I was asked, and gladly consented, to accompany them; for I conceived that thus I should be enabled to test the question of the necessity for the training of teachers as well as of children.

The disposition in which the following outline of a dame's school is drawn, is anything but that of making amusement out of a matter vital to the prospects of any portion of the community. This faithful sketch is offered in the belief that nothing is more likely to impress the advantages of early training, when properly managed, than a just delineation of the consequences resulting from a defective system. It is only the more painful, not the more amusing, to find a dash of the ludicrous in any of the details. Had a total want of capacity in the teacher, or of intelligence in the children, been manifest in this instance, it could never have occurred to attempt giving the moral of the scene. As, however, the entire mistake appeared to lurk in the want of an effective plan of education, it certainly did seem worth while trying how it would look amidst the many advances, physical, intellectual, rational, moral, and religious, which characterise the modern school-system.

A little money had been given to the old lady to expend on prizes; and she had laid it out in a neighbouring town on the previous afternoon (which was specially created a half-holiday for the purpose) in the

purchase of as many prizes, consisting of cheap Testaments and picture-books, as afforded one for every single scholar in her school—amounting to sixteen! Despite the expected distribution of prizes, not above half the complement of children was found assembled when we entered the little back kitchen where they occupied a few dark benches—being one of two small apartments wherein the schoolmistress held her state. It now appeared that, with a majority of the scholars, almost every day was a half-holiday! They were, it seems, generally employed at mid-day by their parents to carry dinner to one member or another of the family working at a distance; and although they might have afterwards returned to school, they were extremely apt, under the screen of this pious duty, to stay away for the remainder of the day.

This, and other delinquencies, the schoolmistress seemed to appreciate as grievances fit to be laid before the reverend examinators; entertaining, apparently, no idea that she ought to have been able of her own authority to put an end to them.

The old lady and her hive were palpably prepared for our reception on this august occasion. She met us at the door very neatly dressed, with quite the air of an antiquated belle, and a curtsy of the last century, that would not have disgraced *La Gavote* or *Le Minuet de la Cour*. Along with this came a patronising shake of the hand, and an inquiry after the welfare of several individuals in whom she seemed to feel a keen interest. When we had taken our seats in the schoolroom, the old lady ventured to turn the discourse upon the news of the day. She observed that there had been a dreadful fire in Newfoundland. This, however, led unfortunately to the declaration—somewhat heterodox, we fear, in clerical ears—that she preferred making the children read the newspapers rather than the Bible, which, she averred, gave them 'a monotonous tone of voice!' This soon cut short all preliminaries. The examination was now commenced by the schoolmistress.

'Come, Agnes,' she cried, suddenly pouncing upon a timid little child who sat on the nearest form, apparently in a state of blank unconsciousness. Agnes, however, was in no hurry to comprehend the invitation; and the dame, stretching forth her hand, brought the child to her knee by a sudden jerk, veering her round towards the company with another twist, which set the poor little creature a-crying.

'What's that?' continued the dame—'*a*—a—A.' (Great emphasis and impatience on the last.) 'What's A for? What does your mother give you when you're a good girl? Why, child, A's for *apple!* You'll get no apple; for you're not a good girl. Well, then, what's B for? B's for book.' Agnes, however, could not be prevailed upon to open her mouth; and indeed, had she been inclined, would have felt some difficulty in interjecting an answer to the rapid succession of interrogatories from the schoolmistress. At length, by giving the child a pause, she got her to recognise D. But this was not enough, unless she could also tell *what* D *was for?* Failing to indicate the slightest knowledge of the important fact that D *is for dog*, poor Agnes was dismissed to her seat; but not ignominiously, as it was stated by the dame that Agnes, notwithstanding all this, was *the best girl in the school.*

Johnny, a neatly-dressed little boy, was next called up, and promptly responded to the summons, bringing with him a stand, whence depended a board with rows of words in one syllable. Johnny was heralded as the best scholar of his age in the school. He certainly managed to read off a few of the first words of three letters, such as *age, bad, cat, dog*, &c. making sure work of them by first spelling them carefully over. But he broke down in attempting something else, and returned to his seat quite as triumphantly as Agnes; the schoolmistress making proclamation to all whom it might concern that Johnny had done well. We subsequently heard the scholastic history of Johnny, whose praise even the partial dame herself had qualified, by allowing that he was 'tricky.' It seems he had been formerly sent to the principal school; but on receiving some very slight chastisement from the master, was, by his too indulgent parents, transferred to the tutelage of the dame. He had not been long there, however, ere he rebelled against the dame's authority, and rushing to the schoolroom door, proclaimed his irreverent defiance to the world.

The more advanced classes, which had reached the dignity of reading *verse about* from the New Testament, and of learning off by rote verse about from a Scripture paraphrase or hymn, were now called up, but disclosed considerably more forwardness than proficiency. The schoolmistress wished to have a book to accompany them; and instead of one book, she had all the books in the class successively thrust into her hand, notwithstanding that she 'pshawed' and 'phooed,' and indulged in a perfect volley of pungent sarcasms on the absurdity of the children supposing that she could read so many books at once, or that one was not sufficient! We might have inferred, from the little altercation that ensued on this subject, that the children were in the habit of being separately taught, instead of being trained in classes. But we soon found that they were actually afflicted by the worst features of both plans, without attaining the advantages of either. Incontrovertible evidence of this came out rather unexpectedly on the recitation of the paraphrase.

'Close your book, Jenny,' said the schoolmistress with authoritative asperity. The book was closed. 'Now say your paraphrase—"Oh happy is the man who hears——"'

'I wasna told to learn a paraphrase,' said Jenny.

'Told, Jenny Watson! You *were* told! So just go on—"Oh happy——"'

Jenny persisted that she had not been told. It was Maggy and Mary who were to say the paraphrase.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the little woman, breathless with indignation and astonishment, 'they *were* told to get a paraphrase, every one of them; and they had all the week to learn it, besides all yesterday afternoon when I was in——'

The reverend gentlemen assured the irate dame that they were quite ready to hear Maggy and Mary, and to excuse Jenny.

'Shut your book, Maggy; Mary, shut your book.' (The dame held Mary's book herself. Children notice and take advantage of these fits of unconsciousness, which should never be exhibited to them.)

Maggy, who was now in effect dux of the class, *vice* Jenny, commenced with manifest reluctance as follows:—'So is the sinner's hope cut off——'

'So is the sinner's hope cut off!' rapidly and ironically echoed the dame. 'Didn't I tell you that you were to say "Oh happy is the man?"'

'No, ma'am; you said we were to get "The rush may rise."'

'Well, then, go on with "The rush may rise."'

Maggy, having thus carried the point of selection, proceeded, but with the *second* instead of the first verse of the sixth paraphrase:—

> 'So is the sinner's hope cut off;
> Or, if it transient rise,
> 'Tis like the spider's airy web,
> From every breath that flies.'

Here she once more stuck fast: nor could Mary assist her. Mary, as it turned out, having got the *right* paraphrase—'Oh happy is the man, &c.'—but commencing at the *third* verse! Conviction flashed on the mind of the schoolmistress. 'Oh ho!' she cried, 'I'm as cunning as you. I'll tell you what you've done: you've learned every one of you the third verse of the wrong paraphrase!'

This great triumph of the dame's own penetration seemed to her fully to countervail the reiterated failures of her *elevées;* and dismissing this class, the catechism class was next called up. They succeeded only in penetrating the metaphysical arcana of a few of the first

questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. And this, with a few spellings of an equally abortive cast, concluded the woful farce of the dame's school examination.

The distribution of prizes was scarcely less melancholy. Adjusting her spectacles on nose, the poor woman undid her treasured parcel of Testaments and picture-books with an air of great confidence in the wisdom of her selection. Little Agnes was first called up to look over the picture-books. What it was she received we now forget, but the dame exulted much in fixing on something suited for a girl. Johnny, in like manner, afforded the dame's 'book-learned skill' another triumph. He received something adapted for a boy. The distribution of the Testaments was effected very much to the disadvantage of the absentees; those present putting in too substantial claims to them, by severally answering in the negative to the dame's inquiry whether they had not a Testament already. To one little girl the dame stated her positive conviction that *she* had a Testament. The little girl maintained, however, that the book was her sister's. For those who had absented themselves there remained, therefore, nothing better than the picture-books at last.

To this sketch nothing more need perhaps be added save this fact, that the ages of the children must in some instances have exceeded ten, and in none could have been less than five or six years. Shenstone has thus drawn, we fear, far too flattering a picture of a dame's school; at least it is not so like the reality as poetry ought to be:—

'In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shade, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They grieven sore, in pitcous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.'

Or, possibly, the ancient method of coercion was more effective than the mingled sarcasm and kindness, the honey and gall, of the dame whose school I am privileged to describe. Yet some portions of Shenstone's exquisite picture are not unlike. At all events, where the resemblance is wanting, the contrast is instructive:

* * *

'The noises intermixed, that thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenned in semblance meet portrayed
The childish faces of old Eol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns arrayed,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deemed the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flocks so fair.
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.'

Unfortunately for our practical dame, she appeared not to have been so exact a disciplinarian as the poetical one, and hence the anarchy in which we found her petty kingdom. One thing is abundantly apparent in the sketch here drawn, namely, that whatever may be the zeal, acuteness, or energy of one engaged in teaching the young, there is only one just method of applying these, or indeed any qualifications, effectually to the business in hand. It is that method to which considerable approaches have latterly been made in our new and popular modes of tuition. To gain the confidence of the young, and to interest them thoroughly in their own improvement, are fixed preliminaries to the exercise of any authority over them. The notion that the teacher and the taught embody, as it were, antagonistic principles, and that it is the duty of the one to force as much as possible on the other, in the unwelcome form of a task, while it is the duty of the other to evade, as best may be, the odious imposition, is the prime difficulty to be conquered. This done, teaching becomes a pleasure, learning a delight; or rather teaching becomes a power, and learning a purpose. One more of those old proverbs, which are too frequently only venerable prejudices in disguise, is thus practically exploded; for it is really discovered that THERE IS A ROYAL ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

TRIGAUD.

A SOUVENIR OF THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

On the 18th of October 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Prince d'Eckmühl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march which had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continual rain, the emperor arrived on the 23d at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Maro-Jaroslavitz, where he counted on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the orders of Prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian general, Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian general would make the attack, and, despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might ere long become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear. He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

'Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?' demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. 'We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repass the left wing of Kutusoff.'

'Sire,' replied Prince d'Eckmühl, 'perhaps, in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dulness which usually accompanies great fatigue.'

'Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal? Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues.'

'It is true, sire; but Moscow is not more than a hundred and six versts altogether from Maro-Jaroslavitz. Four days' march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us.'

'Is it then a battle?' said Napoleon impatiently, as the cannon were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. 'Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops, and infuse a little of your spirit into them: for we must act now—not to conquer, but solely to preserve.'

Notwithstanding the haste with which the marshal executed the orders of the emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of action until after the success of the French troops had been assured. However, the combat still raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, com-

manded by General Fryant, attempted to take possession of one of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigour. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aides-de-camp, the Colonel Koblinski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and he instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat the Prince d'Eckmühl, who was still uncertain of the fate of his aid-de-camp, sought for him through the field of battle, which presented the most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking over the blighted hopes of his emperor, and mourning the fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier, who, covered with blood, and endeavouring to extricate himself from the heap of carnage which surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, 'Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succour?'

It was Koblinski. Davoust immediately recognised him, and, leaping from his horse, gently raised the sufferer in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits, and despatched a messenger for the surgeon-general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wound, and the glance exchanged with the marshal told more eloquently than words could convey how slight were the hopes entertained of the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

'It is a soldier's fate,' said Davoust, in a voice trembling with emotion. 'Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost.'

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to his future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to inquire as to the state of Koblinski, returned, and informed him that he still survived, and, with proper care, might yet recover. The marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but was perplexed as to the best means of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear of the army, and already crowded to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eighth regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of grenadiers of the second battalion.

'Grenadiers!' said he, 'my aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?'

'No, no. Long live the Pole!' cried the soldiers.

'Vive l'Empereur!' cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the marshal.

'Listen, then,' said Davoust. 'Are there amongst this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?'

At this invitation a grenadier, stepping from the ranks, exclaimed briskly, 'Here!' He was immediately followed by a dozen others: all the company did the same.

The marshal, addressing the man who had first spoken, demanded his name.

'Joseph Trigaud.'

'Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aid-de-camp. Thou and thy comrades shall be answerable for him. Soldiers, guard him as you would your colours!'

'Yes, yes. Vive l'Empereur! We are responsible!' cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid, and carried in the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meanwhile, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the frost, a frightful aspect of disorganisation, selfishness, and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the charges of the dragoons of Miloradowitch, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platow with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradually diminished; and when, on the 30th of October, they reached Viazma, out of the entire company of grenadiers, not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men, abandoned and left to themselves, preserved, amidst the general discontent, that moral force which conquers even events. It was their honour, and not their lives, that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious marshals of their emperor had said to them, 'To your honour and bravery I confide my aid-de-camp: you are to restore him to me.' These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privations, and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the devoted and heroic company scouted with disdain, and looked on as an affront, the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had besought them to save themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

'Thou art but a coward,' said he to Trigaud, 'who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head!'

'Colonel,' replied Trigaud with stoical tranquillity, 'you may charge me with such if you please, but I laugh at it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the marshal, and he ever requires that his orders should be obeyed.'

'If you had but buried me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to-day have suffered no more.'

'The Cossacks would have disinterred and burned you alive,' replied Trigaud, who, during the previous night, had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. 'Those eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must first take mine—'tis ready for them. Oh the savages!'

'You are but a coward,' repeated the Pole in a feverish transport which shook the litter on which he lay.

'Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carabines of the marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why, then, do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me; I shall not reply to you.'

He who spoke thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavouring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were, within twenty-four hours, changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice; and owing to this circumstance, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours' repose, he found that but four of his comrades survived, the others having perished from the stupifying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the day had closed, they distinguished, on the edge of the gloomy horizon, a line of houses, the route to which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk—the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as the greatest luxuries might be

procured—a fire, shelter, and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinski. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town; a fourth soon after shared the same fate; and but one grenadier—Trigaud—was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him, he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceiving some men at a distance, called to them for assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue, and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company; but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise made to the Prince d'Eckmühl.

The next day, Trigaud learned that the marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in the town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the very suburbs. The skeletons of horses, which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood by the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmühl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw at the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard in an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the marshal.

'What seek you of him?' asked the officer, without changing his posture.

'I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Maro-Jaroslavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me.'

'The prince is at this moment in council: you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded.'

'Certainly,' said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness; 'but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eighth regiment of the line, Fryant's division, first corps, to whom he intrusted the care of his aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders; and that the company are awaiting the honour of passing under his inspection.'

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the latter part of the conversation, but who had not recognised in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble-looking grenadier, advanced, and demanded of him, 'Where is my aid-de-camp?'

'He is here; at the door.'

'And thy company?' said Davoust hastily.

At these words Trigaud took the posture of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied in a grave voice, 'All present, my marshal!'

'I have demanded where are the company of grenadiers of the forty-eighth,' repeated the prince in a tone of impatience.

'I have replied. Here!' and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

'But thy comrades—where are they?'

'Ah, that is different, my marshal. You ask where I have left my comrades? That is your question—is it not?'

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

'Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss, close by; the remainder under the snow. All!'

'How? All?'

'All, without an exception,' replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, and seizing the arm of Trigaud, who shook convulsively, he repeated, in an agitated tone—'All, say you?'

'Yes, all, except me. I am the last!'

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud, raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed—'He is here alive! It was I who brought him!'

FACETIÆ, &c.

A Dead Man Dining.—The following ludicrous story is told in the *Lancet*:—Whilst residing at Rome, I paid a visit to the lunatic asylum there, and among the more remarkable patients, one was pointed out to me who had been saved with much difficulty from inflicting death upon himself by voluntary starvation in bed, under an impression that he was defunct, declaring that dead people never eat. It was soon obvious to all that the issue must be fatal, when the humane doctor bethought of the following stratagem. Half-a-dozen of the attendants, dressed in white shrouds, and their faces and hands covered with chalk, were marched in single file, with dead silence, into a room adjoining that of the patient, where he observed them, through a door purposely left open, sit down to a hearty meal. 'Hallo!' said he that was deceased presently to an attendant, 'who be they?' 'Dead men,' was the reply. 'What!' rejoined the corpse, 'do dead men eat?' 'To be sure they do, as you see,' answered the attendant. 'If that's the case,' exclaimed the defunct, 'I'll join them, for I'm famished;' and thus instantly was the spell broken.

A Sharp Dog.—London dogs are not destitute of a sort of Cockney ability. We know one which was accustomed to go almost every day with a penny in his mouth to the baker's, and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day the baker's man, in a joke, gave him a roll, hot as fire, just out of the oven, which he instantly dropped, seized his money off the counter, and from that day *changed his baker*. He never would go back again to that shop, but spent his penny like a good steady customer with a better-behaved tradesman.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Vanity of French Authors.—You will find them thrusting themselves, their affairs, and their friends, in the most impertinent and ridiculous manner upon the public. In this last respect, in particular, they arouse indignation and excite disgust. It is, I assure you, positively nauseous to witness the enormous self-conceit with which they are devoured, and the offensive style in which they parade it. Thus, for example, Jules Janin favours the public with a description of his apartment, a minute account of his wedding, or some other equally important and interesting event. Alphonse Karr tells you that he has a house at Havre, and a garden and flowers, and a fishing-boat; and he relates his adventures in a stage-coach, and his conversation with his neighbours. M. Soulié takes precious good care to inform his readers that he has a large *moustache*; and M. Theophile Gautier complacently communicates the important information that he has an immense crop of hair on his stupid noddle. One of the *feuilletonistes* of the *Constitutionnel* thinks himself bound to inform the universe that his friend the Baron le Spooney carries a large bunch of watch-seals. Another states that he has the honour of the acquaintance of Mademoiselle ——, of the Théâtre Français, and that, when travelling on the railway, she always takes a first-class place. A critic, in commencing a criticism, makes us aware that he was once upon a time only seven years of age, and that he had a passionate love of lollypops, which subsequently degenerated into a passionate love of literature. (*Tant pis pour la littérature!*) A political writer informs us that his friend —— always unbuttons his waistcoat when he begins to write; and friend ——, not to be outdone in courtesy, mentions that the political writer has a sad knack of inking his knuckles. M. —— wishes it to be known that he wears a cloak, and M. —— that he carries a thick cane. And so on eternally. —*Correspondent of the Literary Gazette.*

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The plague had broken out in Tuscany! In the village of Coreggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old—of a whole family dropped off. A woman, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the

morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the fate of the neighbouring family beforementioned, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed, to their safety, even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, 'Good-by, mother,' in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. 'Good-by, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window: and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and the import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her: she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more! What is like the heart of a mother! You remember the words of a poor woman on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham—'God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!'—*From the Italian.*

PRICE OF LAND IN FRANCE.

It is the great subdivision of the land in France, consequent on her law of equal succession, that is the main cause of the high price of land there. This is a fact too well recognised by the French themselves, and by foreigners acquainted with the country, to require to be pointed out at length. In France, there are now few large estates, and when these are brought to the market—either by the owners themselves, their heirs, or creditors—they are never exposed entire, but always in lots. Were they to be disposed of whole, so few great fortunes are there in France, that they would not fetch so much as in England—not more, certainly, than twenty years' purchase, if even so much; whereas, by being broken down into small portions, adapted to buyers of moderate or small capitals, a number of competitors start up for each, who, as the lords have discovered, often give forty or fifty years' purchase. If land sells high, it will naturally be inferred that it also lets high in France; and the fact is actually so, as is incidentally noticed by Sismondi. Here the question arises—Does the system of small properties and farms yield the greatest amount of net agricultural produce? This question has been solved affirmatively by French economists, statesmen, and agriculturists of the highest authority. It is more than twenty years since Mr Macculloch, in the Edinburgh Review, predicted speedy ruin to French agriculture from her law of equal succession; and since that time, it has been established by official reports that the growth of wheat in France has been progressively increasing, and in a ratio higher than that of the population.—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily News.* [It is a fact corresponding to this, and tending to show a principle as concerned in it, that in the county of Kinross, where land is more subdivided than in any other county in Scotland, it bears a higher average rent than in any other portion of our country.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

THE WRONG PATH.

A cripple in the right way may beat a racer in the wrong one. Nay, the fleeter and better the racer is who has once missed his way, the farther he leaves it behind.—*Bacon.*

FEAR.

The difference is not great between fearing a danger and feeling it; except that the evil one feels has some bounds, whereas one's apprehensions have none. We can suffer no more than what actually *has* happened, but we fear all that possibly *may* happen.—*Pliny.*

THREE SONNETS.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

I.

ON A PICTURE OF A WOOD, BY GASPAR POUSSIN.

Oh doubly sweet, when life looks frowningly,
Are the high poets and the painters, who,
In midst of close towns and their feverish crew,
Bring angel visitants from earth and sky—
Fields, mountains, woods; lakes nursing peacefully
Their mimic firmament of stolen blue;
Birds, sunsets, starlit heavens, and every hue
Seen on the forehead of the cloud-piles high.

Thanks to old Gaspar's art that now, although
Deep in the solitudes of men I fare,
Far from the fields (would that I there could fly!)
I see this old, peace-haunted forest glow
Sunnily forth, and almost seem to hear
The matted leaf-roof surging solemnly.

II.

ON THE SAME.

They say 'twas in such woody sanctuaries,
When Time was in the day-spring of his youth,
That Logrian knights came often mouth to mouth
With lovely shapes of old divinities,
And were not startled. In such haunts as these
Launcelot felt kisses sweeter than the south,
As did King Meliodas and Tristram both—
Lords of the sea-girt lands of Lyones.*

But Time, alas! is growing old and gray,
And those sweet shadows haunt the earth no more;
The poet, ever yearning to escape
Into the shadowy regions far way,
May wander now by river, wood, or shore,
And pine in vain for one immortal shape.

III.

Look forward, oh look forward steadfastly,
All ye that for the poet's laurel yearn;
Listen attently till ye shall discern
The stifled pleadings of humanity;
Be as a voice from out the inmost sky
That quickens the dead earth, and makes it burn;
Touch thou the people's hearts until they turn,
And start, and tremble, though they know not why.

So shall ye (heedless how men jear and spurn)
Sit throned apart upon futurity;
So shall ye speak from out your funeral urn
To all the nations everlastingly;
So shall ye permeate all space, and learn
To soar in triumph through eternity.

* See the old chivalric romances, and Milton's fine passage in book ii. of Paradise Regained, about

'Faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres or of Lyones,
Launcelot, or Pellcas, or Pellenore.'

Logres is an ancient or poetical name for Britain, and Lyones for Cornwall, or rather for a portion of that county, supposed to have been since submerged by the incursions of the sea. See Camden's 'Britannia.'

TEST OF CIVILISATION.

Criminal legislation affords a sure index to the degree of civilisation attained by a people. Are the laws vindictive?—then are the legislators ignorant and brutish. Are they mild, though certain, and do they seek the reformation of the delinquent rather than the gratification of revenge by causing physical harm?—then are the people really civilised.—*Stray Thoughts.*

SLANDER.

I will no less hate to tell than to hear slanders: if I cannot stop others' mouths, I will stop my own ears. The receiver is as bad as the thief.

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AN IRISH SKETCH.

About five-and-twenty years ago, there was put up for sale in Ireland a small property in one of the least fertile counties of the province of Leinster. The last of the line of its ancient proprietors never having lived there, it had been exceedingly neglected, the agent merely visiting twice a-year, to collect as much 'on account of rent' as he could from the many small tenants who farmed the lands; at which times he generally redressed any glaring grievance, and, being a humane man, assisted the distressed out of their more pressing difficulties. At the period of the sale, large arrears of rent were due. The property altogether bore so unpromising an appearance, that it hung in the market for a considerable time, none of the many who came to view offering for its possession anything approaching to the value its owner set upon it. At last—for, with patience, this end of all accidents will come—it found a purchaser; and before the name or station of the new proprietor had transpired, there arrived, in the untidy adjoining village, the old agent, the under-sheriff, a tall, thin, elderly gentleman, and one or two sub-officials, who, walking leisurely up the deeply-rutted cross-road which led from the highway, proceeded to take possession with the formalities usual on the transfer of property. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the party retired as quietly as they had come. And when some of the gaping tenantry repaired to the forlorn-looking inn in the village to make further inquiries about a matter in which they were personally so much interested, these men of business were gone, leaving not even a name behind.

In a few days, however, the curiosity of the neighbourhood was so far gratified as to be favoured with the title of the stranger on whom so many eager minds were to fix their future anxieties, the tenantry being served with the ordinary notices to transfer their allegiance to Thomas Grey, gentleman. Who or what he was, or where he had come from, the writs said nothing of. Wonder was busy again. But there was hardly time to form many conjectures concerning the new landlord, before he reappeared. He came to the village inn alone, in a plain gig, with a stout horse, which he looked after in the stable himself; and he had with him, as luggage, a portmanteau, a carpet-bag, and a small writing-case. He ordered a couple of eggs with his tea, for he arrived late in the afternoon; he made the tea from his own canister; he produced a loaf of Dublin bread from his gig; and he passed the evening in reading. This news flew like the morning light all over Mr Grey's new possessions, varying a little as it journeyed, and commented on as it passed from one miserable cabin to another, according to the temper of the occupants. It produced an uncomfortable feeling among all. It was plain that the new squire was particular; it was equally plain that he was quiet; it was not quite so plain that he was easy; and they looked around on the evidences of wretchedness his business eye would soon encounter with a shrug of shame, or defiance, or indifference, as the consciousness of their debased condition affected individual feeling.

Mr Grey remained a fortnight at the village inn. He passed every morning on his new estate; walked its boundaries more than once; surveyed each farm; acquainted himself with the particulars of every family—transferring all the information he received to a note-book he carried in his hand, and which in no degree contributed to tranquillise the anxieties of his retainers, there being in general an uneasy feeling among them about black and white in some way always rising up against them. In other respects, this beginning of their acquaintance was rather, if anything, favourable to their new landlord. He was a man of few words, calm manners, patient temper, not to be imposed on by fictitious distresses, as his upraised steady look told plainly in mute answer to uncalled-for supplications; nor to be moved by a witticism from his straightforward purposes; neither did he judge hastily, nor act unthinkingly. Before he quitted the country, his tenants were as well convinced, as if they had already proved it, that they had got a just master; whether he were to be a kind one, they began to feel would much depend upon themselves. His accent and reserve had informed them of his northern origin, a fact rather against his popularity; but his last act on leaving raised him again in their estimation. The demesne had been let by the year to one of the adjoining farmers; for the present, the farmer was to retain the greater part of the land, but the old manor-house Mr Grey intended to repair, and to live in, and he ordered a cabin to be built for the herd, who had hitherto occupied its kitchen. He was also reported by the innkeeper to have behaved, on his departure, in every respect like a gentleman. Prospects, therefore, looked brighter for the tenantry, although the approaching gale-day rather disturbed these pleasing contemplations. The rents were to be paid to the old agent for the late landlord. To their surprise he was not hard on them, intimating that all accounts had been settled between him and Mr Grey, who had taken upon himself the task of collecting the arrears. Comfort also dawned upon them in the shape of work, many labourers being required during the summer to put the old house and the ruined offices and the neglected grounds into decent order.

It was not an interesting country; for it was flat, with little wooding, cut up into small furze-fenced fields, cultivated in a slovenly manner—the numerous hovels scattered over it only adding to the forlorn appearance of the scenery by their half-ruined condition. The

redeeming feature of the landscape was a clear trout stream, which ran gaily along through broad green meadows. In the distance, far away, were the gray summits of a range of hills; and within view of these, a small sheltering wood behind, and the stream in front, stood the old manor-house—a narrow building, two storeys high, thatched, with a kitchen wing on one side of it. The mason, the carpenter, the painter, and the paper-hanger soon restored it to some respectability of appearance; and when a little gravel had been laid upon the road, and a few shrubbery beds were marked out before the door, and a neat paling had fenced in one-half of the old garden, all looked with amazement at the change a few weeks of industry had effected. The six small rooms, which were all the house contained, were soon filled with comfortable furniture, some of which betokened that the new landlord was not a bachelor; a surmise reduced to certainty by the arrival of a northern maid with the last cart-load of luggage, who announced the near approach of the new squire and his lady. They came in a plain equipage, new in those days to the eyes of the midland Irish—a German phaeton, of a light make, which opened or shut at pleasure. Mr Grey drove his own horses. A man and a maid were on a rumble behind; inside were two ladies—one young, slight, gay, all smiles and eagerness; the other an emaciated invalid, dressed in a mourning wrapper, and leaning against a pile of cushions. A ragged crowd had been gradually gathering on the lawn from the moment it became known that the carriage was coming, on whom the invalid lady faintly smiled as she was tenderly assisted into the house by her husband; but the shout of welcome proper to such occasions had died away ere fully awakened, so worn, so faded was her form; and when their new master stood gravely before them, hat in hand, and bowing low all round, retired and closed the door, the tattered mob, subdued to perfect quiet, silently dispersed. Little was known of the squire or his family for some days. The three servants—the two maids and the man—being all northerns, required no extra help in their employments; and having plenty to occupy them, they had no time to spare for gossiping, so that the numerous loungers who had ventured upon self-imposed messages to the manor got small information concerning its inmates. After a day or two, the 'mistress' began to go out regularly in her German phaeton, driven by her husband, and attended by the young lady, who, it was quickly understood, was a niece, and not a daughter. And soon it was remarked that she looked less pale and less languid; and then she was seen to try a little walk—first in the garden, next in the meadows, and then along the fields on her husband's arm. All were interested in them; he was so devoted to her, she was so gentle and so kind, smiling on all whom she met, and often speaking to them. The party soon were looked for on their daily rounds, and very proud was the cotter's wife who was first asked for a seat by her naked hearth for her wearied lady.

It was cold, and bare, and comfortless the cabin into which Mrs Grey was introduced, not without design, by her husband. Furniture, food, fuel, wearing apparel, all seemed wanting. A roof in holes, a floor damp and uneven, two panes of glass for a window, one of them broken, and stuffed with straw; a door that did not fit, a pot, a stool, a table-leaf turned up against the wall; no fire, no light, no work going forward, and near a dozen dirty, half-naked children squabbling with a pig, whose entrance they were bent on preventing—this was the picture presented to eyes used only to scenes of luxury. Mrs Grey surveyed it in silent surprise. She looked round her again, then fixed her gaze upon her husband, then glanced at the poor curtseying woman, whose pinched features and dirty, ragged, scanty clothing proved the full truth of her misery; then bowing her face down into her hands, she relieved her oppressed heart by a burst of tears. It was known that she wore her mourning garb for *all* her children. One after the other she had reared these delicate plants from their cradle to their grave, only preserving one for a few years, to feel its loss at last more bitterly. The miserable woman before her, used to wretchedness, felt none of the desolation of her dwelling, and thought the sight of the healthy group of half-savages she was so proud of occasioned this anguish. But Mrs Grey was not suffering from regret alone; she was enduring for the first time the feeling of self-reproach—awakening to the selfishness of her unavailing sorrow. It came upon her in this melancholy calm—the spirit of life flashing on her prostrate soul—that she was murmuring against her God's inflictions; wasting her existence on her own griefs, while a world of misery lay open before her, some of the bitterness of which she might exert herself to relieve. In a moment her nature seemed changed; new energies rose within her; her life seemed to begin again.

Mr Grey was of a Northumberland family, some time settled in Belfast as merchants, in which profession he had been prosperously engaged from his youth. His wife was considerably younger than himself—the child of luxury, spoiled both in her early and her later home, ill fitted to resist adversity, which had fallen upon her in the tenderest part of the heart's affections. The blight had crushed her; and all means failing to restore her health of mind or body while remaining among the scenes of her sorrow, Mr Grey determined upon retiring from business, an increase of fortune being now no object to a childless man; and he hoped that the purchase of land, by giving a new direction to his active powers, would in time alleviate the grief that heavily oppressed his own heart, and rouse in some degree the spirits of his wife from the state of complete depression into which she had fallen. The neglected condition of this particular property was no drawback in a case such as his, where employment that would interest, and also completely occupy him, was an object. A higher aim no noble mind could have, and his success in schemes so reasonably projected was equal to the moderate expectations a man of his sagacity had only formed. He passed a twelvemonth in his new abode, apparently doing little towards its improvement, his wife's reviving health appearing to be his principal interest. Yet he was quietly acquainting himself thoroughly with the characters of his people, the capabilities of his land, and the condition of his neighbours; and he was arranging in his well-ordered mind the plan of operations which, almost imperceptibly, changed this scene of desolation into a living reality of humble comfort.

He found a numerous tenantry, the descendants of a few originals, who, at each successive death, dividing and subdividing among their families farms once of respectable size, had dwindled for the most part into a mob of pauper labourers, all married, without regular employment, dwelling in half-ruined hovels of the meanest description, and destitute even of necessaries. The few still in the possession of a remunerating number of acres lived in houses little better than those of their more wretched neighbours. Implements of husbandry were few, fences were neglected, gates to the small fields unknown, offices not thought of. Some of the less indigent had an old shed or two they used for farming purposes, the rest winnowed their sack of grain on a hill-top against the wind, after thrashing it in their kitchen. Course of cropping they had none: oats and potatoes succeeded each other till the exhausted soil would yield no more, when it was left to weeds by way of resting it. In general, there were few cattle to house. A couple of cows, whose calves were sold that there might be more butter made, was the usual complement on these patches, with some miserable-looking young horses, which were to make their owners' fortunes some fine day, and, like the cows, depended for their winter's provision on meadow hay. Their only profitable stock was pigs, which roamed about at will in numbers; few but the very abject being without this useful member of the household. One, in fair condition, was almost always to be found

near every dirty doorway. He lived with the family, as did the fowls, all sharing their meals together; with this difference, that while the mud-floor performed the part of dish to the animals, the turned-down table-leaf did that office for the human section of the company, the well-steamed potatoes being heaped on it from the pot without further preparation. Potatoes formed the only food the greater part of the people had it in their power to afford themselves for nine months in the year at least —the nine months of plenty. In spring, when the butter-milk began to be plenty, potatoes began to be scarce; and then came the three miserable months which almost brought starvation with them to the unemployed, and from which the poverty of all classes principally sprung; for the corn of the smaller farmers had been sold either to make up the rent, or for want of a granary to keep it in, when they required the straw for fodder. Meal must be had, and it was bought from the mangers—a class who, after all, far from fattened, merely struggled for existence on the destitution of their peers. The mangers bought wholesale, in autumn, cheap—to sell in spring, by retail, dear; and when they gave credit, which was often necessary, they charged a high interest besides. The mere cotter without land, who had but his scanty earnings to trust to, must either at this season run in debt, or starve; for his pig, if he had one, had gone for rent—these unfortunate under-tenants to the farmers paying from one to two pounds a-year for leave to build their mud cabin on his land, seldom getting with it yard or garden. The clothing suited such lodging and such living; it was in most cases little better than rags ingeniously hung about the person, kept together in some magical way at odd corners, with little help from needle and thread, and never disturbed in its arrangement by the ceremonies of the toilet—the wearers seldom parting with their snatches of raiment by night or by day, and few of them possessing more bedclothes than a well-worn blanket. Idleness reigned over these nearly destitute people. There was so little to manage, no one tried management; affairs were so hopeless, nobody thought it possible to mend them; self-help was yet to be taught amongst them. They all inclined to look abroad for assistance; to believe that some one person, or some one event, was to be created on purpose to relieve them; and they would nearly all have cast all the burdens of all their cares upon their new landlord, had he given the least indication of a willingness thus to load himself. But Mr Grey gave no relief unearned; neither money, nor goods, nor even advice. It was also known that he restricted the charitable donations of his lady to the sick and the aged. With the exception of employing a pretty considerable band of labourers, he seemed to let matters take almost their usual course, while he looked calmly on during this first winter; but with the approach of spring he roused to greater activity.

At the November gale he had received the rents himself, taken what money was brought to him, and entered every excuse made in default of payment in the note-book of facts, and registered what the smaller tenants felt against them. He then intimated his resumption of the demesne, and early in the following season he began in good earnest his labours upon it. His first step was to disembarrass the land of all the many double ditches which subdivided it into the diminutive portions miscalled fields, to allot it anew into equal divisions of seven or eight acres each, suited in number to the rotation of crops he deemed advisable. He then thorough-drained and thorough-dug the whole, levelled the ground accurately, finished his light fences with the utmost neatness, and shut in each field with an iron gate. He at the same time began the building of a set of farm-offices on the most convenient of modern plans; and after they were completed, he slated the old manor-house, and threw a handsome front before the ancient lowly edifice.

These operations took him some years, and in the course of them he discovered that the system of labour pursued in that part of the country would never answer for real business, neither could it ever be the means of supporting the lower orders of the working-classes in comfort. It was the custom for the better sort of tenants to send the landlord any labourers he required, charging him from tenpence to one shilling a-day for their services, while they paid them but fourpence or fivepence, with their diet. Having little interest in their work, these substitutes got through it in the most slovenly manner, with an idle indifference quite repugnant to the active habits of their head master; doing so little in the day, that their indolent amount of labour was very dearly hired. They were generally well fed by the farmers, having plenty of the frugal diet of the country; but they were almost all married, and the wife and children at home had to exist on the two shillings a-week, or two shillings and sixpence at the utmost, which they earned, besides their food. House rent, provisions, fuel, all had to come from this miserable fund; with the assistance, towards the clothing, of a few hens and a pig, if the family were fortunate enough to have a house of their own, and the wife were industrious—a circumstance more rare than was creditable to the habits of the female sex. Mr Grey gradually rid himself of this mob of idlers, choosing from amongst them those best fitted for the various employments he required them in, till he had formed a staff of very efficient servants, whose improved activity showed, to the most careless eye, the great advance making in their condition. By degrees he built on different situations neater cottages, with yards and small gardens attached, which he let to them at a lower rent than they had given for their miserable hovel or their lodgings heretofore; namely, a room, or part of a room, or merely leave to lay down a bed of straw in a corner of one. With a wise consideration for the rude manners consequent on the comfortless condition of the people, he attempted no ornament, no English neatness. And when his wife, in the ardour of her awakened sensibility, would have ceiled and floored, and studded and furnished, he checked her, begging she would let them feel their wants gradually as they rose in the scale of civilisation, when they would themselves endeavour to achieve additional comforts, and value them the more that they were self-obtained. He argued that to do lasting good we must imitate nature, who seldom employs violence to effect her changes, but working unceasingly, by hardly perceptible means, she never loses that which she has once gained. And as the desire for increased comforts began to display itself when the certainty of employment, and the regularity of their pay, and the comparative independence of their condition, had produced the effect of stimulating their industry, and of developing a better order of feelings among them, then he gave full permission to his wife and niece to encourage the deserving by such little presents as were gratifying to their rising tastes.

The labourers generally, at least all employed by Mr Grey, were soon in a thriving condition. The farmers were more difficult to deal with, the small farmers especially, and they were longer in emerging from their poverty-stricken state; for with them, in addition to ignorance and listlessness, there was the pride of station to combat. The tenant of but half-a-dozen acres held a certain rank. He sat at his own board, it was his own cattle he drove, his own bidding he did; he could generally raise food enough for his family; fuel they did very much without—enough to boil the pot twice a-day sufficed for a hardy people in a climate far from rigorous; raiment, such as it was, the wife provided; repairs they never thought of; rent they paid a few pounds 'on account of' when hard-pressed. The arrears of this promising class of tenants would have bought another estate. Many of them owed nine or ten years' rent, yet all spoke hopefully of the future. 'With the blessing of God,' one was to have cattle, and another crops, and all were to give entire satisfaction to their landlord in every way hereafter, many causes having combined to prevent a thriving state of affairs at the present time. But in six months again, when the same

hopes, and the same fears, and the same pious resignation to suffering were once more tendered in lieu of rent, and compared with the entries under each man's name in the too-faithful tablets, they saw that Mr Grey, though patient and considerate, was not to be trifled with. It became now a serious matter of business between them—one, too, in which it soon appeared that the part of the tenant must be submission to the resolves of the landlord; for the calm, decided voice in which he announced his intentions, admitted, they all felt, of no appeal. He used no harsh measures; there were no ejectments, there was no distraining, and there was help. But there was a system laid down from which there was to be no departure—a proper course of cropping insisted on; under-letting for the future prohibited, no more cabins being permitted on a farm hereafter than were required for the accommodation of the labourers employed to cultivate it. The many supernumeraries he found, he endeavoured at proper opportunities to remove elsewhere; and quietly, in the course of years, he contrived to free himself of the least thriving among his smaller tenantry, always settling them in some way of business more suited to their capacity, and giving them the means of starting respectably in their new vocation. Nor did he lose, even in a worldly point of view, by this liberality, as land valueless in their unskilful hands, became profitable in his own, or when added to the farms of those whom he saw anxious to avail themselves of better methods. There were a few tenants of superior intelligence holding farms considered of large extent—one hundred acres or more—whom he found in every respect much in advance of the rest; slovenly enough, but neither poor nor unskilful, wanting but a little encouragement or a little assistance in their own projected plans of improvement. He left these more active tenants to take their own time, gladly aiding when appealed to, yet seldom offering his help; cheerfully instructing, but only when asked for advice; letting example teach quietly, without the airs of superior wisdom. The thorough-bred farmer, the comfort-loving English, or the picturesque gardener, might have seen as yet little to admire in the plain dwellings, the mere necessaries, and the careless husbandry of this but emerging people; but, compared with all around him, Mr Grey's little thriving property was a paradise—a little nest of honey-bees in the wilderness; and he trusted to time to develop more fully its resources. One most certain means of raising the character of his dependents he had early attended to—he had established schools for the instruction of the young; and by a careful selection of teachers, making the school fees small, and attending himself to the conduct of all parties, contrived to secure a generally fair proportion of pupils, who soon began to contribute to the civilisation of their homes.

On the same forbearing principles Mr Grey had steadily acted with all his neighbours of all degrees, by most of whom he had hardly been very hospitably welcomed, his habits having been found little suited to the peculiar ideas of any of the adjacent proprietors. Being no politician, he was coldly received by the extreme parties, who only valued such acquaintance as they could count on for partisans. Attentive in religious matters to the ceremonies of his own creed, he expressed no opinions on the subject of any other, and was thus valueless to the zealous of all forms. He declined gay society; and was so indifferent to the races, and the steeple-chases, and the fox-hunting of the winter months, that he had never even rode to cover when the meet was almost at his door. Among excitable dispositions, in which all feelings bordered on enthusiasm, this phlegmatic temper made their new neighbour for some time far from popular with the surrounding gentry. But his worth won its way: he was first admired, next imitated, and then received as a friend much valued; for a new spirit was rising to animate the neighbourhood. Young well-educated men were taking the places of the old sticklers for the old customs, who allowed, with grateful readiness, that a humble individual, a retired merchant, of little wealth, and no high pretensions, who had quietly pursued his own business without interfering with any other, till the progress of affairs had required him to extend his sphere of usefulness, had materially assisted in changing the character of the country. The landlords thus awakened, the tenantry, with the intelligence natural to them, soon saw the advantages of larger farms, and of capital judiciously expended upon them. The district soon came to require more roads, and a market of its own, and such other conveniences within reach as their improving habits made the population sensible of the want of. The little untidy village bustled up into a half-tidy town, with its weekly market and its market-house, bringing to it strangers in want of another inn, and customers in want of a variety of shops, which multiplied as business grew. Planting, building, draining, were going forward on all sides. The whole face of the country was changing; and more, the whole feeling of the country was changed.

Mr Grey must have felt that his resolution to struggle with his own grief, and to dispel the nervous despondency of his wife, had been amply rewarded by opening to him a field of usefulness, whereby an amount of happiness was diffused around that must have been balm to the most deeply wounded spirit. He had been the means of much advancing his generation; for his calm temper, his sagacity in business, his patience under disappointments, his ready money, and his active habits, all combined to give him an influence in his position hardly otherwise warranted by his rank in it. He is still living, to carry out further his worthy plans; beloved by his dependents, respected by his many friends, and content with the success, so far, of his well-considered projects, and with the recovered health of the wife for whose sake he had first determined on turning himself into a country gentleman.

Reader, this is not wholly an ideal picture. Many Irish land-proprietors—a class which circumstances have brought into much unjust odium—are in a greater or less degree Mr Greys. If our sketch helps to do these men justice, it will serve a good end; but it will serve a much better if it convinces any one person of depressed or bruised spirit, such as was Mrs Grey, that the truest medicament for such a case is an endeavour to be actively useful to others. Seek but one object for the exercise of genial, but judicious charity, and a cure is already half effected.

NICHOL'S THOUGHTS ON THE SYSTEM OF THE WORLD.

If the order and sequence which we observe in things around us be in any degree an expression of the laws by which the Almighty sustains the universe, then is the study of natural phenomena, with a view to the elucidation of a system, one of the highest aims that can occupy the human understanding. We think it not only a high aim, but a legitimate one, seeing how expressly the mind of man is adapted to such research. Of late, numerous speculations as to the system of our globe have appeared—some of a very novel and startling kind—and this, to a certain extent, may have fostered the notion that it is hopeless, if not something worse, on the part of the finite mind, to attempt to arrive at the intentions of the Infinite; but such a fact affects, in reality, the legitimate scope of the human reason no more than the improper application of fire does the utility of that essential element. This opinion we find eloquently expressed and defended in a new volume* by Professor Nichol of Glasgow, so well and so favour-

* Thoughts on Some Important Points Relating to the System of the World. By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. Edinburgh: W. Tait. 1846.

ably known by his two works on the Architecture of the Heavens and the Solar System.

Hitherto Dr Nichol has devoted his talents to an exposition of the discoveries of others, rather than to any attempt in the path of original research; and in the work before us, he adheres to the same humble but not less important course. In the first part he presents an illustrated account of the resolution, by the Rosse telescope, of certain nebulæ into clusters of distinct stars; by which it is shown that the celebrated cosmogony of Laplace has no longer the support which appeared to be given to it by the speculations of Sir William Herschel on that subject. This discovery, however it may affect theories, infinitely exalts our conceptions of the magnitude and extent of the material universe. It teaches us to regard the farthest and filmiest speck which the most powerful telescope can descry, as a mass of worlds melted, by distance, into a dim light, but comprising individualities as perfect, and at the same time as progressive in their natures as our own. 'What mean, for instance, those dim spots, which, unknown before, loom in greater and greater numbers on the horizon of every new instrument, unless they are gleams it is obtaining, on its own frontier, of a mighty infinitude beyond, also studded with glories, and infolding what is seen as a minute and subservient part? Yes; even the six-feet mirror, after its powers of distinct vision are exhausted, becomes in its turn simply as the child gazing on these mysterious lights with awful and hopeless wonder. I shrink below the conception that here—even at this threshold of the attainable—bursts forth on my mind! Look at a cloudy speck in Orion, visible, without aid, to the well-trained eye; *that* is a stellar universe of majesty altogether transcendent, lying at the verge of what is known. Well, if any of these lights from afar, on which the six-feet mirror is now casting its longing eye, resemble in character that spot, the systems from which they come are situated so deep in space, that no ray from them could reach our earth until after travelling through the intervening abysses during centuries whose number stuns the imagination. There must be some regarding which that faint illumination informs us, not of their present existence, but only that assuredly they were, and sent forth into the Infinite the rays at present reaching us, at an epoch farther back into the past than this momentary lifetime of man, by at least *thirty millions of years!*'

The lapse of vast spaces of time in the history of the world is even more distinctly announced by the observed and calculated motions of certain *systems* of stars. 'Unsatisfied,' says Dr Nichol, 'with a knowledge of the mere existence of such motions, we demand, with no unwarrantable eagerness, an insight among their august *periods*, and the reply to this inquiry only the more stirs our wonder. A few of the double stars have brief revolutions; a star in Hercules, for instance, having an epoch of only about fourteen years: the period of ν Coronæ, a well-established star, is forty-three years; that of ξ Ursa is fifty-eight years; the period of the two stars in Castor, as deduced from the courses they have run, is two hundred and fifty-three years; while that of γ Virginis probably exceeds six hundred. Induction, however, reveals epochs still mightier than these; the unit, for instance, of time with Mirza and Alcor cannot be less than one hundred and ninety thousand years; while the double systems which constitute the fourfold group in Lyra, will not complete the circuit of their combined revolutions in less than one thousand of our world's centuries! But since even the greatest of these are arrangements limited to small specks in space, how shall we compute the periods through which the three stars in the belt of Orion must evolve their courses, and, by passing from their present symmetry, present that stately constellation in the various aspects it must, in the course of the dread past, have assumed: how shall we speak of the group of the Pleiades ever and anon as the ages roll shining towards other worlds, in new configurations; or of the spot in Perseus, or of the masses of the Milky Way, modifying so solemnly their still and apparently everlasting forms! Nor is it merely through the fact, that one star changes its position in relation to another, that the entire augustness of these evolutions becomes apparent. Their circuits, like that of our own globe around the sun, are doubtless the units of cycles of countless inferior changes. Birth, youth, manhood, death, and resolution into novel forms, accompany inseparably our earth's mystic course; and, as the units of this varied annual life are heaped up, ever and anon the phenomena they include enlarge and evolve—dynasty succeeding dynasty with faculties steadily increasing, race ever rising on the ruins of race, and reckoning its predecessors as the dust: what thoughts, then, must crowd on us when gazing on the heavens, containing within their still and silent majesty even those stupendous and correspondingly prolific cycles!'

We pass by other speculations of this sublime, but somewhat untangible nature, to attend to several interesting analogies which Professor Nichol institutes between the structure and progress of the globe we inherit, and those of the distant planetary bodies. That there exists a close relationship between the earth and the other planets of our system, is abundantly evident, from their encircling one common orb, from their respective distances from that centre, the time of their revolutions, their specific gravities, and the like; but the brotherhood so presumed is but faint and unsatisfactory compared with that established by the fact of their surfaces being subject to irregularities of hill and valley, to a distribution of sea and land, and to changes and modifications like that of our own. Are these planets composed of rocks and earths, of minerals and metals, like our globe? Are they clothed with herbs and trees, and peopled by animals akin to those around us?—are questions which may never be answered; but it is, at all events, interesting to learn that the external phases of our co-planets, like those of our own, are subject to mutations; in other words, to alterations which affect the structure and distribution of their elements. Thus, the moon is 'visibly separated into plain and high land—the latter portion of it actually bristling with mountains. In some places, isolated peaks disturb its evenness; elsewhere, long and lofty ridges stretch onwards, encircling flats; and over a large area, those remarkable craters, or ring-shaped mountains, are studded with extraordinary profusion.' So also with Mars, whose surface, when seen through an ordinary telescope, presents different degrees of light and shade, which seem to betoken terrestrial peculiarities; or, what is the same thing, show that the body of the planet is divided between substances of very different efficiency in reflecting the incident light. 'But as *water* absorbs much light, while *land*, on the contrary, reflects a large portion of all that falls on it, the distant view of our own globe would precisely resemble this aspect of Mars in its leading features; and the different reflective power of various soils would bestow on the brighter parts a mottled appearance. This analogy may seem very faint, but it is much strengthened by another singular phenomenon around the *poles* of our neighbouring planet. These are surrounded by brilliant spots, exactly resembling our polar snows; and just as with ours, each spot contracts itself during the summer of the hemisphere to which it belongs, gradually again enlarging with the approach and increase of winter.

Appearances so nearly identical, reaching us through so vast a distance, must be received as eminently emphatic, and certainly they press towards but one conclusion; namely, that this picture represents the *land* and *sea* of Mars; and, therefore, that the telescope has here unfolded, as an attribute of this orb, that uneven and broken surface—that division into high land and valley—which characterises the vertical profile of the surface of the earth.' What, then, is indicated, asks Professor Nichol, by phenomena such as these? and he finds his answer in a careful consideration of the geological phenomena which has been successively developed in the superficial crust of our planet.

If we could station ourselves on any of the neighbouring planets, the earth would present to the eye a surface of light and shade; and, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the irregularities of her mountains and plains would also be apparent. But geology informs us that the earth, at various stages of its progress, has presented very different distributions of land and sea; and that long after the Grampian, Scandinavian, and Uralian mountains were heaved into being, the Alps and Apennines were unknown, their positions being successively occupied by seas, lakes, and estuaries. Could we, therefore, from our supposed planetary position, have watched the earth through the immensity of ages which geology proves it to have existed, it would have presented at various eras very different aspects, just as the other planets may be expected to present, and are indeed suspected to be in the act of presenting. Light and shade—in other words, land and sea—must have frequently changed places; now of this configuration, now of that; valleys must have been raised into mountains, and mountain ridges sunk into valleys; and if, as geologists affirm, it at one time enjoyed a high and generally diffused temperature, the brilliant circles of its polar snows must be a comparatively modern phenomenon to the eyes and telescopes in Mars and Venus. And here, as the resolution of nebulæ into distinct astral systems tends to increase our ideas of the immensity of Space, so do these superficial fluctuations of our earth—and, reasoning from analogy, of the other planets also—tend to swell our conceptions of the immensity of Time. Of this lapse of time we can form no adequate notion: all that can be said is, that one formation, such as the chalk, is newer than that of the coal; and this, again, younger than the mountain limestone; and that formations of vast thickness and complexity must have required a longer period for their development than those of a simpler character. From the strata thrown up and displaced by the various mountain chains of the globe, we can also determine the relative periods of these upheavals; that the Grampians, for example, long preceded the Pyrenees, the Pyrenees the Alps, and these, again, Ætna and other still active elevatory forces. When we come to inquire more narrowly into this question of time, we attain no distinct light, but, it must be allowed, some interesting glimpses. We obtain, it appears, some comparatively clear ideas regarding the minor periods embraced by larger ones. For example—'The geology of Sicily places it beyond a doubt that the rise of Ætna belongs to the newest epoch in the history of our planet; it began to pour out its fires not very early in the morning of the existing day. Resting on an extensive secondary formation, contemporaneous with our chalk, are extensive beds named the Newer Pliocene. That these were formed under the sea, is indubitable, because they are full of marine shells: and the recentness of their origin, geologically speaking, is equally apparent, inasmuch as, with very slight exceptions, the shells they contain are precisely those at present abounding in the Mediterranean. Now, while the Pliocene beds were being deposited, a neighbouring submarine volcano—the earliest apparition of the gigantic Ætna—burst out like Graham's Island, and mingled with them its tuff and ashes. So modern being the origin of Ætna, can we approximate to its positive duration? In the history of this great mountain there are also visible epochs. By the recent researches of Waltershausen, a succession of great craters have been revealed in its structure—the earliest probably being situated in the heart of the Val di Bove. Now each of these immense vents doubtless had a history of its own, not inferior in extent or importance to that of the existing one, to which the present cone of the mountain belongs. Besides the existing principal crater, the surface of Ætna is studded with minor cones, the mouths of lateral eruptions, all the produce of the modern epoch. But it has been computed by Mr Lyell, who has certainly yielded to no spirit of exaggeration, that these eighty minor cones could not have appeared in less than twelve thousand years; and yet, if we strip these from the mountain, we should simply fall back on the next great crater in the series of Waltershausen, and Ætna would remain as now, the giant and the marvel of those Sicilian regions! If this, then, or something like it, is the significance of only one movement of the second's hand of the clock, by whose course the earth's annals are divided, how immeasurable the duration, and majestic the fates, even of our evanescent globe!' Stratification, we are told, gives no record of a beginning. The crystalline or primary rocks, which are generally supposed to constitute the floor of the stratified formations, may themselves be merely stratified rocks, converted or metamorphosed by heat and other agencies into their present condition. According to this notion, the lowest rocks are incessantly passing into the metamorphic state; and the time will come when our present fossiliferous strata—the Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, &c.—shall become crystalline, and every trace of early life be obliterated. Such an idea—and there are many reasons for supposing it correct—takes from us, as it were, all foundation, gives us no starting-point, but carries us back into an eternity of time in which the mind loses itself as in a dream.

Thus, then, judging from the phenomena of our humble planet, everything is in a state of change and progress—a progress elaborating, according to Dr Nichol, 'fresh developments of variety and beauty.' With us new geological formations are in progress; regions are rising from the waters, and others are sinking beneath it, as is evidenced by the changes taking place in the Pacific; in other planets, analogous changes are taking place; astral fields, like the Milky Way, are separating into distinct groups; separate systems are passing into other regions of space, there to be modified by new external conditions; everything, in fact, is in incessant progress—whence, we cannot determine; whither, we may never know. 'Far, indeed, are changes so mysterious, and passing through countless ages, from the present apprehension of our race; but even as I dare not say where the Almighty began his work, neither can I tell, in presence of what now is known, where his revelations to man are to stop, nor whether there is a barrier line beyond which the created reason shall never pierce. Yes; a time may come when the circle of darkness that now hems us in shall be driven yet farther back, and the twilight land, now peopled with gigantic shadows, be filled with sunshine! So at least may we hope; not, indeed, in the pride of intellect, or with that idle vaunt coeval with the primal curse, that the finite mind can be as a God, but rather with the gratitude of the nestling child—What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou hast deigned to visit him?'

Such is a hasty glance at some of the startling revelations which Professor Nichol explains in detail. The subjects he treats of—nebulæ, progress of astral systems, the existence of an ethereal fluid, regions of different temperatures in space, rotation and progress of systems as well as of individual planets, &c.—are the novelties of astronomical discovery; and it is well that the popular mind should have its due share of instruction. It were to be wished, however, that, in the discharge of this duty, Dr Nichol would indulge somewhat less than he does in this volume in a certain ultra-rhetorical style,

which, however it may tell in the lecture-room, is apt to be felt in a printed book, if not as a disguise to all accuracy of thought, at least as an obstruction to all precision of expression.

THE SMITHERS' TESTIMONIAL.

'THE honour of your company is requested to a dinner, given by the Directors of the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit Company to its revered secretary, Mr Archibald Smithers, on the 30th instant.

'Mr A. Smithers is about to resign the arduous office he has so long honourably filled; and the directors esteem this a convenient opportunity for the presentation of an appropriate testimonial, as a mark of their respect and esteem for that gentleman.'

Such was the card of invitation addressed to the fifty-six shareholders of this celebrated company. As the dinner was to come out of the 'improvement fund,' it was confidently anticipated that at least fifty shareholders would be present. It was to come off in the great room of the Red Lion — the principal inn of the well-known town of Awfumuddie. It was reported that the host of the Red Lion had been deprived of his natural rest for three successive nights in anticipation of this event. Awfumuddie was in a condition of excessive excitement on the morning of the day; five or six distinct uproars occurred in the forenoon. The waving of three blue flags, respectively inscribed with 'Honour to Smithers!' 'Huzza for Smithers!' and 'Smithers huzza!' out of the three long windows of the great room, was the signal for the seventh, in which a dozen men and twenty-one boys signally distinguished themselves. These bursts of attachment to A. Smithers, Esq. were calculated to be very gratifying to the friends of that gentleman, and would have doubtless been so had any of his friends witnessed them; as it happened, none of them did. A band, composed of a north-country piper, assisted by the musical talents of the Awfumuddie bass viol and flute, exerted itself to a superhuman degree. It is conjectured that, at a later period of the day, the confusion which arose in the performance was to be attributed to the curious circumstance of the bass viol and flute playing 'Auld lang syne,' while the piper was performing 'Roy's wife.' The scene was uncommonly lively, and was made still more so by the bell of the Awfumuddie kirk ringing in a wonderfully inspiriting manner.

The forenoon thus passed away. The afternoon arrived. The landlord of the Red Lion was now in a very serious condition; he was so completely knocked up, as to call for several glasses of whisky every hour. The two waiters followed his example in ale. It was a mystery why the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit Company came to pitch upon Awfumuddie for their dinner. Perhaps it was because the town was half-way between Bluemuirs and Mossbogie; so that the residents of each town might have the same distance to return home at night. But this is only an ingenious surmise. The dinner hour was six. It was arranged that one train, that is, a horse and a couple of carriages, for this was not one of your steam railways, should leave Bluemuirs at half-past five, while the other took its departure from Mossbogie at the same hour. Although there was but a single line of rails, there was no danger of a collision; the horses knew better than that, and slackened their pace from a smart six-mile-an-hour trot to a gentle walk on approaching the Awfumuddie station. Besides this, a nervous director, in a white waistcoat, sat by the driver's side, with the reins and whip in his own hands, and thus insured against the remotest chance of an accident. The trains arrived in perfect safety at five minutes to six; and four-and-fifty gentlemen, in white cravats and snowy waistcoats, poured into the astonished town. The Red Lion was then, indeed, a scene of the wildest distraction. The landlord staggered to the door, and prepared himself, in the customary manner, followed by his waiters, for the reception of his guests. The band, after a temporary derangement from the unaccountable absence of the piper, struck up. The blue flags were flapped from the windows like so many tablecloths, and A. Smithers, Esq. arm-in-arm with the respected chairman, who, we believe, was recognised as —— Balderstone, Esq. entered the *salle a manger*. The remaining two-and-fifty, in file, brought up the rear.

The dinner was concluded, the cloth removed, and now the great moment approached. The customary loyal toasts being hastened through with the speed of men anxious to meet more important matters, the chairman, —— Balderstone, Esq. at length rose to propose the toast of the evening. He delivered himself in somewhat of the following manner:—

'Gentlemen—I rise to propose a health which, I feel confident, will be received by you with an expression of universal gratification. (Immense cheering; A. Smithers, Esq. turning violently pale.) The health I allude to, gentlemen, has, I perceive, received the well-merited honour of a general recognition. Yes, gentlemen, it *is* the health of our esteemed, our indefatigable secretary, Mr Archibald Smithers. (Tremendous cheering, with the vociferation of "Bravo, Balderstone!" and "Huzza, Smithers!" "Smithers for ever!" and such-like animating expressions.) Gentlemen,' continued Balderstone, when the din had subsided, 'the eminently gratifying manner in which you have been pleased to receive my toast, convinces me that I should be wasting your time, and wearying your patience, were I to panegyrise at any length the individual to whom this toast refers. And were, gentlemen, the occasion on which we are met together one of less solemn import—were, I say, our horizon undimmed by any cloud, and our present happiness unmixed with any regret, I should satisfy myself with having merely proposed the health of a person so universally esteemed as my friend—and I am happy to call him my friend—Mr Archibald Smithers. (Renewed cheers.) But, gentlemen, we cannot forget that the occasion which has this day called us together is one of no common or trifling importance. This day terminates the connexion of Mr Smithers with the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit Company. (Great sensation followed this announcement, which was the more striking, as the company knew all about it a half year ago.) With this plea, then, I may be borne with while engaged in an unworthy attempt to give the just meed of praise, and the tribute of my own and of this company's respect, to one who well merits infinitely more than my tongue and humble powers of oratory can express. (Tremendous cheering, which lasted for some minutes.) Gentlemen, Mr Smithers has now been connected during a space of five years with our company. I need not remind my brother shareholders that he succeeded an individual whose name, I fear, will be received with only too well-deserved execration—Mr Featherhisnest. (Growls and hisses greeted the mention of this gentleman's name.) In one respect this circumstance was a disadvantage to my friend. It caused us to regard him with certain feelings of distrust. In another respect it was to his advantage. Gentlemen, the morning luminary appears all the more welcome and glorious after the blackness of the shades of night. (Cries of "Bravo, Balderstone!" from some one at the foot of the table.) During the period of his connexion with us, gentlemen, need I call to your recollection the gratifying circumstance, that the traffic on the Transit Company's line has increased to treble its previous amount; and this happy result we must doubtless

chiefly ascribe to the exertions of our indefatigable secretary. For the information of those shareholders who may reside at a distance from the stations, I submit to their inspection the following chart of our traffic, and have caused to be placed against it some statistical returns of the opposition conveyances:—

1843. Two trains a-day.	Three opposition coaches, and a wagon.
1844. Three trains a-day.	Two opposition coaches, and a cart.
1845. Four trains a-day.	One opposition coach; nothing else.
1846. Six trains daily, with an occasional express.	One opposition coach; always empty.

(Great cheering.) This is a mute but eloquent testimony, gentlemen, to the untiring zeal of our secretary. (Hear, hear.) It is not necessary for me to enter into detail upon the duties which have devolved upon him. That those duties should be onerous, was to be expected, as the stipend for their discharge now amounts to three hundred pounds per annum. But how have they been discharged? Gentlemen, the reply from every tongue will be, "Faithfully and well." (Enthusiastic cheering.) They involved the conducting of the company's correspondence; Mr Smithers had frequently to reply to as many as four or five letters a-week. They also comprised the occasional superintendence of the clerks and works, in which, it was true, Mr Smithers had been assisted by an official. They also included the superintendence of the accounts, statistical returns, and annual expenditure of the company, in which he was assisted by several clerks at the company's expense; so that this department was uncommonly heavy. To take down minutes of the half-yearly meetings was another portion of his duties. In fact, were I to enumerate the points included in his engagements, I should occupy more time than the occasion would justify; let us leave them with a passing tribute of praise to the urbanity and kindness which have characterised every action of my friend's official existence. (Cheers.) Gentlemen,' continued Balderstone, clearing his throat, 'I am now about to approach a painful topic; we are to-night to take our leave of Mr Smithers. A combination of fortunate circumstances has placed him in an independent position; I believe I may say in a position of considerable affluence. (Cheers.) Anxious, therefore, to retire from an office so arduous and so responsible as that of secretary to this great company, he has tendered to the Board of Directors his resignation. The board, with the greatest reluctance—with, I may add, feelings of unmingled regret—has accepted his resignation; and from this hour his invaluable aid and advice are lost to us. But, gentlemen, should so much worth be passed by with the cold return of a few empty compliments? (Hear, hear.) Should the untiring energy—the, I may say, unprovokable good-nature, the invincible suavity of our friend's demeanour, which have made our transit one of the best-conducted and most favourite routes of the day—(Violent cheering)—should qualities such as these remain forgotten and neglected? ("No, no," and great cheering from every one at table, except an individual near its foot, who appeared a dissentient from the opinion.) I believe,' pursued Balderstone, 'the sentiment is universal, that it becomes us, the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit Company, to record our sense of the unparalleled exertions of our now—and I am sorry that it is so—*late* secretary, in some befitting testimonial. ("No, no; *I* protest against it," cried out the person above alluded to.) Gentlemen,' continued the speaker, regardless of the temporary confusion which arose, 'the dreams, the transcendental whimsies of a would-be moralist, have no weight with me. (Hear, hear, and cries of "Humbug!") The testimonial has been liberally subscribed for, and is contained in the case which lies before us on the table. It is a gold snuff-box, which, with the fifty pound-note by way of snuff-money which it contains, I would, with the best and most cordial wishes, and the sincerest thanks of my own heart, of the directors, and of the shareholders of this company, now beg him to accept as a trifling mark of our united respect and esteem.' (Immense cheers, Mr Smithers all blushes and bows.) 'Gentlemen,' cried out Balderstone with the lungs of a stentor, 'Mr Smithers' health, with three times three.'

The tremendous confusion which arose at this juncture baffles description. When all was over, A. Smithers, Esq. was perceived to be on his legs.

'He rose,' he said, 'at this proud but painful moment of his existence, overwhelmed with the excessive kindness of his reception, and overcome with the liberality of the testimonial he had just been honoured with. It was true that he did not take snuff; but such a memorial of esteem would immediately induce him to commence the practice: and he could assure the generous friends who had presented him with this valued memento of their regard, that then, at every pinch, he should call their munificence to mind; and should reflect upon the present hour as one of the happiest of his life. (Great cheering.) The retrospect of his official career,' he continued, 'afforded him much food for pleasant reflection. It had ever been his unworthy and feeble attempt to advance the best interests of the company, in whose service it was his boast to have been so long engaged. (Hear, hear.) It was now, therefore, to him most pleasing to know that these efforts had been crowned with success. He had to record, with feelings of deep gratitude, the fact that, in proportion to the increase of traffic, the company had, in the most liberal spirit, augmented his salary, until, at the moment when he was about to relinquish office, it had doubled its original sum. (Cheers, and "You deserved it all!" from a shareholder who appeared to be becoming lackadaisical.) This was in itself an ample remuneration for his (Mr Smithers) poor services. (Hear, hear, with uncommon emphasis from the noncontent before alluded to.) These services, he (Mr Smithers) could assure them, had been performed without a dream of their receiving the handsome recognition they had to-night met with. He had simply performed his duty, and that was in itself an ample reward. (Hear, hear, from the same individual.) But should he seem ungrateful? No; he was penetrated with emotions of the liveliest gratitude at this unexpected and unmerited tribute to him; and he begged the company then and there assembled to accept the only return it was in his power to make—his cordial thanks, and his warmest prayers for their continued prosperity and undiminished success. But he could not sit down during these, the closing moments of his official career, without bidding them a hearty and heartfelt farewell. (Great sensation.) He had purchased an estate at some distance from that part of the country; he feared it would be his lot but seldom to travel northward; but he could assure them that his thoughts would often revert to his old occupations and haunts. He would be many a time, in thought, taking a short trip upon a line which had enjoyed such an immunity from accidents as to have come to rank among those known by the title of "Innocent Railways." (Great cheering.) Many a time would he, with an imaginary pen in hand, be seated in his old office. But such reflections overcame him. In leaving the company's service, he might say, but with a very small self-appropriation of the merit, "he found it wood, and left it marble." (Cries of "Bravo Smithers!" and enthusiastic cheering.) This was a delightful theme for thought. But he must conclude. He then begged to tender to the directors and shareholders of the company his undying gratitude and thanks; and to reiterate his assurance that, to the latest moments of his life, he could never cease to esteem this hour the happiest he had experienced. Happy, because it assured him of the unanimous confidence, respect, and esteem of so great a company as that constituting the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit. He bade them a warm farewell.'

Mr Smithers sat down amidst volleys of cheers and deafening huzzas; and a shareholder, who sat near him, confidently affirms that he saw him blow his nose with great vehemence, and apparently wipe away a

briny tear from his eye. 'The prosperity of the Bluemuirs and Mossbogie Transit Company' was then drank with the customary honours—the toast being received with great applause and excitement. After several ineffectual attempts to catch the chairman's eye, a shareholder then rose. We believe it was —— Gilaroo, Esq. of Krinkumkrankie.

'Mr Chairman and Gentlemen—I feel called upon, by an imperious sense of duty as a shareholder, to make a few observations upon the occasion of our assembling here to-day. (Hisses from several of the company.) It is pretty generally known, I believe, that I have resolutely opposed the getting up of this testimonial throughout. I embrace this opportunity of publicly declaring my sentiments upon the subject. (Considerable excitement—Balderstone and Smithers looking at each other in dismay.) My opinions are not very likely to do much good now: the time has gone by. But to avoid misapprehension of the motives which have influenced my opposition to the presentation of this testimonial, I beg permission to be heard in my own defence. To our esteemed secretary I offer my private but most sincere well-wishes, accompanied with the greatest respect for his integrity of conduct, and for every trait of his public character, so eloquently depicted by you, sir, our worthy chairman. (Cheers.) But, sir, for a man to discharge his duties well, is, as Mr Smithers has himself affirmed, to his own advantage, to his own gratification, and to his own ultimate reward. This is my objection to these testimonials in general. You teach a man, by their means, to perform his duty with the mercenary motive in prospective of a pecuniary reward. And if he is too honourable to be influenced by such motives, you at least insult him by attempting to wipe out the score of obligation by a petty handful of bank-notes. (Violent disapprobation.) What right have we to interfere in the case? It is a matter, properly speaking, peculiar to the *forum conscientiæ*. In my own estimation, the testimonial you have to-night presented Mr Smithers with, can be regarded in no other light than as an unwarrantable attempt to substitute for the awards of a good conscience the trumpery return of a shapeable mass of yellow metal. (Great hissing, and exclamations of "Shame!" and "Sit down!") Gentlemen,' continued Mr Gilaroo, 'I am well aware that these are sentiments not calculated to make much way in the world at present. It is my fond hope that the hour is coming when the question of merits and rewards shall be viewed in a juster light than that which obtains in our day. Suffer me, however, gentlemen, to point out to you the features of the present case, which seem to demand, and which, I doubt not, will ultimately receive, a degree of reprehension from the world. ("No, no," and "We don't want moral essays here.") Gentlemen,' pursued Mr Gilaroo manfully, 'I have a duty to discharge, and cannot rest satisfied until it is completed. You have to-night given our friend, by his own testimony, a useless bauble—one which rather, if used at all, will only be abused in its use. You have given Mr Smithers an incentive to the commencement of an abominable practice; and, if he is as good as his word, you may calculate upon the undying enmity of poor Mrs Smithers, whose abhorrence snuff is. (Laughter; but Smithers was looking uncomfortable nevertheless.) Fifty pounds, facetiously termed "snuff-money," is your offering to the chests of one of whom I am happy to say that it is to him a drop in a bucket. Are there no more meritorious objects to which such a sum might not have been devoted? The entire cost of this testimonial has not been less than one hundred pounds sterling. This sum would have formed a nucleus for the institution of a refuge for your decayed railway servants. It would have gone half-way to the erection of a school for their children. It would have more than defrayed the cost of a good library for them. It would have put the languishing funds of your dispensary in a flourishing condition. In a thousand different ways it might have been gathered, and expended, and have done good; not to one individual, who does not want it, but to hundreds who do. (Great dissatisfaction.) Sir,' continued Mr Gilaroo, warming up, 'these are the testimonials I would advocate, if testimonials are to be raised at all. Collect the money, build an almshouse, found an hospital, erect a school with it, and call it, if you will, the "Smithers'" School, or Hospital, or Almshouse. (Hear, hear, from two bold shareholders.) This is the way to bring down the "blessings of those who are ready to perish" upon yourselves, and upon him in memorial of whom you erect a noble monument like this. But, sir, *your* marks of respect and esteem, and those of universal adoption in our day, are such things as gold snuff-boxes, silver inkstands, teapots, coffeepots, cream-jugs, costly books, and such like, in which you are emulous of expending large sums of money to the least possible good. One word more, sir. Not a sixpence of mine has been contributed to this object. (Sneers.) No mercenary motives have actuated my conduct. I beg to convey to my friend, whose loss I unfeignedly regret, the mark of my respect contained in this envelope. It is a life-governorship of the Awfumuddie Orphan School, taken out in his name, and now presented to him with my sincere wishes and best respects. Sir, I have done.' (Cheers, hisses, and disapprobation.)

Several shareholders then spoke, and all to one purport—that a better testimonial could not have been selected than the snuff-box and its contents. One gentleman said, as to the whim of not giving testimonials, it was all flummery. Another speaker said much to the same purpose, accompanied with a hackneyed allusion to his eye. A third speaker gave utterance to several oblique hints as to the fact of Mr Gilaroo being infested with 'bees in his bonnet.' Mr Gilaroo endured a good deal more; and eventually, in despair of effecting a reformation in morals, left the room, to the immense relief of the company. With a sort of cutting-off-his-own-nose kind of a spirit, he went back to Bluemuirs, to the great astonishment of the driver, in the opposition coach. The rest of the company separated at a late hour, and reached their respective homes, we are happy to say, in perfect safety.

P.S.—It is a curious fact, and may have some relation to the above, that the next morning five-and-twenty pounds were sent to the Bluemuirs School Fund, and five-and-twenty pounds to the Mossbogie Mechanics' Institution: both were inscribed 'From a Friend.'

P.P.S.—Mr Smithers never learned to take snuff.

DOUBTS AS TO WORKING-MEN'S BUILDING SOCIETIES.

The defective state of house-accommodation for the working-classes in this country is acknowledged. The question naturally arises—Why does not private enterprise endeavour to supply good new houses instead of the bad old ones? The answer is, private enterprise does not conceive that it would be a remunerative speculation. Some efforts are, indeed, in the course of being now made, in this manner, to supply the desired house-accommodation, but their results are as yet doubtful. The general feeling amongst building speculators undoubtedly is—for we have tested it—that there is no temptation to lay out money in this manner, keeping in view the strictly business principle of *a return*. One cause is, that, considering the value of ground in most seats of industry, the value of materials, and the wages of labour, the houses could not, in general, be produced at such a rate as to allow of their being offered at remunerative rents. Another cause—perhaps the more operative of the two—is a dislike of the situation of proprietor of working-men's houses; arising from the difficulty often experienced in collecting the rents, and the recklessness often shown by tenants in the use of the houses. This is not a blame to the mass of the

working-classes: it refers only to a portion of them, but one sufficiently large to produce this effect upon the minds of men of capital. As often happens, the whole suffer for a part. Thus it is that working-men are condemned to their present very imperfect and ill-conditioned house-accommodation. We are giving an unflattering view of the subject; but would it be conscientious, or would it serve any good purpose, to present one of a different character?

It is in these circumstances that building societies have arisen: an attempt to make each man his own landlord. The leading arrangements of such associations are these. The members put in a sum weekly, nearly the same as they pay in the form of rent. This constitutes a fund. At certain intervals, a member acquires by ballot the right to an advance sufficient to purchase his house, or, if a new one, to pay for it on its being built. The titles, however, remain in the society's hands as security till the whole of the member's payments have been made, besides interest for the use of the money; a collateral security being also required from those who get advances during the first three or more years, and until payments have been made for that space of time, as no house can be regarded as security for its entire value. The member, in short, becomes the proprietor of a house by a series of small payments, with interest for the diminishing deficit until the whole is paid up; the latter payment, with the interest of his outlay, being, as it were, a representation of rent till the close of the business, when the interest of the whole expenditure, and the expense of upholding his property, become the substitute for rent.

There is here nothing unfair or improper, so that only the business be guardedly and economically managed. But the question remains—Is it a good or a bad way of providing house-accommodation for working-men? We fear that it is not so free of objection as many have thought it at a first view, or as has been generally represented to the working-men who have gone into it.

It should, in the first place, be kept strictly in view, that by this plan there is nothing absolutely gained for the working-man. He becomes a house-proprietor, but he pays the full value of the property: his money, he is perhaps told, fructifies better in the society's hands than in a savings' bank; but for any such advantage, compensation is made in the hazards of speculation, as in all other cases of money put out in adventure. The rigid question is—Is he better by being his own landlord on such terms, than he would be with his savings in another shape, and leasing a house? Now we will not undertake, in the present untried state of the business, to pronounce decidedly on this question; but we will state some things which weigh heavily on the unfavourable side, and which have not, as far as we are aware, been kept sufficiently in view. 1st, The property bought is not of a kind which tends to maintain its original value. 2d, The expense of forming titles to such property is very great: in Scotland, it requires about L.8 to transfer a house of the value of L.100; to this must be added L.8 to constitute a security in favour of the society, and L.4 more to vacate the same. Thus, in our end of the island, whatever may be the case in the other, there is an addition of one-fifth of the value of a working-man's house for legal expenses. 3d, The property, being *real*, or, as we say in Scotland, heritable, descends not to the proprietor's family generally, but to the eldest son, excepting only the widow's third of the rent during her life, unless a settlement have been made, which infers further expense, and, being inconvenient, would often be neglected. 4th, It is not so convenient for the working-man to be a landlord as a tenant. The possession of a house fetters him to a place, when it might be for his interest to remove. Say he removes, the property does not thrive in his absence. He may sell, but this infers a repetition of heavy legal expenses. 5th, In the event of his dying during the currency of his weekly payments, there is great probability that his successors are unable to pay his debt to the society. In this case it will have to be sold—more legal expenses—little or nothing left over for the family—the man's savings of course in the degree have perished, whereas they might have otherwise been intact in the savings' bank.

Thus it will be seen there are considerable drawbacks from the advantages held out, in Scotland at least, by building societies. It may be pointed out, on the other hand, that either superior houses are got, or the same class of houses are kept in better order; that the man is morally improved by acquiring solid property; that it is well for him that his savings are in a form which precludes their being rapidly spent. But we would respectfully express our doubt if the rate be at all a reasonable one at which these advantages are purchased. It has been said that an artisan landlord can economise in repairs by little exertions of his own; but no man can be his own carpenter, smith, slater, builder, painter, all together; and to operate in any of these capacities, is, at the best, to add to his ordinary labours, and subtract from his due time of leisure and self-improvement. The time so employed represents either money or morality. It might, we think, be more plausibly maintained that repairs effected by such isolated and desultory efforts cannot be so economical as those conducted by the appropriate workmen under the care of one who, being a landlord on an extensive scale, can command all such services, as well as the requisite materials, on the most advantageous terms.

It may be, nevertheless, that the building society is the only means by which improved house-accommodation for the working-classes is to be obtained. If so, and if the contemplated advantages seem worthy the sacrifice, let building societies be encouraged. But, at the same time, let no one proposing to enter a building society be ignorant in any degree of its drawbacks as well as its promised advantages. Here we are constrained to remark, that persons taking part in the management of such societies are apt, from no bad intention, but from ardour of mind or other causes, to make too light of difficulties. We have, in two cases, seen the above series of disadvantages presented to the consideration of managing parties, and in both the answers bore only on the possibility of carrying through the society's affairs on its announced scheme, without any regard being paid to the interests of the individual member. For our part, we do not doubt the soundness of the scheme, *as a scheme*, in the instances in question; we only doubt the supposition that a working-man will benefit himself by becoming connected with it. How far our list of disadvantages might be reduced by an improvement in the laws respecting the transmission of heritable property, we do not deem it necessary at present to decide. We are assured, by a good authority, that the late act, designed for the benefit of building societies (6th and 7th Will. IV. cap. 32), is in this respect miserably inefficient, at least as far as Scotland is concerned. It is wholly, we are told, a singularly crude piece of legislation.

It might be worthy of consideration how far improvements might be effected in house-accommodation for the working-classes by the ordinary plan of commercial adventure, if masters of works were to guarantee the rents, the men agreeing to weekly stoppages from their wages by way of security. With the greater certainty, too, thus attained, landlords could afford old houses at lower rates, and would be more disposed to keep the premises in good repair. Similar benefits would arise from the promotion of cleanly and careful habits in the families of working-men, and the promotion of a public opinion, in their class, against all recklessness towards property intrusted to their keeping. It may be difficult for them to see the connexion; but undoubtedly every failure of one person of this class to pay his rent when due, every avoidable act of dilapidation, every disregard of cleanli-

ness in common passages or stairs connected with houses, tells in some degree in degrading the character and raising the rent of the house-accommodation destined for this portion of the community.

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

III.—THE STORY OF CLORINDA.

CLORINDA seems to be Tasso's favourite heroine; she is oftenest introduced and referred to in the poem, and the bard appears to linger with more pleasure on her portraiture than on that of any other character, unless it be Sophronia; the story of the latter, however, is merely an episode. Virgil's Camilla may have been the prototype of the warlike Clorinda; but the imitation, if such it be, far surpasses the original. Since Tasso's time, many poets have followed in his steps; Spenser, especially, whose Faery Queen was written a few years later than the *Gerusalemme*, seems to have taken Clorinda as the model of his fair Britomartis. Indeed, it is curious to trace the resemblance between the two poems, whole stanzas being often translated verbatim from the Italian bard by his English brother. An instance of this is in the description of the Bower of Bliss, which is identical with Tasso's Garden of Armida.

The first allusion to Clorinda is in Canto I. Among the chiefs, Prince Tancred is introduced. 'None in the army except Rinaldo,' says the poet, 'were superior to Tancred in valour, in noble beauty of face and mien, or were more lofty and intrepid in soul. If any shadow of blame darkened his shining qualities, it was the single folly of love: love, which sprang to life in a moment, in the midst of war; love, nourished and strengthened by sorrow.'

> The story runs, that on that glorious day
> When the crushed Persians felt the Christian might,
> Victorious Tancred, following on their way
> The fugitives, and weary of the fight,
> Seeking his weary limbs on earth to lay,
> And his parched lips with water to delight,
> Came where beneath the cool refreshing shade,
> Girt with green sedge, a living fountain played.
>
> Here suddenly appeared a damsel fair,
> Armed all complete, except the lovely face;
> The same intent, it seemed, did hither bear,
> For rest and shade, this maid of Pagan race.
> The warrior gazed upon her noble air,
> And her bright form replete with maiden grace.
> Oh wonder! Love is scarcely born than he,
> In fullest growth triumphs victoriously.
>
> Her casque replaced, she now, but for alarms
> Of troops that then came nigh, with him had fought,
> Who, captive-bound, needed no other arms.
> The haughty virgin slowly left the spot;
> But her fair image, in its warlike charms,
> Deep in his heart still lingered unforgot.
> To that dear scene his fond thoughts ever turned,
> And thus fed love's sweet fire with which he burned.

This beautiful vision is Clorinda. She next takes a part in the story of Sophronia, as already related, when the two lovers are bound to the fatal pyre; and here, too, the poet makes her sudden appearance very striking. 'At this crisis,' he says, 'lo! there was seen a warrior of noble mien, and bearing foreign armour and attire. The tigress on the helmet drew all eyes, for it was the device of the brave Clorinda. This virgin, from her earliest youth, had scorned all feminine arts; her haughty hand refused to stoop to the labours of Arachne—the needle and the distaff; she fled from cities, and despised soft raiment. Yet, in the midst of camps, she was purity itself; she armed her beauty with severe pride, and even then she charmed all eyes. As a child, her tiny hand could guide and restrain a steed; she knew how to wield the sword and spear; she hardened her tender frame with manly exercises, and made her feet swift with the race. Then, in mountains and woods, she followed the tracks of the lion and the bear, or went forth to battle; she seemed a man to the wild beasts—a wild beast unto men.' This last line is a curious instance of that fancy for words in apposition, if it may be so termed, to which Tasso and most other poets of his time are so much addicted.

Clorinda, according to her promise to the tyrant Aladin, when he freed the two young Christians, joins his army, and goes forth to battle against the Crusaders. In one engagement, she sees Tancred's victorious arms carrying destruction wherever he moves, and advances to meet the hitherto invincible warrior.

> Clorinda eager to the combat springs,
> Against Prince Tancred lays her lance in rest;
> But he with swift sword cleaves her visor's strings,
> And lo! the beauteous face is all confessed;
> The blow unto the ground her helmet brings,
> Loosed from the lovely head round which it pressed;
> Her long gold tresses floating on the breeze,
> A maiden in the field the warrior sees.
>
> Her eyes flash lightning, thunder-like her look,
> Lovely in wrath—what would it be in smiles?
> Tancred, what think'st thou, by emotion shook?
> Lo! this is she whose love thy soul beguiles,
> This is the sweet face which thee captive took,
> Thy beating heart confesses all love's wiles.
> This is the damsel whom thou sawest lave
> Her heated brow in the lone fountain's wave.

Clorinda covers her features with the broken helmet, and attacks her supposed foe. He strives to avoid her, but she gains upon him, and wounds him.

> The knight, though struck, returned no stroke again;
> The virgin's sword for him had less of fear
> Than her fair eyes, her cheek of crimson stain,
> And lips, where love all-conquering makes appear
> His fatal bow. 'Alas! these blows fall vain,'
> He cries, 'thus given by her hand so dear,
> But from her beaming eye each cruel dart
> Pierces, I ween, unto my very heart.'
>
> So he resolves, though pity hoping none,
> A silent, secret lover not to die;
> That she shall know the triumph she has won,
> O'er a defenceless suppliant enemy;
> Therefore he said, 'Oh thou, who me alone
> Dost make thy foe 'mongst troops that round thee lie,
> Let us depart together from this band,
> And try our valour boldly hand to hand.'

His fair adversary accepts the challenge; she moves on courageously, while her lover follows trembling. Arrived at the place, she prepares for the combat, when Tancred pours out his love and sorrow in passionate words. 'Take and pierce my heart,' he cries, 'if thou wilt; this heart which is no longer mine, and which, if it is hateful to thee, will joyfully die. Behold my defenceless breast; finish now thy work!' So the knight uttered his complaints; but Clorinda's answer was prevented by the untimely arrival of some Pagan and Christian troops. One of the latter saw the virgin's golden hair wave from under the broken helmet, and lifted his hand to wound her, thus without defence; when Tancred intercepted the blow, though it did not fall harmless.

> The weapon lightly strikes; on her fair head,
> Just where it meets the neck so dazzling fair,
> Makes a slight wound; some crimson drops are shed
> Upon the shining amber of her hair;
> Like virgin-gold with glittering rubies spread
> By skilful workman's hand with lingering care;
> But, furious Tancred, kindling at the sight,
> Darts on the wretch, and dares him to the fight.
>
> He, trembling, fled; Prince Tancred followed fast;
> As swift they move as arrow from the bow;
> Clorinda wondering gazed as on they pa—
> Till, lost in distance, dim their
> Then, with her followers, she
> Turning at times upon the
> They fly and she pursues;
> Whether attack or flight, no

The story of the noble virgin extends throughout twelve cantos; but it chiefly consists of her adventures in battle. At last she engages on a night expedition to the Christian camp; to perform this, she puts aside her bright arms and tiger-crested helmet, and attires herself in black armour. Her faithful attendant, the aged Arsetes, throws himself at her feet, tearing his white hair, and beseeching her to desist from her undertaking. She refuses; when he, to enforce his prayers, tells her the story of her birth. The daughter of an Ethiopian king, her virtuous Christian mother, for fear of her royal husband's wrath, confided her to the care of Arsetes, beseeching him to baptise her. He, flying through the forests, was pursued by a tigress, and leaving the infant in fear, on his return saw her suckled tenderly by the wild beast. Arsetes and his charge wandered on towards Egypt, his native land. On their way he crossed a river swimming, and supporting with one hand his beloved burden. A swift current tore her from his hold; but the waters wafted her softly on, and laid her safely on the shore. Next night a shining warrior appeared in a dream unto Arsetes: it was St George, whose protection for the infant Clorinda her mother had invoked. He commanded that the child should be baptised as a Christian; but the Pagan, Arsetes, neglected to do it. Clorinda grew up a warrior, as we have already told, and gained fame and wealth. '"Now I have told thee all," cried Arsetes; "thou knowest how at once, as a father and a slave, I have followed thee in the midst of armies. But last night, when I lay in deep sleep, there appeared unto me the same warlike vision, but more wrathful in countenance. 'Wretch!' he cried, 'the hour approaches when a change shall come over Clorinda's fate and life. Thine was the sin, thine be the sorrow!' Thus saying, he fled away in air. Now thou hearest, my beloved, what fate threatens. Perhaps it is because I have not fulfilled thy mother's will. It may be that her faith is the true one. Ah! lay down thine arms, and go not forth." Arsetes ceased in tears; Clorinda mused, touched with fear, because a like dream also weighed down her own heart; but still she went forth to attack the enemy's camp.'

The Christians are buried in sleep; Tancred alone, when Clorinda is returning from her expedition, meets her, and, deceived by her false armour, challenges her to combat. The fight is long doubtful, until both are roused to fury. The subsequent stanzas are considered by many the most beautiful in the whole poem.

But now arrives Clorinda's fatal hour,
And her young life must close; her fairest breast
The sword of Tancred pierces with fierce power,
Drinking her life-blood as it parts; the vest,
Embroidered o'er with many a golden flower,
Is filled with a hot river, unsuppressed.
She feels the coming death; faint, languishing,
Her feeble limbs give way, and earthward cling.

He in his victory exults, pursuing
The stricken virgin with the threatened death;
She, with sad eyes her cruel conqueror viewing,
Utters faint words with her departing breath:
Words that in her the spirit seem renewing
Of faith, and hope, and love, revealed beneath
By Him, who willed her, though a rebel wild
In life, in death a maiden, and Heaven's child.

'Friend, thou hast conquered; but I pardon thee;
Pardon thou too, not this poor form of mine,
Which fears nought, but my soul. Oh give to me,
I pray thee, rite of baptism divine,
To wash that soul pure from iniquity.'
Her sweet and mournful accents stealing, twine
Around his heart, till fierceness is all past,
And from his eyes forced tears are dropping fast.

Close by, from out the bosom of a hill,
Flowed, murmuring, a little rivulet;
He filled his casque with water from the rill,
And sad returned to pay the pious debt;
But his hand trembled while unclasping still
The covering from the face unknown as yet;
He saw it—and he knew it!—mute and cold
He stood—oh sight, oh misery untold!

Yet died not Tancred in that fearful hour,
But, gathering up his courage in his heart,
Steeled it to suffering, and turned to shower
The living waters o'er her whom his dart
Had slain; and as he spake the words of power,
Her visage changed: all ready to depart,
Her joyous angel-smile appeared to say,
'Heaven opens, and I go in peace away.'

A pallid hue o'er the fair features strays,
Like violets mixed with lilies; but her eyes
Are fixed on heaven—that heaven and sun which gaze
As if in pity where the virgin lies;
She strives her cold unveiled hand to raise
Towards Tancred, a mute token, ere she dies,
Of peace and pardon. So she passed away,
Lovely, as if light slumber on her lay.'

But he, when he beheld the spirit fled,
Unloosed his sorrow's chain, and gave free vent
To the wild passionate grief, which, all unshed,
Had frozen at his heart, till life seemed spent;
The living victor and the victim dead
Lay, in one mournful fate together blent;
The silence and the paleness were the same,
The crimson torrent, and the cold, still frame.

And truly would his spirit, fierce and scorning,
Have burst its fleshly bonds, and followed free
The pure soul, which had spread its wings to morning
A few short moments earlier than he;
But suddenly came by, at chance's warning,
A band of Christian soldiers; tenderly
They bore him, with the maid so loved in vain,
Living, yet dead in the beloved slain.

Tancred awakes to the full consciousness of his g
and bursts into wild lamentations. 'Hearing that
him lay the form so beloved and mourned, his sad
gleamed for a moment, like a flash of lightning acr
storm-cloud. Rising from his couch, he dragged
feeble and wounded frame to the place; but whe
drew nigh, and saw in the fair breast the wound his
hand had given, and looked on the face already c
spread with the pallid hue of death, like the sk
midnight, serene, but without glow or splendour,
cred shuddered, and his trembling limbs would
sunk to the earth for support.' Peter the He
at last succeeds in calming the wildness of his sor
Still his anguish breaks out in remorse, and in e
mations to the spirit of his beloved.

At sunrise and at sunset her he calls
In accents faint, and with intreaties vain;
So Philomel's lament despairing falls,
When cruel hands her unfledged young have ta'en:
Through the lone night she fills the forest-halls
With her sad, lonely, and complaining strain.
At daybreak Tancred's weary eyelids close,
And stealing sleep lulls anguish to repose.

Lo! in a dream comes the lost love he mourns,
With starry robes encircled: still more fair;
But the celestial splendour which adorns,
Takes not away her earthly semblance there.
In sweet compassion her soft eyes she turns,
Drying the seeming pearls with angel air:
'Faithful, beloved one!' she cries, 'oh see
My bliss, my beauty, nor lament for me!

Such as I am, I owe to thee; for thou,
Unwittingly, didst take me from earth's sin,
And mad'st me worthy, by baptismal vow,
The bosom of my God to enter in;
There, blessed, I enjoy love's fulness now;
There wait I until thou a place shalt win,
In endless day, beneath the sun divine,
There shalt thou share heaven's loveliness and mine.

If thou dost not, with envious longings, move
Heaven's wrath, nor stray, lured by earth's passions
Live!—know I love thee; nor conceal that love,
Far greater than a mortal can bestow.'
While thus she spake, an ardour from above
Kindled her eyes with more than earthly glow;
Then, in that inmost splendour veiled, she fled,
And, parting, on his soul new comfort shed.

Of the many descriptions in which poets of all
have delighted to indulge, of supernatural visitings f
the beloved lost to those mourning on earth—a beli
which the suffering heart clings in spite of reas
there seems to us none more beautiful than this.
rinda appears, perfectly free from all that in her

time in some measure detracts from her loveable character as woman—a pure and beautiful spirit, looking down with celestial love on him who was so faithful to her on earth; still preserving the well-known form, though with death everything harsh and unfeminine has vanished. Beautiful exceedingly is this last vision which the poet gives us of Clorinda.

D. M. M.

CONTINENTAL INNS.

I HAVE just returned from a tour in Switzerland, by way of Belgium and part of Germany, and have been much struck with the general superiority of the inns as compared with most of those in this country; and, in the hope of helping to raise the character of such establishments at home, by pointing out some of the causes of this superiority, I will mention a few things that came under my observation.

With us, an inn is frequently a building not originally intended for that purpose, but an ordinary dwelling converted into a hotel; or, more usually, an establishment half hotel half tavern; nearly all the sitting-rooms giving too significant tokens of the potations of which they are habitually the scene. A continental hotel is a very different sort of affair. The greater number of those which came under my notice had evidently been built for the express purpose of accommodating travellers, and while so constructed as to be spacious and commodious, were yet free from noise and bustle.

One of the most pleasing specimens that I visited was the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp, which stands on one side of a square containing shady walks, and commanding a view of the noble tower of the cathedral. On entering this hotel you pass under an archway (where a porter is stationed to give information of any kind), and enter a court or quadrangle surrounded by the buildings of the inn, and containing flowers, orange-trees, and singing birds, the whole giving the impression of freshness, cleanliness, and quiet. In this court there are seats and tables, where, if you prefer it, as many do in hot weather, you can have your meals in the open air and under the shade.

Although the inn is very large, having, I was told, bedrooms for a hundred and fifty persons, everything seemed to proceed in a smooth and orderly manner; indeed its very size must, under good arrangements, give facilities for this, besides affording other advantages.

Every guest has a bedroom (which serves also as a parlour), and has access to the public rooms; and owing to the social habits of the continent, the public rooms are frequented by ladies as well as by gentlemen—all, except the few who, from indisposition or other causes, prefer being alone, having their meals in common. Nor are these rooms boarded off into divisions, like so many ox-stalls, such as are to be found in our coffee-rooms, but a general table is spread, where people seat themselves according to inclination or acquaintance, where every one feels himself at liberty to address his neighbours in friendly conversation, and where there is an absence of that coarse low talk which is too frequently heard at our travellers' tables, where the guests are all of one sex.*

The beds are excellent, being soft and springy, without producing the feverish sensation caused by the use of feathers; while the pretty French curtains (which can in an instant be thrown aside), hanging from a short pole, make a pleasing contrast with the clumsy bedposts and heavy woollen furniture of many of our inns, in which it is often difficult, even with an open window, to get an average supply of fresh air. Such beds do not form a displeasing article of furniture in a room to be used during the day—the apartment being in all respects nicely furnished, and kept scrupulously clean.*

As the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp is a favourable specimen of a continental town inn, so that of the Three Crowns at Vevey, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, is distinguished as a good country inn; though I was at many others nearly equal to these.

Before building the hotel at Vevey, the proprietor made a tour through Europe to see the best inns, and examine their construction; and the result is, the erection of an establishment superior in convenient arrangement, and even in elegance, to many a palace. The principal front being towards the lake, the windows command a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery, and the doors of the public saloon and reading-room open upon a terrace planted with trees and flowers. Here, in a summer's evening, many of the guests take their coffee, the water of the lake rippling against the terrace-wall. The entrance to the inn is on the side towards the town; not, however, from a public street, but from a kind of courtyard, so that there is no noise or confusion in alighting or departing.

The landlord of this inn is a man of capital, and much superior to the ordinary class of innkeepers; and the same observation applies generally to the proprietors of the large hotels in the line which I travelled over; who, in education, rank in society, and wealth, seem to hold a much higher position than is usually attained by persons in the same business in England and Scotland. Most of those whom I saw could speak at least two languages, and many could speak three or four—French, Italian, German, and English.

The waiters also appeared to me to be generally better educated, and more polite and active, than they are in this country. The young man who had the care of the rooms on our floor at Vevey was a person of polished manners, obliging, and well-informed, and who could speak five different languages. I learnt afterwards, however, that he was the son of the proprietor of a large hotel in another town, and was in the course of education for the management of a hotel himself; so that he was doubtless a very favourable specimen of his class.

Many of the waiters are very young, though under the direction of older ones; and this I consider an advantage; as in their opinion the occupation—which in truth requires little beyond intelligence, activity, and an obliging disposition—is no doubt one of greater dignity than in the estimation of older persons. The circumstance of so many attendants being at the same time in the public rooms, facilitates the employment of boy-waiters, and makes it possible, with the same number, to have much better attendance than can be obtained where the waiters have to hurry from room to room.

When we retired to bed, the attendant who came to

* Our friend, the writer of this article, does not seem to make sufficient allowance for the difference between English and continental society. The greater number of the higher classes of England would consider it a hardship to be obliged to sit at the same table with persons of a lower rank. This is unfortunate, perhaps blameable; but do those who travel about on parties of pleasure always conduct themselves in a manner befitting polite society? On a late occasion, an inn in the Highlands, where we happened to be for a night, was kept in a state of disturbance for some hours by a party of persons, male and female, from London, who, besides shouting and singing, growled over the severe disappointment of 'not being able to get green pease to supper.' Until persons of this class, the 'vulgar rich,' as they have been properly termed, improve in tastes and habits, we cannot reasonably expect to see a more general intercourse at inns.—ED.

* True as respects hotels in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland; but not applicable to those of France, where, for the most part, the inns are far from being cleanly.—ED.

receive our last instructions always wished us good-night; and on leaving the inn, we always received a friendly adieu. And this civility proceeded from no hope of increased fees, but from good-breeding, and the absence of false shame; for in nothing is the superiority of these continental inns more manifest than in the general disuse of the troublesome and unsatisfactory practice in this country of paying waiters and chambermaids. A charge of tenpence per day (one franc) is usually made for attendance, and then nothing is expected by any one; so that there is no danger either of under or over-payment in this respect.

On several matters on which a traveller may want information printed notices are hung up, frequently in three languages—German, French, and English. The English, however, is sometimes rather ludicrous; as ludicrous as our attempts to write German or French probably often are. The following, which I copied, relates to the feeing-system just mentioned:—

'In the interest of those who will honour my hotel with their presence, i dont fail to inform them that they have not to give any drinking-money—so that nobody may demand something to some traveller on what pretext it may be.'

Much convenience is afforded by the practice of hanging up printed lists of the charges at the inns, so that a person seldom remains ignorant as to the expenses he is incurring. The general charges we found to be, in our money, one shilling and eightpence for breakfast or tea; half-a-crown for dinner, including half a bottle of common wine; one shilling and eightpence for bed (including the use of the room as a parlour during the day); tenpence for wax candles, and tenpence for attendance; making altogether eleven francs, or nine shillings and twopence per day—a much lower charge than is often made for inferior accommodation and food in this country; for the dinner contains a great variety of dishes, thoroughly well cooked, as far as our experience went, and generally a dessert of fruit. Moreover, when a person intends to stay more than a day or two in any place, he may often reduce his charges to five or six shillings per day, by removing to a boarding-house (sometimes in connexion with the inn), which appears to be conducted in much the same manner as the inns, and where he may, I believe, at the charge I have mentioned, enjoy much the same comforts.

We expected to be much annoyed with the offensive practice of smoking within doors; but we found this to exist to a less extent than in our own inns. There is generally a printed notice requesting that there may be no smoking in the public rooms, and we very seldom saw any infraction of it. We did indeed find the annoyance, in the evening, at the hotel of St Anthony at Antwerp, but we were informed that it was caused by some of our own countrymen, whom they found most difficult to render compliant in this particular.

What seems to be wanted for the improvement of the inns in England and Scotland, is for some enterprising men, having the command of large capital, to enter into the profession, and to visit the best of the existing inns, whether at home or abroad, with a view of extending to innkeeping the same improvement which has now been made in several other kinds of business, in which a small profit in each separate transaction, but large in the aggregate, from the great extent of the sale, is looked for, rather than a considerable profit on each of a few transactions.* By the introduction of steamboats and railways, immense facilities are now given to travelling; but these are kept in a great degree in check by the antiquated system still persevered in at our inns—small buildings, high and uncertain charges, and fees to attendants. An old coach, with its confined room, its high fares, its fee-demanding coachman and guard, its slowness and its want of punctuality, is scarcely more unlike a modern railway train than one of our present inns is unlike those which are now to be found very generally diffused over continental Europe.

* The large inn at the Euston Square terminus of the London and Birmingham railway, and the recently established inn at Folkestone, come pretty nearly to these desiderata.—Ed.

STRAY NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Mr R. Q. Couch, in a valuable paper on the fishes of Cornwall, published in the *Zoologist*, mentions the following peculiarity of the mullet, which would seem to point to a higher degree of intellectuality in fishes than they are generally supposed to possess:—The usual mode of taking the mullets is by enclosing them in a seine, and then drawing them on shore. As soon, however, as they find themselves enclosed, they seem confused, and wander from one part of the net to another, to discover a means of escape. Order, however, as if by mutual consent, is very soon established, and the largest of the shoal generally takes the lead in every subsequent undertaking. Thus guided, every portion of the net is carefully examined, and if a hole is found, through it they all make their escape. If unsuccessful in this, the foot of the net is attempted to be lifted, but the trial always fails, and many are meshed in the attempt. Baffled at all points, they retire to the centre of the space enclosed by the net, and after a short time the leader rises swiftly to the corks, and, followed by all the others, throws itself over into the water, and thus they effect their escape. It is an exceedingly interesting sight to see them thus make a series of efforts for a given object, adopting them in succession, as if by reason. The fishermen are now in the habit of scattering straw along the inner margin of the buoys; the fish, deceived by this, throw themselves over the edge of the straw, but, alas! again fall within the enclosure; and having once failed, they never renew the attempt.—The same observer also alludes to a curious habit of the *Polyprion cernum*, which has gained for it the common appellation of 'wreck fish;' namely, its propensity to sport about floating pieces of wood, especially if covered with barnacles. 'If these floating pieces of wreck,' says he, 'are driven near the shore, these fish follow them in flocks, gambolling about from side to side, or leaping over them. It has been supposed that they follow the floating wood to prey on the small fish that take shelter beneath. That they devour such creatures, there can be no doubt; but it can hardly be the case that this is the *object* of pursuit, since they are frequently so numerous, that such a supply would be speedily exhausted. To all appearance, the habit arises from the mere love of sport.'

II. This season the newspapers record the capture of several sturgeons in the rivers of England and Scotland. This fish, though uncommon with us, is abundant enough in all the larger rivers of south-eastern Europe, in particular in the Danube, Don, and Wolga, where regular and extensive fisheries are established. There are four well-known European species of sturgeon—namely, the great sturgeon, *Acipenser huso*, averaging twelve or fifteen feet in length, and weighing from two to four hundred pounds' weight; the scherg sturgeon, *A. velops*, which is seldom above four feet in length, and found chiefly in the Russian and German rivers; the little sturgeon, *A. ruthenus*, generally found about two feet in length; and the common sturgeon, *A. sturio*, growing to the length of six or eight feet, and weighing from one to two hundred pounds. The flesh of the two former is little esteemed or sought after: the little sturgeon is the most prized of the order; but the latter is the species best known in domestic economy. It is the common sturgeon which occasionally visits our firths and rivers in the early part of summer, and which, when captured, is considered the property of royalty. The largest specimen caught this summer was found in the river Wye, its length being 8 feet 6 inches, its girth 3 feet, and its weight 182 pounds; but an individual weighing 460 pounds is recorded by Pennant to have been taken in the Esk. With us the sturgeon is used exclusively as an article of luxury for the table, its flesh being esteemed a great delicacy. All, however, which can be said on this head is, that its flesh, like that of most cartilaginous fishes, is firmer than is usual among bony fishes; and that, having little peculiar flavour of its own, it affords ample scope for the skill of the cook in imparting to it any extrinsic zest he pleases. In eastern and northern Europe, the sturgeon assumes a more important value—its flesh being extensively used both in a fresh and pickled state; the best isinglass being manufactured from its sound or air-bladder

and caviare, an important article of eastern commerce, being prepared from the roe of the female. The best isinglass in use in Britain is derived from this source, and is exclusively imported from Russia; but the same substance might be obtained, with a little care, from the rejected portions of many of our native fishes, as it is already to some extent obtained from the refuse of the tanner and gluemaker.

III. Dissimilar as the general zoology of Australasia is to that of the other continents of the world, it is interesting to know that there exists a wonderful affinity between several of its species and those with which we are every day familiar. Thus a pretty little swallow, one of the few birds, if not the only one, which is fond of the haunts of man, bears a striking resemblance, both in appearance and habit, to its English congenor. 'Though many birds are to be seen close around our dwelling,' says an intelligent settler, 'this small bird is bolder than all others, exceeding its English relative in tameness. It is not satisfied with the eaves of our houses, but brings its pellets even into the houses themselves, and commences its nest upon some previously-surveyed beam or rafter of our rooms, performing its task for a few hours in the morning. When the walls of its nest are completed, it warmly lines it with feathers; and during the whole time of its operations, it displays an utter fearlessness of the room it has chosen. It begins to build in the last week of July or beginning of August, by the end of which month the young ones appear. The male and female scarcely differ in plumage, only the latter is a little more dusky. They are lively birds, and in pursuit of their food fly high or low, in fine or bad weather, just as the English species. Though more abundant in the warm months, the bird never altogether leaves us.'—The same authority makes a kindred observation in reference to the habits of the Australian spiders, of which there seems to be an almost infinite variety—the jumping sort being especially numerous. 'I was once walking in the fields, and kicked over a clod, and in doing so disturbed a large brown spider. It appeared to me as if pitted with innumerable holes, of a lighter colour than its general ground; but on stooping down to observe it, I found these supposed dots to be a numerous progeny completely covering the back of the mother. The affection of the spider for its egg-bag and young is very great, but I never before observed it so strong as for the parent to bear the weight of some fifties of sons and daughters on its back. It seemed thoroughly alarmed at being disturbed; but in following the bent of my curiosity, I touched it with a stick, and directly disturbed all its young, which forsook the parent's protection, and covered the ground. The poor spider was on this desertion quite motionless, apparently quite bewildered and heart-broken for the loss of her beloved family.' This is quite the habit of one of our own *Epeirus;* and it is interesting thus to find the lowliest creatures of the most distant regions impressed with one common instinct by a common Creator.

IV. A black swan—a proverbial rarity among the ancients—has this summer been shot in the river Eden, a few miles above its entrance into the bay of St Andrews. This circumstance occurring at a spot so sequestered, and in the vicinity of a bay somewhat celebrated for the variety of its aquatic visitants, at first thought suggested the idea that the bird must have been in its natural wild state, and that, consequently, it was the first of its kind ever found in Britain, if not even in Europe. This opinion, originally doubted by experienced naturalists, was soon set aside by the fact of the bird having been previously seen swimming in the river apparently in a tame state, and also from the fact of there being a number of black swans kept in zoological gardens, and noblemen's pleasure-grounds, from whence this specimen had in all probability made its escape. The black swan has never been found to exist as a distinct species either in Europe or Asia. The classical writers of antiquity spoke of it as a proverbial rarity, so improbable as almost to be deemed impossible; and in modern times no one, so far as we are aware, has ever discovered the bird in a natural and normal condition. The black swan is strictly an inhabitant of Australasia—a region replete with animal anomalies when the zoology of the other continents are brought forward in comparison. Within the last century, many living individuals have been brought to Europe, where they thrive equally well with the emus, kangaroos, and other Australian animals, insomuch that they can now scarcely be regarded as rarities. 'They are precisely similar in form,' says a popular naturalist, 'and somewhat inferior in size, to the wild and tame swans of the old world; but are perfectly black in every part of their plumage, with the exception of the primary, and a few of the secondary quill-feathers, which are white. Their bill is of a bright red colour, and is surmounted at the base, in the male, by a slight protuberance, which is wanting in the female: toward the anterior part it is crossed by a whitish band. In every other respect, except in the mode of convolution of its trachea, it perfectly corresponds with its well-known congenors. The species is found as well in Van Diemen's Land as in New South Wales, and on the western coast of New Holland. They are generally seen in flocks of eight or nine, floating on some lake or pool, and when disturbed fly off, like wild geese, in a direct line, one after the other. They are said to be extremely shy, so as to render it difficult to approach within gunshot of them.' This extreme shyness, coupled with the fact of their always appearing in small flocks, would of itself forbid the opinion that the specimen shot in Fife was in its natural condition, unless we could suppose it to have wandered by some unaccountable mistake from the southern hemisphere, and become stupid and bewildered by the novelty and loneliness of its situation.

V. It is the opinion of several naturalists that birds are endowed with ventriloquism, or at least with a power of producing effects similar or analogous to those produced by ventriloquists. Thus, on listening to the notes of some songster in a tree with tolerably thick foliage, the sound seems to come sometimes from the summit of the extreme branch on the right, sometimes from the midst of that on the left, now from the highest twig, and again from the central shade—all the while that the bird has never shifted its original position. In illustration of this, the following anecdotes are recorded by a contributor to Newman's *Monthly Magazine of Natural History*. 'While walking one day along the banks of the Tweed, and while resting in the shade, I was attracted by the note of a magpie, just above my head: I wondered that the wary bird had suffered me to approach so near it, and very noiselessly I tried to discover the distance of my chattering neighbour. The voice danced about like a Will-o'-the-wisp—'twas now here; now there: one moment in the top of a fir; the next in the thick of an elm! I strained my eyes, and got a crick in the neck, but never a glimpse of him of the lustrous green and black and white. I believe I spent ten minutes in vainly seeking to detect him, and I determined at last to ascertain whether or not it was a magpie that had undergone metamorphosis, and, once a bird, was now a *vox et præterea nihil*. I threw a stone, not at *the* place whence the sound seemed to issue, but at *one* of them: my mysterious friend took the hint—he disclosed himself, and departed. On another occasion, about the same time, I was walking along a road, on the left of which was a wheat-field, and at the bottom of the field a pond, which I knew to be tenanted by divers moorhens. About fifty yards above the gate out of the road into the fields, and three hundred yards from the pond, I heard the note or cry of the moorhen; I was convinced the bird was within twenty or thirty yards of me, or rather, it never entered my mind that it was not. I therefore went quietly and cautiously to the gate, and thought I should most likely be able to see the bird, supposing it was likely to be moving towards the pond. On reaching the gate, the sound seemed to come from a point twenty yards lower down the field: I waited some minutes; still it came from this same point: I moved on; it kept apparently at about the same distance before me: when I stopped, it stopped too; I mean it seemed to come during each halt from one and the same spot, about twenty yards in advance of me. When at length I got to the pond, there was the bird moving about at its leisure, croaking away in the same measured manner as it had been doing for the last twenty minutes, and not appearing at all conscious that its unmusical note had anything in it capable of interesting even a wandering naturalist. The bird was at the pond unquestionably when I first heard it, and I suppose had never moved ten yards from it all the while I had been listening and watching; and yet at first, as at every successive period, I could have sworn it was within thirty yards of me. Now I have no theory to offer on this matter. I state the simple facts, and I daresay a hundred other observers can confirm them, if they do not think the task too trifling. I think that birds can produce some such

effects at *will;* but I also suspect that some of them may be, or must be, accounted for on other grounds than the mere volition of the bird that produces them.' We could add many similar experiences; and believe that certain birds do possess such a power, which they occasionally use for the purpose of misleading their enemies, though in many instances they appear to indulge in it for mere amusement. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that our senses, and especially that of hearing, are liable to innumerable deceptions, caused by echoes, obstructions to the direct progress of the sound, and, above all, from the fact that the ear requires a certain amount of experimenting before it can decide exactly as to the position from which any new or unfamiliar sounds may proceed.

EFFECT OF PAVEMENTS UPON HEALTH.

The causes of disease, which are being investigated so extensively at the present time, are sometimes traced to the most remote origin. It would enter the minds of few that pavements, which are constructed merely for the convenience of transit in crowded cities, are preventives to ill-health; but such has recently been proved. The corporation of Liverpool having recently paved the courts and alleys of that town, it has been observed that the health of the people residing in them has wonderfully improved, and that deaths were less frequent. This led to further inquiry, and attention was directed to six of the worst courts in Liverpool. Of them, Mr Carr of the southern dispensary remarks, that they were formerly so notoriously unhealthy, that the medical attendant was hardly ever out of them, and when any epidemics visited the town, these places exhibited their results in perfection: the surface being in a most disgraceful state, covered to some depth with putrid mud, so that the inhabitants were compelled to place large stones at intervals, to enable them to reach their houses by stepping from one to another. It is also stated by Mr Samuel Holme that, in Freemason's Row, he found, about two years ago, a court of houses, the floors of which were below the public street, and the area of the whole court was a floating mass of putrified animal and vegetable matter, so dreadfully offensive that he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat; yet the whole of the houses were inhabited! Since these sinks of insalubrity have been paved, the change in the health of the inhabitants has been even more remarkable than what may have been anticipated. In one place (Bridport Court), which contains 18 houses, the cases of sickness were 18 before to 4 after the flags were laid down. In another alley (Oak Court), the proportion is 5 cases now to 28 in former years; and, so far as observation has been extended, which it has been to 57 of the houses, the fronts of which have been paved, to 35 cases of sickness which occurred before paving, only 16 have taken place since. The obvious effect of smoothing causeways, by means of flags or other paving materials, is to do away with such inequalities as form receptacles for the stagnant water left by rain, and the offals of food, with which the poor are apt to strew the fronts of their residences. The malaria thus produced is productive of agues, and other painful and fatal diseases. It is therefore the duty of all official persons who have the charge of these matters in towns, to see that their streets are well-paved, not only for the convenience of pedestrians, but for the health of the public.

ICEBERGS OF THE ANTARCTIC SEAS.

Icebergs were seen in all stages of formation, from 5 to 200 feet above the surface, and each exposed its stratification in horizontal layers, from six inches to four feet in thickness. When the icebergs are fully formed, they have a tabular and stratified appearance, and are perfectly wall-sided, varying from 180 to 210 feet in height. These were frequently found by us in their original situation, attached to the land, and having the horizontal stratification distinctly visible. In some places we sailed for more than fifty miles together along a straight and perpendicular wall, from 150 to 200 feet in height, with the land behind it. The icebergs found along the coast afloat were from a quarter of a mile to five miles in length: their separation from the land may be effected by severe frost rending them asunder, after which the violent and frequent storms may be considered a sufficient cause to overcome the attraction which holds them to the parent mass. In their next stage they exhibit the process of decay, being found fifty or sixty miles from the land, and, for the most part, with their surfaces inclined at a considerable angle to the horizon. This is caused by a change in the position of the centre of gravity, arising from the abrading action of the waves. By our own observations on the temperature of the sea, it is evident that these ice islands can be little changed by the melting process before they reach the latitude of 60 degrees. The temperature of the sea (as observed by the vessels going to and returning from the south) showed but little change above this latitude, and no doubt it was at its maximum, as it was then the height of the summer season. During their drift to the northward, on reaching lower latitudes, and as their distance from the land increases, they are found in all stages of decay—some forming obelisks, others towers and Gothic arches, and all less or more perforated; some exhibit lofty columns, with a natural bridge resting on them, of a lightness and beauty inconceivable in any other material.—*United States' Exploring Expedition.*

CLIMATE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The more I travel, the more reconciled I become to our own much-abused climate, both because it permits (as Charles II. said) out-of-door exercise for more hours in the day and for more days in the year, on an average, than any other, but also because I feel sure that its temperate, moist character is more favourable to the production of a vigorous robust habit of body. If the superiority in breadth and depth of chest, strength of limb, and general development of muscle, which distinguishes the upper class in England from that of other countries, were peculiar to that class, one might attribute it to the practice of field-sports and other habits of life, which perhaps depend as much upon the structure of society as upon climate; but it certainly appears to me that the same difference in favour of England is observable among the commercial and labouring classes, the former of which must be equally sedentary, the latter pretty equally the reverse, in all countries; or at least if there be a difference, that difference is attributable to climate, and may fairly be set down among its advantages. A very able and intelligent traveller, Mr Laing, who is well acquainted with continental Europe, remarks, that such men as form our household troops and the grenadier companies of our regiments of the line, hardy, muscular, broad-shouldered, well-limbed men, are hardly to be met with abroad, and my own observation, both there and in America, induces me to agree fully in his view. In America, particularly, no man who can help it ever walks to any distance, and very few ride on horseback. You see young men driving about in carriages and wagons everywhere, both in town and country, and nothing surprises them more than the proposal of a long walk, either for purposes of sport or exercise. In summer the weather is too hot and relaxing, in winter the cold is too great, and the snow is on the ground, which makes walking, except on beaten roads, disagreeable, and in spring the country is all cut up with rain and melting snow, so that the latter part of the autumn is the only season of the year which really suits for active exercise on foot.—*Godley's Letters from America.*

SELF-EDUCATION.

There are two kinds of education—school-education, and self-education: the first is desirable, but the latter is indispensable.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

In answer to various inquiries, we beg to mention that CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS will be completed in *twenty volumes*, forming, when finished, a neat and compact library of popular instruction and amusement, at the moderate price of a pound; and therefore suitable for presentation to young persons, parish lending libraries, regimental libraries, &c. Already twelve volumes are published (at one shilling each), and a volume will appear every two months till the whole are issued. The work will terminate towards the close of 1847.—As there may be a difficulty in afterwards getting single back volumes, purchasers are recommended to procure each volume as it appears.

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PHRASEOLOGY OF THE RAIL.

Language, like everything else in nature, is mutable, expansive, progressive. In our own country, for example, every new object of discovery, every new invention or historical incident, furnishes us with additional words and phrases, and these not merely for a description of the objects themselves, but metaphorically for the expression of ideas and actions the most remote and dissimilar. Thus, at one time people were amazed or astonished, now they are 'electrified;' then an oft-repeated saying was hackneyed, now it is 'stereotyped;' once two concerns were thrown into one, or combined, now they are 'amalgamated.' Such adoptions are not unfrequently made with the happiest effect, and though at first simply colloquial, by and by pass as established phraseologies in our language. Among recent inventions, 'the rail' has been peculiarly prolific of colloquialisms, many of which are so pat and appropriate, that they are not unlikely in time to arrive at a classical distinction.

Among the earliest gifts of the rail to our language was the phrase 'railway speed.' Formerly, a fervid poet might have sung of the swiftness of the eagle or the fleetness of the roe, but now-a-days the locomotive is paramount, and nothing but railway speed will satisfy as the standard of celerity. Should you drive rapidly along the turnpike, you don't now go at mail-coach pace, but at railway speed; should you bustle down the street to be in time for post or for dinner, railway speed is the measure of your progress; or should an impatient friend wait your return, you don't now promise to be with him in a twinkling, or even in no-time, but at railway speed, ''pon the honour of a gentleman.' Morally or physically, it is all the same: a man goes at railway speed to destruction as well as to dinner; and he may be said to go by 'the swift train,' if he leads what our grandmothers very delicately but significantly termed a fast life. As with our ordinary, so with our extraordinary notions of rapidity: 'as swift as lightning,' or 'as quick as thought,' will in a few years be old-fashioned sobrieties, struggling hard to keep ground with the comparisons drawn from the electric telegraph, which, to borrow an Americanism, can indicate one's thoughts before he is aware of them!

In order to produce the speed, however, it is necessary to get up the steam, and this same 'getting up the steam' is already a well-used metaphor. If Young England endeavours to create a little excitement on any topic, he is a-getting up the steam; bubble companies get up the steam by puffing and exaggeration; in public estimation, Exeter Hall is but a huge boiler, hissing and sputtering for the same purpose; in fact, nothing can be done now-a-days, either in politics or in religion, in buying or in selling, without the essential preliminary of getting up the steam. Nay, we find the phraseology in current application to cases the most opposite and unlikely. Formerly, an invalid repaired to bathing quarters to recruit, now he goes to get up the steam of his constitution; in our academical days, candidates for honours used to *grind*, now they get up the steam; even that emaciated wretch crossing the threshold of the gin-shop, repairs thither on the plea that he feels horribly flat, and must have up the steam. But as steam has to be got up, so it may be let down—a saddening reversal no doubt, but yet preferable to its being 'shut off' altogether. The young scapegrace, to whose extravagant expenditure a father refuses further contributions, complains that the old boy his governor has shut off the steam; the bankrupt, instead of stopping payment, now-a-days simply shuts off the steam; the weary labourer, who has thrown the cares of a week behind him, does the same; in fact, cessation of any kind is so eloquently expressed by the phrase, that it shall not surprise us if the old-fashioned 'died here' be shortly abandoned, and it be announced of Mr So-and-so that death shut off his steam at such an hour and at such a station of his down trip.

But at whatever speed we may go, however much steam we may put on, or let off, it is of essential importance that we 'keep the rail.' Old moralists tell us to keep the straight way—to hold on in the right path of honour and duty; modern ones will soon, in all probability, drop these metaphors, and advise us to keep the rail. As it is neither very safe nor very reputable to forsake the right path, so it betokens danger and neglect to get off the rail. To be sure one may be thrown harmlessly against some mud-bank, and escape with a few stains and bruises; but ten to one he is dashed against this parapet, or pitched headlong over that precipice, to the manglement of his limbs, or even to his entire destruction. Thus, 'off the rail' as delicately announces the condition of the friend addicted to some trivial unsteadiness, as it broadly proclaims the position of the profligate of whom there is no hope; it is equally applicable to an illogical argument and an aberration of mind, to a slip of the memory and to a positive disregard of the truth. In this world of mutability, however, it is sometimes necessary to forsake the beaten track, or, in the phraseology of the rail, to 'shift the switches,' and put on to another line. Formerly, when a friend rode his hobby, it was somewhat of an ungracious task bluntly to 'dismount' him; now-a-days, all that you have to do with a bore is to 'shift the switches;' and so imperceptible is the agency, that he is off on another route before he is aware of it. Should conversation in company become monotonous, should it at any time be verging on the offensive, you have merely to shift the switches, and send it off in a happier direction. Should you find yourself or friends proceeding in any course in

risk of mishaps and collisions, pray shift the first switch, and get out of the danger.

Shifting the switches may be all very well in its own place; but circumstances may occasionally render it necessary to keep the old track, and simply to moderate our pace, or, in the words of the old song, 'gang hooly and fairly.' To this end we don't now 'put on the drag;' the rail spurns all such old-fashioned stage-coach appliances, and 'lets down the brake.' And this letting down the brake, by the by, is a very delicate mode of moderating a career of any kind. Your fast liver feels the slightest imaginable premonitory symptom of apoplexy, then straightway he takes alarm, and lets down the brake; your dashing aristocrat finds his estate going a little more rapidly towards the money-lender than is desirable, and forthwith lets down the brake by breaking up his stud, kennel, and establishment, and becoming nobody for a few years on the continent. And so it is with all other cases of precipitate career. The father applies the brake to the course of a foolish son; the husband to that of an extravagant wife; and the slightest whisper of the word will often stop the volubillty of the indiscreet and braggart more effectually than would the most solemn remonstrance.

Though the word 'class' has been in use from time immemorial, yet we question much whether the British public had a full practical comprehension of its import till the invention of the rail. John Bull, we believe, knew something about higher, middle, and lower classes; to have attempted any further subdivision would have been offensive alike to his dignity and humanity. It was left for the rail, at once his slave and his master, to teach him a different arrangement. There is your state-carriage, for example, into which no foot less vulgar than royalty dare enter; your first class, with its coupés and chairs as elegant and inviting as cushions and velvet can make them; your second class—a little harder in their features, to be sure, but still snug and clean; your third class, in which one shares, in common with some dozen or two, the luxury of a deal seat; and lastly, your fourth class, where seat and covering are alike denied, and where men, women, and children are packed like the cattle which follow on the trucks behind. These humiliating distinctions are but too fully adopted in the ordinary affairs of life. The draper has his fourth-class cloths, the grocer his fourth-class teas; this park is only open to first-class visitors, that common is set aside for the recreation of the working-classes—in other words, for classes three and four of the rail. Mr Do'em opens an academy for gentlemen's sons only, meaning thereby class one; and the church, in her charity, sets aside a few rough dingy pews for the use of class four; as if, forsooth, calico could not worship with silk, or moleskin with 'superfine invisible.' These artificial and absurd distinctions are certainly not to be wholly attributed to the rail; but the rail has done, and is doing, much to disseminate and perpetuate the principle. There are, however, less offensive, nay, positively amusing, applications of the distinction. Thus the public has its first-class authors, just as at Lloyd's they have their first-class vessels: the mechanic talks of a first-class wife, as well as of a first-class tool; and we have even heard a friend go so far as to speak of a fourth-class sermon.

Nor does the phraseology of the rail end here. The sailor, carrying the language of his profession to his fireside, beholds in his wife 'a sweet little craft;' and why may not men in general, considering themselves as the locomotives of the domestic train, regard the ladies as their 'snug little tenders?' And hereby hangs a tale somewhat consolatory to the fair; namely, that as tenders are indispensable to locomotives, so are they to the 'lords;' only remembering that, in well-appointed trains, the locomotive invariably takes the precedence. And this matter brings us to another style of phraseology, which in all likelihood will soon become the ton and fashion. Our worthy ancestors, bearing in mind the Scriptural injunction of unity, talked of matrimonial *unions:* some half century ago, when war was the rage, and kingdom joined kingdom offensively and defensively, union became antiquated, and 'alliance' was all the fashion; and now, when the rail is on the ascendant, may we not shortly expect that union and alliance will alike go to the vulgar, and 'junction' reign supreme: In this junction the 'line' of life will be variously gone over. To some it may present easy, to others the most difficult 'curves and gradients.' But whether the gradients be one in ten, or one in ten thousand, the line must be travelled over; and whatever difficulties and interruptions may lie in the way, the 'general terminus' will in time be reached by us all.

A GREEK MONK'S TALE.

DELIGHTFUL as the twilight of a summer's day always is with us, it is nothing compared with sunset in the East. There, where the sun rolls the livelong day through a burning sea of light, it is only when at last he disappears that the first sensation of relief from the intense and oppressive heat is experienced; for scarce has he sunk, when there rises up a soft cool breeze, which seems to breathe fresh life into the weary children of men. This evening breeze is named the 'Imbat,' and never was its reviving influence more gratefully felt than by a party of travellers who, not long since, might have been seen toiling one evening along a rocky mountain path in Albania. An English gentleman and his daughter, mounted on the strong sure-footed horses of the country, rode on in front, guided by a black-eyed Albanian youth, who leapt from rock to rock like a chamois. Two well-armed Greek servants followed, and an Italian cook, immersed among the pots and pans which shared with him a somewhat unsteady seat on the back of the baggage mule, brought up the rear. The scene through which they were passing was very beautiful, for the rocky path was in truth like a passage, of which the walls were thick bushes of myrtle and oleander, and over their heads rose hill on hill, clothed in variegated wood, that grew in rich luxuriance. Beneath their feet lay a wide shadowless plain, sweeping down to the sea, still bright with the lingering sunbeams, and its monotony relieved by a dark grove of pines in the distance. Nor did this outward landscape present only a pleasing but lifeless picture to the eye; here the fair form of earth had a spirit, too, in the memories of the past, that gave to every rock and stone a voice to speak impressive lessons. But from the dawn of day this party had been in motion; their horses were weary, their lips were parched with thirst, and one object alone had now any interest for them, and this was the picturesque little monastery, perched on the summit of a lofty projection, to which they were slowly ascending, and where they hoped the well-known hospitality of the monks would give them shelter for the night. Soon winding up the steep and difficult ascent, they reached the quaint old building, which, with its vineyards gathered round it, and its little chapel of the true Byzantine architecture, formed the only sign of human habitation for miles around. The travellers paused at the arched gateway of rough stone that led into a court, rendered cool and pleasant by the shade of a huge platanus, and the murmur of the water in a beautifully-sculptured fountain, far more ancient than the convent itself.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs quickly attracted the attention of the simple inmates, in whose quiet monotonous lives the smallest incident was an event. One by one they came hurrying to the door from different quarters: few in numbers (for the monasteries in Greece, though not altogether interdicted, are so far suppressed, that the members of the various brotherhoods are now allowed to die out, and none are permitted to fill up the vacancies), and forming a very picturesque group as they clustered beneath the gateway in their modest and simple dress. Presently they all made way hastily, and the 'igoumenos,' or superior, passed from amongst them, and came forward. He was a fine-look-

ing old man, his silver beard and flowing white hair relieved to great advantage by his black cap and long dark robe; his countenance was very mild and benevolent, and seemed really stamped with that peace which a monastic life is said by its advocates to impart. The igoumenos welcomed the Englishman with the greatest cordiality, saying that this hour in which he first beheld him should henceforward be named 'the good;' and he gave a fervent blessing to the Greek servants, who pressed forward to kiss his hands. One of them, who spoke Italian, interpreted his master's request for a night's lodging, and the old man answered instantly that the stranger would be as a light in his dwelling; that he would willingly receive them all, the servants, the horses, the mule; but—here he paused, and there seemed to be a great struggle between his sense of duty and his hospitality—'but not the lady!' The Greek ventured to expostulate; but he shook his head very decidedly, and all the monks behind him shook theirs in concert. The Englishman looked dismayed at the prospect of dragging his weary daughter yet ten miles, which was the distance of the nearest village. She herself, however, thought she could perceive on the old man's face much of that happy expression which betokens loving-kindness to all earth's children. She urged her tired horse towards him, and stooping down, said in his own language, 'Good father, I have ridden many miles to-day, and I am very tired.' These few words, uttered by a stranger in a tongue which always has a singular effect on a Greek, were quite enough to move this kind-hearted old man. He turned hastily to the monks, who had not heard the appeal, and exclaimed, 'Children, she has ridden many miles, and she is very weary;' then, without waiting for their approbation, he lifted her gently from her horse, and the brethren, catching somewhat of the kindly spirit which animated him, flew to open the gate, and assist the other travellers in dismounting. The superior led his guest through the open court into the monastery, with steps far more feeble than those of the tired strangers he was tending so carefully. In the interior of the convent were a number of long, low passages, which conducted, the igoumenos said, to the dormitories of the monks; but it was his intention to place his own room at their disposal, and opening the door, he introduced them to what he rightly called his humble apartment. It was neat and clean, and abundantly decorated with strange old engravings of the saints; but the furniture was very scanty, consisting only of a table covered with books of devotion and a Bible (all very ancient seemingly), a few chairs, and a broad wooden bench placed against the wall, having at one end of it a carpet and a small cushion stuffed with straw. 'This is the only couch I have to offer you, my daughter,' said the igoumenos with a gentle smile; 'but may you never know a sleep less tranquil than that which I nightly enjoy when stretched on it!' He remained with his guests till he had seen their supper brought in, consisting of excellent grapes from his own vineyard, and the coarse brown bread of the country; but he refused to partake himself even of this simple fare, and left them with many wishes for their good repose and pleasant dreams. Wrapped in their cloaks, and extended on this wooden sofa, they might have doubted the likelihood of his wishes being fulfilled; but their fatigues, and the deep quiet of the place, insured their repose. At break of day all were astir to prepare for the departure of the guests; and after breakfast, the younger traveller, still much fatigued, had thrown herself once more upon the couch, when the igoumenos entered. He gave her a paternal blessing, and then, begging her to raise her head, he drew from under the pillow where she had slept a small bag of dollars, containing perhaps ten pounds of English money. Having taken out a small coin, he replaced it, and said with a smile, 'You see how I trust the Inglesi, since I let you sleep all night with my whole fortune under your pillow.'

'Your whole fortune?' she said in surprise.

'Yes,' he answered, 'and I am rich indeed! My wants are few, my wishes fewer, and my necessities are all supplied. Daughter, when you have lived as long as I, you will know that there is but one good thing to be desired upon this earth, and that is to be at peace with God and man. But Heaven forbid, my child, that ever you should come to this knowledge by lessons so bitter as those which had the teaching of my soul, or pass to the calm I now enjoy by a struggle so dire as mine has been.'

As the old man spoke, there passed, as it were, a shadow over his face; his lips contracted painfully, and he looked up with that deeply mournful expression which supplies the place of tears in the eyes of a strong man. His guest took his hand gently, and said, 'You have suffered much, my father; tell me your history, that I may learn from it the lessons it has taught you.'

'Daughter, you are right,' he answered; 'to what end are the aged left to cumber this earth, except it be to teach the young, ere they sow the seeds of sin and folly themselves, what bitter fruits are to be reaped therefrom?'

They went out together into the fresh morning air, scented with the myrtle and the orange flowers in the garden, and sat down on the rough stone seat beneath the gateway. There, with the clear rivulet murmuring at her feet, and the bright mountain landscape spread out before her, the English lady listened to the story of the old igoumenos.

'Daughter, these gray hairs and these withered hands have already told you that I am very old. The season of my earliest youth was passed whilst yet this, my dear country, was in the hands of our Moslem tyrants, and her children were ignominious slaves; ere there was even an indication of her sudden and glorious awaking from that lethargy which held her so long in a hateful submission. My father was a man comparatively wealthy, for he possessed several vineyards, and a house and garden, in the village of Minidi.'

'What! the village of the renegades?' asked the listener.

'The same; and you do well to call it the village of the renegades, for such the inhabitants were indeed, when later, in the noble struggle for independence, they could basely consent to side with the tyrants. You will hear, my child, how this treachery influenced my fate. Meanwhile we dwelt, my father and mother, with their numerous children, in their humble home, uncheered by even a far-off hope of release from our bondage to the Turks.

'Assuredly it is a bitter thing to be a slave; it is a bitter thing to yield to the oppressors the fruits of the honest labour, so cheerfully performed in the hope that the toil may profit some dear child, or faithful wife, or aged mother; but, daughter, there are joys freely given us by our Creator which the impotent cruelty of man can never altogether destroy. It cannot sap the springs whose sources are in our own selves, and whilst one kindly tie of earth subsists for us, we are not comfortless. Yes, we were slaves; but our shackled arms would still twine round the forms we loved; and where was the father that remembered his neck was bowed beneath a foreign yoke, when the little hands of his innocent child were clasped around it? Or where the mother that could stop to weep a degraded country, when all she best loved were smiling at her side? But there came within our happy home (for happy you see it was, though we were bondsmen) a foe whose deadly power to blight was far more terrible than that of fiercest Moslem. It chanced, one summer, that instead of the long-continued drought which, as you know, ever attends our great heat, there was much rain, and continual showers freshened the air around us. We all rejoiced at the pleasant change, little deeming those gentle dews were instilling poison into the ground. These unnatural rains engendered deadly vapours, and they again breathed forth a pestilence

which soon laid low both rich and poor, both young and old. On no family in the village did the scourge fall more severely than on ours. My brothers and sisters fell around us in their strength and beauty, till at last none were left but myself, the eldest, and my infant sister, the youngest of the family; and on both the fatal sickness had fallen; the shadow of death seemed to my mother already dark upon us. One night, in her extremity of misery, when my little sister breathed faintly, and I, more strong, was in my agony, she went to the church, where the ever-burning lamp seems the emblem of hopes that cannot fade away; and there she vowed a solemn vow, that if yet, even yet, we might be permitted to recover, she would dedicate me, her first-born, altogether to the service of the Merciful. Her words were not destined to be as seed sown on the winds. We both speedily recovered, and then my mother told me that she had thus disposed of my existence. I had no choice; I could not struggle or resist. The vow was vowed, but it was a bitter trial to me. My father, who had ever felt deeply the oppression of his fallen country, and longed to see it liberated, had, in my early youth, inspired me with his own sentiments; only I was more eager to rush into strife, in order to effect the object. All this was over now; such fiery dreamings were forbidden to one who was not only to be a priest, but a monk; and I, poor weak being, thought not then how much more glorious was the combat with evil in which I was to be engaged as a servant of the cross. I received my education at a neighbouring monastery, but I still remained at home, assisting the village priest in his duties.

'My mother did not long survive our misfortunes; her heart was torn asunder between her dead and her living children, and she longed to be at rest with them even while she smiled on us. She haunted their graves like a phantom, till at last they drew her down to them, and we laid her to sleep by their side. There remained now in our once cheerful home only my father, becoming daily more feeble and wasted, for he was very aged, and my little sister Photini. They had done well to name her Photini—(the Light of Day); for she was indeed the light of that old man's declining years, a very sunbeam in our dwelling. A sweeter, lovelier child never welcomed the morning sun with songs of praise, or knelt at the vesper hour, to breathe out her guileless prayer. She grew up pure and innocent, as seldom, on this earth, it is given to human beings to be; for we lived at some distance from the village, and held little communication with its inhabitants. And I loved to watch over her, that, like a fair untainted lily, shaded from the blighting power of the sun, she might dwell in her retirement, nor ever a contaminating breath from the world without sully the brightness of her soul. And now, my daughter, I must speak to you of one whose name trembles on my lips—my best-loved on this earth, and my bitterest enemy! You know that, as a monk, I was debarred earth's sweetest affections; for this cause, perhaps, I was the more powerfully constrained to concentrate all that my heart could know of tenderness on one dear friend, Stavros, the son of the demarque, or governor of Minidi, a noble-looking, bold, spirited young man, who had been my companion from childhood, and we had bound ourselves together by that far holier tie than the tie of blood—the union consecrated by the church itself; when, before the altar, we swore to be brethren in heart and soul, in community of interests and property, in truth and faithfulness, till the life of one or both should end; and the priest made the sign of the cross over us, and blessed us, in token that the vow was registered in heaven.* Stavros seemed to love me well and truly; and I placed on this fraternal union my whole hopes of happiness on earth. I would have turned with hate from any one who said my brother was aught but perfect. I thought that, if he died, I would die with him. That ever he could change, or could betray me, was a thought not to be for a moment admitted into my mind. Ah, my child, would that you could learn at least this lesson from my early sorrows; let not the fibres of your heart twine themselves round aught that can die or change; there is an Unchangeable and an Undying!

'In 1821, as you well know, our glorious revolution broke out. Our beloved country started into life; struggling, it is true, but struggling to be free; and her children opened those fountains of their hearts' best blood, whose course they stayed not till she was liberated from the hateful yoke. It was then that my native place acquired the ignominious title you justly applied to it; it became a village of renegades. The demarque, the vile father of Stavros, not only sided with the Turks, and induced all the inhabitants to do the same, but he offered them Minidi as the head-quarters of their troops, whence they might issue forth to carry death and ruin amongst our countrymen. Daughter, you may conceive how bitter were my feelings when I found that the brother of my heart, the being I deemed so faultless, took an active part in this base treachery! It was as though a heavy cloud had come between me and the sun, where, for the first time, a shadow seemed to darken the character of him in whose rectitude I had trusted with a perfect trust. Yet I believed Stavros when he told me he had but to choose between his father's curse and the betrayal of his country; and whilst I mourned with him a choice so dire, I loved him the more for the tender weakness which I fancied ruled his actions.

'Shall I ever forget the day when, after a skirmish in the neighbourhood, in which our countrymen were defeated, the exulting conquerors came thundering into the village, their hands yet reeking with the blood of our brethren, and were received (oh that I should have lived to see it!) with the shouts and acclamations of the treacherous renegades? It were assuredly the darkest day of my existence, but for one yet blacker, whose shadow is upon me even now. My father, my poor old father, feeble, and almost sightless with age, who throughout a long life had borne the detested yoke in very bitterness of soul; he who had hailed the dawn of independence as now he would have rejoiced in the sun's light he was no more to see—think, my daughter, what it must have been to him to behold his native village a very nest of traitors—a secure resting-place for the oppressors of Greece, the murderers of his countrymen! As he heard the noise of their horses' feet, and the joyous tumult of their war music, he started from his seat, he wrung his withered hands, he called out in bitter accents for one—but one yet true to our lost fatherland, who would oppose them, or die in the attempt. Alas, alas! we were both true, both he and I, but powerless! I tried to soothe him, while the blood boiled in my own veins; but when, mingling with the exulting shouts of our enemies, came the cries and groans of the wounded prisoners, the old man's fury rose to madness, and seeming for one brief moment to regain his youth and strength, he burst from my grasp, and from the clinging arms of Photini, who would have held him back. He rushed from the house; he flung himself amongst the horsemen; with his weak arms he dealt uncertain blows. He fell: they trampled him beneath their feet; but a strong passion was alive in his exhausted frame. He rose and uttered curses, which were terrible upon these withered lips; and then they laughed to scorn the aged and powerless defender of his country!

'I had followed him. In the moment of reaction I dragged him away. They would soon have forgotten so feeble an enemy; but in that very instant my gentle Photini, her long hair floating in the wind, her sweet face pale with terror, flew into the old man's arms. They had never seen so fair a slave those cruel tyrants! They crowded round her; they would have murdered us, and seized on her. I knew then that we were lost; and not the less that their chief, a fierce and daring

* This curious custom is in full force in Greece to the present day. A religious ceremony of the church unites two men as brothers, or women as sisters, with a bond which is held most sacred.

man, commanded that we should return for the time in safety to our home, for that the vengeance and the prize alike belonged to him alone! I dragged them to the house, the old man now paralysed, and the sweet child fainting in terror; and when I had barricaded the door, and sat down for one moment's breathing space, I felt that I would save them or perish!

'Happily it was evening; the swift coming darkness would favour the last, the only chance that remained to us—that of flight. But how desolate a prospect it was! To seek a place of refuge amongst the haunts of men, was to rush into the very jaws of the wolf; for the foe, who was now more dangerous to us than the whole host of our enemies, was powerful enough to hunt us out, go where we would. I knew of a cave on the hill-side, not far off, which was admirably adapted both for concealment and defence, and where, as a boy, I had often hid in play, and baffled the strictest search. As night came on, I could hear, from the wild shouts of revelry, that the Turks were carousing in the market-place with their base allies. Such of the villagers as remained in the houses near, would, I knew, rather aid than oppose our escape. The shock of that horrible struggle had been too much for my father's wasted frame. Life was not extinct, but there had passed a darkness over his soul which was to be removed no more. He had sunk into utter imbecility, and looked at me with a vacant smile, when, anxious to seize so favourable a moment, I urged him to mount the horse I had made ready. The savage warriors had inspired my little shuddering Photini with a horror which overpowered all other thoughts; she buried herself in my arms, and half-shrieked out her prayer that in mercy I would save her from them. Oh miserable, miserable man! — that for her these arms should have been powerless at the last!' The old priest stopped, half-choked with his emotion; and the listener would have begged him to desist so painful a narrative, but he said, 'No, daughter, you have heard thus far; you must learn how, through the fire of tribulation, I was brought to this peace at last. I placed my father and sister, both so helpless, twined in each other's arms, on my horse. I walked by their side; and so we took our desolate way through the dark night. We escaped unmolested, if not unobserved, just as I had hoped, and in safety reached the cave. It had been constructed in some ancient time for the very purpose of concealment; and those who did not know the secret of the entrance, could not discover it, though they passed quite close. I turned the horse loose, and saw him gallop in wild freedom far over the plains, and then I returned to pass the dreary hours with those whom I would have died to comfort or console, crouching together on the cold earth, sad and silent. Ah, daughter, it was a piteous sight on which I looked that morning by the first rays of the sun. Often does the remembrance of it come between me and the light, and I think I see them yet again: the old man, his white hairs, matted with the blood which flowed from a slight wound he had received, falling over the face, where played that bright unmeaning smile we see on the lips of an unconscious babe; at his feet his sweet child, my sister, over whom had passed the agony of years, bringing on old age in a night of time! Oh, how I shuddered when I thought on the evil passions that were now in arms against both these hapless beings! For when did a Turk ever forego his revenge?

'In my terror for their safety, I had not thought of bringing with us the means of subsistence, and my heart died within me when I thought that I must leave them alone, and return to the village to procure it, where I might be detained, and their retreat discovered. I delayed going hour after hour; but when at last the miserable old man wept like a child for food, I could endure no more, and fled. I was fortunate, before I even entered the village, in meeting with a friend, who supplied me with all I required: but he told me that our peril was, if possible, greater than I had supposed; for when our enemy found we had fled, his rage knew no bounds, and he swore to track us out, though we had buried ourselves in the heart of the earth. I returned to these dear ones full of terrible forebodings; but we dragged on a few miserable days, like so many years, undisturbed. Again it became necessary that I should go forth in quest of food. This time I penetrated into Minidi with the first dawn of light, whilst the villagers were all asleep; and at the door of my own house, as though he had known by instinct I was coming, was my well-beloved brother, my Stavros. He flew to meet me; and in his warm embrace I experienced the first moment of joy I had known for long; little dreaming, alas! how black a traitor I was holding to my heart. He told me, as the other had done, that our danger was most imminent, and expostulated with me on the risk I ran for myself and them also in thus coming forth; and then he prayed me earnestly, for the sake of those to whom my life was precious, to tell him the place of our secret retreat, that he might himself supply our necessities. For a moment I hesitated. There seemed to pass before my eyes a warning vision of that mournful group. But Stavros bade me speak, and called me brother! and I told him the secret upon which their all depended. I left him, with the promise that he was to bring us food, and even to take measures for insuring our removal to a somewhat less miserable place of refuge. It was early morning when I parted from my brother, and I remember well how bright the world seemed once more for me throughout that whole long day. The sun had just set, and I sat watching my father, who had fallen asleep with his head on my sister's shoulder, when suddenly there came, on the hitherto unbroken silence, the sound of horsemen advancing at a rapid pace, with the clatter of arms and the murmur of voices. I could see, even in the faint light, the livid whiteness that overspread my sister's face, and my own limbs seemed paralysed with an agony of fear. Surely we were discovered! Through a crevice in the rock I could look out to ascertain the truth; and oh that death had overtaken me ere mine eyes were blighted by so cruel a sight! A troop of thirty or forty Turks were riding rapidly towards us. At their head was the haughty chief, our terrible foe, and by his side—oh daughter, daughter! does it not make your blood run cold? — rode my brother, my Stavros, pointing out our place of refuge, and claiming his reward! Yes; even in that hour of agony and horror, when I knew that father and sister were lost for ever, it was the certainty of his base treachery which made my brain reel. They came on—on to the very spot; they tore down the stones and brushwood which had concealed us so well; they dragged them forth with shouts of triumph —the old man and the shrieking child! I was as one deprived of reason; I know not what I did. I flung myself upon my father's body, to shield him from their blows. I scarce knew that the daggers pierced my own breast. I felt the twining, clinging arms of my Photini torn from around my neck—I heard her shriek; and then all became night before my eyes, and I felt no more.

'When I came to myself, I was lying in the house of one of the villagers, who in this extremity proved a friend. He had come to seek me, stiffening in my wounds, and carried me home, to cherish the spark of life which my enemies had unwittingly left in my breast. He had also buried my murdered father where he lay. He told me he had ascertained that my wretched sister had not long survived the horrible hour, and Stavros had gone with the Moslem chief to fight—base traitor that he was!—against his own country.

'And now, daughter, comes a dark period in my existence. I rose from that bed of suffering animated solely by one dire and fiend-like passion, and this was the desire of revenge—of revenge on him I had loved so well, and for that very cause now hated with a more deadly hate! I was as a being transformed. The hopes, the thoughts, the feelings of my former existence had all subsided into one fierce and cruel burning—to find, and with my own hands to slay, the brother for

whom, a little time before, I would have given my life! So utterly had this feeling drunk up my very soul, that I could not mourn my father and sister as I mourn them now, but rather dwelt upon their agony and death, because such thoughts but fed my fiery thirst for his blood who had betrayed them! Ah, my child, when men now call me holy and a saint, and stoop to crave my blessing, I shudder to think how I then, for a season, was given over to the power of evil! I returned, then, to life, with this one deadly purpose for its aim and end. I set forth to seek for him who was at once my brother in the sight of Heaven, my bitterest enemy, and now to be my victim. I tracked him from place to place whither he went with the now conquering, now defeated oppressors. I know not how I existed. I seemed to bear a charmed life. None ever molested me. I was perhaps such a spectacle of living wo, that my enemies felt they could not add to my tortures; and my friends, that I was far beyond the reach of earthly consolations. Alone, with the phantoms that pursued me crying "Avenge us, avenge us!" I followed the steps of my traitor brother. For weeks he baffled my pursuit; but at length one day there was a skirmish on the heights near Salamis, in which my countrymen were conquerors. I had seen the renegade Stavros go forth with his Moslem allies to the fight, but he did not return with the fugitives who escaped. A burning fear possessed me that death had already taken my vengeance from me. I flew to the scene of the engagement, where the dead and dying had been left. It was night, a beautiful serene and star-lit night; but I scarce knew whether it was light or darkness, so dark was my own soul with evil thoughts! I roamed over that field of carnage like a wolf seeking his carrion prey. I sought with horrible eagerness among the heaps of the slain, heedless of the groans of the wounded. At length I heard a moan, faint and distant: it was his voice, his well-known voice. I rushed to the spot, and there, prostrate, wounded, and still alive, lay Stavros. I flung myself on my knees beside him, and as he met my gaze, and recognised me, there passed into his eyes a look of agonized terror, such as I hope never to behold again. I drew my dagger, but my hands trembled with excess of eagerness, and grew powerless. I drew a long breath, and looked up to heaven. Daughter, my eyes remained fixed on it, as though I were petrified! Oh, had you seen how awful was the contrast of that pure lucid glorious heaven, and the dark bloody earth whereon I knelt! I trembled as I saw how all creation seemed to breathe of peace and love, and to think how man deformed it by his evil passions. What was I about to do? To send up once more before the brightness of the stars the smoke of new-shed blood; to make evil beget evil, and *his* crimes breed new crimes in me. Repentance fell upon me at that moment soft as the dews of heaven. I looked down upon my enemy; I know not what my eyes told him, but he started up, the blood gushing from his wounds, and seized my hand. "Do you forgive?" he frantically cried; and I answered, "I forgive!" and then, for the first time, I wept—I who had looked with tearless eye upon a father's corpse—for there stole upon my spirit a luxury of peace I never had known before, and not the serene heaven itself was more at rest than I. Calmly I raised him from his bloody couch. I brought water from the stream, and gave him to drink, and washed his wounds. As soon as it was day I procured assistance, and had him conveyed to a neighbouring village. There I tended him for days and weeks. His wounds were mortal, but he lingered long. I soothed his last hours of remorse; as a priest, I administered to him the consolations of our holy religion, and he died at last with his head on my breast, and his hand in mine. Daughter, since then I have suffered much; I have been lonely, desolate, oppressed; the world has been dark to me, for the cold earth held all my treasures. But from the hour that, beneath the gaze of the eternal stars, I forgave my enemy, I have known a peace which I would not barter for all that this world can give.'

The good old igoumenos concluded his narrative with a parting blessing, for the sun was now rapidly rising on the horizon, and he himself urged the travellers to proceed before the heat should grow dangerous. He stood beneath the gateway as they mounted, and when a turn in the rocky path was about to hide him from their sight as they descended, they turned to take a last look, and saw him wave a cordial farewell with the same placid smile which welcomed their arrival, the same perfect serenity upon the unwrinkled brow, half-hid by the flowing white hair.

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

PROPOSED NEW MODE OF REMUNERATING AUTHORS.

THE *Daily News* states its knowledge, 'from an extensive private correspondence,' of the great dissatisfaction existing in the British North American provinces as a consequence of the stoppage of the supply of cheap modern books from the United States, in terms of the recent Copyright Act. A paragraph on this subject, which the News extracts from the Montreal Courier, contains matter worthy of general attention:—'The inhabitants of the United States, actively engaged in agriculture or commerce, and possessing in but a small degree the affluence necessary to the cultivation of letters, depend in a great measure upon the literature of Europe. The supply of the best European authors upon all subjects, which their cheap presses issue at less *than a tithe of their cost to other countries*—a system of more than doubtful morality—has tended to the discouragement of their own authors. This system, unjust as it is to the European author and publisher, and detrimental also to the American writer, yet has been of vast advantage to the mass of the people, by placing within the reach of the poorest classes the best authors of modern Europe, not only in fiction, but the higher branches of literature. The price of European works is such as to place them beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy. The publishing price of one of Bulwer's or James's novels, or that of any other first-class writer, is 31s. sterling, and the consequence is, that but few copies are sold, except to circulating libraries; but simultaneously with its appearance in London, while noble ladies besiege the librarian for the next perusal of the much-coveted book, the New York carter or daily labourer luxuriates in a copy of his own, purchased for a sixpence. And while the London publisher congratulates himself upon having sold an edition of 3000 in twelve months, the same work has issued from a dozen presses in America in less than as many days, and each publisher has sold perhaps 30,000 copies, which have been distributed throughout every village in the union, and while its merits are being canvassed by the Quarterlies and in the clubs, they are also under discussion in the bar-room and the shanty of the "far west." Works of the higher class are in Europe still more expensive, and their circulation consequently more confined; take, for example, "Alison's History of Europe," published, we believe, at L.13, 2s. 6d., a price which excludes it from all but the wealthy; the same work was issued in the United States, in sixteen monthly parts, at 25 cents, thus bringing it within the reach of the humblest. The consequence of this system is, that *British authors are better known in the United States than they are in Great Britain, and more copies of their works are to be found in a single city there than in the whole country where they were produced.* The same remarks apply to this colony; but here we labour under greater disadvantages. Until within a late period, we derived our reading chiefly from the same sources through their means; but now we are shut out from that advantage; and although colonial editions of many excellent works are furnished to us at a cheap rate through our enterprising citizens, Messrs Armour and Ramsay, yet the supply is limited, tardy, and costly.'

Mr Murray, with laudable enterprise, commenced his *Home and Colonial Library* with a view to supplying this deficit; but, excellent as the works included in it generally are, and moderate as is their price, it, after all, does not make up for the want of that infinite variety and abundance of cheap reprints which the Canadians formerly obtained from the States. 'Right that they should not have these books, seeing that the British author was cheated of his reward for writing them.' This is what first occurs to our minds. And yet what an unprecedented diffusion of literature on the other hand—more copies of a popular English book found in a single city of America than in all England! Here, too, surely, is something worthy of being considered. This is an effect of unlimited competition in publishing. In one respect, then, books are not like other property, for, while it may be necessary to give the field to the individual, that it may be duly cultivated and turned to the use of the public, it appears that, to make the book property, narrows its utility in an indefinite degree. 'Well, but the author must live by the profits of his productions. No matter though the public be less benefited, so that his interests are protected.' Yes; but is the system really good for the author; or might there not be some plan equally good, or better for him, and at the same time free of that taint of monopoly which practically attends the present arrangements with respect to the issuing of the works of modern authors? Not unlikely, surely, if we think of the way in which authorcraft is usually spoken of. Sir Lytton Bulwer, at the late meeting of those concerned in the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, thus expressed himself respecting the way in which literary men are now rewarded by the public:—

'It is in vain to deny that the condition of the literary man has not kept pace with that improvement in society which he has been the main agent to effect. It is not the fault of the publisher. He largely remunerates works commanding a large popular sale; but how many of the greatest intellects employed in literature are engaged in works which, from their nature, are not widely popular (though, by influencing the thoughts of the few, they ultimately become the civiliser of the many), and cannot, therefore, by the laws of the market, obtain a suitable remuneration for the time and toil which they have cost! And even the most popular author! What practical man does not know that even the most popular author is compelled to strain every nerve, overtask every effort, if he is condemned to make literature his only available profession! How familiar to many of you must have been the sight of some young author flushed with inauspicious hope at the unexpected sale of his first work; with what pity you must have smiled when you saw him cast away all other calling or vocation, to devote himself to the thankless muse! How sadly you must have anticipated the hour, too soon to come, when, sinking from all his high aspirations, you would see him frittering away his genius in the drudgery of periodicals, making fierce efforts to sustain himself on the surface of the stream he could no longer hope to guide—poor slave to the caprices of the hour! Yes, how familiar to you have been his change from corroding hope to consuming care—his anxious countenance, his decaying health, his untimely grave!'

This is striking enough. We have ourselves, on more than one occasion, shown that the relation of book profits is not to merit, or the absolute usefulness of the book to the public, but to indifferent qualities, and even to merely physical peculiarities, as the size of the work. It therefore appears that the present system, while it acts as a powerful restraint upon the circulation of books, is not attended by very good effects with respect to their authors. A literary man living by the profits of his books is a rarity amongst us, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, will continue to be so. The instances in which the present system answers, may be said to be exceptions from the rule. The Copyright Act was hurried on through a frantic eagerness to take away this reproach; but it is incapable of remedying the evil. Its extensions of right will chiefly be prolongations of monopoly to particular publishers. Even where the author keeps his copyright, his best interests will not be greatly advanced. That blight which seems to fall wherever there is exclusive right to produce or to deal, becomes visible, and the public at once is starved of its literary fare, and the author of his necessary comforts.

Suppose that the American government were to resolve upon making compensation to the few British authors whose writings are usually reprinted there, would a large sum be necessary to make up for all they would have got from American republishers, had they possessed a right of copy in that country? We venture to say that L.2000 would more than repay the whole amount of such monies for any one of the past twenty years. But had a few booksellers been the dispensers of this money, should we have had to say that there were more copies of the books in one American city than in all England? No; the result in that respect would have been very different. English books would have been as rarely scattered amongst families as they are here. *Yet the same money, and no more, would have been realised by the author.*

This suggests that there might be an arrangement by which, while authors were equally, or perhaps better rewarded, the advantage of a perfectly free competition in the trading part of their business might be realised for the public. Suppose that every book were left free to be reprinted by any bookseller, and that the state took the assignment of rewards to authors upon itself, the object would be accomplished. In that case, undoubtedly, every book of merit, or possessing attractive qualities, would be disseminated in showers of copies, in all forms, and at all prices, over the length and breadth of these islands, exactly as books have for some years been diffused over America. The dulness and difficulty which attend every form of bookselling amongst us at present, would be replaced by the vitality and facility which belong to untrammelled trade. We should then see the best productions of modern intellect extending from the narrow limits of the city book-club, and the boudoir of the noble and gentleman, to places analogous to 'the bar-room and the shanty of the far west.' The stimulus that would thus be given to *mind* amongst all classes of the community, might be expected to tell immensely in our social progress. How much drunkenness it would extirpate! How much rudeness, how much discontent, would vanish before such a flush of intellectual enjoyment!

'But the rewards of the authors—how could these be properly assigned under such a system?' Nothing more easy. In the generality of cases, the multitude of editions and of copies, their bulk and price, would form elements for the calculation of these rewards. In other instances, where the books were not of a popular, and yet obviously useful character, sums might be given according to the best judgment that could be formed. Discrepancies there might be between desert and reward in the working of this plan, but they could hardly be one-fourth so great as those now witnessed every day, and submitted to as the will of destiny.

Thus would literature be brought under the principle of free trade. Perhaps even the striking character of the publishing business in America is scarcely a sufficient illustration of the benefits of this system. While writing these paragraphs, a pamphlet has come into our hands, 'Bible Emancipation, or the Extraordinary Results of Unfettered Bible Printing, &c. by Adam Thomson, D.D.' It informs us that the cessation of the monopoly of the Queen's printers in Scotland has been followed by an enormous increase in the production of copies of the Scriptures in our portion of the island. In 1832, the number of Bibles printed in Great Britain was 234,420, of which about 80,000 are calculated to have been printed in Scotland, leaving 154,420 as produced in England. Now, in 1845, a single publishing company at Coldstream issued 178,200 copies; being

nearly 100,000 more than were produced in Scotland ten years before, and 23,780 more than had been printed during 1832 in all England by the Queen's printers and both the privileged universities! Against the 234,420, which was the total of 1832, set 312,000 produced during 1845 in Scotland alone, under the advantage of free competition! The first effect of competition in this, as in all other instances, was to lower price. Copies of the Bible and New Testament are now sold at a half, and even a third, of their former prices, without any falling off in either paper or binding. Here is the secret of the increased sale. 'It is undeniably,' says the last report of the Commissioners on Bible Printing, 'to the reduction of price which free competition has effected, that the increased circulation is to be attributed.'

We would have literary men seriously to consider these things. Their present situation is one which seems to indicate an unsoundness somewhere. It appears to be one of those cases where, something being wrong at starting, nothing comes right. Precisely such evils are seen every day to arise from errors in political economy, of which the principle of monopoly is one. Monopoly may, therefore, be suspected to be at the bottom of no small portion of those calamities of genius which are so often and so fruitlessly deplored. If this be the case, the sooner the remedy is applied the better.

THE NEWCASTLE MUSES.*

We have been much amused with a volume, published a few years ago at Newcastle, for the purpose of preserving the many comic songs peculiar to that locality, the productions of a great number of native rhymesters of the present and past ages. One is agreeably surprised at the evidence which such a volume gives of the diffusion of a certain amount of literary power and skill beyond both the great marts of letters, and the grades by which literature is chiefly cultivated; and it is the more gratifying to find the Muses thus taking up their abode in a scene so full of the bustle of trade. It would appear that, at *canny Newcassel*, as the town is affectionately called by its sons, hardly a public event passes uncelebrated in verse. Even the arrival of an odd kind of show, such as 'the bonassus,' the going up of a balloon, or the introduction of such a novelty as the kaleidoscope, is sure to set the wits of the wags in motion. A never-failing vehicle for these humours is the simplicity of the *keelmen* (bargemen), or the *pitmen* (coal-miners), two large classes of the population; or else the generally-recognised oddity of some *character* of the streets, who may be supposed to view things in an original and whimsical light. The manners and customs of these keelmen and pitmen themselves do also supply occasion for a vast amount of comicality. We have pitmen on their pay-holidays, pitmen visiting the Newcastle theatre, pitmen on a visit to London; and so on. In short, what the Gascon is to the French wit, the pitman is to the Newcastle poetaster. Perhaps the reader may, without 'a disdainful smile,' hear of the mirth of the mining folk as they proceed to Newcastle on pay-day:

'Those married jog on with their hinnies,
Their canny bairns go by their side;
The daughters keep teasing their minnies
For new clothes to keep up their pride:
They plead—Easter Sunday does fear them,
For if they've got nothing that's new,
The crow, spiteful bird, will besmear them;
Oh then, what a sight for to view!

The young men, full blithesome and jolly,
March forward, all decently clad;
Some lilting up "Cut-and-dry, Dolly,"
Some singing "The bonny pit lad:"
The pranks that were played at last binding
Engage some in humorous chat;
Some halt by the way-side on finding
Primroses to place in their hat. * *

Some went to buy hats and new jackets,
And others to see a bit fun;
And some wanted leather and tackets,
To cobble their canny pit shoon:
Save the ribbon Dick's dear had requested
(Aware he had plenty of chink),
There was no other care him infested,
Unless 'twere his care for good drink.'

After a scene of homely jollity at a tavern, a group of these simple people go to a well-known restauraunt at the head of the quay:—

'Where pipers and fiddlers resorted
To pick up the straggling pence,
And where the pit lads often sported
Their money at fiddle and dance.

Blind Willie the fiddler sat scraping
In corner just as they went in:
Some Willington callants were shaking
Their feet to his musical din:
Jack vowed he would have some fine capering,
As soon as their dinner was o'er,
With the lassie that wore the white apron,
Now reeling about on the floor. * *

The damsel displays all her graces,
The collier exerts all his power,
They caper in circling paces,
And *set* at each end of the floor:
He jumps, and his heels knack and rattle
At turns of the music so sweet;
He makes such a thundering brattle,
The floor seems afraid of his feet.'

The affair ends in a squabble; but as forty years have elapsed since the song was composed, we may express our hope that some improvement has taken place in the character of the enjoyments of these sons of labour.

The recent improvements effected in Newcastle by one wonderfully energetic person, are duly vaunted of in these pages. Of the Londoners it is coolly affirmed—

'It's nae use contending—they just may shut up,
For it's us can astonish the stranger;
They may brag o' their lords an' their au'd king ti boot,
What's the use on't?—they haven't a Grainger.'

The changes produced on Tyneside generally by the progress of manufactures and commerce, are described in another ditty:—

'Baith sides of the Tyne, aw remember,
Were covered wi' bonny green fields,
But now there is nought but big furnaces
Down frae Newcastle to Shields;
And what wi' their sulphur and brimstone,
Their vapour, their smoke, and their steam,
The grass is all gaen, and the farmers
Can nowther get butter nor cream.

For threepence to Shields aw remember
In a wherry the folk used to gan,
And that was considered by many
A very respectable plan;
But now we've got sixpenny steamers,
A stylish conveyance, I'm sure,
For there you've a tune on the fiddle,
And a lie on the sands for an hour.

And then an au'd horse brought a wagon
A' the way frae the pits to the staith,
But now it appears pretty certain
They'll verra suin dee without baith;
For now their fine steam locomotives
A' other inventions excels,
Aw've only to huik on the wagons,
And they'll bring a ship-load down theirsels.

New railways now spring up like mushrooms,
Aw never, maw soul! saw the like;
We'll turn everything topsy-turvy,
And leave ourselves not a turnpike.
Then horses will live without working,
And never more trot in a team,
And instead of carrying their maisters,
They'll get themsels carried by steam.

Wor ballast-hills* now are grown handsome,
And what they call quite pictoresk,
Ne poet can de them half justice
If he writes all his life at his desk;
They're hilly, and howley, and lofty,
Presenting fresh views every turn;
And they'd luik like Vesuvius or Ætna,
If we could only get them to burn.

* The Newcastle Song-Book. Fordyce: Newcastle, 1842.

* Immense mounds of Thames gravel brought down as ballast by the returning collier vessels, and piled up on each side the Tyne in really picturesque irregularity.

And as for au'd canny Newcastle,
It's now quite a wonderful place;
Its new market, nothing can match it
In elegance, beauty, and grace.
Could our forefathers only just see it,
My eye! they would start wi' surprise;
I fancy I just hear them saying—
"What's come of the buggy pigsties?"

And this is a' duin by one Grainger,
A perfect Goliah in bricks;
He beats Billy Purvis* quite hollow
In what ye ca' slight-of-hand tricks;
He's only to say, "Cock-o-lorum,
Fly, Jack, presto, quick and be gane,"
And new houses spring up in an instant—
Of the aud'ins you can't see a stane.'

Incidents and accidents upon the river occupy no small portion of the attention of the Newcastle Muses. A dangerous ducking, experienced by Stephen Kemble the actor in crossing the harbour, furnishes a subject for one of the cleverest of all these ditties. It yields, however, in drollery to another, of which the judge of the assizes is the hero, under the appellation of *My Lord 'Size*. The author is John Shield:—

'The jailor, for trial, had brought up a thief,
Whose looks seemed a passport for Botany Bay;
The lawyers, some with and some wanting a brief,
Around the green table were seated so gay:
Grave jurors and witnesses, waiting a call;
Attorneys and clients, more angry than wise,
With strangers and town's-people, thronged the Guildhall,
All waiting and gaping to see my Lord 'Size.

Oft stretched were their necks, oft erected their ears,
Still fancying they heard of the trumpets the sound,
When tidings arrived which dissolved them in tears,
That my lord at the dead-house was then lying drowned!
Straight left *tête-à-tête* were the jailor and thief;
The horror-struck crowd to the dead-house quick hies;
Even the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of brief,
Set off, helter-skelter, to view my Lord 'Size.

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings rings,
And the tubs of the taties are left to take care;
Fishwomen desert their crabs, lobsters, and lings,
And each to the dead-house now runs like a hare.
The glassmen, some naked, some clad, heard the news,
And off they ran smoking, like hot mutton-pies;
Whilst Castle-garth tailors, like wild kangaroos,
Came tail-on-end jumping, to see my Lord 'Size.

The dead-house they reached, where his lordship they found,
Pale, stretched on a plank, like themselves out of breath;
The coroner and jury were seated around,
Most gravely inquiring the cause of his death.
No haste did they seem in their task to complete,
Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise;
Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the treat
Of thus sitting in judgment upon my Lord 'Size.

Now the Mansion-House butler thus gravely deposed:
"My lord on the terrace seemed studying his charge;
And when, as I thought, he had got it composed,
He went down the stairs and examined the barge.
First the stem he surveyed, then inspected the stern,
Then handled the tiller, and looked mighty wise;
But he made a false step when about to return,
And souse in the water straight tumbled Lord 'Size."

Now his narrative ended—the butler retired,
Whilst Betty Watt muttering, half drunk, through her teeth,
Declared, "In her breast great consarn it inspired,
That my lord should sae cullishly come to his deeth."
Next a keelman was called on, Bold Archy his name,
Who the book as he kissed showed the whites of his eyes,
Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Size:—

"Aw was setting the keel, wi' Dick Stavers and Matt,
An' the Mansion-House stairs we were just alangside,
When we a' three see'd somethin', but didn't ken what,
That was splashing and labbering about I' the tide.
'It's a fluiker,' ki Dick: 'No,' ki Matt, 'it's owre big;
It looked mair like a skyet when I furst see'd it rise:'
Kiv aw—for aw'd gettin' a gliff o' the wig—
'Ods marcy! wey, marrows, becrike, it's Lord 'Size!'

Sae aw huiked him, and hauled him suin into the keel,
And o' top o' the huddock aw rowled him aboot;
An' his belly aw rubbed, an' aw skelped his back weel,
But the water he'd drucken it wadn't run oot.
Sae I brought him ashore here, an' doctors, in vain,
Furst this way, then that, to recover him tries;
For ye see there he's lying as dead as a stane,
An' that's a' aw can tell ye about my Lord 'Size."

Now the jury for close consultation retired:
Some "Death accidental" were willing to find;
Some "God's visitation" most eager required;
And some were for "Fell in the river" inclined;
But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
My lord gave a groan, and wide opened his eyes;
Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great speed,
And back to the Mansion-House carried Lord 'Size.'

This, we think, in cleverness of narration, could scarcely be exceeded. Here we must take leave of the Newcastle Song-Book, only regretting that the local Castalia turns up a good deal of dirty water, and that the votaries of the spring make its borders rather too much a scene of intemperance and riot.

* A native showman of some notoriety.

A LADY'S ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT YORK.

You may remember I gave you, last autumn, an account of the archæological meeting at Winchester, which you were so kind as to say afforded you some amusement. I am now going to initiate you into the proceedings of the last general congress held by the 'Institute' in the venerable city of York.

Early on Tuesday the 20th of July all York was up and moving; for, in addition to the inundation of savans and their hearers, the narrow streets were crowded by the nobility and squirearchy of the county, then attending assize. The procession of the lord mayor, judges, and high sheriff, going to the court-houses with their numerous running footmen and fine-dressed followers, further increased the bustle, and gave quite a fête-like appearance to everything. One o'clock being the hour named for the first general meeting, notwithstanding torrents of rain, there were assembled from four to five hundred persons in the very large and elegant festival concert-room; and the spacious orchestra contained, in lieu of all that was rare in music and song, those equally eminent in the graver pursuits of science and literature.

The proceedings were opened by the Marquis of Northampton, the late president of the Institute, who introduced and proposed to the meeting the Earl of Fitzwilliam as his successor. He then congratulated the members of the Institute on their having assembled under the patronage of the venerable archbishop, and under such a president as Lord Fitzwilliam. He also dilated upon the large field which was opened to their researches in the Roman Eboracum (York), and showed the utility of this Institute with regard to the preservation of objects of antiquity. Lord Fitzwilliam, being unanimously voted into the chair, made some remarks upon the science of archæology. He said it was placed on the boundaries between recreation and instruction—between pleasure and amusement, on the one hand, and science and knowledge, and the advancement of the human species, on the other. It carried the mind of man back to former times, and enabled him, by a consideration of these, to trace the progress of human society. Then followed a succession of thanks and compliments to the Marquis of Northampton, the several officers of the Institute, to the dean and chapter, and lastly, to the lord mayor and corporation; which were all duly responded to; and the lord mayor, at the conclusion of his very good and brief address, added, that it would give the lady mayoress and himself great pleasure to receive in the evening all the members of the Institute who would honour them with their company. With this excellent finale the meeting separated.

We then repaired to the museum collected by the council of the Institute, and arranged temporarily in St Peter's school in the minster yard. It contained many very curious things, particularly a series of enamels,

commencing from the Roman times, enabling us to trace the *décadence* of classical design into the middle ages, by the specimens of Celto-Roman and Anglo-Saxon ornaments, rudely and feebly copied from Roman originals. Then a long series of Limoges enamels to the very latest period: when, losing their original character and fabric, they became like porcelain—merely a material on which the designs of the great masters might be permanently copied. This collection formed quite an epitome of the art, and ranged from the first to the seventeenth century of the Christian era. The walls of the rooms were covered by ribbings of sepulchral brasses, drawings, maps, and ground-plans of different localities in the county where discoveries had been made, and which served to illustrate the contents of the glass cases. In these were exhibited Roman antiquities, rude Celtic instruments, priests' vestments, women's ornaments, Oliver Cromwell's drab broad-brimmed hat, double-edged sword, and small repeating watch; numberless illuminated missals, and autographs of countless celebrated persons. From the museum we crossed over to the magnificent minster, and visited the very curious crypt, which, the dean had announced to us at the meeting, would be lighted by gas *one hour* previous to each service every day during the week. Unfortunately the beautiful arches have been covered in in many places, and partitions thrown up, except under the altar, where it is perfect. We ascended when the service commenced. The anthem was from Haydn's Creation, and Dr Camidge certainly did full justice both to the tone and power of the organ.

At ten o'clock we went to the Mansion House, and found the state apartment already filled by a brilliant crowd. In about half an hour, the gentlemen who had dined with the lord mayor entered, headed by the two judges in their wigs and gowns, followed by the high sheriff in full court costume, the present and former president of the Institute, a goodly number of M.P's., heads of colleges from Oxford and Cambridge, besides county gentlemen. Both the vocal and instrumental music were good; and dancing commenced towards midnight. The mace, cap of maintenance, seals of office, and sword, were arranged at one end of the room, where likewise were shown some fine pearl cups, inlaid with precious stones, manuscripts, swords, canes, and some beautiful china, the property of the corporation. The title of *lord* mayor was enjoyed by the chief magistrate of York previous to its being bestowed on the city ruler of the metropolis, and the lady mayoress used to retain her title after her husband's official rule had ceased, which gave rise to the well-known couplet—

> 'He is a lord for a year and a day,
> But she is a lady for ever and aye.'

Wednesday morning.—Owing to the great number of papers to be got through, three sections were appointed to meet at the same time in different places. We had determined to wander from one to the other, according as we felt interested in the papers which chanced to be in progress. On this occasion we went to the architectural section, where Professor Willis was in the chair. Mr Petit read a paper, by Mr Charles Winston, 'On the Painted Glass in the Cathedral and Churches of York.' He showed that few cities could boast more extensive and important remains of painted glass than York. The examples extend over a period of four centuries; but it is the almost unbroken series of glass paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which renders this collection so interesting to the student. Part of a Jesse window (as those are called that have Jesse for 'the root') dates so far back as 1200; it is therefore older than any in the cathedral of Canterbury. In one of the windows of the cathedral there is a beautiful *cinque cento* painting inserted, after a design of Barocchio. It was brought from a church at Rome, and was presented by Lord Carlisle in 1804.

At the conclusion of this paper, Lord Fitzwilliam took the chair, and Professor Willis commenced his popular lecture on York Minster. The early history of the cathedral carried us back to the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity. In 627, Edwin, the Saxon monarch, and his whole court, were baptised in the city of York by Paulinius, when a wooden church was erected for the purpose, and afterwards a square stone fabric was raised, which was the first cathedral of York. In 669 this fabric was repaired by Wilfred, but in 741 it was greatly damaged by fire. Archbishop Egbert began the erection of a new church soon afterwards, but that fabric was burnt during the Danish wars. Archbishop Thomas, the first Norman prelate, rebuilt the edifice on a noble scale on taking possession of the see in 1067. 'The Normans were much more skilful masons, and had more extended ideas, than the Saxons; and wherever a Norman bishop came, he destroyed the Saxon cathedral, to build one more adapted to his own views.' 'In 1154 Archbishop Rogers erected a new choir.' Professor Willis considers the earliest part now remaining in the crypt to be the work of Archbishop Thomas, and the richer parts of the Norman work there also he assigns to Archbishop Rogers. 'Archbishop Gray erected the south transept,' and the north transept was erected by the father of the Archbishop John-le-Romaine about 1260. This very agreeable lecturer thus continued his historical and architectural sketch of the cathedral, bringing it down to a much later date.

At the conclusion of the lecture, an adjournment was made to the minster, where Mr Willis kindly undertook the office of *cicerone*-general to the audience. Here the crowd was so dense, that the professor was in despair at the thought of addressing them, when, as he truly said, only the half-dozen immediately around him could possibly hear. In vain did he look around for the means of raising himself above his hearers. A thoughtful workman, however, overcame the difficulty, by producing a pair of high steps. So behold this able lecturer exalted in the nave, and pointing out from his movable pulpit the different works and styles which his paper had indicated. The chapter-house came next in order; it is of an octagon form, and has been recently beautified. The monkish rhyme, in Saxon characters, close to the entrance door, truly describes it: 'The chief of houses, as the rose of flowers.' We then followed our peripatetic lecturer into the choir, where many of the niceties of the decorations and the painted glass of the side aisles were graphically explained, and directions given for studying the crypt, as it was quite impossible for such a crowd to descend into it.

We now hurried off to the Hospitium of St Mary's Abbey, Museum Gardens, where the historical section were about to commence their sitting, the Hon. Thomas Stapleton in the chair. The meeting here had been postponed, as every one wanted to hear Professor Willis's lecture. The Rev. J. Hunter read some interesting 'Notes of Manuscripts named in Wills, entered on the Register at York.' They commenced in the reign of Edward III., and were brought down to nearly the present time. Thomas de Farnylaw, who was chancellor of the church of York in 1378, leaves a Bible and concordance to be placed in the church of St Nicholas at Newcastle, 'there to be chained for common use for the good of his soul;' John Warven of Scarborough

leaves, in 1398, to Thomas de Ughtrede, a bed, with a counterpane woven with the figures of the great men of France in their proper arms; and to Margaret, wife of the said Thomas, a romance called 'Brute.' Sir John le Scrope (the archbishop's brother) had two French books, entitled 'Tristram' and 'Grace Dieu,' which he gives, in 1405, to two of his daughters. Several primers were also bequeathed by various persons. The poet Pope's maternal grandmother, Thomasine Newton, had sundry song-books left to her by Lancelot Turner of Towthorpe, gentleman, in 1619. This paper was followed by the president's (Mr Stapleton) learned 'Account of the Endowment and History of the Holy Trinity, or Christ-church at York, a cell to the Abbey of Marmoutier, near Tours, in France.' He showed that the term Marmoutier came from *Majus Monasterium*, which was applied to the abbey on account of its pre-eminence and great wealth. He then entered largely into the history of Ralph Paynell, the founder, the lands belonging to the priory, and the several entries on the rolls bearing upon its history. The concluding paper, by the Rev. J. Hunter, was full of interest—'Progress of Henry VIII. in Yorkshire.' In the year 1541 this monarch made a progress through Yorkshire, on his way to the city of York, where he had made an appointment to meet his nephew, the young king of Scotland. The Scotch, particularly the clergy, were most anxious to prevent this conference taking place; and in the end they prevailed. King Henry was attended by many hundred gentlemen-at-arms, and by his unfortunate queen, Catherine Howard, whose melancholy fate is familiar to all. It was during this tour she was said to have committed the crime for which she was indicted. Henry waited at Pontefract some time the promised arrival of his nephew at York. He at length left it, visited a number of towns, had splendid hunting excursions, and arrived at York the 15th of September 1541. Here he received an excusatory message from his nephew (James V.), which called up all his ire, and finally led to most unhappy results. Henry left York in great wrath, on the 26th of September, having first ordered many of the shrines of the middle ages to be taken down, and, as the royal tyrant expressed it, 'to be made even and plain.' When the meeting separated, we walked about in the museum grounds until dinner-time, the green sward covered by groups of ladies and gentlemen, and a good band playing merry tunes all the time. The situation of this museum is unique, as it stands between the 'Multangular Tower,' formerly part of the Temple of Bellona, and the magnificent ruins of St Mary's Abbey. Thus does modern science rear its head between the remains of Roman power on the one hand, and of monastic grandeur on the other.

Eight o'clock again found us in the concert-room, listening to a paper by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne 'On the Parliaments at York.' The earliest parliament held in this city was in the twenty-sixth year of Edward I., 1298. A writ, tested at Westminster, was issued to the Earl of Surrey, commander of the army in Scotland, desiring him to bring with him such of the barons in his service as he thought proper, to meet the king at York on the day of Pentecost, there to hold a special conference touching the affairs of the king and state; leaving, in the meanwhile, their men-at-arms within the walls of Berwick-upon-Tweed for its protection. The last parliament (if it may be so called) assembled at York was the council of peers called by Charles I., and which met in the hall of the deanery on the 24th of September 1640, a few weeks before the formation of the celebrated Long Parliament of English history. A paper was next read by Mr Newton, written by Mr R. Westmacott, 'On Mediæval Sculpture.' This able paper went to prove that, while Christian ecclesiastical architecture made regular progress from its earliest character to its consummation in the so-called perpendicular style, sculpture did not equally advance. The first great improvement in sculpture took place about 500 years B.C. The wealth gained by the Greeks in the discomfiture of Xerxes was used in rebuilding and beautifying the temples destroyed by the Persians. Mr Westmacott imputed the decline of the grand style in sculpture in a great measure to the appeal made to the senses by Praxiteles and his followers. The introduction of sculpture in the earlier ages of Christianity was owing almost, if not entirely, to the same causes as its birth in the ancient world. At first it was used as a kind of record or representation of events and personages connected with sacred history. In the next stage, mediæval art began to interest the more as it advanced towards beauty. The development of beautiful forms with the Greeks was in the spirit of the age and their religion, but the difference of the two races was shown in the manner in which it was carried out. The chief causes of the failure in ecclesiastical and modern sculpture, Mr Westmacott thought, was the taste among the higher classes in Italy for everything connected with Grecian associations. Was a sacred subject to be illustrated? it must be done according to some approved remnant of heathen imagery. Thus the art that would have advanced was thrust aside. It was no longer identified with the age, with the people, nor with their religion. Michael Angelo himself was trammelled and enchained by this unfortunate mixture of two distinct and different styles. It was almost impossible to produce Greek results without Greek associations. At the conclusion of this paper, I suppose you will think our exertions for the day were terminated; but you are wrong; we had still to attend a soirée at the deanery, by private invitation. A number of rooms were thrown open, but the most interesting was the Chapter Library, formerly the chapel of the archbishop's palace. Amongst the book lions kindly taken out of their locked covers by the dean, were the two precious membranaceous folios of Erasmus's second edition of the Greek Testament, upon vellum, printed by Froben at Basil in 1519; the Horse, the Shepe, and the Goose, with the Chorle and the Birde, printed by Caxton; and Queen Elizabeth's manuscript English version of the New Testament by Wickliff. Elizabeth Regina is inscribed, in her own handwriting, at the commencement of St Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians.

Thursday morning.—We attended, for the first time, the Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, Sir John P. Boileau in the chair. James Talbot, Esq. read a 'Notice of some supposed Egyptian Remains, hitherto undescribed, in Upper Nubia.' The gist of this paper was to show that, although Scidland had not been able, even with the assistance of the Arabs, to bring the evidence of Egyptian civilisation to the latitude of Seurain, yet he (Mr Talbot) was in a position to assert that there are similar ruins very far south of that city, and near the borders of Abyssinia. Mr Talbot, in reply to a question put to him, said there was scarcely now a remnant of the original Christian population left in Nubia, although historical records teach us that at one time nearly all the people were Christians. Sir Richard Westmacott next read a paper 'On the Arts and Artists of England during the Middle Ages.' In tracing the arts generally, from their fall to their revival, the transition from the Pagan idolatry to the Christian religion, we are naturally induced to reflect on the similarity of causes to which they owed at once their destruction and regeneration. We owe the revival of the arts wholly to religion; but Christianity, which had made great progress in the third century, notwithstanding the persecution it endured, had scarcely ascended the throne of the Cæsars, when the Christians in their turn became the persecutors. Sects arose; the people became divided; and the invader found them an easy prey. 'Degeneracy in civil habits increased, until the pure principles of Christianity were lost in superstition. Sculpture now declined, which had given promise of being restored under the first Christian Roman emperors. Art owes much to the pious regard which all countries have shown to the

dead.' The Athenian states, Rome also and her colonies, offer abundant examples. When the mysteries of religion became revealed to us, and resurrection was assured to us through the merits of our Saviour, a new sense arose, and a new feeling toward the dead; and the subterraneous depositions, as may be seen in the earliest crypts of Italy, attest the pious belief of a future state, in the numerous effigies of the raising of Lazarus. Pisa may be considered the cradle of the restoration of art from the tenth to the fourteenth century. The Crusades also conduced to the prosperity of the arts, as, from the second to the sixth Crusade, six hundred religious foundations were established. Sir Richard then traced, in a most lucid manner, step by step, the rise and decline of mediæval art in this country, illustrating the different periods by naming the works of each which remain to us, and contending that these were designed and executed chiefly by Italian architects.

We then left this section for the historical, which was sitting at the Hospitium, the Hon. Thomas Stapleton in the chair. The Rev. J. Hunter had just commenced the very paper we wanted to hear, 'Notes of Travelling, Roads, and Transports of Treasure in the North of England in the reigns of Edward I. II. III.' He gave several curious instances of the manner in which money was transmitted previous to the invention of banking systems. In the third year of Edward I., L.4000 had to be transmitted from York to Scotland. The money was packed in eight barrels made for the purpose, and five carters were engaged to carry it. The guard retained for the treasure were twelve archers, six men-at-arms, and other persons, and the journey occupied nine days. Another sum of money took fourteen days to convey from London to Berwick. The president, Mr Stapleton, then translated King John's will; it was most beautifully written in Latin, but was only about six inches square, with seals attached. He had not time to make a long will, as he is said to have been poisoned by a monk. This terminated the meeting.

We now hurried off to visit the churches of Skelton, Nun Monkton, and Overton. Skelton, five miles from York, is a small early English church, built with an elegant bell-cot for two bells. There have been three altars, of which the piscinas (a place for throwing away the water after the priest had washed his hands) still remains. On approaching within a mile and a half of Nun Monkton we alighted, and had to walk upon a footpath overgrown with herbs and weeds, and saturated with wet from the heavy rain which had fallen in the morning; however, our difficulties appeared to serve more as an amusement than an impediment. At the ferry, which lay *en route*, our Charon had to make three separate voyages for our numerous party, and we at last reached the curious old church in the midst of a heavy shower, notwithstanding which, Lord Northampton and others were sketching the unique west front, as if it had been one of the finest days in the world. Overton church, which lay in our way back to York, is very small, chiefly of the period of transition from Norman, with decorated windows inserted.

Friday.—This day being set apart for excursions to Aldborough—to which the proprietor, Mr Lawson, M.P., had invited the Institute—Fountains Abbey, and Ripon, we were up at six, and off at eight o'clock, notwithstanding the heavy rain. Sixteen miles from York, and within one of Aldborough, Mr Lawson and his sons were waiting to receive us. The day, fortunately, just at this time became quite fine. Mr Lawson, twenty years ago, excavated to a considerable extent at Aldborough; and he had the kindness and liberality to employ workmen, and superintend their labours during the preceding week, so that every foundation and former excavation was now ready open for inspection. Aldborough is a place of remote antiquity, being the Iseur of the ancient Britons, and the Isurium of the Romans, the capital of the Brigantes before the foundation of Eboracum, or York, and continuing an important station during the Roman sway in this island. The Saxons called it 'Burgh,' which means any fortified place; then Old Burgh or Ald-Burgh. The locality has been completely fixed by the Itinerary of Antoninus. Our first visit was paid to the garden of the Black Swan public-house, where there is the most perfect piece of Roman pavement yet discovered at this station. In the centre is a panther under a palm-tree, with a series of different patterns forming borders. There is a building erected over it, which gives it the appearance of a nice room, about sixteen feet square. There is a railing at the foot of the steps descending into the room (which is five or six feet below the surface of the garden), to prevent its being entered. Outside these steps is an ancient sacrificial stone altar. The little inn itself also can boast some tesselated pavement; and the proprietor has for sale a collection of Roman pottery, pieces of lamps, amphoræ, columns, and capitals. We next, under the guidance of Mr Lawson, junior, entered, ankle-deep, into a large field, where we saw about sixty of our party, who had arrived by another route, busily inspecting the foundation of the walls of the ancient Isurium. The church next occupied our attention; it stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Mercury; in the east wall of the vestry a figure of that god is inserted, with his pegasus (winged cap), holding in his left hand a caduceus (rod). It is supposed this relic was found while digging for the foundations of the church. We were much amused at the spirit with which the bell-ringing was kept up in honour of the Institute, and also at the further compliment of the whole village turning out, dressed in their Sunday gear. We then bent our steps to the manor-house, now the Globe public-house, over which is the following quaint inscription:—

> 'This is the ancient manor-house,
> And in it you may see
> The Romans' works, a great
> Curiosetie.'

At the back of this house are several pieces of fine Roman pavement, one particularly quite perfect. Here likewise was discovered, in 1762, the foundations of a hypocaust,* in a line with the pavements. From thence we went to the grounds of Aldborough Lodge, as, during Mr Lawson's residence there, he had discovered several Roman rooms and large baths. In one was a small archway, through which the baths were supplied with water, and in these latter were found some jet ornamented moulding, a large earthenware vessel, supposed to be the 'elaio-thesium,' or receptacle for oil, used for anointing with when coming out of the bath; which opinion is strengthened by two bronze 'strigiles,' or 'scrapers,' being found near it. At the south end of the baths was a profusion of oyster and mussel shells, and in the midst of them a bronze knife for scooping them out. These were clearly the oyster rooms—eating, among the Romans, invariably followed bathing. In fact, it would require a goodly-sized volume even to catalogue the curiosities found here and in the neighbourhood, which Mr Lawson has enshrined in a small building erected on the highest point of the grounds, and called the 'Museum Isurianum.' It is built with Roman tiles and Roman mortar, the floor is laid with tessellæ, and the walls lined with fine old carved oak; neither trouble nor expense appear to have been spared here.

We next drove off to the Devil's Arrows. They are three large solid rag-stone or mill-grit obelisks, half a mile to the west of Boroughbridge. These have been for ages stumblingblocks to antiquarians. Some suppose them to have been the metæ† of the races held at the midsummer meeting of the Druids, to celebrate the great quarterly sacrifice. Others consider them Roman, and that they were records to their own honour. There were four of these stones standing in 1534; but Camden says, one having been displaced with the expectation of finding money, was taken for a foot-bridge, and, in mo-

* Flues for heating rooms.

† Ornaments of the spina or centre of the race-course.

dern times, for the foundation of a new bridge over the Int. The centre stone is twenty-two feet and a half high, and is estimated to weigh thirty tons. We all then adjourned to Boroughbridge Hall, where we were most hospitably received by Mrs Lawson. It is a fine mansion of the Elizabethan period. Everything in it appeared to harmonise; the walls were hung with old paintings, the hall and dining-room entirely ancient family portraits; inlaid chairs covered with beautiful old tapestry, a magnificent screen of the same workmanship, old inlaid cupboards, fine enamelled miniatures, illuminated books, old manuscripts and pedigrees, lovely antique gems, ancient lamps, seals, letters of many celebrated persons, and, laid out on two long tables, a perfect museum of ancient Isurium, quite rivalling that which we had already seen. In a short time we were summoned to a splendid *dejeuné*, served on old china, with old ale in old glasses, and given in the true spirit of old English hospitality. We walked afterwards in the beautiful grounds, and saw, under a weeping willow, the tomb of Archbishop Scroope, the reverend father's descendants having given him a new monument in York Minster. Mr Lawson purchased the old one. Within the shade of the same treé is deposited the *red grave*, recently found near Aldborough. It only contains ashes, which rest upon a slight foundation of common clay. It is called *red*, from having a border of that colour about two inches wide round it: the bright red clay appears to be such as the Sarnian pottery was composed of.

After having passed several pleasant hours with this highly intellectual family, we set off for Fountains Abbey, passing through Ripon. The country became more charming as we advanced towards Studley Royal, within which demesne Fountains Abbey is situated. By the kind permission of Lord de Grey, who has succeeded Miss Lawrence, we were allowed to drive through the park. At the inner gate we alighted, and walked a mile through the beautiful grounds. Copies of ancient statues adorn the banks of the river, and many little picturesque summer-houses are scattered about. The magnificent ruins of the abbey, the finest that our country retains from the wreck of the general dissolution, are situated in a lonely valley, with high hills on either side, which, clothed with lofty trees, and varied with scars, slope gently to the river, which runs through it. The buildings once covered twelve acres of ground, although what remains stands on little more than two. In 1192, certain Benedictine monks at St Mary's, in York, displeased with the want of discipline in their convent, resolved to migrate to Rievaulx, and become Cistertian monks. They applied for that purpose to Thurstan, archbishop of York. After enduring many sorrows, they finally came to Fountains, and lived under the shade of seven yew-trees until their monastery was built. Some of these trees still remain. The church is three hundred and fifty feet long from east to west, and is wonderfully perfect; the east window is very fine, and the domestic offices created surprise in all. The chapter-house, library, and refectory must have been truly superb. The ambulatory, wrongly called the cloisters, is the grandest I ever saw; it is three hundred feet in length, and is divided by nineteen pillars and twenty arches. We had scarcely finished our examination of this very interesting place, when symptoms of rain was announced, so we set off for the carriage, a mile distant; but before we had accomplished half our journey, it poured down so vigorously, that only for the thick foliage which every now and then covered the walk, we should have been thoroughly drenched. By the time we arrived at Ripon, three miles distant, the day cleared up again, and we visited the fine old minster, with its curious Saxon church in the crypt, the descending into which produced a strange scene, each gentleman being furnished with a candle, and the passage being so narrow, that only one could go down at a time. By special invitation we then repaired to the deanery, where a handsome luncheon awaited us. From thence we visited the dilapidated church of St Mary Magdalen, to see some Roman pavement in the chancel; and then, heartily tired, sought our carriages, and had a delightful drive back to York, which we reached at midnight. By prolonging this excursion, we missed the splendid performance of sacred music that took place during the evening in the minster, which was lighted up for the occasion by command of the dean.

Saturday morning.—One of our party not being well, we did not join in the excursion to Rievaulx, but remained in York, and made a pilgrimage to a number of the churches, visited Clifford's Tower, with its curious chapel, the cathedral, the museum, and saw the county jail (York Castle), built out of the ruins of St Mary's Abbey. We also heard some of the papers read at the Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, the only one which sat; but as the subject-matter was principally either upon Roman stations, or the discovery of Roman remains, I shall pass them over, as I went so largely into the particulars concerning Isurium. In the evening, at eight o'clock, we went to the theatre of the museum, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair, to hear Mr Way's 'Notice of the Alleged Discovery of the Tomb of Constantius Chlorus, near the Church of St Helen's on the Walls, in York, and the Ignited Lamp found therein, as compared with a similar sepulchral lamp reported to have been found in the province of Cordova, in Spain, as communicated to the Institute by Mr Wetherell of Seville, foreign honorary member.' Camden believed the tradition that the father of Constantine the Great was buried in York, and that there was found a lamp burning in the vault of the little chapel wherein he was thought to be buried. 'Lazius tells us that the ancients had an art of dissolving gold into a fat liquor, and of preparing it so, that it would continue burning in the sepulchres for many ages.' Thus wrote Camden in 1607. Mr Way said he would not have brought such a trite subject forward, but for the communication of his foreign correspondent: he was inclined to think there must be some foundation of fact for these ignited lamps, as in all cases the flame is said to have been extinguished on the admission of air into the tomb. The recent discovery was made at Bacna, on the route from Granada to Cordova, and near the site of the ancient Castellum Priscum. A number of labourers were busy in harvest-time in 1833, near the old Roman tower; and a boy, idling in the vicinity, perceived a cleft amongst the ruins, which appeared to penetrate to a considerable distance. In the expectation of finding some treasure chambers, the farmer and some of his men effected a breach sufficiently large to admit of the boy's being lowered into the cavity by a rope. His feet soon touched the ground, and his eyes were dazzled by the yellow light cast upon the pavement, walls, and low stone bench which ran round the room. The labourers, in trying to loosen the lamp, broke it, and the liquid which fed the flame was lost.

Sunday.—After the cathedral service, we spent some time in visiting churches, and saw some fine painted windows. We heard of the delightful excursion of the preceding day, which was all sunshine; of Lord Feversham's fine house and grounds, *récherché* luncheon, and old pictures; of the kind reception of the party at Gilling Castle, and all the wonders of the house shown by Mr Fairfax himself; of their passing through a number of celebrated places; and lastly, of their visits to Rievaulx and Byland Abbeys.

Monday.—At one o'clock the concluding general meeting assembled, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair. All things went on well. Mr Way showed that the accounts were flourishing. All persons who ought to be complimented were complimented, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, and Norwich selected as the place where the next congress of the Institute should be holden.

Thus terminated our pleasant week, which 'seemed but as a day.' Several parties were made, as if with a view of prolonging the excursions, to Beverley minster

and other churches, which would occupy some days; but circumstances would not allow us to join any of them, and so, full of the enjoyment we had had, we sailed back to London.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

BELL AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE present paper refers to facts belonging to the current century, within the cognisance of the existing generation; when, in the greater progress and experience of society, we might naturally look for tolerance, if not for assent. But the result of our investigation is by no means encouraging; the unwilling tardiness with which the world receives a new principle becomes painfully apparent. We find the motives which actuated the resistance to Harvey's doctrine in the days of the first Charles still vigorous in the reign of Victoria. Whatever progress the world may have made in wisdom, it has not yet become exemplary in candour, or the virtue which shrinks from wrong:

> 'The man who shows his heart
> Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.'

In no instance has error proved more perverse or detrimental than in relation to the nervous system—that which gives man his finish, and stamps him as lord of the animal kingdom. It was very early discovered that the brain and *thought* were in some way connected. Herophilus, who lived in Egypt during the reign of the first Ptolemy, was the original discoverer of the connexion between the nerves and the brain, and taught that the former were subject to the will. Dissections of the brain were made three thousand years ago by Democritus, Anaxagoras, and others; but as the learned men of that day knew nothing of inductive philosophy, they arrived only at barren conclusions. Erasistratus believed the brain to be the source of the nerves of sensation, and its membranes of those of motion. Hippocrates confounds nerves, sinews, and ligaments all under the specific term *neura*, some of which, he says, contract the limbs. According to Aristotle, the heart is the origin of the nerves; and yet, in another place, he calls them the 'canals of the brain.' Galen, who appears to have been the most accurate observer among ancient physicians, showed that every muscle was a bundle of nerves and sinews; and tracing them into the viscera, placed the seat of love in the liver, while the heart was the habitation of the angry and courageous emotions. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan, Rufus, a physician, classed the nerves under two divisions—sensitive and motive—but made no distinction between nerves and muscles. Vesalius supposed the 'vital spirits' to be generated in the brain, from whence, by means of the spinal marrow, they ran to all the nerves of the body. But there was nothing clear or definite in the whole accumulated mass of observations. Some described the nervous fluid as an invisible medium, flowing backwards and forwards through minute tubes; others maintained its resemblance to the purer part of white of egg; according to a third party, it was an acid; and to come down nearer to our own times, it was insisted, and even Newton approved the theory, that the mysterious agent was *ether*.

The immediate successors of the theorists here quoted did but little towards reducing the complex doctrine to anything like order. Haller, so justly celebrated for his important contributions to physiological science, bewildered himself among vague hypotheses, which led him to the conclusion that the nerves of motion were also those of sensation. Scarpa and Willis made drawings of the nervous system as distributed through the human body. According to the latter, the brain was the sole laboratory of the subtle spirit transmitted by the nerves. Johnstone, an English physician, asserted that 'ganglions*' were for the purpose of cutting off sensation.' Monro maintained the contrary of this assertion. Soemmering taught that several small nerves performed only the office of one larger; and, in support of his opinion, contended that the three nerves going to the tongue were to be regarded but as one of greater size.

It is thus apparent that our acquaintance with the nervous system dates from a very early period; but we look in vain for arrangement or order. Many had treated on the subject in their writings with more or less of inconclusiveness and absurdity; not a few arrogantly declared the arrangement could be no other than as laid down by themselves. Galen justly rebuked these bold speculators who claimed omniscience for human reason. 'My own work,' he tells us, 'I regard as a religious hymn in honour of the Creator.' At the beginning of the present century, the greatest indifference prevailed with regard to the study of the nerves; the hypotheses of the ancients, as we have shown, were supposed to have exhausted a question which was left unchallenged and neglected. Nothing had been done to combine the information then extant, and reduce it to a system. Many rejected the nervous system altogether in their investigations, as an irregular branch of physiological heterodoxy; and rested content in the belief of tubular nerves, filled with a vital fluid, and diverging from the brain as a common sensorium.

Such was the state of scientific knowledge of this interesting subject, when, in the year 1821, Mr, afterwards Sir Charles Bell, commenced the publication of a series of highly important and valuable papers, in which he took an entirely new view of the nerves of the human body, and demonstrated that, amid all their apparent intricacy and confusion, law and order were to be discovered. He instituted comparisons with the lower order of animals: the simplest in form, though devoid of visible nerves, were, however, acted upon by some nervous matter; those of the next class above possessed a ganglion with a single nerve, growing more and more complex as the higher degrees of the scale were reached. Some of the insect tribe were found to undergo a remarkable change: with the development of wings they acquired an entirely new nervous system. By dint of persevering application, the high-minded anatomist succeeded, to use his own words, in showing the nervous system 'as plainly set forth as if it were written in our mother tongue. . . . I had recourse to their origins to find out their uses; I first took a view of the spinal nerves in all their course, and observed their exact resemblance to each other in every particular. I then, by experiment, proved that their roots had different powers, and that they really were what their anatomy had indicated to me—double nerves.'

Simple as it may appear, in thus determining the different powers of the roots of the nerves, consists the whole point and value of the discovery. The old opinion, that a fluid travelled backwards and forwards along the same nerve, was at once superseded, as well as that which made the impression transmitted dependent on the structure of the nerve. A difference of function, as well as of structure, was shown to exist between the cerebrum and the cerebellum, or the greater and lesser brain; the continuation of the former constituting the anterior portion of the spinal marrow, and the combination of the latter the posterior portion. The spinal nerves, thirty on each side, regular in their origin and distribution, were seen to be provided with two roots, arising one from each division of the spinal marrow. It will thus be clear that the root departing from the anterior portion would convey impressions from the cerebrum, and those on the posterior portion from the cerebellum. The former, as is now generally known, contains the organs of perception, volition, and memory; the latter, those of motion. And it was ascertained that one set of the roots might be divided with the knife, without producing any effect on the muscles; but that, on touching the other set in the slightest degree with a sharp point, the muscles were immediately convulsed.

* Small knots of nervous substance.

It was further proved that the nerves met with in different parts of the body are not single threads, but bundles of nerves; all possessing different powers, united merely for convenience of distribution, each carrying on its own functions undisturbed by the others with which it is so intimately bound up in a common sheath.

The origin of the respiratory nerves, traced to a lateral division of the spinal marrow, was shown to render them independent of the will—a wise and wonderful arrangement, without which neither men nor animals would be able to breathe during sleep, and which makes it possible for breathing to go on, as frequently happens, when consciousness is destroyed by accident or injury. The combinations between different sets of nerves were also clearly demonstrated, explaining the harmony of motion maintained over the whole body: any interruption between these combinations produces distortion and unequal movement, as shown by the application of galvanism to the body after death. And in addition to the attributes of sensation and motion, common to all animals, the nerves of the human subject were shown to possess still higher endowments: they assist in language, in the interchange of thought and sentiment; they regulate the play of the features, and make expression and emotion eloquent.

Thus, by the persevering labours of one individual, the mystery of ages was cleared up, and a key furnished to the bewildering maze in which so many had been baffled, and compelled to abandon their task in despair. Brief and imperfect as the above outline of the inestimable discovery must necessarily be, it will yet suffice as an illustration of the energy of truth. This is a case which clearly demonstrates the high value of the Baconian philosophy; in which analogy and induction, patiently and cautiously followed up, led to clear and irresistible results. The subject had occupied the mind of Sir Charles Bell for nearly forty years, when, in 1840, he laid his last paper before the Royal Society. The earliest glimpse of the views, afterwards so fully established, is to be found in a small work, 'The Anatomy of Expression in Painting,' published by him in 1806, where he remarks, 'If we had but a perfect knowledge of the functions of the nerves, they would, on all occasions, inform us of the cause of those actions which now appear to us so inexplicable.' From this point he went on with unremitting labour and diligence until the phenomena of the nervous system were fully discussed and explained. But no sooner were his papers published, than attempts were made, both in this country and on the continent, to deprive him of the honour and reputation which, as their author, he so highly merited. In the calm and temperate language of an investigator of truth, he observes—'From the indifference so long evinced to such investigations before these communications to the Royal Society, I conceived that I should have been permitted in a slow, temperate, and scientific manner to have stated the whole of my observations to that learned body.' His expectation, however, was not realised; opponents arose, arrogant and clamorous in their assertions, claiming discoveries, and anticipating conclusions, while yet ignorant of the entire subject. The former confusion was made still more difficult and obscure; functions were attributed to the nerves which they never possessed; the fifth nerve, on which Sir Charles had bestowed particular attention, was said to be 'the nerve of all the senses.' One critic averred that his observations were identical with those of Galen; and yet, as we have seen, Galen believed each nerve endowed with the two properties of sensation and motion. The fatal consequences of dividing the sensitive nerves in some painful complaints, demonstrated by the eminent discoverer, were treated with ridicule; and some of his enemies, by way of refuting his system, continued to divide the nerves in all cases of facial disorder that came before them. Magendie, an eminent French physiologist, claimed priority of discovery, and found many partisans in England. He visited London, and, in one of the anatomical theatres of the metropolis, made some showy experiments, by which he endeavoured to establish his claim and controvert the British anatomist's conclusions. We have seen how Harvey's practice was injured by his discovery, and how he was derided by many of the learned of his time. As regards practice, Sir Charles Bell had the same story to tell: he has left it on record that, after every step in his discovery, he was obliged to work harder than ever to preserve his reputation as a practitioner.

A comparison of the past with the present enables us to judge of the actual progress made by society; notwithstanding the reluctance generally felt by the world to confess it may have been in error, a gratifying characteristic of the present day is a certain disposition at times to look at a new fact or theory for a space, before overwhelming it with scorn, and its promoters with obloquy. In spite of the opposition offered to Sir Charles Bell's views, they eventually met with the approval of candid minds. Sir Astley Cooper was one of the first to acknowledge their value and importance; and the celebrated Cuvier, when on his deathbed, finding his face distorted and drawn to one side, pointed it out to his attendants as a proof of the discoverer's correctness.

Sir Charles Bell frankly admitted the weak points in his system, but, confident in his principles, observed that time would reconcile the discrepancies. 'Facts,' he said, 'have been denied with a heat and pertinacity which I can never understand.' And in the preface to his 'Nervous System,' published in 1830, he writes with the truth and dignity of a philosopher: 'Whatever may be thought of the reasoning pursued in this volume, the facts admit of no contradiction; and perhaps, hereafter, curiosity may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great; the reception by the profession has been the reverse of what I expected. The early announcement of my occupations failed to draw one encouraging sentence from medical men. When the publication of these papers by the Royal Society made it impossible to overlook them altogether, the interest they excited drew countenance on those who opposed them, or who pretended to have anticipated them. To myself this has ceased to be of any consequence; but I confess I regret to leave those young men who have honourably and zealously assisted me in these inquiries, in the delusive hope of labouring to the gratification of their own profession. The pleasure arising from the pursuit of natural knowledge, and the society of men of science, must be their sufficient reward.'

Sir Charles Bell was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He was not 'overlooked.' In addition to the esteem of those whose character made their esteem valuable, he received the honour of knighthood from William IV.—a knighthood rendered more illustrious by the scientific names in whose company he received the honour—those of Herschel, Ivory, and Brewster. He likewise obtained the highest reward at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which body he was a Fellow—a royal medal. He is also well known as author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Hand, which does equal credit to his science and his principles. He died in Worcestershire in 1842, 'distinguished in private life by suavity and simplicity of manners, elegant tastes, and domestic virtues.'

IMPROVED HATCHING APPARATUS.

It has been generally supposed that heat is all that is necessary to incubation, and that placing eggs in an oven which could be kept heated at a moderate and even temperature, eggs might be hatched to any extent. This was the plan adopted at the Eccaleobion, exhibited in London some few years since, but which, from the uncertainty of its operations, and the small per centage of chickens hatched to the number of eggs destroyed, rendered the machine useless, except as a mere exhibition. Many men of science and writers of books have also stated, for years past, that they have succeeded in hatching by artificial means; but

when the system is examined, it will be found that all their attempts for practical purposes have been useless, and therefore abandoned. Let us first of all examine the egg. Where does the germ lie? On the uppermost side, always floating on the top of the yolk, and against the shell. Which part of the egg does the hen sit upon? The top, and she affords no heat to the bottom, which rests on the ground, and is cool until the formation of the blood-vessels within the egg carries the heat downwards by circulation, and thus the egg becomes warmer, and finally hot at the bottom, when the chick fills up the shell.

We are led to these remarks from having visited a model hatching establishment at Heathfield, Sussex, which is being carried on under the superintendence of Mr W. J. Cauhlo, and which is patented under the name of Cauhlo's Patent for Artificial Hatching.

We were first shown the Patent Incubator, which consists of two long counters filled with drawers, intended to contain five thousand eggs. The top of the counter is a reservoir of warm water, contained in waterproof cloth, and which rests on the top of the eggs, and answers the purpose of the hen, by giving the eggs '*top contact heat.*' The water is heated by a small fire of charcoal, which warms a large tank of water which communicates with the water contained in the cloth on the top of the eggs. This is kept constantly in motion by machinery, so that the heat is always at the same temperature. We fortunately paid our visit to this interesting establishment on the hatching-day, which is on each Thursday, and saw upwards of five hundred chickens leave their shells. The inventor showed the whole process. It appears he first began in America, and expended a large sum, and found he could only succeed by following nature step by step. On leaving the hatching-house, we were shown the rearing-houses, to each of which is allowed an acre of ground, for the chickens to run over; this is divided by netting, so that each hatch of chickens is kept separate, and, the day being warm and fine, upwards of three thousand chickens might be seen all running about at the same time. Great ingenuity is displayed in the construction of these rearing-houses, or places of shelter for the chickens; they being provided with a series of warm-water pipes, under which the chickens get the warmth which the hen would afford them.

Altogether, this is one of the most pleasing sights we ever beheld, and, from what we could learn, is likely to turn out a profitable speculation, the great difficulty at present being in getting good eggs in sufficient quantities. They hatch from eighty to ninety per cent. of the eggs they procure, which is a larger amount than can be obtained by natural means; and when we consider that a hen will lay upwards of two hundred eggs in a year, and will rarely incubate more than once in a year, although she will occasionally bring out two broods of from twelve to fifteen each, it appears that it will be far more profitable to keep poultry for raising eggs than it will be for rearing. We have no doubt, in a few years, that each large town will have an artificial hatching establishment; and that, by this means, a vast amount of food will be raised for our increasing population. We were told that the chickens were always fat, and, from the extreme cleanliness in which they were kept, and being fed regularly, and on the best food, have no doubt their flesh will be far superior to the general run of poultry. They have turkeys and Guinea fowl hatched by the same means, the turkeys taking longer; but have not tried ducks, not having the command of open water.

NOVEL METHOD OF PRESERVING FLOWERS.

A correspondent suggests the following expedient for the preservation of flowers when in bloom, which may be useful to flower-painters and others:—It is well known that the great object of the existence of a plant is the maturation of its seed. This cannot be effected, as a general rule, unless the pollen dust is applied to the stigma of the flower; and if this can be artificially prevented, it has been found that the flower retains its beauty for several days longer than would be the case if allowed to impregnate its seed. The experiment can be tried in two ways: either the anthers, which are the pollen receptacles, may be cut off with a pair of scissors as soon as the flower opens, which emasculates the flower, or the stigma may be in a similiar manner removed—the same end being gained, as the pollen cannot now, even if it falls upon the style, accomplish its object. Geraniums, having been thus treated, will preserve all their freshness sometimes for upwards of a week or ten days; and in their case, as the stamina and anthers are very pretty objects, it is better to remove the style of the flower entirely—none but the eye of a botanist could detect the amputation. This singular fact is not new. Sir James Smith, in the middle of the last century, discovered it; but it is not as generally known as it ought to be.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A French paper says, Lucilla Romee, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly, but neatly clothed, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under a charge of vagrancy. 'Does any one claim you?' said the magistrate. 'Ah! my good sir,' she replied, 'I have no longer any friends: my father and my mother are dead. I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. Oh dear! what could he do for me?' 'The court must send you to the house of correction.' 'Here I am, sister. Here I am: do not fear,' cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant a little boy, with a sprightly countenance, dressed in an elegant costume as a groom, started forth from the midst of the crowd, and stood before the magistrate. 'Who are you?' said he. 'James Romee, the brother of this poor little girl.' 'Your age?' 'Thirteen.' 'And what do you want?' 'I come to claim Lucilla.' 'But have you, then, the means of providing for her?' 'Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucilla.' Lucilla—'Oh! how good you are, James!' Magistrate to James—'But let us see, my boy: the court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. However, you must give us some explanation.' James—'About a fortnight ago my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan; and when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed, while I slept on the floor, wrapped up in my blouse. But it appeared the poor little thing had not enough to eat, for one day she, unfortunately, begged on the Boulevard. When I heard she was taken up, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so, you must find something better. I very much wished to become an artisan, but at length I decided to look for a place; and I have found a very good one, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a-month. I have also found a good woman who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucilla, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister.' Lucilla, clasping her hands, 'Oh how good you are, James!' Magistrate to James—'My boy, your conduct is very honourable. The court encourage you to persevere in this course, and you will prosper.' The court then decided to render up Lucilla to James; and she was going from the bar to join her brother, when the magistrate, smiling, said, 'You cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow.' James—'Never mind, Lucilla, I will come and fetch you early to-morrow.' To the magistrate—'I may kiss her, may I not, sir?' He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

PRIDE AND VANITY.

The *proud* man is penetrated with a sense of his superior merit, and, from the summit of his grandeur, treats all other mortals either with indifference or contempt. The *vain* man attaches the greatest importance to the opinions of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness. The *proud* man expects that his merit shall be sought out; the *vain* man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest honour. The *proud* man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute a source of happiness to the *vain* man. The *proud* man revolts at foolish eulogiums; the *vain* man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurdly and unskilfully administered.—*Dr Gall.*

TOMBSTONES.

A tombstone generally imparts full information upon two points respecting the deceased—namely, when he was born, and when he died. But the only knowledge at all desirable, is to learn what he *did* between the intervals specified.—*Hytche's Stray Thoughts.*

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YOUTH OF MODERN INFLUENCES.

The influences which are now chiefly concerned in producing changes in society—which, in fact, are creating its characteristic form and features—are all of a very youthful kind, and may be said to have been born in the present century. Strictly speaking, not one of them can be called *new*, for their elements, like the elements of everything else, have been in existence since the world began. It is of the discovery of their application by man that we now speak: their combination into forms that are useful to him; their regulation and direction so as to execute the purposes of his will; and of their active and conspicuous power in improving and advancing civilisation. By the very nature of things, it is impossible that society can, for an instant, stand still. Its progress is as irresistible as the progress of time itself. The means by which it is made to advance are constantly supplied, and when one series of influences has done its work, another has already come into activity. In the present century, many influences that ruled society in other days have lost their power, and agents of a younger and better kind have acquired a sway. Under these, things are daily changing; and society, from centre to circumference, is becoming renewed. The warlike and the destructive have given place to the peaceful and the preserving; the hissing of steam has been the unequivocal signal for many old evils to quit the sphere where they had acted too long.

Thirty years of peace have had a most extraordinary effect in developing the resources of this country. Those who lived before the memorable year 1815, can call up before their mind's eye a striking picture of two phases of civilisation—military glory, with its usual attendants, death, misery, and enormous national expense, on the one side; and 'quiet, gentle peace,' with advancement in knowledge, discoveries in science, revelations of domestic evils, and earnest efforts to abolish them, on the other. Great Britain, indeed all Europe, on the 18th of June 1815,

> 'Laid down an old sad weary work,
> And took up a newer and a better.'

The intelligence of the battle of Waterloo had reached this country only for a few days, when an event occurred, so apparently trifling, as almost, amid the universal rejoicing, to escape notice. This was the appearance, for the first time (28th June 1815), of a steam-ship on the river Mersey. The vessel was built at Glasgow, and was intended to ply between Liverpool and Runcorn, a small port about eighteen miles up the river in the direction of Manchester. War had just marched out with military honours on Waterloo when this solitary steamer, the pioneer of peace, arrived with little pomp or honour in the Mersey. Exactly thirty years after this, the waters of the same river presented a sight which no man who saw the little Glasgow steamer paddle into it in 1815 would, in his wildest and most sanguine hopes, have predicted. On the 25th of July 1845, the Great Britain, the largest steamer now afloat, departed from Liverpool on her first voyage across the Atlantic. Thirty years before, a river voyage of thirty miles in a steamer had been considered a wondrous feat; now a sea voyage of three thousand is looked upon as a thing of course. One small steamer was then a surprising instance of human skill; now crowds of such vessels, large and small, on the Mersey, have become matters of every-day observation, and their absence would be a greater wonder than their presence.

Though it was not till 1815 that steamers were first introduced on the Mersey, yet they had, a few years before, been employed in America and on the Clyde. Not one, however, was brought into public use before the beginning of this century. In the year 1788, while the notables of France were assembled at Versailles, and that nation was on the threshold of its world-famed revolution, a revolution of a different kind, and destined to be more lasting and beneficial, was in preparation on a small piece of water called Dalswinton Loch, in the pleasure-ground of a gentleman in the south of Scotland. Three gentlemen,* one of them named Symington, were there and then trying to propel a pleasure-boat by means of a steam-engine. They succeeded; but the birthday of their invention had not yet come. The eyes of the world were directed to France, and few men even knew that such a place as Dalswinton Loch existed. A few years afterwards, a stranger from America, Fulton by name, 'a tall and slender, but well-formed man,' happened to be in Paris while Napoleon was meditating his invasion of England; and it is said that the American offered to build vessels which would carry the invading Frenchmen over to Sussex from Boulogne. He was allowed to make some experiments, which did not succeed. The Boulogne army never crossed the English Channel, but marched into the heart of Europe, to fight and gain the battles of Austerlitz and Jena. Fulton, however, crossed the Channel, and obtained from Symington, on the Forth and Clyde Canal, an explanation of his mode of propelling vessels. He then returned to his home in the new world; and while Napoleon was issuing his notorious Berlin decree, the first steamboat of Fulton was navigating the Hudson. In 1811, when

* Mr Miller of Dalswinton, who had experimented in a boat with hand-driven paddles; James Taylor, the preceptor of Mr Miller's sons, who had suggested the application of the steam-engine to this kind of navigation; —— Symington, a mechanist, who was called in to make and apply the engine, and who, about the same time, was experimenting upon a steam-carriage for common roads. Symington seems to have had the principal merit in keeping the project alive, till it was taken up by Bell and Fulton.

the 'Grand Army' of France was preparing to invade Russia, the first British steamboat was launched near Glasgow by Henry Bell; and while the old power of the sword was expiring in convulsions amid the Russian snows, the new power of steam was trying its youthful strength on the waters of the Clyde. The agents of civilisation 'have their exits and their entrances, and each one in its turn plays many parts.'

Since that time the progress of steam-navigation has been swift and sure. It has had the freest and fullest scope; for it has been fostered and promoted by a rapidly-growing intercourse between all the nations of the earth, and has been neither checked nor stayed by the evil spirit of war. In 1815, three steamers belonged to England, and in twenty years that number was increased to three hundred and forty-four. The Red Sea was navigated by steamers, bearing the Indian mails, in 1834; in 1838, the Atlantic was crossed for the first time by steam; in 1840 the line of mail steamers between England and America commenced to run; and in 1842, the steamer Forth, bearing the mails, departed for the first time from Southampton for the West Indies.

Railway travelling, which is one of the most important influences of the present day, is even younger than steam-navigation. During the last century several tramways were constructed, but they were all short lines, generally in the neighbourhood of coal-works, wrought by horses, and used only for the conveyance of minerals. The idea of using the power of steam to propel carriages was suggested by many scientific men. Symington constructed a model of a steam-carriage, which he exhibited in Edinburgh about the time that he was engaged in the experiment that led to the construction of steam-ships. But nothing of a practical or public kind was done until the year 1804, when Mr Trevithiek constructed a locomotive, which was made to run on a railway at Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales. In the same year Napoleon was invested with the imperial crown. It was not, however, till a quarter of a century had passed away that locomotives were extensively used on railways. The line between Liverpool and Manchester, the first of importance, was opened on the 15th of September 1830. The affairs of the world presented an appearance on that day very different from that which they wore when Trevithiek tried his locomotive in the principality of Wales. The Emperor of France had lost his crown and his empire, and had been lying for nine years in a quiet grave in a solitary island of the sea; the elder family of the Bourbons, who had succeeded him, had been deposed in the 'three days' of 1830; and Louis Philippe, once a schoolmaster, had been crowned king of the French. The reign of railways and that of the present French king commenced together, and both have been highly instrumental in preserving the peace of Europe.

The railway system may be said to be only now emerging from a state of infancy, and acquiring some definite form and character. The line between London and Birmingham, and by it to Liverpool, Manchester, and Preston, was fully opened in 1838; London and York were joined in 1839, and the communication was extended to Newcastle in 1843; London and Bristol were connected in 1841; Manchester was connected with Leeds in 1839; Dublin with Kingstown in 1834, and with Drogheda in 1843; Glasgow with Ayr in 1839, with Greenock in 1841, and with Edinburgh in 1842; Dundee with Arbroath in 1840; and Edinburgh with Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1846. The influence of railways, therefore, only commenced in the second quarter of this century; and though we have seen their influence productive already of many changes, yet it may be fairly expected that greater changes are yet to come—changes which shall carry society nearer and nearer to peace and order, and cause wars and tumults to exist only in the pages of past history.

The electric telegraph, which has already effected what ten years ago would have been ridiculed as impossible, was patented only in 1837, and was not introduced on railways until a few years after that time.

The influence which newspapers and other periodical literature are exerting on modern society is immense. Yet this, too, is newly born—is the creation almost of yesterday; an influence whose sphere has been enlarged, and whose power has been rendered quite gigantic under the kindly and protecting arm of peace. It is scarcely four centuries since the art of printing was introduced into the world, and only one century since the proceedings of parliament began to be reported in the newspapers. In 1790, Great Britain and Ireland possessed 146 newspapers; in 1821, the number had increased to 278; and in 1843, it was 453. The average increase from 1790 to 1821 was thus about nine papers in two years, while from 1821 to 1843 the increase was eight papers in one year, or nearly double the increase of the previous period. But not only had newspapers greatly increased in number, their individual circulation had likewise increased; for while in 1821 the number of stamps issued was 24,000,000, in the year ending 5th January 1843 the number was 60,000,000. Much of this increase must of course be ascribed to the reduction of the taxes on newspapers; the duty on each advertisement having been reduced, in June 1833, from three-and-sixpence to one-and-sixpence, and on each newspaper, in August 1836, from fourpence to one penny. All the newspapers and periodicals that are the most influential in the present day are young; indeed nearly all have been commenced within the memory of man. 'The leading journal of Europe' is now in its sixty-second year, and none of the other London daily papers is much older. The Edinburgh Review was commenced in the second year of the present century; and its great rival, the Quarterly, is seven years younger. The oldest periodical in Edinburgh, with the exception of the Review, was commenced in 1817. But it was not till 1826 that literature began to be really cheap and popular. The publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge were commenced about that time; and cheap volumes, issued at regular periods, on interesting subjects, became very common. Six years afterwards, the present Journal was started; other weekly periodicals of instruction and entertainment were commenced, and they have since multiplied in an extraordinary degree. Every year witnesses some effort of a more and more enterprising kind to diffuse knowledge at the cheapest conceivable rate among the great mass of the people. Indeed it may with truth be said that the present century found knowledge 'a sealed book, and changed it to an open letter;' found it the heritage of the rich, and made it the patrimony of the poor; found it confined to the few, and diffused it with no sparing hand among the many.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that, as time rolls on, the influence of this kind of literature will in aught diminish. The great results of our age are swiftness in communicating intelligence, and conveying merchandise and men; and periodicals are essentially the medium through which this intelligence is to be conveyed. Though the press were not linked with a stronger and a better power than even that of steam, yet the alliance with it would cause its influence to be increased both in intensity and extent. The oftener there is communication between two places, the oftener must the news of each place be published, and the greater the number of periodicals become. When the power of electricity is better known, and more extensively applied, may it not be expected that London papers, instead of being published daily, may ultimately be published almost hourly? A weekly newspaper, so far as its news are concerned, is now of little interest. It contains so much of what is called old, even though its intelligence may refer to events that occurred during the previous week, that a perusal of it does not occupy much time. Men now are laudably anxious to have their news, like their business-books, always 'up to date,' and to keep abreast with the intelligence of the day. To do this,

they must have newspapers. There are morning and evening newspapers in London already; why not have them at other periods of the day? Even at present, the second, third, and sometimes fourth editions of the daily papers show how impatient the public are for the smallest additional scrap of news. This eager thirst for early intelligence was unknown, or at least ungratified, in the beginning of the present century. The last thirty years have infused new life and vigour into all the relations of life, and we are now living under the rule of that young giant, who slept as long as war was thundering over the earth, but who woke up to activity as soon as that evil genius had departed.

When any country is engaged in foreign warfare, its internal condition is apt to be neglected. Many arrangements are thus allowed to be made, and systems to grow up, which prove highly injurious to the interests of society. So has it been with this country. While we were engaged in the late, and, it is to be hoped, the *last*, continental war, the ideas of public health, of narrow streets, of sewerage and ventilation, never seemed to cross the public mind. They were topics which were forgotten in others of a more exciting nature. But when peace came, and the eyes of men were turned in on their own domestic condition, many sad pictures were revealed, and many sources of misery and vice laid bare. The knowledge of an evil is said to be half its cure; but it was only a few years ago that we obtained an imperfect knowledge of the actual social condition of our own country; and even now our information is far from being complete. The science of statistics was in Great Britain most unaccountably neglected until the beginning of the present century. No exact statement of the number of inhabitants existed until the first census was taken in 1801; and it was not until 1838 that public attention was directed, by the reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to the sanitary condition of the people. The reports of the Registrar-General of England and Wales, on which many calculations respecting public health have been founded, were first commenced in 1839; and the Health of Towns Commissioners were appointed so recently as May 1843, and their first report was published in 1844. There are few subjects which are exerting so great and growing an influence on the public mind as this of the health of towns, and yet it is one quite new, and respecting which investigation has just begun. It is, literally speaking, a question of life and death, of sickness and health; and all, or nearly all, the statistical information that we possess regarding it is the result of the labours of the last ten years.

If we look at various other influences of the present age, we shall find them all of the same youthful character. Gas-light was used by Murdock at Redruth, in Cornwall, in 1792; but the minds of men were then getting into a ferment on other subjects. The war commenced next year, and see how languidly, during its course, proceeded the introduction of this means of lighting! It cannot be said to have attracted public notice till 1802, when the newspapers told how the manufactory of Bolton and Watt, at Birmingham, had been lighted by it on the occasion of the rejoicing for the peace. War recommenced, and gas was not tried in a public street till 1806, when Pall-Mall was lighted with it. In 1810 the first London gas-light company obtained an act of incorporation, which, strangely enough, bound them to light the streets at a cheaper rate than on the old plan of oil, but prohibited them from supplying houses. The subject of education, which is of the most vital importance in every state, was brought forcibly under the notice of the public about twenty years ago. Mechanics' institutions date their origin from the year 1824; it was in January 1829 that the famous expression, 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' was first used by Lord Brougham; and in 1834 the first government grant in favour of education was made. The sun has been our portrait-painter only about six years; and the penny-postage system, whose influence on society has been so great, has not yet completed the first seven years of its existence.

These examples will be sufficient to indicate the youthful nature of the influences that are giving a form and character to modern civilisation. Their effects have hitherto been great and beneficial, and as their youth has exhibited such strength, what may we not expect from them when the period of their full development shall have come?

A STORY OF A GARMENT.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAD just finished a continental ramble, and found myself at Rotterdam, with the intention of taking steam for London the next morning. There were only two other travellers at the table d'hôte, and with these gentlemen it was necessary to spend a long evening, as it rained in torrents out of doors. One was an Englishman, and one a Hollander, and both as unpromising subjects as could well be imagined. The former was a man of middle age, very tall, very stiff, very solemn, and very silent; while the latter, who might have been ten years younger, was the conventional Dutchman of the stage and the story-books, with a most respectable corporeity, and a face empty of everything but a kind of grave and lazy good-humour. These two, it appeared, had been fellow-travellers, and had been jumbled, accordingly, into social sympathy; although the fact was indicated more by looks than words, the only conversation that passed between them being an occasional remark in his own language from the Englishman, to which the other responded 'Ya, ya—humph!'

Slightly at a loss to commence a conversation, I drew a pair of old gloves from my pocket, and ventured the observation that they had, a day or two before, been a source of trouble to me; that, in fact, I had been unable to get quit of them. On leaving my hotel in the morning, in order to proceed on my journey, I had thrown them behind a chest of drawers, in the hope that, before they were discovered, the arrival of some other guest would relieve me from the stigma of being set down as the owner of such property. But here I reckoned without my host, or rather without my chambermaid; for the girl, in her excessive honesty, pounced upon them the moment my back was turned, and sent them after me by express! I had got off more than two miles, and when we were at length stopped by the broken-winded shouts of the pursuer, the last thing on earth I should have expected to see was the miserable gloves. I was at first disposed, by way of a joke, to present them to the fellow for his trouble; but the laugh of my companions was hopelessly strong against me, and, pocketing the precious articles as relics, I rewarded their preserver with a franc.

'What think you of them, gentlemen?' said I with a social laugh, as I threw down the gloves upon the table when I had finished my story. The middle-aged gentleman looked at them askance for some time, with a grave, and, as I thought, even stern air; he at length extended his hand slowly towards them, took them up, turned them over and over, examined them attentively, and then laying them down again deliberately, looked at me, and shook his head. The honest face of the Dutchman seemed at first to be more capable of reflecting the merriment of mine; indeed his heavy muscles appeared to be actually toiling into a smile; but before the process could be finished, he caught the expression of his friend, when his own subsided into stagnation as before, and he sat for some time eyeing me like a bullock. I began to think I had got into strange company.

'You think you have met with a misfortune,' said the middle-aged gentleman at length, in a voice of solemn bitterness. 'You flatter yourself you are to be pitied. But, after all, of what a trifling matter have you to complain. Listen to my story. Sir, we are now in the very town where, twelve months ago, a case pre-

cisely similar to the one you have described was followed by results which would make the hair of the world stand on end!' After this startling announcement he wiped his clammy brow, and seemed to gulp down some terrible reminiscences.

'Were they gloves?' said I after a time, trying to lead him on.

'No, sir, they were not gloves. Have gloves alone the faculty of wearing themselves out? It was a garment, sir—and a very important garment too!'—and turning to his friend, he repeated the words resolutely—'It was a garment, I say!'

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'It was at Venice my misgivings commenced,' he continued, 'as I was stepping into a gondola; and there I had abundant opportunity of obtaining what was necessary. But it was not to be. Like all travellers who know the world, I was provided with needle and thread; and the down cushions and tranquil waters of the defunct city deluded me into a fatal security. At Padua, my first halt, there was no light to purchase in the cloistered streets, for my eyes are not good; and at Verona, I was occupied in the contemplation of the tomb of Juliet.'

'The tomb of Fudge!' interrupted I, willing to show that I too had travelled.

'Be it so,' said he with dignity; 'if Fudge were associated with woman's loveliness and truth, the tomb of Fudge would answer the pilgrim's purpose as well as that of Juliet. It is an idea we worship at Verona, and I want no human dust, no relic, to fix my devotion.'

'But touching the article?'

'Sir, it was impossible. I could not have done such a thing there. I did not foresee,' continued he hesitatingly, 'when I commenced this narrative, that it would be necessary to disclose the object of my rapid journey. But, in few words, gentlemen, there was a lady whom I expected to meet in this town of Rotterdam on her return from a tour, during the continuance of which, circumstances rendered it improper for me to join her. Now this lady'—here the middle-aged gentleman blushed like a girl, as with one long inspiration he drank off a full glass of wine—'now this Juliet—gentlemen, I ask you to tell me, I put it to you as men to say, whether it would have been decorous? You, sir,' turning beseechingly to his friend, whom his emotion seemed to puzzle; 'am I right?'

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'At Milan I made no stay; and when I left the plains of Italy, and began to ascend the Alps, my uneasiness became extreme. The carriages on a good part of the Simplon route have only one bench, the travellers sitting side by side, and looking out at the opposite window. It is a horrible contrivance, for the jolting occasioned by the want of an equipoise is most dangerous to one's garments. I now abandoned all hope of relief before reaching Paris; and I leave you to guess in what condition, after traversing the Alps, the valley of the Rhone, the Pays de Vaud, and the greater part of France, I arrived at the great capital. In fact I had abandoned the needle and thread in despair, for the stuff and substance of the garment were in such a state of dilapidation as to afford no hold.'

'In Paris, at least, your miseries would end?' said I, wondering where this yarn was to terminate. 'Hey, mynheer?' I added, turning companionably to that great shining face, the eyes of which were fixed upon the story-teller with intense dulness.

'Ya, ya—humph!' replied the Dutchman.

'In Paris,' went on the middle-aged gentleman, 'my miseries did not end; but how or why they did not, must ever remain one of the mysteries of our nature. I devoted the single forenoon I was able to spend there to that sole purpose. I traversed the streets not only with stern resolution, but with a burning indignation against myself for having suffered myself so long to be worn by a garment. I looked into shop after shop, but, deluded by the apparently interminable number, always passed on in quest of one more suitable. The obstacle, generally, was the presence of women behind the counter; the men, I presume, being as usual engaged in playing billiards, or drinking sugar and water in the café. At length, when my time was just up, I rushed into a warehouse in the Galerie Vivienne, where the master appeared to be alone, and with some difficulty—for I am not a proficient in foreign languages—explained my case to him. He would insist upon measuring me before giving himself the trouble of looking for the article I wanted; and, terrible as the idea was in my then condition, I was absolutely on the point of yielding, when, on turning my head accidentally, there was madame, his lady, behind me, knitting away with astonishing composure, and, as usual, sitting on the counter beside her, a great Siberian cat, which had every appearance of being likewise a female! Gentlemen, I quitted the shop instantaneously, and without an effort on their part to detain me. Among the more civilised English this could not have happened. In London, I should have been compelled, to my own good, but that Frenchman had the incivility to suffer me to depart.

'Mortified, stricken, and depressed, I found myself rattling over the inconsiderate stones for Brussels. I never left my seat when I could avoid it, and for good reason. How much do I owe to the companionable qualities of my excellent friend here! Ha, mynheer!'

The good Dutchman acknowledged the compliment with absolute animation.

'You think I had any eye to Brussels? Gentlemen, you do me injustice; my resolution was taken. I worried myself no more about new garments during the journey. My thoughts brooded over my own till our arrival at Rotterdam; and here, in this very house, I at length effected my deliverance.'

'Heaven be praised for it!' exclaimed I; 'I thought you were going to tell us that you wore the—habiliment—to this minute, and that, like Mr Von Wodenblok with his mechanical leg, you expected to do so when you became a skeleton.'

'Oh that such were the case! Oh that I could, as easily as you have laid upon the table your old gloves, exhibit to the company my dilapidated garment! But I will not anticipate. I passed the whole day in walking rapidly through the streets; going up three or four steps at once; striding over the chains that connect the posts; convincing myself and the whole population, by a thousand experiments, that I was no longer afraid. But something remained to be done. The distressing sense of fragility was past which had made me feel as if I was walking on ice and sitting on thorns; but the incubus, dislodged from its seat, still remained, in body and substance, in my carpet-bag. I cannot tell you with what insane hatred I looked on it as I took it out; with what fiend-like triumph I exaggerated its rents, and poked my fingers through its decayed fabric! To leave the miserable remnant in a house where I was known was impossible; but all things seemed easy in my new elasticity of mind and body; and, making it up in a brown paper parcel, I went forth for the purpose of dropping it somewhere. The chambermaid eyed it strangely as I passed her on the stair; and when I got into the hall, the boots would insist upon carrying it for me. Even in the street it seemed an object of curiosity to the passers-by, who perhaps recognised me as the tall gentleman who had exhibited so many feats of agility in the forenoon. I walked through the whole town before finding an opportunity of putting my design in execution; but at length, allowing it suddenly to slip from my arm, I turned a corner sharply, and fancied I was safe.

'In London,' continued the middle-aged gentleman, 'this would really have been the case; the parcel would have disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and would never more have been heard of, unless a reward had been offered in the newspapers. But this wouldn't do in Holland. A score of voices called out to me, no doubt, that I had lost something; and a running pro-

cession of six or eight of the inhabitants restored to me the precious property. In deep shame, I took my road again to the inn, though not without forming a resolution by the way; in pursuance of which I clutched up a large stone in passing, and forced it into my pocket. My purpose was to ballast the parcel with the stone, and, under cover of the evening, to throw it into the canal.

'When the evening came, I went forth on this errand with less courage than on the former occasion. My disappointment may have had some effect in depressing me, but the associations of secrecy and darkness likewise pressed upon my mind. I felt as if I were engaged in a criminal action; and, when threading the water streets of Rotterdam, which were now almost deserted, I started every now and then at the appearance of a watchman, as if I had seen a ghost. Nay, I fancied at last that my heels were dogged by the police, and that the watchmen I met were one and the same individual. In vain I argued with myself that the penalties of law did not attach to the making away with an obsolete garment: the hour, the darkness, the stealthiness of my step, bore witness against me; and when at length, finding what seemed a suitable opportunity, I knelt by the side of the canal near one of the bridges, it was with an unsteady hand I dropped the parcel into the water, and with a quaking heart heard the plash with which it disappeared in its depths.

'Now, thought I, that pest of a parcel is fairly done for. Never more shall I be plagued with its odious presence! The idea of relief, however, had been scarcely formed, ere I was in the gripe of a watchman; in another instant I was handcuffed; and before I could rally my thoughts sufficiently to comprehend what had happened, I was in the office of police. From a few words of English spoken by some of the crowd, I learned the nature of the accusation against me; and after a brief examination, I was locked up in the prison cell of the place, on a charge—yes, gentlemen, on a charge of infanticide! It was a baby, it seems, I had made away with, and not an old garment. I had been observed prowling about with the awful burden at an early hour; I had dropped it purposely in the street, and had exhibited signs of terror and confusion when it was restored to me; and the party who picked it up, could undertake to swear that it had the feel of an infantine corpse. If you add to this the fact, that when the evening closed in I was seen with it again, traversing alone the most unfrequented parts of the canal, and at length dropping it secretly into the sullen waters, you have an irresistible body of circumstantial evidence against me. My brain wandered; and when sitting in that lonely cell, with no other light than that of the dull sky seen through the iron grating, I believed myself for a time the guilty wretch they so clearly made me out to be. I wished for morning, that I might be taken before the magistrate and confess the murder! The constables opened the door every now and then to see that I was not laying violent hands upon myself. Perhaps they were right; perhaps they were wrong. It was as well. It did no harm.

'But even when this nervous feeling subsided, my mind was little easier, for imaginary horrors gave way to real ones. Rotterdam was a large town, and far from innocent of the crime of child-murder; and the part of the canal I had selected for my misdeed was the most eligible spot it afforded for getting rid of any evidence of guilt. The canal must be dragged in the morning; they could not condemn me to the scaffold without that preliminary; but was it impossible, was it improbable, that the corpse of an infant might be found in the same locality with my garment?

'The morning at length came, and all Rotterdam rung with the crime that had been perpetrated the night before. The avenues of the place of justice were crowded from an early hour; and among the persons who obtained admission into the court, were the guests of this hotel, including one who had just arrived—the lady I have already alluded to. This last circumstance I was not aware of till I had entered the dock, and it gave a desperate calmness to my feelings; for now, even if both bundles should be fished out of the canal, it seemed to me of very little importance which I should acknowledge, the corpse or the—garment. The evidence, however, was gone through, and my guilt became more and more manifest, till at length it was announced that the body had been found, and was now about to be produced in court.

'Gentlemen, in union with keen sensibilities I possess nerves of iron, and I did not faint. Owing to the shortness of my sight, I could not discern the nature of the bundle now brought forward; but when asked, through the interpreter, whether I acknowledged it to be the one I had sunk in the canal, I replied, with frightful calmness, that I did, profoundly indifferent as to whether or not the confession would conduct me to the scaffold. The next moment the contents were held up before the court—the old, miserable, bygone, obsolete, defunct, tattered, mud-stained nether garment—and as a wild guffaw, mingled with shrill shrieks of female laughter, shook the ceiling, I lost recollection.'

At this conclusion, so far from being able to keep my countenance, I could hardly keep my seat; and at the insult, the middle-aged gentleman started up, and expanding to his full height, seemed to be looking round for a victim. Fortunately his eyes rested at the moment upon my old gloves, and snatching them up, he tore them finger from finger, flung them violently into the fire, and strode out of the room.

'What!' exclaimed the Hollander in his own language, as he rose to follow our friend; 'what is the matter? What did he tear your gloves for? What has he been talking so long about?'

'What!' said I, staring at the new original, 'do you not understand English?'

'English! Certainly not—no more than he understands Dutch!'

THE MOUNTS AT DUNIPACE.

The Carron Water, in Stirlingshire, enjoys some celebrity, partly historical, partly poetical, partly on account of the great iron works established seventy years ago upon its banks. The lover of our old ballads reverts to the allusion in *Gil Morrice* (on which the tragedy of Douglas was founded) as to the

> ——'lady gay
> Who dwelt on Carron side.'

The student of modern poetry thinks of Langhorne's dulcet narrative of the same series of events in *Owen of Carron*.

> 'On Carron's side the primrose pale,
> Why does it wear a purple hue?
> Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
> Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?
>
> 'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
> That purple grows the primrose pale;
> That pity pours the tender flood
> From each fair eye in Marlivale.'

The antiquary, again, remembers the curious structure called *Arthur's Oven*, which attracted attention near the Carron, as a temple either of the Romans, or of the aborigines, until an honest gentleman—Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse—demolished it in order to repair a mill-dam. But chiefly he thinks of the two mounts at Dunipace, hitherto supposed by Scottish historians to be the monuments of a peace concluded by the natives with the Romans, of whose power these objects were supposed to mark the utmost boundaries to the north.

The ballad allusions may be allowed to pass. The ancient temple was a genuine curiosity, probably a specimen of Celtic architecture, and not less than fifteen hundred years old. Nor can there be any doubt that the Roman power terminated about this place, for the wall built by them to keep out the Picts ran only two or three miles to the south, near Falkirk. But as to

and other churches, which would occupy some days; but circumstances would not allow us to join any of them, and so, full of the enjoyment we had had, we sailed back to London.

RESISTANCE TO GREAT TRUTHS.

BELL AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE present paper refers to facts belonging to the current century, within the cognisance of the existing generation; when, in the greater progress and experience of society, we might naturally look for tolerance, if not for assent. But the result of our investigation is by no means encouraging; the unwilling tardiness with which the world receives a new principle becomes painfully apparent. We find the motives which actuated the resistance to Harvey's doctrine in the days of the first Charles still vigorous in the reign of Victoria. Whatever progress the world may have made in wisdom, it has not yet become exemplary in candour, or the virtue which shrinks from wrong:

> 'The man who shows his heart
> Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.'

In no instance has error proved more perverse or detrimental than in relation to the nervous system—that which gives man his finish, and stamps him as lord of the animal kingdom. It was very early discovered that the brain and *thought* were in some way connected. Herophilus, who lived in Egypt during the reign of the first Ptolemy, was the original discoverer of the connexion between the nerves and the brain, and taught that the former were subject to the will. Dissections of the brain were made three thousand years ago by Democritus, Anaxagoras, and others; but as the learned men of that day knew nothing of inductive philosophy, they arrived only at barren conclusions. Erasistratus believed the brain to be the source of the nerves of sensation, and its membranes of those of motion. Hippocrates confounds nerves, sinews, and ligaments all under the specific term *neura*, some of which, he says, contract the limbs. According to Aristotle, the heart is the origin of the nerves; and yet, in another place, he calls them the 'canals of the brain.' Galen, who appears to have been the most accurate observer among ancient physicians, showed that every muscle was a bundle of nerves and sinews; and tracing them into the viscera, placed the seat of love in the liver, while the heart was the habitation of the angry and courageous emotions. During the reign of the Emperor Trajan, Rufus, a physician, classed the nerves under two divisions—sensitive and motive—but made no distinction between nerves and muscles. Vesalius supposed the 'vital spirits' to be generated in the brain, from whence, by means of the spinal marrow, they ran to all the nerves of the body. But there was nothing clear or definite in the whole accumulated mass of observations. Some described the nervous fluid as an invisible medium, flowing backwards and forwards through minute tubes; others maintained its resemblance to the purer part of white of egg; according to a third party, it was an acid; and to come down nearer to our own times, it was insisted, and even Newton approved the theory, that the mysterious agent was *ether*.

The immediate successors of the theorists here quoted did but little towards reducing the complex doctrine to anything like order. Haller, so justly celebrated for his important contributions to physiological science, bewildered himself among vague hypotheses, which led him to the conclusion that the nerves of motion were also those of sensation. Scarpa and Willis made drawings of the nervous system as distributed through the human body. According to the latter, the brain was the sole laboratory of the subtle spirit transmitted by the nerves. Johnstone, an English physician, asserted that 'ganglions* were for the purpose of cutting off sensation.' Monro maintained the contrary of this assertion. Soemmering taught that several small nerves performed only the office of one larger; and, in support of his opinion, contended that the three nerves going to the tongue were to be regarded but as one of greater size.

It is thus apparent that our acquaintance with the nervous system dates from a very early period; but we look in vain for arrangement or order. Many had treated on the subject in their writings with more or less of inconclusiveness and absurdity; not a few arrogantly declared the arrangement could be no other than as laid down by themselves. Galen justly rebuked these bold speculators who claimed omniscience for human reason. 'My own work,' he tells us, 'I regard as a religious hymn in honour of the Creator.' At the beginning of the present century, the greatest indifference prevailed with regard to the study of the nerves: the hypotheses of the ancients, as we have shown, were supposed to have exhausted a question which was left unchallenged and neglected. Nothing had been done to combine the information then extant, and reduce it to a system. Many rejected the nervous system altogether in their investigations, as an irregular branch of physiological heterodoxy; and rested content in the belief of tubular nerves, filled with a vital fluid, and diverging from the brain as a common sensorium.

Such was the state of scientific knowledge of this interesting subject, when, in the year 1821, Mr, afterwards Sir Charles Bell, commenced the publication of a series of highly important and valuable papers, in which he took an entirely new view of the nerves of the human body, and demonstrated that, amid all their apparent intricacy and confusion, law and order were to be discovered. He instituted comparisons with the lower order of animals: the simplest in form, though devoid of visible nerves, were, however, acted upon by some nervous matter; those of the next class above possessed a ganglion with a single nerve, growing more and more complex as the higher degrees of the scale were reached. Some of the insect tribe were found to undergo a remarkable change: with the development of wings they acquired an entirely new nervous system. By dint of persevering application, the high-minded anatomist succeeded, to use his own words, in showing the nervous system 'as plainly set forth as if it were written in our mother tongue. . . . I had recourse to their origins to find out their uses; I first took a view of the spinal nerves in all their course, and observed their exact resemblance to each other in every particular. I then, by experiment, proved that their roots had different powers, and that they really were what their anatomy had indicated to me—double nerves.'

Simple as it may appear, in thus determining the different powers of the roots of the nerves, consists the whole point and value of the discovery. The old opinion, that a fluid travelled backwards and forwards along the same nerve, was at once superseded, as well as that which made the impression transmitted dependent on the structure of the nerve. A difference of function, as well as of structure, was shown to exist between the cerebrum and the cerebellum, or the greater and lesser brain; the continuation of the former constituting the anterior portion of the spinal marrow, and the combination of the latter the posterior portion. The spinal nerves, thirty on each side, regular in their origin and distribution, were seen to be provided with two roots, arising one from each division of the spinal marrow. It will thus be clear that the root departing from the anterior portion would convey impressions from the cerebrum, and those on the posterior portion from the cerebellum. The former, as is now generally known, contains the organs of perception, volition, and memory; the latter, those of motion. And it was ascertained that one set of the roots might be divided with the knife, without producing any effect on the muscles; but that, on touching the other set in the slightest degree with a sharp point, the muscles were immediately convulsed.

* Small knots of nervous substance.

It was further proved that the nerves met with in different parts of the body are not single threads, but bundles of nerves; all possessing different powers, united merely for convenience of distribution, each carrying on its own functions undisturbed by the others with which it is so intimately bound up in a common sheath.

The origin of the respiratory nerves, traced to a lateral division of the spinal marrow, was shown to render them independent of the will—a wise and wonderful arrangement, without which neither men nor animals would be able to breathe during sleep, and which makes it possible for breathing to go on, as frequently happens, when consciousness is destroyed by accident or injury. The combinations between different sets of nerves were also clearly demonstrated, explaining the harmony of motion maintained over the whole body: any interruption between these combinations produces distortion and unequal movement, as shown by the application of galvanism to the body after death. And in addition to the attributes of sensation and motion, common to all animals, the nerves of the human subject were shown to possess still higher endowments: they assist in language, in the interchange of thought and sentiment; they regulate the play of the features, and make expression and emotion eloquent.

Thus, by the persevering labours of one individual, the mystery of ages was cleared up, and a key furnished to the bewildering maze in which so many had been baffled, and compelled to abandon their task in despair. Brief and imperfect as the above outline of the inestimable discovery must necessarily be, it will yet suffice as an illustration of the energy of truth. This is a case which clearly demonstrates the high value of the Baconian philosophy; in which analogy and induction, patiently and cautiously followed up, led to clear and irresistible results. The subject had occupied the mind of Sir Charles Bell for nearly forty years, when, in 1840, he laid his last paper before the Royal Society. The earliest glimpse of the views, afterwards so fully established, is to be found in a small work, 'The Anatomy of Expression in Painting,' published by him in 1806, where he remarks, 'If we had but a perfect knowledge of the functions of the nerves, they would, on all occasions, inform us of the cause of those actions which now appear to us so inexplicable.' From this point he went on with unremitting labour and diligence until the phenomena of the nervous system were fully discussed and explained. But no sooner were his papers published, than attempts were made, both in this country and on the continent, to deprive him of the honour and reputation which, as their author, he so highly merited. In the calm and temperate language of an investigator of truth, he observes—'From the indifference so long evinced to such investigations before these communications to the Royal Society, I conceived that I should have been permitted in a slow, temperate, and scientific manner to have stated the whole of my observations to that learned body.' His expectation, however, was not realised; opponents arose, arrogant and clamorous in their assertions, claiming discoveries, and anticipating conclusions, while yet ignorant of the entire subject. The former confusion was made still more difficult and obscure; functions were attributed to the nerves which they never possessed; the fifth nerve, on which Sir Charles had bestowed particular attention, was said to be 'the nerve of all the senses.' One critic averred that his observations were identical with those of Galen; and yet, as we have seen, Galen believed each nerve endowed with the two properties of sensation and motion. The fatal consequences of dividing the sensitive nerves in some painful complaints, demonstrated by the eminent discoverer, were treated with ridicule; and some of his enemies, by way of refuting his system, continued to divide the nerves in all cases of facial disorder that came before them. Magendie, an eminent French physiologist, claimed priority of discovery, and found many partisans in England. He visited London, and, in one of the anatomical theatres of the metropolis, made some showy experiments, by which he endeavoured to establish his claim and controvert the British anatomist's conclusions. We have seen how Harvey's practice was injured by his discovery, and how he was derided by many of the learned of his time. As regards practice, Sir Charles Bell had the same story to tell: he has left it on record that, after every step in his discovery, he was obliged to work harder than ever to preserve his reputation as a practitioner.

A comparison of the past with the present enables us to judge of the actual progress made by society: notwithstanding the reluctance generally felt by the world to confess it may have been in error, a gratifying characteristic of the present day is a certain disposition at times to look at a new fact or theory for a space, before overwhelming it with scorn, and its promoters with obloquy. In spite of the opposition offered to Sir Charles Bell's views, they eventually met with the approval of candid minds. Sir Astley Cooper was one of the first to acknowledge their value and importance; and the celebrated Cuvier, when on his deathbed, finding his face distorted and drawn to one side, pointed it out to his attendants as a proof of the discoverer's correctness.

Sir Charles Bell frankly admitted the weak points in his system, but, confident in his principles, observed that time would reconcile the discrepancies. 'Facts,' he said, 'have been denied with a heat and pertinacity which I can never understand.' And in the preface to his 'Nervous System,' published in 1830, he writes with the truth and dignity of a philosopher: 'Whatever may be thought of the reasoning pursued in this volume, the facts admit of no contradiction; and perhaps, hereafter, curiosity may be excited to know in what manner they were first received. The gratification in the inquiry has been very great; the reception by the profession has been the reverse of what I expected. The early announcement of my occupations failed to draw one encouraging sentence from medical men. When the publication of these papers by the Royal Society made it impossible to overlook them altogether, the interest they excited drew countenance on those who opposed them, or who pretended to have anticipated them. To myself this has ceased to be of any consequence; but I confess I regret to leave those young men who have honourably and zealously assisted me in these inquiries, in the delusive hope of labouring to the gratification of their own profession. The pleasure arising from the pursuit of natural knowledge, and the society of men of science, must be their sufficient reward.'

Sir Charles Bell was the son of a Scottish clergyman, and born at Edinburgh in 1778. He was not 'overlooked.' In addition to the esteem of those whose character made their esteem valuable, he received the honour of knighthood from William IV.—a knighthood rendered more illustrious by the scientific names in whose company he received the honour—those of Herschel, Ivory, and Brewster. He likewise obtained the highest reward at the disposal of the Royal Society, of which body he was a Fellow—a royal medal. He is also well known as author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises on the Hand, which does equal credit to his science and his principles. He died in Worcestershire in 1842, 'distinguished in private life by suavity and simplicity of manners, elegant tastes, and domestic virtues.'

IMPROVED HATCHING APPARATUS.

It has been generally supposed that heat is all that is necessary to incubation, and that placing eggs in an oven which could be kept heated at a moderate and even temperature, eggs might be hatched to any extent. This was the plan adopted at the Eccaleobion, exhibited in London some few years since, but which, from the uncertainty of its operations, and the small per centage of chickens hatched to the number of eggs destroyed, rendered the machine useless, except as a mere exhibition. Many men of science and writers of books have also stated, for years past, that they have succeeded in hatching by artificial means; but

estate in Yorkshire, and Thomas was born at Stockton-upon-Tees in 1761. When he was eight years old, his mother was left a widow with seven children. The craving for a seafaring life sometimes appears hereditary: the father had been possessed by it, but resisted it: the eldest son, contrary to his parents' wishes, had entered on the merchant service, but died just as he had attained to manhood. Thomas, the surviving son, was intreated by his mother to conquer his natural inclination for the same employment, and he accordingly engaged in trade. When he was twenty-one years of age, he found that his desire for an active life, so far from abating, had increased, and he wrote an affectionate and respectful letter to his mother, urging her to accord with his wishes. He declares that, unless he had her permission to change his occupation, he must inevitably be miserable; for he could never harbour the idea of doing it without her consent, after the numberless proofs he had of her affection; whilst he was convinced that he could never succeed in a line of life which was contrary to his natural genius. He had shown his honourable and disinterested spirit by giving up, for the benefit of his sisters, the greater part of some property which he inherited; and she could not resist these appeals, which were evidently the result of strong and settled conviction.

His first long voyage was as mate on board a transport vessel bound to the West Indies. He felt it a great advantage that he had not gone to sea till his religious principles were formed, as the vices and obscenities which he saw practised without control had an obvious tendency to seduce the young who were exposed to them. He thus describes his mode of life on board the vessel:—'In regard to working the ship, &c. I take my part the same as the lowest seaman on board, and go aloft and take the helm in every respect the same; not that I am obliged to do it, but it is absolutely necessary towards attaining a knowledge of practical seamanship. Of the theoretical part I know as much, if not more, than most masters of ships in this line. When there is little to do, I am very happy in having two or three hours every day, which I can employ in studying and in reading; and am fortunate in having a tolerable supply of books. I have spent most of my vacant time in the study of astronomy and the higher parts of mathematics, and for relaxation I have Telemaque and Young's Night Thoughts. In short, my time is not the least burdensome, and would be very pleasant had I one agreeable companion; but I am sorry to say the greater part of those who follow a seafaring life are of such a turn of mind, that no person of good sense can derive either instruction or entertainment from their company.' Though his natural refinement, and the intellectual cultivation which he had received, prevented him from feeling much pleasure in intercourse with his fellow-sailors, he did not affect any invidious superiority. A young man about his own age was attacked by the fever, and he nursed him most sedulously, though the office was dangerous as well as loathsome. He caught the disease; but it passed over him lightly. He had the satisfaction of finding 'that his willingness to share in labours which he was not bound to undergo, his readiness to perform any office of kindness, and especially his fearless and humane attention to the sick, his forbearing to swear, and his uniform Christian and virtuous conduct, obtained for him the friendship and affection of every one with whom he was connected.'

During the next four years he made only one other voyage, spending most of his time at his mother's quiet home at Kirkleatham, where 'he was occupied partly in agricultural pursuits, but chiefly in a diligent application to the study of mathematics, navigation, and mechanics, with the view of still more perfectly qualifying himself for the naval service, to which he constantly and ardently aspired, though with faint hope of obtaining the object of his ambition, through want of patronage. It fortunately happened that at this period he became acquainted with an estimable young man of the name of Mottley, a lieutenant of marines, who was then visiting some relations in the neighbourhood of Kirkleatham. Throughout life, Mr Thrush appears scarcely ever to have formed an acquaintance without at the same time gaining a friend. So it certainly was in this case.' Lieutenant Mottley introduced him to Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brunton, who procured for him the appointment of master's mate on board a sloop of war. He was now twenty-six years of age, and ten years more elapsed before he was made a midshipman. He was shortly after promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1799 he served as lieutenant on board the Sans Pariel, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour, which was ordered to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica station. 'While on this station, a circumstance occurred which proved the value of the knowledge he had acquired of mechanical science. A vessel of considerable size had, by some accident, been sunk in the mouth of the harbour of Port Royal, where it became so deeply imbedded in the sand, that it was thought impossible to raise it, and that the only means of removing this dangerous obstruction was to break it in pieces. This appeared to Mr Thrush not necessary; and, on condition that the work should be intrusted to his sole direction, and sufficient assistance afforded him, he undertook to raise the vessel entire. At the end of three days, with the aid of two hundred men and a proper apparatus, he had the satisfaction of seeing the work successfully accomplished. This established his reputation among his brother officers, and recommended him still more strongly to the noble admiral, who appointed him his first lieutenant.' With him and his lady Lieutenant Thrush resided when on shore, and received from both many marks of esteem and friendship. Lady Seymour shortly after returned to England, where she died; and her noble husband did not long survive her. His body was 'deposited in a series of coffins, most effectually secured, so as to preclude all danger of infection,' and placed on board a small armed schooner, the Sting, under the command of Lieutenant Thrush, to be conveyed to England for sepulture. The service was attended with considerable danger, from the enemy's cruisers. His vessel, however, arrived safely; and through the interest of the Marquis of Hertford, Lord H. Seymour's brother, he obtained the rank of commander. In 1803 he was appointed to command the sea fencibles, who were enrolled under the apprehension of an invasion. His district comprised the north coast of Yorkshire; and there he met with a very estimable lady, to whom he was married shortly after.

In 1809 he was promoted to the rank of post-captain. The yellow fever, however, was making dreadful havoc on board the frigate to which he was appointed. 'In this trying scene, the kind-hearted and judicious captain, besides the ordinary and arduous duties of his station, was constantly occupied in assisting the surgeon to administer relief to the sick, and in discharging the duties of a chaplain (there being no one on board), by imparting religious consolation to the dying, for which he was well qualified by the habitual piety of his mind; and in performing the last offices of religion to the dead when their bodies were committed to the deep. In this melancholy state of the ship's company, an extension of the cruise was resorted to, but for several weeks with very little success. At length he had the satisfaction of returning to head-quarters with his crew in a convalescent state.' His own health, however, was seriously impaired by his unceasing anxiety and unwearied exertions. He was attacked by the disease, and for many days his recovery appeared hopeless. He was at length partially restored; but was recommended to invalide, which he did in 1809, and never after engaged in service. Though he had been in the navy for more than twenty years, 'during the greater part of which the nation was in a state of war, he was never engaged in any distinguished action with the enemy, nor did he ever obtain more than a trifling share

of prize-money. This was a cause of regret to many of his friends, if not to himself; but it proved a source of consolation to him afterwards, when he calmly reviewed his life in the light of Christian truth, that he had not participated in the guilt of shedding human blood, or been enriched by the spoils of war.'

Had Captain Thrush died at this period, there would have been no occasion for our recording his life: and yet we should have admired his perseverance and zeal for self-improvement; his activity and spirit of enterprise, which, combined with valuable intellectual and moral qualities, raised him, in spite of the difficulties that beset his onset, to a high rank in his profession; and we might perhaps have been inclined to think that one who, by his judicious care, was the means of saving the lives of several British seamen, deserved as honourable a reputation as those who had caused the destruction of many foreigners. The most important event in his history was yet to come. He had for some time been dissatisfied with the theological opinions in which he had been educated; and it is characteristic of the man, that, when he entered on his sixtieth year, he applied himself to the study of the Greek language (of which he had only acquired the rudiments at school, and even these he had quite forgotten), that he might read the Testament in the original; which he afterwards made it his practice to do every morning. When searching the Scriptures for satisfaction on doctrinal matters, he was struck with the contrast between the precepts of Christ and the practice of Christians—especially as regards war. On studying the subject carefully, he came to the conclusion that war was a crime, and that he was not justified in continuing an officer. What was he to do? His half-pay formed nearly half of his limited income: his naval rank he had always highly prized, as the honourable reward of years of painful watching, labour, and exertion: it was not likely that he would be called on again to bear arms, and he was only receiving a remuneration for the services of the best part of his life—less, perhaps, than he might have acquired with the same effort in another profession: *he* was accustomed to hardships and privations; but he felt that he had no right to expose his wife to them without her consent. The unprecedented nature of the step he was about to take also seemed to demand deliberation; and, on his sixty-second birthday, he addressed a long and excellent letter to Mrs Thrush, stating his views, and his intention, if nothing altered them, to resign his commission at the end of three years. He declares that, if he found that a desire for fame or any other unworthy motive influenced him in his proposed step, he would retain his emoluments and honours to the last; but else, he felt it his duty to show his practical obedience to his great Master. For more than two years Mrs Thrush wrote no reply to his letter, hoping that time and silence would bury his purpose in oblivion. Finding him, however, immovable, she wept at what she regarded his unconquerable impenetrability, and then wisely resolved to hear his arguments. The result was, that she was completely convinced by them, and cordially aided him in making his great sacrifice. On his sixty-fifth birthday, 1825, 'he resigned his commission, and addressed "A Letter to the King," stating, in a respectful but firm manner, the ground on which he had adopted so unprecedented a measure.' Sixteen years afterwards, adverting to this letter, he thanked God 'that He endowed him with courage, with the moral courage, to write it. I use the word courage,' he adds, 'because I believe it required more courage to write that letter than to fight a battle.' He was aware that he should have many trials to undergo beside the loss of rank and income. 'He incurred the estrangement of those with whom he had long held delightful intercourse. . . . Not one word of approbation or encouragement did he receive from those who had been his warmest and most zealous friends during his professional life. They all forsook him; and all, without exception, fled from him as a senseless visionary and a dangerous schismatic.' But he had an ample reward in the esteem of many whose friendship compensated him for the desertion of others, in the sympathy of a beloved wife, and in the consciousness of having done what he deemed his duty.

Mr Thrush lived eighteen years after he had resigned his commission. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him at York, a city which he frequently visited. His body was crippled by chronic rheumatism, but his conversation showed the activity of his mind, and his manners were cheerful and amiable. He employed his old age in writing; giving to the world many productions which he thought calculated to promote the cause of truth. These he latterly printed himself, sitting in his arm-chair, with a press of his own construction, characterised by its cheapness and simplicity. He had it made by a joiner and blacksmith of the little town where he resided, at a cost of less than L.2. When eighty years of age, he published 'Last Thoughts of a Naval Officer on the Unlawfulness of War;' and in 1843, after an illness borne in a patient and filial spirit, he died at the age of eighty-two.

We think that, whatever may be the opinion of our readers as to the lawfulness of war, they cannot but admire the heroism of one who, already in the vale of years, could renounce the sources of earthly gratification in obedience to conscience. He is surely as much to be honoured as martyrs to mere doctrinal opinions. He did not appear buoyed up by self-applause, but always wished to regard what had been done as 'a simple act of duty, proceeding from a principle that ought to direct our every-day concerns.' His biography displays him as a high-minded but unassuming man—energetic, persevering, and resolute of purpose, cautious in the formation of his opinions, and fearless in the avowal of them; and uniting strong affections and a most disinterested spirit with a remarkable sweetness and serenity.

The question may to some suggest itself—Whether, if an *individual* did right in sacrificing half his income, and what the world deemed his honour, rather than remain an officer, a *nation* is justified in maintaining a war establishment merely from a dread of losing possessions or reputation? To such inquirers it may be satisfactory to know that Mr Thrush to the last felt himself amply recompensed for the step he had taken, and found that 'the path of duty is the best and surest to our temporal happiness.'

A SHOEMAKER'S NOTIONS OF THE FEET.

In going up Regent Street one day in summer, three years ago, in quest of a shoemaker, we had the good fortune—for good fortune it is—to fall in with exactly the kind of man we wanted: this was Mr James Sparkes Hall, a person who, to much sound sense on general subjects, unites the rare skill of supplying shoes so nice, easy, and pliant, that the feet, after years of torture, are very much surprised to find themselves unexpectedly in such an earthly paradise. On conversing with this clever member of the gentle craft, we learned that he was the inventor of the *paniscorium*—a material externally resembling leather, but possessing all the softness and pliancy of cloth. Pleased with the appearance of this novel fabric, we procured some articles made from it, and having tested them by long and diligent wear, called a short time ago at Regent Street to renew the supply. On this second occasion Mr Hall mentioned that he was engaged on a work on the feet, including a history of boots and shoes, such, he thought, being very desirable in the present state of knowledge on the subject. We thought so too. Mr Hall has accordingly brought out this production, the result, he says, of long professional study.

The 'Book of the Feet,'* as the author styles his

* The Book of the Feet; a History of Boots and Shoes, with Illustrations. By James Sparkes Hall, Patent Elastic Bootmaker to her Majesty, &c. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1846.

work, is a plainly but pleasingly written volume, and exhibits, within small compass, the various forms and phases which the coverings of the feet have assumed from the time of Egyptian sandals down to this current era of Wellingtons, Bluchers, Clarences, Cambridges, and Alberts. Of course much of this matter can be rendered intelligible only by the aid of engravings; but the reader may take our word for it, that in no department of dress has fashion more indulged her whims and caprices than in boots and shoes. At one time these were made so long in our own country, that Edward IV. had to enact sumptuary laws to restrain the length of toe to a couple of inches; at another, they were fashioned so broad, that Mary had to decree a statutory breadth of six inches: in the days of Venetian glory the ladies wore heels so high, that they could not walk unless between a couple of attendants; and at present, the shoes of the Chinese belles are so Lilliputian, that it has been gravely asserted that they have no feet at all. Nor are *we* yet without our fashionable absurdities: high heels and narrow soles are the bane of the living generation, creating pain and expense, and converting the free, elastic, natural gait of the 'human form divine' into a stilted and unseemly wriggle. Let us hear Mr Hall—and he is a practical authority—on this really humane and important subject.

'For upwards of twenty years, as a bootmaker, I have made the feet my study, and during that period many thousand pairs of feet have received my attention. I have observed with minute care the *cast* from the antique as well as the "modern instances," and am obliged to admit that much of the pain I have witnessed, much of the distortion of the toes, the corns on the top of the feet, the bunion on the side, the callosities beneath, and the growing in of the nails between, are attributable to the shoemaker. The feet, with proper treatment, might be as free from disease and pain as the hands; their structure and adaptation to the wants and comfort of man being naturally perfect. Thirty-six bones and thirty-six joints have been given by the Creator to form one of these members, and yet man cramps, cabins, and confines his beautiful arrangement of one hundred and forty-four bones and joints—together with muscles, elastic cartilage, lubricating oily fluid, veins, and arteries—into a pair of shoes or boots, which, instead of protecting from injury, produces the most painful as well as permanent results. Many volumes have been written on the cause of corns, and it has been my lot to wade through many of them without gaining much for my pains. I have therefore arrived at the conclusion, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, that *corns are in all cases the result of pressure*. I am confirmed in this opinion by one of the most respectable chiropediats of the present day—M. Durlacher, a gentleman who has had considerable experience in the treatment of corns and bunions. He says, "Pressure and friction are unquestionably the predisposing causes of corns, although, in some instances, they are erroneously supposed to be hereditary. Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet; to which is opposed a corresponding resistance from the bone immediately beneath, in consequence of which the vessels of the dermis are compressed between them, become injured, congested, and in a short time hypertrophied."

'When corns are produced by friction and slight pressure, they are the result of the shoes being too large and the leather hard, so that, by the extension of the foot, the little toe, or any prominent part, is constantly being rubbed and compressed by its own action. This may continue on and off for months, or even years, before any inconvenience is experienced, but, progressively, the cuticle increases, and is either detached from the dermis by serum being poured out between them, similar to a common blister, and a new covering produced, or the epidermis thickens into layers adhering to each other.'

Admitting, then, that pressure and friction are the causes of corns and other grievances of the feet, the only permanent remedy—for extraction is a mere temporary palliative—must be removal of the cause by wearing a sufficiently large and well-fitting shoe. 'Every one,' continues Mr Hall, 'who has corns, knows and feels that pressure is the cause—no one knows better where the shoe pinches than he who wears it. Yet few persons know why it hurts, or are aware how the remedy should be applied. Sometimes a shoe is too large, often too small, very often too short, but generally the wrong shape altogether. The fault lies not so much in the shoes themselves, as in the lasts from which they are made: there the cause is to be found, and there it has been my study for many years to apply the remedy. The best materials may have been used for sole and upper leather; the most exquisite closing and stabbing been put in, till the work "looked like print;" the workmanship may have been "first-rate," but deficient in the primary and most essential part—the suitable form of the last on which the article was to be moulded—the boot or shoe would not be a suitable or comfortable covering for the foot, and the unfortunate wearer finds that he has put his feet into "the shoemakers' stocks." *Every one who wishes to be comfortably fitted, should have a pair of lasts made expressly for his own use;* experience has taught me, and doubtless many other masters who have had much to do with bespoke work for tender or peculiar feet, that no plan is equal to this, to secure a good fit, and save inconvenience and disappointment for the future. The length and width are now every-day affairs, but the judgment of fitting is another thing; and here is the true skill.

'A last fitted up to the length and width may do, or it may not. It may do by chance, or fail of necessity; but if fitting be anything, it is a skilful adaptation of the last to the true form and requirements of the foot generally. Many persons have an idea that right and left shoes are comparative modern innovations of fashion; but this is a mistake—straight lasts are a modern invention, and notwithstanding what many persons say to the contrary, are decidedly inferior to a well-formed right and left pair. The great evil has been that all right and left lasts of late have been *crooked*. It was thought that, in abandoning the straight last with all its faults, a perfect fit could be secured in rights and lefts; and from one extreme, as is generally the case in fashion, the opposite was adopted, and a twisted right and left made the matter still worse. It was thought nothing could be right and left but that which took a decided turn; and the consequence has been, that, for years, lasts have been made with an ugly twist inward, where no wood was required; and on the outside, where the toes, with all their tenderness and liability to injury, have required thickness and breadth, nothing has been left. I have pointed out this fault to last-makers a thousand times; have stood by them at their work, and have seen the part, where I wished of all things the room to be left, cruelly sliced off, or rasped away: the consequence to the unfortunate wearer of a shoe or boot made on that last necessarily being—months of torture.'

To remedy all this, Mr Hall advises an outline of the feet to be traced on paper, the other dimensions to be properly taken, the prominent toes and other protuberances to be noted down at the time, and immediately after a pair of lasts made suitable in every way; or, what would perhaps be still better, a cast of the foot in plaster of Paris to be handed over to the last-maker. 'In this way,' he continues, 'ladies and gentlemen, and even children, should have their own lasts. It would, however, be expecting too much, that, for a single pair of shoes or boots, a shoemaker or bootmaker should make for his customer a pair of lasts free of charge. As prices are now, he would be a considerable loser; the customer might never favour him with another order; he seeks a cheaper shop, goes abroad, or dies. The lasts on which a skilful workman has been employed for perhaps a whole day, and which cost at least four or five

shillings, are left on his hands perfectly useless. For my own personal comfort, I would weigh my own lasts, which have been carefully made, in a scale against their weight in silver, and consider them cheap: numbers of our nobility and gentry, in effect, do the same, and to a much greater amount, for their personal comfort in matters of the teeth, eyes, chest, hair, hands, and ears. Then why not a little sacrifice, a little more liberality, to those important members—the feet? No such remuneration, however, as I have hinted at, would be expected; five or six shillings, generally, would remunerate the maker of a pair of lasts, and these would serve a grown-up person for his lifetime.'

This is really sound and valuable advice; and no one who studies his own comfort—for there is nothing more fretting and distressful than ill-fitting shoes—will for a moment hesitate to adopt it. Let every one who can afford it have lasts made to the form and configuration of his own feet; let them be his own property; and let him carry them with him, to be used wherever he may happen to reside. Nor are 'high heels' less to be avoided than crooked lasts; they throw the weight of the body on the parts least able to sustain it—the toes; besides bending the knee, and destroying that straightness and command of limb which, in the human figure, is so indicative of strength and grace. Were these counsels followed, would the votaries of fashion but forego their absurdities, and adhere a little more closely to nature and common sense, we perfectly concur with our author that the feet might be as exempt from pain and disease as the hand, and that an article of dress now so frequently a torture, would become at once the preserver of health and minister of comfort.

ATTENTION TO LADIES IN AMERICA.

'To them the best seats, the best of everything, are always allotted. A friend of mine told me of a little affair at a New York theatre the other night, illustrative of my assertion (as to the extraordinary attention to ladies). A stiff-necked Englishman had engaged a front place, and of course the best corner; when the curtain rose he was duly seated, opera-glass in hand, to enjoy the performance. A lady and gentleman came into the box shortly afterwards; the cavalier in escort, seeing that the place where our friend sat was the best, called his attention, saying, "The lady, sir," and motioned that the corner should be vacated. The possessor, partly because he disliked the imperative mood, and partly because it bored him to be disturbed, refused. Some words ensued, which attracted the attention of the sovereign people in the pit, who magisterially inquired what was the matter. The American came to the front of the box, and said, "There is an Englishman here who will not give up his place to a lady." Immediately their majesties swarmed up by dozens over the barriers, seized the offender—very gently though—and carried him to the entrance. He kicked and fought in vain; he excited neither the pity nor the anger of his stern executors. They placed him carefully on his feet again at the steps, one man handing him his hat, another his opera-glass, and a third the price he had paid for his ticket for admission [!], then quietly shut the door upon him, and returned to their places. The shade of the departed Judge Lynch must have rejoiced at such an angelic administration of his law!'—*England in the New World.*

[The foregoing paragraph has been going the round of the papers, and of its truth we know nothing. We should hope, however, for the sake of common sense and decency, that it is a fabrication. Supposing it to be founded on fact, we should be led to entertain unpleasant ideas of our own countryman's stubbornness, also of the American method of treating women, and of the understanding of the females of the United States. We say, if the story be true, all concerned are to blame. The head and front of the offending, however, lies in the absurd social usages in America respecting women. The highest compliment we can pay to a lady is to consider her a cultivated and rational being; shut out, by considerations of sex and expediency, from taking any active part in public affairs; and exempted also, on the same grounds, from many unpleasant duties; but entitled to participate in all social movements, and to be treated on all occasions with delicacy and respect. Such is woman in civilised communities. In the age of chivalry, as it is called, women were treated with all possible deference, even to the extent of making them a kind of mortal divinities. But never was there a more hollow farce. The men who assumed such airs of gallantry and politeness never on any occasion scrupled to sack and destroy towns, to lay whole districts of country waste, and leave thousands of women and infants to perish. Their own wives, daughters, and sisters were kept in a state of utter ignorance. Not one in ten thousand of them could read or write; their minds were not so well cultivated as those of the humblest factory girls in England now are. The courtesy of these ages, therefore, which we hear so much about, was a mere piece of outward grimace, and came to little practical good.

While in every European country—Turkey, and perhaps Italy excepted—women have attained their proper position as the friends, companions, and equals of men, it cannot but be considered a curious reaction in history that in North America they have come to be looked upon in much the same light they were in the middle ages—beings to receive an external homage which lifts them to the rank of divinities. No doubt the American women are educated, which makes no small difference in comparing them with the women of past times; yet there are great resemblances between them. Ladies in the days of chivalry consumed their time in boudoirs or drawing-rooms, dawdling over some trifling occupation; they were seldom seen out of doors, and then not with any degree of freedom. They were, in fact, dressed-up dolls, only to be shown and worshipped on great occasions. It would seem almost to have gone back to this in the United States. Native female writers mention that the American ladies spend far too large a portion of their existence lounging in rocking-chairs or in other listless indulgences within doors; that the confinement is injurious to their complexions and their health; and that they should imitate the ladies of England, in taking forenoon walks daily. Miss Sedgwick, in writing of her visit, with a lady acquaintance, to one of the theatres in London, observes of this English freedom from restraint—'We went unattended—a new experience to me. Necessity has taught women here more independence than with us; and it has its advantages in both parties; the men are saved much bother, and the women gain faculty and freedom.' There can, indeed, be neither 'faculty nor freedom' where there is little healthful intercourse with the world without, and where it is impossible to move without being made the object of fulsome attention and adulation. Were the American ladies conscious of the true character and mission of womanhood, they would despise the paltry and everlasting worship which, while pretending to exalt them above human nature, robs them of its most essential virtues and graces. That the worship, like that of the chivalric ages, is little more than an outward form, is tolerably evident. Men who sycophantishly pay their homage to white-skinned women, will be seen doing all sorts of unkind things to those whose skins have the misfortune to be dark—compelling them to sit in a pew by themselves in church, preventing them from eating at the common table in steamboats, and so forth. There can be no soul of true courtesy where such detestable distinctions are so ruthlessly maintained.

In these observations we have wandered from the paragraph which called them forth, and yet we could scarcely have said less in reply to what seems to cast a stain on English politeness. We have said our countryman was not blameless: it was wrong to oppose a na-

tional custom, however absurd. If it be a social usage in America to render superhuman honours to white-skinned women, there can be no help for it but to follow the fashion. At the same time, if the Englishman was in the wrong, either wilfully or from ignorance, the American was not in the right. He spoke, it would seem, in an imperative mood, to which English gentlemen are not accustomed; and it is probable, if not certain, that a single polite word and movement would at once have had the desired effect of causing him to vacate his seat. As things happened, we must say the Englishman was not a well-used man. As for the lady, who could suffer herself to be the cause of such a miserable exhibition, we leave her to the consideration of her sex.]

WILD SPORTS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

Unless to the absolute devotees of the rod and gun, sporting books are, in general, very stupid affairs—presenting no attraction to the ordinary reader beyond an occasional glimpse of scenery or snatch of natural history. Let the sport be laid in the jungles of India, the prairies of America, or the Highlands of Scotland, the results are much the same—a rough, half-savage sort of life, full of toil, and not a little danger—a boisterous activity, and provoking exuberance of animal spirits—much talk of dogs and Joe Mantons—and boasts of bagging so many head of game by shots such as man never heard of before. One of the most recent books devoted to this kind of life is St John's Wild Sports of the Highlands,* which, with all the characteristics of its class, is yet rendered peculiarly attractive by the unaffected simplicity and honest cordiality which pervades it. There is no attempt at book-making—for the author's hand is evidently more familiar with the rod and rifle than with the pen—no swaggering record of impossible feats, but a blunt country-gentleman sort of detail of Highland sport by field and flood, an observant eye to the habits of the lower animals, and a kindly regard withal to the objects of the chase, which is ever characteristic of the legitimate sportsman. Such a book cannot fail to be acceptable to a large class of the community—to those who rush in hundreds to our hills in autumn, and to the stay-at-homes who may be anxious to learn what sort of a life a sportsman leads amid the moors and corries of the Scottish Highlands. Two summers ago we gave our own experience of a day amid the grouse (No. 42); we may now follow it up with a specimen of Mr St John's deer-stalking—thus embracing the two principal objects of the northern sportsman. For this purpose we extract, with slight abridgment, one of the most stirring incidents in the volume; namely, the stalking of

THE MUCKLE HART OF BENMORE.

'Malcolm, the shepherd of the sheiling at the foot of Benmore, reported his having crossed in the hill a track of a hart of extraordinary size, and he guessed it must be "the muckle stag of Benmore." This was an animal seldom seen, but which had long been the talk and marvel of the shepherds for its wonderful size and cunning. They love the marvellous, and in their report "the muckle stag" bore a charmed life: he was unapproachable and invulnerable. I had heard of him too, and, having got the necessary information, resolved to try to break the charm, though it should cost me a day or two.'

Monday.—This morning, at sunrise, Mr St John with his rifle, Donald, an eccentric gillie, carrying his double-barrel, and Bran, his deer-hound, took their way up the glen to the sheiling at the foot of Benmore. After a fruitless beating of the glen, 'we turned, at nightfall, to the sheiling rather disheartened; but the shepherd cheered me by assuring me the hart was still in that district, and describing his track, which he said was like that of a good-sized heifer. Our spirits were quite restored by a meal of fresh-caught trout, oat-cake, and milk, with a modicum of whisky, which certainly was of unusual flavour and potency.

'Tuesday.—We were off again by daybreak. I will pass by several minor adventures, but one cannot be omitted. Malcolm went with us to show us where he had last seen the track. As we crossed a long reach of black and broken ground, the first ascent from the valley, two golden eagles rose out of a hollow at some distance. Their flight was lazy and heavy, as if gorged with food; and on examining the place, we found the carcase of a sheep half-eaten, one of Malcolm's flock. He vowed vengeance; and merely pointing out to us our route, returned for a spade to dig a place of hiding near enough the carcase to enable him to have a shot at the eagles if they should return. We held on our way, and the greater part of the day, without any luck to cheer us, my resolution "not to be beat" being, however, a good deal strengthened by the occasional grumbling of Donald. Towards the afternoon, when we had tired ourselves with looking with our glasses at every corrie in that side of the hill, at length, in crossing a bare and boggy piece of ground, Donald suddenly stopped, with a Gaelic exclamation, and pointed—and there, to be sure, was a full fresh foot-print, the largest mark of a deer either of us had ever seen. There was no more grumbling. Both of us were instantly as much on the alert as when we started on our adventure. We traced the track as long as the ground would allow. Where we lost it, it seemed to point down the little burn, which soon lost itself to our view in a gorge of bare rocks. We proceeded now very cautiously, and taking up our station on a concealed ledge of one of the rocks, began to search the valley below with our telescopes. It was difficult ground to see a deer in, if lying; and I had almost given up seeking, when Donald's glass became motionless, and he gave a sort of grunt as he changed his posture, but without taking the glass from his eye. "Ugh! I'm thinking yon's him, sir. I'm seeing his horns." I was at first incredulous; but the doubt was short. While we gazed, the stag rose and commenced feeding; and at last I saw the great hart of Benmore! He was a long way off, perhaps a mile and a half, but in excellent ground for getting at him. Our plan was soon arranged. I was to stalk him with the rifle, while Donald, with my gun and Bran, was to get round, out of sight, to the pass by which the deer was likely to leave the valley. My task was apparently very easy. After getting down behind the rock, I had scarcely to stoop my head, but to walk up within shot, so favourable was the ground and the wind. I walked cautiously, however, and slowly, to give Donald time to reach the pass. I was now within three hundred yards of him, when, as I leant against a slab of stone, all hid below my eyes, I saw him give a sudden start, stop feeding, and look round suspiciously. What a noble beast! what a stretch of antler! with a mane like a lion! He stood for a minute or two, snuffing every breath. I could not guess the cause of his alarm: it was not myself; the light wind blew fair down from him upon me; and I knew Donald would give him no inkling of his whereabouts. He presently began to move, and came at a slow trot directly towards me. My pulse beat high. Another hundred yards forward, and he is mine! But it was not so to be. He took the top of a steep bank which commanded my position, saw me in an instant, and was off, at the speed of twenty miles an hour, to a pass wide from that where Donald was hid. While clattering up the hill, scattering the loose stones behind him, two other stags joined him, which had evidently been put up by Donald, and had given the alarm to my quarry. It was then that his great size was conspicuous. I could see with my glass they were full-grown stags, and with good heads, but they looked like fallow-deer as they followed him up

* Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands. From the Journals of Charles St John, Esq. London: Murray. 1846.

crag. I sat down, disappointed for the moment, and Donald soon joined me, much crestfallen, and cursing the stag in a curious variety of Gaelic oaths. Still it was something to have seen "the muckle stag," and *nil desperandum* was my motto. We had a long and weary walk to Malcolm's sheiling; and I was glad to get to my heather bed, after arranging that I should occupy the hiding-place Malcolm had prepared near the dead sheep next morning.'

Wednesday.—After despatching the plundering eagles in fine style, our hero and his redoubted gillie again set forth in quest of 'the muckle hart.' 'Our line of march to-day was over ground so high, that we came repeatedly into the midst of ptarmigan. On the very summit, Bran had a rencontre with an old mountain fox, toothless, yet very fat, which he made to bite the dust. We struck at one place the tracks of the three deer, but of the animals themselves we saw nothing. We kept exploring corrie after corrie till night fell; and as it was in vain to think of returning to the sheiling, which yet was the nearest roof, we were content to find a sort of niche in the rock, tolerably screened from all winds; and having almost filled it with long heather, flower upwards, we wrapped our plaids round us, and slept pretty comfortably.

'Thursday.—A dip in the burn below our bivouac renovated me. I did not observe that Donald followed my example in that; but he joined me in a hearty attack on the viands which still remained in our bag, and we started with renewed courage. About mid-day we came on a sheiling beside a long narrow loch, fringed with beautiful weeping-birches, and there we found means to cook some grouse, which I had shot to supply our exhausted larder. The shepherd, who had "no Sassenach," cheered us by his report of "the deer" being lately seen, and describing his usual haunts. Donald was plainly getting disgusted and home-sick. For myself, I looked upon it as my fate that I must have that hart; so on we trudged. Repeatedly that afternoon we came on the fresh tracks of our chase, but still he remained invisible. As it got dark, the weather suddenly changed, and I was glad enough to let Donald seek for the bearings of a "whisky bothy," which he had heard of at our last stopping-place. While he was seeking for it, the rain began to fall heavily, and through the darkness we were just able to distinguish a dark object, which turned out to be a horse. "The lads with the still will no be far off," said Donald. And so it turned out. But the rain had increased the darkness so much, that we should have searched in vain, if I had not distinguished at intervals, between the pelting of the rain and the heavy rushing of a black burn that ran beside us, what appeared to me to be the shrill treble of a fiddle. I could scarcely believe my ears. But when I communicated the intelligence to Donald, whose ears were less acute, he jumped with joy. "It's all right enough, sir; just follow the sound. It's that drunken deevil Sandy Ross; ye'll never haud a fiddle frae him, nor him frae a whisky-still." It was clear the sound came from across the black stream, and it looked formidable in the dark. However, there was no remedy. So grasping each the other's collar, and holding our guns high overhead, we dashed in, and staggered through in safety, though the water was up to my waist, running like a mill-race, and the bottom was of round slippery stones. Scrambling up the bank, and following the merry sound, we came to what seemed a mere hole in the bank, from which it proceeded. The hole was partially closed by a door woven of heather; and, looking through it, we saw a sight worthy of Teniers. On a barrel in the midst of the apartment—half hut, half cavern—stood aloft, fiddling with all his might, the identical Sandy Ross, while round him danced three unkempt savages; and another figure was stooping, employed over a fire in the corner, where the whisky-pot was in full operation. The fire, and a sliver or two of lighted bog-fir, gave light enough to see the whole, for the place was not above ten feet square. We made our approaches with becoming caution, and were, it is needless to say, hospitably received; for who ever heard of Highland smugglers refusing a welcome to sportsmen? We got rest, food, and fire—all that we required—and something more; for long after I had betaken me to the dry heather in the corner, I had disturbed visions of strange orgies in the bothy, and of my sober Donald exhibiting curious antics on the top of a tub. These might have been the productions of a disturbed brain; but there is no doubt that, when daylight awoke me, the smugglers and Donald were all quiet and asleep, far past my efforts to rouse them, with the exception of one, who was still able to tend the fire under the large black pot.

'Friday.—From the state in which my trusty companion was, with his head on a heap of ashes, I saw it would serve no purpose to awake him, even if I were able to do so. It was quite clear that he could be good for nothing all day. I therefore secured some breakfast and provisions for the day (part of them oat-cake, which I baked for myself), tied up Bran to wait Donald's restoration, and departed with my rifle alone. The morning was bright and beautiful; the mountain-streams overflowing with last night's rain. I was now thrown on my own resources, and my own knowledge of the country, which, to say the truth, was far from minute or exact. "Benna-skiach" was my object to-day, and the corries which lay beyond it, where at this season the large harts were said to resort. My way at first was dreary enough, over a long slope of boggy ground, enlivened, however, by a few traces of deer having crossed, though none of my "chase." I at length passed the slope, and soon topped the ridge, and was repaid for my labour by a view of glen, and wood, and water so beautiful, that I sat down to gaze at it, though anxious to get forward.

'While I lay above the lake, the day suddenly changed, and heavy wreaths of mist came down the mountain-sides in rapid succession. They reached me soon, and I was enclosed in an atmosphere through which I could not see twenty yards. It was very cold too, and I was obliged to move, though scarcely well knowing whither. I followed the course of the lake, and afterwards of the stream which flowed from it, for some time. Now and then a grouse would rise close to me, and, flying a few yards, light again on a hillock, crowing and croaking at the intruder. The heron, in the darkness, came flapping his great wings close past me; I almost fancied I could feel the movement they caused in the air. Nothing could be done in such weather, and I was not sure that I might not be going away from my object. It was getting late too, and I made up my mind that my most prudent plan was to arrange a bivouac before it became quite dark. My wallet was empty, except a few crumbs, the remains of my morning's baking. It was necessary to provide food; and just as the necessity occurred to me, I heard, through the mist, the call of a cock grouse as he lighted close to me. I contrived to get his head between me and the sky, as he was strutting and croaking on a hillock close at hand; and aiming at where his body ought to be, I fired my rifle. On going up to the place, I found I had not only killed him, but also his mate, whom I had not seen. It was a commencement of good luck. Sitting down, I speedily skinned my birds, and took them down to the burn to wash them before cooking. In crossing a sandy spot beside the burn, I came upon—could I believe my eyes?—"the track." Like Robinson Crusoe in the same circumstances, I started back, but was speedily at work taking my information. There were prints enough to show the hart had crossed at a walk leisurely. It must have been lately, for it was since the burn had returned to its natural size, after the last night's flood. But nothing could be done till morning, so I set about my cooking; and having, after some time, succeeded in lighting a fire, while my grouse were slowly broiling, I pulled a quantity of heather, which I in a corner a little protected by an overf my plaid upon it, and over the f

heather. My supper ended, which was not epicurean, I crawled into my nest under my plaid, and, in spite of a rapid change from a dull foggy sky to a clear keen frost, was soon sound asleep.

'Saturday.—Need I say my first object was to go down and examine the track anew. There was no mistake. It was impossible to doubt that "the muckle hart of Benmore" had actually walked through that burn a few hours before me, and in the same direction. I followed the track, and breasted the opposite hill. Looking round from its summit, it appeared to me a familiar scene, and, on considering a moment, I found I overlooked, from a different quarter, the very same rocky plain and the two black lochs where I had seen my chase three days before. I had not gazed many minutes, when I saw a deer lying on a black hillock which was quite open. I lay down immediately, and with my glass made out at once the object of all my wanderings. My joy was somewhat abated by his position, which was not easily approachable. My first object, however, was to withdraw myself out of his sight, which I did by crawling backwards down a little bank, till only the tips of his horns were visible, and they served to show me that he continued still. As he lay looking towards me, he commanded with his eye three-fourths of the circle; and the other quarter, where one might have got in upon him under cover of the little hillock, was unsafe, from the wind blowing in that direction. A burn ran between him and me, one turn of which seemed to come within two hundred yards of him. It was my only chance; so, retreating about half a mile, I got into the burn in hidden ground, and then crept up its channel with such caution, that I never allowed myself a sight of more than the tips of his horns till I had reached the nearest bend to him. There, looking through a tuft of rushes, I had a perfect view of the noble animal, lying on the open hillock, lazily stretched out at length, and only moving now and then to scratch his flank with his horn. I watched him for fully an hour, the water up to my knees all the time. At length he stirred, gathered his legs together, and rose; and arching his back, he stretched himself just as a bullock does when rising from his night's lair. My heart throbbed, as turning all round he seemed to try the wind for his security, and then walked straight to the burn, at a point about one hundred and fifty yards from me. I was much tempted, but had resolution to reserve my fire, reflecting that I had but one barrel. He went into the burn at a deep pool, and, standing in it up to his knees, took a long drink. I stooped to put on a new copper cap and prick the nipple of my rifle; and on looking up again, he was gone! I was in despair, and was on the point of moving rashly, when I saw his horns again appear a little farther off, but not more than fifty yards from the burn. By and by they lowered, and I judged he was lying down. "You are mine at last," I said; and I crept cautiously up the bed of the burn till I was opposite where he had lain down.

'I carefully, and inch by inch, placed my rifle over the bank, and then ventured to look along it. I could see only his horns, but within an easy shot. I was afraid to move higher up the bed of the burn, where I could have seen his body: the direction of the wind made that dangerous. I took breath for a moment, and screwed up my nerves; and then with my cocked rifle at my shoulder, and my finger on the trigger, I kicked a stone, which splashed into the water. He started up instantly; but exposed only his front towards me. Still he was very near, scarcely fifty yards, and I fired at his throat just where it joins the head. He dropped on his knees to my shot; but was up again in a moment, and went staggering up the hill. Oh for one hour of Bran! Although he kept on at a mad pace, I saw he was becoming too weak for the hill. He swerved, and turned back to the burn, and came headlong down within ten yards of me, tumbling into it apparently dead. Feeling confident, from the place where my ball had taken effect, that he was dead, I threw down my rifle, and went up to him with my hunting-knife. I found him stretched out, and, as I thought, dying; and I laid hold of his horns to raise his head to bleed him. I had scarcely touched him when he sprang up, flinging me backwards on the stones. It was an awkward position. I was stunned by the violent fall; behind me was a steep bank of seven or eight feet high; before me the bleeding stag, with his horns levelled at me, and cutting me off from my rifle. In desperation I moved, when he instantly charged, but fortunately tumbled ere he quite reached me. He drew back again like a ram about to butt, and then stood still with his head lowered, and his eyes, bloody and swelled, glaring upon me. We stood mutually at bay for some time, till, recovering myself, I jumped out of the burn so suddenly, that he had not time to run at me, and from the bank above I dashed my plaid over his head and eyes, and threw myself upon him. I cannot account for my folly, and it had nearly cost me dear. The poor beast struggled desperately, and his remaining strength foiled me in every attempt to stab him in front; and he at length made off, tumbling me down, but carrying with him a stab in the leg which lamed him. I ran and picked up my rifle, and then kept him in view as he rushed down the burn on three legs towards the loch. He took the water, and stood at bay up to his chest in it.

'As soon as he halted, I commenced loading my rifle, when, to my dismay, I found that all the balls I had remaining were for my double-barrel, and were a size too large for my rifle. I sat down and commenced scraping one to the right size, an operation that seemed interminable. At last I succeeded; and having loaded, the poor stag remaining perfectly still, I went up within twenty yards of him, and shot him through the head. He turned over and floated, perfectly dead. I waded in and towed him ashore, and then had leisure to look at my wounds and bruises, which were not serious, except my shin-bone, which was scraped from ankle to knee by his horn. I soon had cleaned my quarry, and stowed him away as safely as I could, and then turned down the glen at a gay pace. I found Donald, with Bran, reposing at Malcolm's sheiling; and for all reproaches on his misconduct, I was satisfied with sending him to bring home the "muckle hart of Benmore," a duty which he performed before nightfall.'

Column for Little Boys.

WILLY.

Little William was standing in the window of his mamma's dressing-room one cold winter day; she was busy writing a letter beside the fire, and as he did not wish to interrupt her by chattering, or playing about the room, he tried to amuse himself quietly with looking down on the garden, and watching the robins as they hopped to and fro, and picked up the crumbs he had scattered on the gravel-walk in the morning.

Willy was a very young child, not much more than four years old, and as yet had learned nothing from books; but many friends loved him very dearly, and delighted in talking to him, and answering his questions; so in this way he had gathered as much knowledge of the things about him as his little head could safely carry; and yet, because he was so very young, he sometimes put those scattered gleanings oddly together, and formed them into notions that were often as puzzling to others as to himself. He had been standing a long time at the window very quiet, and his mamma had once or twice looked up to see what he was doing, and to ask her little boy if he was cold. But his thoughts seemed very busy, for he never heard or answered her question, though he seldom was inattentive when his mamma spoke. Just then the wind, which had been fighting with the clouds all the morning, and chasing them in confusion across the sky, seemed inclined to stoop to lower game; and stopping short and still for a moment, as if to collect its strength, gave a sudden howl through the trees and shrubs that encircled the garden, and sweeping onwards to the window where little William was meditating, it came full against the frame, and rattled every pane in it. The little boy sprang back affrighted, thinking

he was really going to be taken by storm, and, without looking to the right or left, ran to his mamma, and buried his face in her lap. In a moment, however, he took courage again, and looking up, first cautiously, then boldly, as he saw that he was safe, that the room was quiet, and that the blast had passed away, he climbed up on his mamma's knee, and whispered, in a subdued and very earnest tone, 'Mamma, what did the wind say?' His mamma laughed as she asked whether it frightened Willy; but he was quite brave by this time, and the bright colour mounted to his brow as he answered, 'Yes, mamma, because I thought it had a voice;' and as he said these words, he looked gravely and searchingly into his mother's eyes. She was silent for a minute; then wishing to learn what was in her little son's heart, she asked him 'why he thought the wind had a voice?' And though little William coloured again very much, and hesitated, as he thought he never could find words to explain his meaning, yet soon his deep blue eyes grew more intense, a shade of thought passed over his fair young forehead, and intellect and imagination waking up, he answered, 'Because I was listening a long, long time to the wind, and if mamma comes with me to the window, I will show her what it did.'

His mamma laid down her pen, as her little boy, placing his hand in hers, drew her to the window; and then, delighted at her compliance, began to make amends for his long silence and late terror by relating, with great animation, how at first the wind came blustering to the holly-bush, and how it seemed to say, '"Let me in, let me in, to shelter under your branches, and play with your green leaves;" but the stiff holly shook its head, and answered, "No, no—you are rude, Mr Wind. If I let you in, you would soon tear away my shining leaves, and scatter my scarlet berries to the ground. Go away, go away; I will have nothing to say to you." So the wind was angry, mamma. You see where it caught the outside branch I was watching, and it gave it a swing as it turned away, and carried off that nice green sprig and tuft of red berries there to the other end of the walk; and then, mamma, Willy saw it go to the big elm-tree, and shake one of its old mossy boughs, and he thought it said, "Let me lie on this branch and rest, for I am tired and out of breath from arguing with that obstinate holly, and I would like to stay with you till I am strong again." But the elm-tree said, "No, no; I watched you all the time, and I saw how bold you were; you shall not stop with me." And the wind asked it, "Why so, you have neither leaves nor berries, what harm could I do to you? Do let me rest, I am very tired." But the elm pushed him away with his stout old arms, and said again, "No, no; you would split my branches, and tear off my tender buds; and then, in the summer days, when the wood-pigeon would come again with her gentle cooing, and ask me to give her shelter once more, and a place for her nest, I should send her away so sorry, for my boughs and my leaves would be dead, and you flown off, not caring for the mischief you had done."' Little William stopped short, quite tired and breathless; but as his mamma saw he had some more to tell, she seated herself on his own low stool, and taking him in her lap, said, 'Those were funny thoughts of yours, my little son; but I suppose Mr Wind, as you call him, was not satisfied with those fruitless efforts: did he get a lodging at last?'

Willy's face brightened as he saw his mamma enter into the spirit of his story, and, with sparkling eyes, he continued, 'Oh no; the bold fellow! What did he do then, but rush down to the garden door; the inner garden, mamma, where the greenhouse and all the fruit-trees are. I saw him shaking the door with a great noise, and I thought, Aha! you are really angry now! But the door kept watch, and never opened, though the wind screamed in through the key-hole with a passionate cry that made the poor plants inside shake and shiver. He rattled and thumped at the door for a long time, but it was all to no use; and then, mamma, he spied my ownself in the window, and before I had one minute to think, up he flew, ten times as angry as ever, and, roaring and howling, gave a bang at the window, and I was sure he was going to carry me off like the poor holly sprig. So, mamma, your little boy was not a *great* coward to run away.'

Little William looked up anxiously to see whether his mamma assented to this opinion, but she still only smiled, and remarked, 'After all, were not they hard on the wandering wind, to refuse it shelter everywhere? Was it kind in the holly-bush, and the elm-tree, and the garden door, and my little son?' A thoughtful look shadowed the child's sweet eyes, and for a moment there was a silent struggle between his good-nature and his sense of justice; but, young as he was, he was true of heart, and though he sighed at the inevitable decision, still he stoutly answered, 'Mamma, we could not be kind to that bold, impatient, angry wind: we could not be kind to it then; it was so rough and so rude that no one could bear it. The holly—ah! the holly cared only for itself, so I suppose that was the reason it was the one that suffered; but then the elm, it loved its own sweet friend the wood-pigeon, and though it had flown for a while away, still it was not forgotten, nor its place given to another before it came again; and the garden door, the trusty old door, kept its charge in safety——'

'Yes,' said his mamma, interrupting him with a smile, 'it would not desert its post.' But little William had no understanding for puns; and as the argument was now coming home to himself, he felt no readiness even to answer her smile, but, with perplexed and anxious countenance, deliberated whether he could himself give as good a reason for his inhospitality as the inanimate objects he had just been endowing with thoughts and language. Turning in this difficulty to his mother, he hesitatingly asked, 'Mamma, should Willy have let him in?' His mamma, with a kiss of encouragement, replied, 'Answer the question yourself, my little son; but first let us remember all you said—"Bold, impatient, angry—rough and rude;" could anything deserving those hard words deserve indulgence too?'

'Oh no, no,' answered little William hastily, with a merry laugh, as if quite relieved from his dilemma; but in the next moment the compassionate expression returned, and he added, 'It was bold *then;* but maybe, mamma, the wind is sorry now. Listen; it is quite quiet except for a sad sighing now and then; and look, mamma, there are some heavy drops. Perhaps it is crying for all its boldness. Shall we let the poor fellow in?'

'Does Willy think sobbing and crying is a proof of goodness?' said his mamma. 'If my own boy had been naughty, would I forgive him the sooner for them, or for his own sweet smiling face, and his little efforts to please and do me good?'

Little William sighed again, but made no answer. This time his judgment saw clearly too, but his inclination rebelled more strongly, and, like many older casuists, who 'know the good, and yet the ill pursue,' he required to have his theory enforced by experience. When his mamma returned to her letter, he remained at the window with pained and sorrowful looks, listening to the fitful moaning of the wind. Many minutes passed by, and his mother became so deeply engrossed with her occupation, that at last she forgot her quiet, silent, little boy, and was writing and reading, and writing again, when she was suddenly roused to recollection by hearing first a loud crash, then the slapping of several doors with a violence that shook the house, and then a quickly-smothered cry. She started from her chair, and looked round for little William; but he was nowhere to be seen; and, pale with terror, she rushed to the door, and immediately, on opening it, found that the low and frightened cries were proceeding from the nursery, and were indeed in Willy's voice.

In a moment she was at the end of the passage, and attempting to open the door. But this was no easy matter. It slapped twice in her face; and it was only by an effort that took away her breath, that she was able to overcome the resistance, and make her entrance good. And then what a scene! At a glance she perceived the sash out of the window, the floor covered with fragments of glass, the furniture upset, the little beds stripped of their covering, the pictures flapping against the walls, playthings, papers, garments, all flying in giddy whirls round the room, while the wind, having somehow obtained complete possession, seemed determined to act the tyrant, and wreak his fury on every object within his reach.

But saddest of all was poor little William, cowering down in the far-off corner, pale, frightened, and weeping over the mischief of which he was evidently the author; while a drop of blood, slowly trickling down his forehead, revealed him as a sufferer also, and added to the consternation of his mamma. The first moment of her entrance he had started up, and no longer pale, but with shame and contrition colouring his face, he had turned it to the wall; but the next minute, bounding to his mother's open arms, he cried, in tones of wild intreaty, 'Take Willy

away! Oh take me away from this wicked wind before it kills me, and I never, never will have anything to say to it again!'

His mamma saw that was no place or time for questions; so, hastening with him from the room, she sought some more sheltered spot to calm his terror, and examine his wound. The latter turned out a mere trifle, a slight scratch on the temple, though little William seemed to consider his own blood a very dreadful sight indeed; but after some bathing and words of encouragement, his anxiety diminished, and he was able to relate how it all had occurred.

He told, in his own childish language, how he had stayed in his mamma's room, listening to the sorrowful moaning of the wind, until at last he grew so sorry, that he began to think it would not be so foolish as mamma had said, if he did let it in; and that, even if she did not like such company, he might have it in his own nursery, and so he slipped away to accomplish his plan while she was busy; but when he reached his own quarters, he found the offender already in possession. That side of the house had been calm in the morning, and the servant, not calculating on intrusion, had left the window partly open to air the room. But amidst the vagaries little William had been so long observing, the treacherous wind had shifted its direction, veered round to the back of the house, and met him face to face in a sudden draught as he opened the door, tearing it violently out of his tiny hand, slapping it with a furious concussion, that shook the window-frame, and precipitated the glass upon the floor, striking him in the forehead with one of its fragments, and, as it rushed along the passage, bearing on its wings the tidings of his foolishness to the remotest corners of the house.

Was there ever known such a treacherous and ungrateful wind? Little William could not have believed it, and promised over and over again to attend for the future to his mamma's advice, and, above all, never to have anything to do with the rude, uncivil wind again. But his mamma reminded him that the wind may change and soften as well as many a wayward little boy, and that the mischief all arose from indulging it at the wrong time, and admitting it to an unsuitable place.

And long afterwards, little William remembered his mamma's true words: when the winter had passed away, and the summer sun was shining, and when, after a scamper through the meadow, he seated himself beneath his old friend the elm-tree, and flinging his straw-hat beside him on the grass, rejoiced in the gentle breeze that played amongst his curls and fanned his glowing cheek, 'Sweet wind,' he thought, 'did I ever call you an enemy? But ah, you are no longer the same; you are good, and gentle, and useful now, and every creature that I look at welcomes and loves you: the sailor, as you fill his sails on those far-off waters; the haymaker, as you shorten his task and refresh his weary frame; and you, gentle wood-guest, softly cooing above my head, yes, right glad you are now to listen to the summer breeze rustling in those leaves, whose tender buds were in such danger from the stormy blast.' He looked towards the garden; the door stood wide open, or lazily swung to and fro with the breeze. He turned to the holly, and, though still stiff and unbending, there was life and music in the whisperings of those crisp old leaves. He raised his eyes to the dressing-room window; the casement was unfastened, and leaning from it was his own smiling mother, her white dress fluttering in the breeze as it stole by, and carried the rose-leaves from her hand in fragrant circles to his feet. Free to come, and free to go, gladdening and beautifying, welcome and beloved was that sweet summer wind—each created thing the better, the happier, the fresher, wherever it rested: and little William, as he pondered on the contrast, resolved that this memory should never be forgotten—that it should influence his own manners and his choice of companions; and that, while he ever loved and tried to resemble the gentle, the good, and the useful, he should be equally careful to avoid the rude and the boisterous, though never despairing of their reformation.

INDECISION.

How many occasions of doing good, in greater or less measures, are passed by from irresolution! While we are saying to ourselves, 'Shall I, or shall I not?' the moment flies away, and the blossom of joy which we might have given to it is withered, and often cannot be revived by any tears of repentance.—*Fredrica Bremer.*

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morning to break,
And colour the gray eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, 'Awake, awake!
For our winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.'

Then off we hie to the hill and the dell,
To the field, the wild wood, and bower;
In the columbine's horn we love to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The thyme and the rosemary flower.

We seek for the bloom of the eglantine,
The lime, painted thistle, and brier;
And follow the course of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a stage still higher.

As each for the good of the whole is bent,
And stores up his treasure for all;
We hope for an evening with heart's content,
For the winter of life, without lament
That summer is gone, with its hours misspent,
And the harvest is past recall!

—Dr Aikin.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burthen of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity—the other, that every atom may harbour the tribes and families of a busy population. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament. The one suggests to us that above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—*Dr Chalmers.*

SYSTEM IN NATURE.

Some writers contend that no fixed system or plan prevails in Nature, but that the similarity of one object to another is merely fortuitous, and forms no portion of a uniform design. To convince such as these I consider quite impossible; I would only suggest to them the great improbability that a Creator, who has with such unerring wisdom adapted means to destined ends, should have performed any part of the mighty work of creation without a fixed and perfect design. When we consider that each muscle, tendon, and vein in the animal frame occupies its appointed place, and has appointed functions, on the regular performance of which health, and often life depend, it seems fair to infer that no created being exists without appointed functions in some perfectly-organised system, however far such system may be above our finite and feeble understanding. To doubt the existence of such a system, appears to me tantamount to doubting a creation; for one cannot suppose the various tribes of animals to have received their existence at the hands of an omnipotent Creator, and at the same time to be indebted to chance for those infinitely but harmoniously varied characters whereby we distinguish them.—*Edward Newman.*

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VISIT TO THE PENCIL COUNTRY OF CUMBERLAND.

In the course of a recent journey in the west of England, performed, as the French would call it, 'en zig-zag,' I made a divergence from the main line of route through Cumberland, in order to visit the plumbago mines of Borrowdale, and the still more celebrated manufactories at Keswick, where the produce of the mines is transformed into those articles indispensable to the artist, and so generally useful—black-lead pencils. Proceeding in a south-easterly direction from Carlisle, I was in the first place carried a certain distance by railway—not the best in the world—to Wigton, a queer old-fashioned town; after which I was somewhat more pleasantly conveyed by postchaise to Keswick.

The drive from Wigton to Keswick is across an undulating and rather pretty piece of country, the views in the distance disclosing some of the lofty mountains of the lake district into which we are penetrating. About half way, in descending the further side of a hill, we come in sight of a new scene of interest—the charming vale of the Derwent, and the expansion of that river into the long stretch of water called the Lake of Bassenthwaite. Descending towards the valley in which this lake reposes, the lofty Skiddaw, capped with snow, rises majestically on the left; and with this combination of hill and plain in prospect, we drive into Keswick, a town which scarcely sustains the first impressions of the traveller. Delightfully situated about a quarter of a mile from the northern shore of Derwentwater, and whitewashed so as to have a fascinating exterior, little or nothing seems to have been done for its internal improvement, and its capabilities are in a great measure dormant. With the town, however, I had not much to do; the chief object of my visit lay ten miles distant, in the bosom of a wild mountain scene at the head of the Derwent.

Derwentwater, though small, is by far the prettiest of the Cumberland lakes; and, in my humble opinion, it is prettier than most of the Swiss lakes, for it is ornamented with islets; and prettier than any of the Scotch lakes—Loch Katrine perhaps excepted—for it is generally bounded by picturesque mountains with a woody fringe round its margin. Strangely enough, the houses of Keswick, as if ignorant that they have such a thing as a lake to look out upon, turn their backs on this charming scene; and to find out where Derwentwater lay, I had to make a voyage of discovery along a winding pathway from the town. Behind a woody knoll I had the pleasure of finding it—calm as a mirror, with here and there richly-wooded islands, of a few acres in extent, one of them being inhabited, and having the appearance of a well-kept pleasure-ground. The largest is Lord's Island, so called from having been a seat of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, whose possessions, as is well known, were forfeited after the Rebellion of 1715, and transferred to Greenwich Hospital.

On the morning after my arrival at Keswick, and accompanied by a gentleman acquainted with the district, I proceeded in a vehicle to explore the mines of Borrowdale. Our way lay along the eastern side of the lake, beneath the shadow of impending cliffs, from which grew oak, beech, and ash-trees in fantastic masses. At a place near the extremity of the stretch of water, an opportunity occurred for viewing the cascade of Lodore, a rivulet which dashes down a craggy ravine from the hills overhead. Like everything that has been overpraised, this fall—which is no fall at all, but a series of hop-step-and-jumps—disappointed my expectations; and we passed on, without an instant's delay, to a slate mine a mile or two farther up the valley. Instead of being dug from an open quarry, slate is here excavated from a large cavern within the hill, to which the approach is by a pathway sufficiently wide to admit a small cart. Being of course quite dark, it was necessary for us to be provided with candles; and so, each carrying a light, obligingly furnished by an attendant outside, we explored our way to the interior. Besides lights, it would have been almost as necessary to take umbrellas, for from the cavernous roof fell a shower of subterranean rain, of which an unlucky drop now and then came down splash into the candle, threatening the feeble flame with extinction. In spite of this and some other discomforts, however, we saw the interior of the mine, as well as a huge dark vault could be seen—the lights of the workmen at various spots revealing the nature of the strata, and the manner of tearing out masses of slate with blasting apparatus and pick-axes. Brought to the outside, the slabs are adroitly split up, and shaped into slates for roofing. Nowhere have I ever seen such fine large slates; and I was sorry to learn that, from the expense of carriage, they were not so widely known as they ought to be. The railway now making through Cumberland will probably give a different aspect to the trade.

On leaving the slate mine, we get fairly into Borrowdale, a wild and chiefly pastoral valley, through which flows the small river that forms the principal feeder of Derwentwater. As we advance, the cottages of the small farmers become more thinly scattered, and tillage gradually ceases. Yet, even in the recesses of the valley, are seen two or three residences of a superior class, erected and inhabited, as I was told, by individuals who in bygone years had gone forth friendless lads into the busy world, and having realised competences by their industry, now seek a retreat in the bosom of their native mountains. What mysterious yearnings towards scenes of infancy lie concealed in the human heart! As new comers with fortunes are always improvers, these

residents have caused spots in the wilderness to blossom as the rose, besides effecting other beneficial changes in the district, and making it generally more accessible to strangers.

Having passed nearly every enclosure, we found ourselves drawing to the head of the dale. A mountain stood as a barrier to any further progress; and here, on the banks of the little river, now diminished to a mere thread, were placed a cluster of dreary-looking cottages, the habitation of the persons who are engaged in the plumbago mines. 'And where are the mines?' said I to my companion on alighting. 'Do you see,' he replied, 'those hillocks of brown stones lying on the face of the hill far up yonder?' 'I do.' 'Then these are the mouths of the mines; the stones are the rubbish wheeled out from the excavations. We shall ascend to them immediately, but let us first call on Mr Dixon, the manager, and if he is at home he will accompany us.' We called on the manager accordingly, and after a short delay, our party ascended the mountain.

The hill in which the plumbago is found forms part of the range on the western side of the vale, and is a huge brown heathy mass, composed, as it would appear, of green slate and porphyry. Chemically speaking, plumbago, or black-lead, as it is as often called (though there is not a particle of lead in its composition), is a carburet of iron, by far the larger proportion of it being resolvable into carbon. How this carbonaceous material should have been concentrated in lumps in the heart of a whinstone mountain, is one of those mysteries in the history of our planet which science finds itself somewhat at a loss to account for. The discovery of the substance, which took place about two centuries ago, was altogether a matter of chance. After a thunderstorm of more than usual violence, a number of trees were blown down, and the gap made by the tearing up of the roots, exposed a piece of plumbago to view. The value of the article, however, was not as yet known, and for nearly a hundred years it was employed only for marking sheep and polishing steel articles. In the course of time, some Jews in London discovered its utility for drawing, and it was by them first made into crayons, or what we now call black-lead pencils. For a long space of time, the Jews were the sole manufacturers of pencils—a fact we feel some gratification in mentioning, as that unfortunate nation has been too often unjustly accused of being interlopers in a profession of which in reality they were the inventors.

What was originally a valueless material, came by the demand for pencils to be one of the most precious minerals; latterly it has risen to the extravagant price of 45s. per pound, and this, to all appearance, is not likely to be its limit. The cause of this increase in value is the enlarged demand for pencils, and the growing scarcity of the finer kinds of plumbago. Unlike some common metallic ores, this substance is found in England only in small pieces, and these are becoming daily more rare. At one time, as much as L.100,000 is understood to have been realised from the Borrowdale mine in a single year; but these were the palmy days of the mining proprietory, who were contented with opening the mine only once in seven years, and shutting it up again when a sufficient quantity to supply the market at a certain price was obtained. For the last thirty years, however, from the great demand for plumbago, and the difficulty in obtaining it, the mine has been constantly worked. Of late it cannot be said to have been a profitable concern for its proprietors, among whom George Bankes, Esq. M.P., is, I believe, the principal. The lumps of plumbago, though following a vein, are imbedded in the rock at irregular intervals; and so precarious is their appearance, that two men may dig and blast for a couple of years without falling in with as much as five shillings' worth of material. At the period of my visit, after a long and wearisome expenditure of time and money, and just as the company's patience was about expiring, some half-dozen little bits, from the size of a gun-flint to an irregularly-shaped potato, were discovered, and gleesomely viewed by the manager as a prognostication of better things in store.

Elated with this recent windfall, old John Dixon, the descendant of a race of plumbago-diggers, conducted us up a terribly steep pathway, towards the mine where his sons were at work, the ascent being by no means improved by the rains which had lately deluged the sides of the mountain. At length the desired height was gained, and we stood on a little platform of earth, on which was erected a humble cot for keeping articles connected with the operations of the miners. Here I was equipped in an old coat, a handkerchief was wrapped round my head, by way of cap, and with a candle stuck between my fingers, I was introduced to the regions of darkness.

The entrance to the mine is by a door adjoining the cot, and within this we pursued a level passage, rather wet under foot, but dry above, and so spacious as to allow two persons to walk abreast without stooping. On and on we went, till I imagine we were about a hundred yards from the entrance, and then we came to a sort of radiating point, whence there were excavations in different directions. No working, however, was going on upon the level of the passage; and to see the diggers at their laborious trade, it was necessary to mount two ladders, one above another. This was a difficult job, for the ladders were pretty nearly perpendicular, and slippery with mud and water, and besides, each of us had to climb with his candle in his hand. Unaccustomed as I was to such kind of work, having done nothing in the climbing line since the days of the *craws*—Anglicé, rooks—some thirty years ago, I got up these odious ladders with tolerable alacrity, and at the top found myself at the mouth of a gulf half-filled with rubbish, over which were visible two men engaged in blasting a mass of rock, the clink of the hammer at every blow resounding through the recesses of the mine. Crawling on hands and knees the best way we could over the loose debris, we had the satisfaction of standing close to the two individuals who thus pursued their solitary and hazardous occupation. Following the capricious sinuosities of the strata, they had ascended in a slanting direction from the landing-place, and stood on a species of shelf of the rock, over which they pointed out to us the object of their search. Holding up our candles, we were enabled to see a tolerably large nodule of plumbago, which thinned off in the vein, and disappeared. United with their late successes, the prospect was considered quite cheering. They thought they had got on a good track. '*She* was going to climb the hill,' they observed of the vein, 'and they were determined to follow *her*.' And so, with high and renewed hopes, they recommenced, as we left them, their dreary knocking on the face of the rocky chamber. I often think of these men tapping at their lonely task in the heart of a Cumberland mountain.

Our return to the light of day being safely effected, and our respective toilets made at the margin of a rill of pure water which trickled past the mouth of the mine, I returned with my friend to Keswick, our vehicle, for the sake of variety, taking the road along the western shore of Derwentwater.

Having seen how the plumbago was dug, it was now interesting for me to learn how it was fashioned by the hands of manufacturers into pencils. This was fortunately not of difficult accomplishment. The staple trade of Keswick is pencil-making, and yet, curiously enough, such a peculiarity bears no natural relationship to the production of the raw material. All the plumbago excavated in Borrowdale is sent, in the first place, to London, where, being purchased from the company's depôt by the Keswick pencil-makers, it is sent back to Cumberland for manufacture; consequently, black-lead pencils could be made as well in London and elsewhere as in Keswick, and no doubt good pencils have been fabricated in the metropolis. But that day, I am told,

is past. There has for years been a degeneracy in the London pencil trade, and the profession has concentrated its zeal and capital at Keswick.

Favoured by an accidental introduction, I had the pleasure of walking through the works of Messrs Bankes, Foster, and Company, the largest establishment for pencil-making in Keswick. The factory, as I may call it, consists of a house of several storeys, in the lower of which is a huge water-wheel, turned by the Greta, a brilliant stream flowing from Saddleback and the adjoining mountains. Outside were shown several logs of cedar-wood ready for use, which had been lately imported from Mobile. The quantity of cedar consumed annually by the establishment is four thousand cubic feet —a quantity so large that one might imagine the whole world could not require pencils to that amount. The fancies of the uninitiated, however, are always greatly below the mark in such matters. The visitor of a thread factory in Manchester would delude himself with the idea that more thread was made in a forenoon than the whole of womankind could consume in a century. From the water-wheel and the logs we went to the sawmill, where the wood was cut into planks, and from the planking-room we ascended to an apartment where a circular saw cuts the planks into smaller pieces preparatory for the grooving engine. This last-mentioned apparatus is a very clever affair. It consists of two revolving saws, going at inconceivable speed; one saw cutting the slips of wood into narrow square rods, and the other making a groove along the rod and cutting to size at the same time. Much, in fact, seems to be done by circular saws, all moved by the water-wheel beneath; wherever we turn, we see small instruments of this kind whizzing about with fearful velocity. Adjoining the grooving apparatus is a circular saw, cutting slips of cedar as covers to the grooved lengths. I was next shown the manner of preparing the plumbago. This article, if good, needs no refining; it is used precisely in the condition in which it leaves the mine. To ascertain its qualities, each piece is scraped with the edge of a knife, besides being otherwise tested; and in proportion as there is no gritty particles in it, so is it the more valuable. Some pieces are harder, some a little darker in colour, than others; and according to these peculiarities, they are employed for pencils of various hardnesses and shades. The whole knack of pencil-making seems to depend on the detection of these niceties in the bits of lead, and also of course in their honest adaptation to the varieties which are dealt out to the public. Plumbago of an impure kind is ground to powder; the grit, as far as possible, separated from it; and the cleansed material, mingled with a cohesive liquid, is dried and pressed into hard lumps for use. This process, however, is applied principally, if not exclusively, to the plumbago imported from India, and only in reference to pencils of the commonest sort. Pencils made with such stuff are valueless to artists; for, independently of their want of tone, they are never altogether free of grit. The only good pencil is one made from genuine Borrowdale lead, pure from the mine, and adapted by a skilful manufacturer to its assigned purpose. One or two of the finer kind, which I procured at Bankes's establishment, have thrown an artist into raptures, he seemingly beholding them as

'Cheaply purchased in their weight of gold.'

The mode of preparing the pieces of good plumbago for the pencil is very simple. All the bits, with their surface merely scraped, are glued to a board, in order to fix them in a position for being sawn. When so fixed, they are brought under the action of a saw, which divides them into thin slices or scantlings. These slices are now handed to the fitter. This is an operative who, with a lot of grooved rods before him, sticks slices of the lead in the grooves, snapping off each slice level with the surface, so as just to leave the groove properly filled. In the making of a single pencil, perhaps as many as three or four slice lengths are required; but however many, each slice is fitted exactly endlong with another, so as to leave no intervals. The rods being thus filled, are carried to the fastener-up. This person, who is surprisingly dexterous in his operations, glues the cedar covers or slips over the filled rods; and having got a certain number arranged alongside of each other, he fixes them tightly together, and lays them aside to dry. When dried, they are ready for being rounded. I had, some years before, seen pencil rods rounded in a manufactory in Paris, the process being there performed by a plane, and, as it appeared to me, with a wonderful degree of quickness. This old planing system is exploded in England. At Keswick, hand-labour in rounding would now be considered quite a farce. The rounding is here done by an apparatus fixed to a bench —a thing of revolving planes, or turning tools. Into this engine the rods are fed one after the other, and out they come, as fast as the eye can follow them, rounded to a perfect nicety. By this simple and efficient machine, a man will round from six hundred to eight hundred dozens of pencils in a day. After being rounded, they get a smoothing with a plane, and then they are polished by being rubbed with a peculiar kind of fish-skin; this latter operation being performed by girls. Being polished, the next step is to cut the rods into lengths with a circular saw, after which the lengths are respectively smoothed at the ends. Nothing now remains but to stamp on them the name of the maker, with the letters significant of their quality. The stamping-engine is as ingenious a piece of machinery as is in the establishment. Fed into it, the pencils are stamped in less than an instant of time. A girl, I was told, will, with this apparatus, stamp two hundred pencils per minute. Gathered from a box below into which the pencils fall, they are carried away to be tied in bundles. And such may be called the history of a black-lead pencil.

In the establishment of Bankes, Foster, and Company, which I believe is the largest of the kind in the world, from fifteen to sixteen hundred dozens of pencils are made daily; and here, as elsewhere, the more machinery introduced into the works, the greater is the number of hands who are employed. The wages realised by the workmen average about twenty shillings weekly; the time of labour—light, I should think, in all its departments—being eleven hours daily.

I had now executed the purpose I had in view in visiting this part of Cumberland, and made the best of my way southwards through this charmingly picturesque district of country, to new fields of observation in Lancashire.

MINOR TRIALS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE prick of a pin often gives more acute pain than the gash inflicted by a lancet. So, as we pass through life, our minor sorrows are frequently harder to bear than our great afflictions. Very heavy troubles either deaden our sense of suffering by the violence of the shock, or else excite an unwonted and unnatural strength, which enables us to stand firm against the blow. But the minor evils of life annoy us—irritate us: we chafe against them, and can neither patiently endure, nor manfully fight against them. And thus it is that we often see those whom we had most reverenced for having nobly borne great trials, the first to sink under lesser ones.

But enough of this moralising strain, into which we are too prone to fall. There is no sermon so good as example, and a plain story often does more service than all the essays on morality that ever came from old Wisdom's pen. In our childish days—alas! a long, long time ago!—we learned more from good Mrs Hoffland's simple tales, than Dr Aikin or Mrs Chapone could ever have taught us. Her diligent boys, and kind sisters, and patient companions, were like mute friends to us, ever

inciting us to emulate their good examples; silent monitors, who, without any prosy advice, by their own actions admonished us to go and do likewise. And thus we have ever loved and had faith in stories. Now for our own.

It was on a fine May morning, when earth and sky seemed full of hope and gaiety, that a bride was brought home to the small parish of Woodmanslea. It was a gay procession; the horses' heads were nodding under green boughs, and girls were strewing flowers on the road; for the bridegroom was no less a personage than the young rector, the Rev. Owen Thornton, who had brought to his English home Katharine Gordon, one of the fairest flowers that ever grew on the Highland hills. Katharine was that rare sight—a truly beautiful woman. She was not pretty—her stature was too tall for that; and her regular and somewhat strongly-marked features were too classically perfect to charm at once a common eye, which is generally dazzled by complexion or manner. She had the dark hair and aquiline character of face which, probably by some foreign intermixture, is often found in the Highlands of Scotland in contradistinction to the fair face and sunny hair, which is perhaps less beautiful, but more winning. And Katharine's eyes—

> 'Her dark and intricate eyes,
> Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death'—

no other words than these we quote would adequately describe them. Her beauty was more noble than loveable; so that the village girls who clustered around her carriage were in some degree awed, until the inexpressible sweetness of her smile chased away all their doubts. The bridegroom was, as is nearly always the case, totally unlike his wife; mild in face and manner, with irregular but pleasing features, which, amidst all their sweetness of expression, bore a certain character of indecision. Quiet and gentlemanlike in his deportment, of disposition according with his kindly looks, not particularly clever, but possessing considerable acuteness of perception, united with almost womanly tenderness of feeling, Owen Thornton was in every way what an English country clergyman should be.

The carriage wound slowly up the wooded hill, on the top of which stood the church and the rectory. The road through which they passed was bounded by thick hedges, out of which sprang noble trees—oak, elm, and chestnut with its fragrant white flowers. At times a break in these verdant boundaries showed glimpses of a lovely, wide extended landscape. But when they had passed the old church, and came to the summit of the hill, how beautiful was the scene before them! For miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach, lay a rich undulating valley; sunny slopes, of the graceful curve which is peculiar to the part of the country we describe; white mansions glimmering through trees; dark woods here and there; and the river winding amidst all, like a silver thread, now seen, now lost, until it hid itself in the blue distant mountains that bounded the whole; and above all hung the deep blue arch of heaven, fraught with the glorious sunshine of May.

Katharine Thornton looked on this scene, and her beautiful lip trembled with deep feeling. She took her husband's hand, and said in a sweet voice, which a slight northern intonation only made more musical, 'And is this your sunny England? It is beautiful, most beautiful.'

'And you will love it for my sake?' answered the delighted bridegroom.

Her answer was audible to him alone; but the evident pleasure of the young bride had gratified all; and as the carriage turned to enter the heavy gates of the old rectory, the villagers and tenants, who had come to greet the squire's younger brother, rent the air with their shouts. And such was Katharine Thornton's welcome home.

A few weeks passed by, and the bride became settled in her new abode, and entered cheerfully on her new duties. It was in every way a great change for Katharine. True, she had no distant home to cling to and regret, for she was an orphan; and then she loved her husband so entirely! But yet everything she met seemed new and strange to the young Highland girl, thus suddenly transformed into an English clergyman's wife. Still she was happy—most happy! She moved about her beautiful garden on the slope of the hill, and amused herself with the arrangement and adornment of her pretty home, which Owen's care had filled with everything that could please his beloved wife—and she felt such delight in her new dignity, when she took the head of her husband's table as the mistress of the house. It was a girlish feeling; but she was so young—not out of her teens in truth. And then Katharine had to welcome and visit her new relatives—her husband's mother, and brother, and sisters. Her heart was overflowing with love for them all, for she had none of her own; and even before her marriage, she had looked forward to these new ties with intense pleasure. But when the young wife actually met them, though their greeting was not unkind, she fancied it was cold. In this Katharine was mistaken; for when her mother-in-law first kissed her cheek, and welcomed her as Owen's wife, a deep interest had sprung up in her heart for the stranger. But Katharine did not know this.

Mrs Thornton was an English gentlewoman of the old school, such as exist in the nooks where the manufacturing whirlpool has not yet swallowed up and mingled the gradations of ancient gentry, yeomen, and farmers. Dignified, reserved, but not forbidding—kind to the poor from nature and from custom—loving her children with a deep but not openly-shown affection, the sole remaining tie of a long-widowed heart—such was Owen's mother. John Thornton, her eldest son, the squire of the village, was the very opposite of his brother—bold, manly, reckless—the best hunter and best fox-hunter for miles round. Devoted to these sports, he lived unmarried with his mother and sisters at the Hall. Of these three sisters we must now speak, for it was to them that Katharine chiefly looked for society and affection.

Miss Thornton, the eldest, was what the world despitefully terms *an old maid*. She might once have been handsome, but her younger sisters never remembered her otherwise but as she now appeared—a gentle and ladylike woman of middle age. There had been some shadow over her youth, Owen told his wife—some old and lost love; but no one ever spoke of it now. A broken heart is rare—blessings to old Time, the benevolent healer of all sorrows, for the same! And if some coldness was left in Elizabeth Thornton's heart, which gave a slight tinge to her manners, it was all that now remained of her early sorrows. Agnes, the second, was one of those every-day characters that are constantly met with—neither plain nor pretty, neither disagreeable nor particularly winning; but Florence, the youngest, was a beautiful and accomplished girl, and Owen's darling sister. Of her Katharine had often heard, and had longed to see her; but when they really met, she was disappointed. There was an evident constraint in her sister-in-law's manner towards her. Florence seemed to watch so eagerly every word, every action, of her brother's wife; and then Owen thought so much of her. Every new ornament in the house, or improvement in the garden, was the result of Florence's taste, until the young wife became wearied of hearing 'Florence did that,' 'Florence said so and so.' Foolish Katharine! she was absolutely becoming jealous; while Florence, on her part, though of sweet temper in the main, almost looked upon her beautiful sister-in-law as a rival.

Now came various trifling vexations, which jarred on the spirit of the young bride, and often contracted her fair brow with a frown, at which she herself was the first to laugh and blush when the trivial cause that brought it thither was past. Katharine had borne nobly the loss of parents, of home, and many great sorrows too heavy for one so young; but now, in the

midst of her happiness, innumerable minor things arose to annoy her. She was so anxious that her sisters should love her; and yet it seemed that they always happened to visit the rectory when its young mistress was chafed by some household disaster; and Agnes looked grave, and praised English ways and habits in a tone which made Katharine's Highland blood rush to her brow, while Florence laughed at her, and Miss Thornton talked of patience and the beauty of gentleness of temper. And, in truth, this latter quality was what Katharine sorely wanted. She was a high-spirited woman, of strong deep feelings, but she wanted that meek loving spirit 'which endureth all things;' and she felt too keenly those chance words and looks in which even the best of people will at times indulge, not knowing how very bitterly some of them rankle in the memory of another.

Katharine certainly loved Mrs Thornton much, perhaps more than she did her sisters. It might be that she saw a likeness to Owen in his mother's face; and how suddenly, how immediately, does the heart cling to such a resemblance to one beloved, even when traced in a passing stranger! Still, Katharine's sensitive temper fancied that the reserved and sedate manner of Mrs Thornton sprung from an unloving heart.

'I would love her if she would let me!' thought the young wife many a time. 'But I fear neither she nor any of them love me.'

There is nothing so chilling, so repulsive to affection, as this doubt concealed in the heart; and Katharine's manner grew colder, and her visits at the Hall less frequent; so that her sisters, whose slight prejudices a little patient forbearance would have melted into warm regard, began to look upon Owen's wife as a stranger who could not share in any of their pursuits or enjoyments.

However, Katharine had her husband still: his love was unchanged. Hers had been gained, not by outward beauty or dazzling talent, but, as the dear old song says, 'his gentle manners won her heart;' and those 'gentle manners,' and that innate goodness of heart, could never alter in Owen Thornton. Some might have said that the young rector's wife was superior to himself: in some things perhaps she was; but the thought never entered Katharine's mind. Had it done so, she would have shrunk away from it in fear and shame; for there is nothing so bitter to a wife's peace as to think meanly of him whom she ought to reverence with her whole soul. If all the world had seen Katharine's superiority to her husband, alas for her on the day when it should be discovered to her own eyes!

The honeymoon was over, but many long, sweet evenings—almost lover-like—did Owen and Katharine spend together in the pretty room which overlooked the sloping hill-side. The husband and wife were still lingering in the shadow of the romance of courtship; and they loved to sit in autumn evenings and watch the brown and changing woods, and talk of the blue mountains and lakes, and wild, beautiful regions, where Owen had first met and wooed his Highland bride. One night the quick-coming twilight found them still here. Katharine had been talking to her husband of her own young days, long before she knew that such a person as Owen Thornton existed. These childish memories left a vague sadness behind; and when Owen brought her harp, and asked her to sing away all old thoughts, she sat down and poured forth her whole heart in the deep pathos of the ever-beautiful 'Flowers of the Forest.'

When she finished the last line, which seems to die away like the last sigh of nature's summer or of youth's hope—'The flowers o' the forest are a' wede away'—Katharine remained some moments silent. Her husband, too, did not speak. She turned towards him—Owen had fallen fast asleep during her beautiful song!

A sudden chill struck bitterly on Katharine's heart. She had felt so much, sung with such fervour, and all was lost upon Owen! Poor Katharine! she was disappointed, wounded. She did not think how many times her gentle husband had listened to songs which his own different associations made him feel far less than she did, and which he entered into solely from his love for her. She had forgotten, too, that he had ridden five-and-twenty miles that morning to administer baptism to a dying child, and to comfort the last moments of a poor widow. No wonder that he was wearied, and had sunk to sleep even in the midst of his wife's sweet music.

When Owen awoke, an hour after, there was no smile on Katharine's face to greet him, and a slight pout sat on her lips, which made their beautiful curves more visible, but which gave to their very loveliness that expression of all others the most odious on a woman's face—mingled scorn and sullenness. Katharine's good angel had fled; but it was only for a time. In the silence of night all this rose up against her, and floods of contrite tears washed away all the hardness and unkindness which had entered her heart.

Next morning, Katharine's loving care seemed determined to make amends for the unexplained and unconfessed error into which she had fallen. Owen's chair was placed close to the bright fire, which made the misty autumn morning seem cheerful; his favourite flowers, yet wet from the dew whence Katharine's hand had gathered them, were beside him; the breakfast which he liked best was provided; and Katharine, fresh and rosy as the morning itself, sat behind the ever-musical urn awaiting her husband.

Owen came in with an open letter in his hand. It was from his mother, asking them to one of her old-fashioned dinner-parties. Owen was all cheerfulness; he was always pleased to go over to the Hall—almost too much so his wife thought sometimes.

'My mother complains that they have not seen you so much of late, Katharine love,' said Owen.

She looked rather confused. 'It is certainly a good while since I went; but I have so many things to keep me at home; and then the girls seldom come here: it is their fault too.'

'Perhaps so. Well, we must go oftener, and to-morrow in particular; and you must make my mother happy by looking well and singing your best,' said the husband gaily.

Katharine felt anything but willing; but the mention of singing reminded her of her sins against poor Owen the evening before, and she knew atonement was needed. So she assented cheerfully, and they went together to the Hall the day following.

Mrs Thornton's was one of those formal entertainments so uninteresting to a stranger, when neighbours meet and discuss the public and private affairs of the country. All this was very dull to Katharine; but she looked across the table to Owen's happy face as he talked to an old college friend; and she bore bravely with her own prosy neighbour, and strove with all her heart to take an interest in names, and persons, and places of which she had never heard before. Florence, too, was merry, for she had her betrothed husband at her side; and Elizabeth Thornton's rare smile flitted more than once over her mild features as she talked to one who sat next her—a sweet-looking woman, whose pale golden hair, and delicate, almost transparent complexion, made her seem scarcely out of girlhood, though she was in reality about twenty-five.

When the dinner was over, and Katharine sat with Florence in a little recess in the drawing-room window, out of hearing of the rest, she could not resist inquiring about the stranger who had attracted her so much.

'Do you really not know who she is?' said Florence, surprised. 'Did my brother never speak of Mary Wynn?'

'No indeed: is that her name?'

'Yes: she was Owen's first love.'

An uneasy sensation made the young wife start, and look fixedly at 'Owen's first love;' but then she laughed, and asked Florence to tell her more.

'I hardly know if I ought,' said the mischief-loving girl. 'It is years ago; Owen was very young; and I do not suppose he long remembered her, though he certainly loved her at the time; but,' added Florence gravely, 'I know how much she loved him, and how deeply she suffered; for she was, and is, my dearest friend. However, she may have forgotten him now. She seemed pleased to see you, and speaks cheerfully to Owen. Poor Mary! I hope she has forgotten her "first love," as he has her.'

No more was said about Mary Wynn, but Katharine became thoughtful and silent; not that she doubted Owen's strong affection for herself, but no woman ever really likes to hear that her husband once had a 'first love.' And yet Florence was right: Owen had entirely forgotten his boyish flame. It is seldom that such endure; and perhaps it is well; for the silvery veil of romance and fancy which enshrouds man's first idol, would infallibly, when removed, leave an image far below this ideal standard of perfection. Nevertheless, Katharine, full of the happy fulfilment of her own young love, felt much more than perhaps Mary Wynn did herself. Had she known how much deeper and stronger is the love of the man than of the boy, of the woman than of the romantic girl, Katharine would not have so closely watched her husband and Mary Wynn, nor have returned home with such a weight on her heart.

Mary Wynn left the Hall, went home, and was forgotten; but still her visit had left a painful impression on Owen's wife. Katharine thought that much of Florence's distaste to herself—aversion it could hardly be called—arose from her strong love and sympathy for Mary Wynn. Day by day the bond between Katharine Thornton and her sisters-in-law was gradually loosening; and her quick eyes were ever discovering failings, and her mind becoming more alive to unworthy suspicions. Florence's mirth-loving nature was to her full of bitter sarcasm; Elizabeth's gentle gravity, which had interested her so much, appeared only the hypocrisy of self-assumed goodness; and Agnes's indolence was insupportable. Katharine fancied they tried to make her husband love her less; and even Owen felt the results of her harsh doubts in her changed manner and anxious looks. Husband and wife loved one another still; but the perfect sunshine of all-hallowing, all-forgiving love was gone; and what trifles, what mere shadows, had done this!

In her unhappiness, Katharine's mind turned regretfully to her old Scottish home, and lingered sinfully on many former joys. At last her over-burdened heart would find vent: she told all the doubts and troubles of her wedded life to an old and dear friend—the wife of her former guardian. In this Katharine was wrong, very wrong. Such trials, even when they amount to real griefs, should be hidden in the depths of the heart; no eye should see them—no ear should hear them. True, of her husband himself—the kind, good-principled, affectionate Owen—Katharine had nought to complain; and of his family, the very knowledge that they were *his* should have sealed her lips.

Fortunately for Katharine, her friend, Mrs Lindsay, was wise as well as kind, and candid, although gentle, was the reproof she gave to the young wife.

'You are young, and I am old,' she wrote, 'therefore, Katharine, listen to me with patience. You tell me how much you are tried—ask of your own heart, have you been entirely in the right? Is there in you no discontent—no readiness to compare old things with new—no suspicious quickness in detecting slight failings, that, perchance, would best be passed over with a loving blindness? Katharine, you came a stranger to your husband's home—your sole resting-place was in his affection; having thus trusted him, you should strive to love what he loves, think as he thinks, see as he sees. All that are his are yours. When you married, his ties became your own, and you should regard and love them as such; not with jealous comparison, not with eyes eager to detect faults, but with the loving forbearance that is needful in a family bound together for life. And as for their want of love—if they see that you feel as one of them, which indeed you are; that to a certain degree you "forget your own people, and your father's house," to enter into their plans, and hopes, and sympathies; and, above all, that you are bent on conquering any slight obstacles to mutual affection—if they see all this, they will soon love you as your heart could wish. And, my Katharine, make no fancied sorrows for yourself. You are a beloved and happy wife—thank God each day for that blessing, so rare to many. Look not for perfection—it is not to be found on earth; but forget the past, and go on in your loving, patient, and hopeful way; it will surely lead to happiness at last.'

Mrs Lindsay's words sank deeply into Katharine Thornton's heart. But ere she had time to guide her conduct by their wise counsel, sickness, that harsh and fearful, yet often kindly monitor, came to her. Thus it happened: Katharine was a wild and fearless rider, and one sad day her high-mettled horse took fright, nor stopped until its burthen was thrown senseless at her husband's own gate. Many days she lingered between life and death, and when reason and consciousness returned, Katharine learned that her constant and unwearied attendants had been the grave, cold-hearted Elizabeth, and the mirthful and often thoughtless Florence!

'How little I knew them—how deeply I misjudged them!' thought the repentant Katharine. But still she did not know, and it was well that she did not, that the untiring care of the two sisters had sprung at first more from duty than inclination—that Elizabeth's shy and seldom-roused disposition, and Florence's remembrance of old prejudices, had struggled long with their natural kindness of heart. Rare, very rare, in real life, is a character even distantly approaching to perfection—the angel nature after which we all unconsciously seek—else why do we love so much those delineations of human goodness that abound in fiction? Most needful is it to bear and forbear; ever seeking to behold the sunny spots in the nature of all around us; and there are none of the sons and daughters of man—of man, made in the image of God—in whom some trace of that divine image does not linger still.

Katharine arose from her sick-bed, having learned much. In many a long hour, when she lay in the quiet silence that was necessarily imposed upon her, her thoughts were busy. Owen's image rose up before her, not as the adoring, enthusiastic lover, who submitted delightedly to all her fancies, and from whom she expected unwearied sympathy of thought and feeling, but as he was now, and would be more as they grew older—a helpmate not free from faults, but still most loveable, and worthy of the strongest trust and affection, with whom she was to pass through—not an enchanted valley of bliss, but a world in which there were sorrows to be borne, and cares to be overcome, and joys to be shared together.

Then Katharine would lie watching the lithe figure of her sister as she flitted about the room, until her growing love cast a charm even over Florence's outward attractions; and the invalid thought how very sweet her smile was, and what a pleasant voice she had when she came to the bedside to whisper the few words that were allowed to pass between them. She gratefully remembered, too, that Florence had left the society of her lover, and deprived herself of many amusements, to share with Elizabeth the care of a sick-room, and Katharine began to hope that her sister really loved her a little, and would love her more in time.

As Katharine grew stronger, this 'late autumn-spring' of affection in the hearts of the sisters still withered not, but rather gathered strength. No explanations were given or asked. Such are often very ill-judged, and evil in their effect. The new bud of love will not bear much handling. A silent hand-pressure, an affectionate smile, were all that marked the recon-

ciliation. Katharine suffered no misgivings or seeming obstacles to hinder her in the path on which she had determined.

One evening the invalid lay resting, half-asleep, in her arm-chair. Elizabeth and Florence were with her; and after a long silence, supposing her asleep, they began to talk in low tones. Their voices broke through Katharine's dream; but they could not see her for the twilight, and it was some time before her roused faculties could distinguish what they talked about.

Elizabeth was saying, 'How very beautiful Katharine looked to-day; I thought Owen would never gaze enough at her.'

'Yes,' said Florence; 'and I think her illness has improved her beauty. She does not look half so proud. Do you know, Elizabeth, that once I thought her anything but handsome, and wondered that Owen could have chosen her after beautiful, gentle Mary Wynn.'

'Ah, that was because you did not like Katharine. You were hardly just to her,' observed the mild Elizabeth.

'Yet I really had no positive dislike to her; but she had such strange ways, and seemed to think herself so different from us.'

'Yet mamma loved her from the first.'

'Yes, and so do I now, and you too, and all of us. But she seems so changed, so gentle and affectionate: I begin to think it possible to love one's brother's wife after all,' said the gay Florence, giving way to a cheerful laugh, which she immediately checked, lest it should disturb her sister's slumbers.

But Katharine had heard enough to break her repose, though deep pleasure mingled with the slight pain which Florence's unconscious reminiscences had given her. It is so sweet to be loved; and after a prejudice conquered, that love delayed comes sweeter than ever.

Owen's entrance formed a glad relief and pretext for the termination of Katharine's sleep and Florence's revelations; and now her sister's recovering health enabled the latter to leave her. That night Florence was sent for to return home, and Owen came to deliver the tidings. Elizabeth, at Katharine's intreaty, remained; but Florence was imperiously demanded at home, and must depart. So, after a short delay, she was ready, and came to bid adieu to the invalid. It was not for long; but still it was the first time they had been parted since Florence had come, in horror and dismay, to her insensible sister's couch. Katharine rose feebly in her chair, and weeping, threw herself on Florence's bosom.

'Thank you, and bless you, dear girl, for all your care of me,' was all she could articulate.

'Nonsense!' cried Florence cheerfully, trying to withstand the unusual moistness in her own eyes. 'Do not quite overwhelm me, Katharine; I did nothing but what I ought, and what I liked too.'

'And you do love me now, Florence—a little?' whispered Katharine as her sister hung over her.

Florence's warm and kindly nature now entirely predominated. 'Yes, indeed I do, with all my heart,' she cried with affectionate energy, as she folded both her arms round Katharine, and kissed her repeatedly.

'Come, come; all this embracing will be quite too much for Katharine,' said the husband, coming forward with a smile, and carrying away his sister to the door, whither Elizabeth followed her. Owen came and sat by his wife's side, and the invalid rested her head on his shoulder, while they talked with full hearts of her happy recovery.

'Florence is a sweet girl, is she not?' said Owen after a pause.

This time no feeling of jealousy crossed the young wife's mind. 'Indeed she is,' Katharine answered; 'and I love her very much.'

'I thought you would in time, Katharine.'

She did not immediately answer, and then her voice trembled as she said, 'Owen, dear, I have not been all good; I have been wrong in many things; I have made too much trouble for myself out of slight vexations.'

Owen stopped her. 'Now, love, I will have no more confessions! Your husband loves you, and you are all good in his eyes now.'

'And always will be, if the determination can make me so. And when we are old married people'—a curious twitch came over Owen's mouth as his wife said this—'when we are old married people, we shall be all the wiser, at least I shall, for remembering these minor trials of our youth.'

WHAT IS MACHINERY DOING FOR US?

This is a question which has been often asked, and one which has been as often and variously answered. That machinery has done much for us, both economically and morally, must be admitted on all hands; and, taking the recent progress of the arts into account, it is equally certain that it is destined to accomplish still greater marvels. It may be true that its adoption has, in some instances, been attended with temporary evils, but no one would argue from such a fact against the general and permanent employment of a power which tends to diminish human labour, and to extend human comforts—placing within the reach of the many what would otherwise be attainable only by the few. Besides, in the consideration of all such subjects, our estimate should be made for the general, and not for the particular; our object should be what is best for the whole race, and not what may be temporarily detrimental to a fraction of some peculiar section—bearing in mind that, ultimately, the interest of the individual is never more surely or more thoroughly secured than through the good of the entire community. Laying aside, therefore, all argument on this head as at once futile and unworthy, we mean to take a glance at the recent progress of the mechanical arts, in answer to the question with which we set out—a question which, every year, requires a more varied and extensive answer.

At the beginning of the current century, the mechanical apparatus of Britain was of a simple and scanty description: agriculture could boast of nothing like machinery; spinning and weaving were done by hand; our ships were wafted by the breeze, or lay at rest when there was no breeze to waft them; printing, paper-making, and in fact almost every art, was executed with primitive hand-machines; the joiner, blacksmith, and mason toiled on with patient ingenuity, little dreaming that the time was approaching when a machine, guided by a single hand, would accomplish with ease the work of fifty. Those things which we now regard as rude and primitive were looked upon as marvels: a common damask loom, or a thrashing machine, would have been a curiosity worth a fifty miles' journey. Now all this is changed, and there is scarcely a single manual operation, from the most simple and rude, to the most intricate and delicate, which is not less or more facilitated by mechanical aids.

In agriculture, the flail is superseded by machinery driven by steam; and this machine not only thrashes and winnows, but bags and weighs the grain for market. Sowing, drilling, and dibbling machines, of innumerable variety, are now on every well-regulated farm, doing their work with such nicety, that we might almost ascertain the number of grains necessary to the planting of a field. Ploughing has, in some instances, been executed by steam apparatus; and draining and drain-tile making have also come under the same omnipotent sway. Even reaping, one of the nicest and most careful of all agricultural operations, has been successfully accomplished by machinery, which does all but fasten the sheaf and arrange the corn in shocks. Thus one of the homeliest of all pursuits can boast of its mechanical triumphs in the steam thrashing-mill, in the recently-attempted ploughing apparatus, and in the more delicate and complicated reaping machine.

In operations little removed from agriculture as re-

gards nicety of manipulation or delicacy of finish, the potent arm of invention has also been exercising its control. An excavating machine has been perfected in the United States, and is now successfully employed in our own island, capable of performing the work of thirty ordinary labourers, and that in all sorts of soils unincumbered with rock. Machinery now presses peat into fuel, and fashions tiles and bricks by myriads; it breaks stones for macadamising roads, and dresses their surface for pavement; it sweeps our streets with a precision and rapidity which the scavenger cannot equal; it saws and polishes the marble of the sculptor, and converts the most refractory granite into the most beautiful ornaments. The joiner calls in its aid to saw and plane his timber; the cartwright to finish his wheels; the cooper to build his barrels; the carpenter to fashion and finish his blocks, as in Brunel's wonderful blockmaking machine; and the worker in metals makes the same power roll his material into sheets, square it into bars, fashion it into nails—makes it pierce holes, fasten rivets; directs it, in fine, to cut, file, polish, or stamp with a rapidity and precision which is all but miraculous.

Again, if we turn to more delicate arts, we find its aptitude still more marvellous and universal. The sculptor and engraver perform their most delicate touches and finest tints by its aid—a few hours producing a delicacy, complexity, and regularity of lines which the human hand can never possibly accomplish. The jeweller and goldsmith makes it perform his most delicate operations in chasing and embossing; the watchmaker calls in its power and precision to fashion the nicest parts of his machinery; and the philosophical instrument-maker forms by its aid a screw, or divides a scale in proportions, which the microscope alone can decipher. In printing, we see its triumphs in the steam-press and the composing machine; and also in the kindred apparatus for stamping, embossing, and colouring of paper, cloth, and other ornamental fabrics. The paper-mill—in which rags are cleaned, converted into pulp, reduced to paper, and that paper sized, smoothed, and cut into perfect sheets—is indeed a curiosity; and yet it is only one of a thousand such inventions. Is it in spinning?—then we have the numberless improvements and complications of Arkwright's invention as applied to cotton, silk, linen, or wool—these machines not only cleaning and carding the material, but drawing it out in delicacy fine as the slenderest gossamer. Allied to these are the thread, cord, and cable-making machinery scattered over our island; as well as the curious inventions for braiding and plaiting straw, working network, lace, braid, caoutchouc fabric, and the like. As in spinning, so in weaving we have a vast number of machines, which, though in every-day operation around us, must ever be regarded with curious interest. The Jacquard, damask, and carpet looms, either worked by steam or by manual labour, are, in reality, greater marvels than the automata with which our forefathers puzzled themselves; and would be so esteemed, did not frequency and familiarity banish our wonder. To these we may add such recent inventions as the mechanism for portrait-weaving, for glass-spinning and weaving, for sewing and stitching, and for the fabrication of card-web. The latter, for example, at once unwinds the wire from the reel, bends it, cuts it, pierces the holes, inserts the tooth, drives it home, and lastly, gives it, when inserted, the requisite angle—with the same, or rather with greater precision and accuracy than the most skilled set of human fingers could; and with such astonishing expedition, that one machine performs a task which would require the labour of at least ten men of average ability.

Though wind, falling water, and animal power may be, and are in many instances, applied to the movement of such machinery as we have above alluded to, yet there can be little doubt that, without the aid of the steam-engine, many of them would have never been thought of, or at all events never brought to their present perfection. It is to this, the most powerful and most uniform of all known motive forces, that the modern world owes its astonishing advances in the arts of civilised life—to this that we still look for further and still greater advances. It is in our mines and beside our furnaces; in our factories and workshops; in our mills, bakehouses, and breweries: it is on our roads and our rivers, and on the great ocean itself, bringing, as it were, the most distant and inaccessible places into close communion and reciprocation of produce. Exerting the strength of one man or the power of one thousand horses with equal indifference, the steam-engine, in all its variety of form, is the most powerful auxiliary which man ever called to his aid. In all its forms, whether atmospheric, double-condensing, high-pressure or low-pressure, rotary or otherwise, it is a curiosity of art, as is most of the apparatus with which it is connected. Perhaps the most wonderful forms in which its power now manifests itself are the railway locomotive, shooting along at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour; and in the giant iron steamer, crossing the waters of the Atlantic in as brief a space as, a century ago, our forefathers would have required to pass from Edinburgh to London.

Such are the physical triumphs of machinery: its economical effects are not less striking and important. Every invention and adaptation which lightens the toil of manual labour, which produces in a given time two bricks, or blocks, or barrels, instead of one; which cheapens the price of any article, so as to put it within the purchase of a greater number of consumers, confers a boon on human kind by increasing the means of their happiness and comfort. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the price of human food, there can be no doubt that, as a nation, we are better and more luxuriously fed than were our ancestors a century ago; and this mainly through the instrumentality of machinery bringing within the purchase of the working-man the grain, and fruits, and delicacies which formerly were reserved for the great and opulent. Poets may talk as they will of the simple and ample fare of our ancestors; but the matter is all a fiction, or at least but a coloured picture. The food of the peasant and artisan of those times was rude and innutritious at best; indifferent as to material, and still more so as to cooking; and that it was not always so ample, the fearful famines which so frequently overtook our country, and which are now altogether unknown, but too fully corroborate. Now, a bad season, or series of bad seasons, may befall us, such as happened from 1837 to 1841, and that in conjunction with commercial depression, and yet the result be comparatively harmless. Seasonal influences do not tell so severely upon our now better-cultured country; every process is now so materially shortened by the aid of machinery, that we are less, as it were, at the mercy of the weather; and, granting one section of a country or continent did suffer from seasonal severity, our roads, and railways, and steam-vessels bring us in immediate proximity with those portions which have enough and to spare. The same remarks are equally applicable to clothing—the next great want of man in all extra-tropical regions. Here the most prejudiced must admit that in beauty, quality, and price, the clothing of the present day is not for an instant to be compared with that of our ancestors; and that, had machinery done nothing more than so extend and enrich the produce of the spinning-wheel and loom, it would have been worthy of all the commendation that has been bestowed upon it. Now the girl that serves for her humble 'penny-fee' is clad in raiment which the mistress of the last century would have thought it extravagance to wear; and the toiling mechanic, week-day or Sunday, is habited in a style which no country, save a mechanical one like Britain, could supply. So also with our habitations; although the increase of population in some districts may press too closely upon supply in this respect, and leave the lower classes in circumstances frequently distressing to witness. Granting that this exception is to be made—and yet it might

be shown, we believe, that the lower classes are not one whit worse now than they were under the system of mud hut and straw hovel—a middle-class tradesman of the present day enjoys a habitation possessing more of the real comforts and elegancies of life, than most of the feudal barons of old, in all their pomp and power, could boast of. And it is to be hoped that, aided as we are by the power of machinery on every hand, and aware, as the country now is, of its necessities in this respect, the era has already commenced when healthful and becoming dwellings will be as common to our well-behaved artisans as is their Sunday's coat or their Sunday's dinner. In the three great requisites of life—food, clothing, and habitation—it must therefore be admitted that machinery has effected, and is still effecting, vast economical changes; nor will it be denied that, on the score of time and distance, it has already given to a single day the scope of a week, and compressed the journey of a week into the drive of a morning.

But all this, much as it is, would be saying little in favour of mechanical power, did it not tell in some measure on the moral and intellectual advancement of the human race. It has been well said, pointing to the higher attributes of our nature, that 'man does not live by bread alone;' and it is important to know in what degree machinery has contributed to the requirements of that more exalted nature. At first sight, anything that assists in the culture of the mere animal, which feeds, and clothes, and renders it more comfortable, and which raises it above the perpetual drudgery of simple existence, must have a tendency to elevate the mental faculties, by affording a fuller and freer scope for their development. And this—albeit that some are so blinded by prejudice as to deny it—has been one of the most direct and obvious results of our mechanical progress. Where people are well fed, and clothed, and housed, and have the amenities of life in greater abundance and beauty around them, they must be naturally more disposed to adopt a higher mental tone and standard. Nay, the very fact of continued mechanical advancement bespeaks of itself an intellectual progress; and though intelligence be not always a guarantee for the moral virtues, morality has never a surer basis than in a cultivated mind—the heart is never less liable to err than when directed by the judgment. But for machinery—the steam-engine and printing-machine—that diffusion of literature which is now almost as universal as the air we breathe, could have never been accomplished. True, there may be evil diffused along with the good, for what of human is perfect? But without mechanical aids, that information which it is the privilege of our meanest workmen to acquire, would have still been confined to the opulent few; that rapidity of intelligence which tends so much to whet and foster our mental activity, would have been unknown; and that leverage of civilisation which the missionary and philanthropist so beneficially employ, would have been altogether denied them.

Nor is it on the mere quantum of information thus supplied that we would found the claims of machinery: every new fact gained gives birth to others, it may be, of greater importance; and a population living as we do amid so many triumphs of mechanical ingenuity and skill, must, in the course of a few generations, become naturally more expert and ingenious. It is true that the mechanical tendencies of the present age have drawn men into new relations, and placed them in densely-congregated masses, where peculiar temptations more readily beset them. But, judging coolly on this point, we do not see that our countrymen have in the least become worse than their ancestors, while they have relinquished much of the rudeness and grossness of the vices which characterised former times. On the contrary, we would contend for an obvious improvement in all the social relations of life, for an order and external demeanour hitherto wholly unknown in this or in any other country. The order necessarily observed in all our factories and public works, in consequence of their strictly mechanical nature, insensibly induces to an orderly disposition; while the fact of meeting together so frequently induces emulation, and this emulation leads to self-respect and self-improvement—facts which are amply illustrated by the establishment of educational institutions, lecture-rooms, benefit and temperance societies, baths, places of public recreation, and the like—features peculiar to this so-called mechanical era. Again, the facilities of travelling, recent as these are, are already beginning to tell on the social relations of our countrymen. As we know each other better, we are less liable to offend, and more likely to forgive; and on the development of these Christian doctrines the influence of machinery is much greater than superficial thinkers may imagine. As mechanical adaptations increase and are diffused, so will our social and commercial relations increase and strengthen; and to these we shall in time owe the extinction of warfare, one of the darkest stains on the history of our race. It is a curious fact, that warfare never raged more fiercely than under religious zeal and professional puritanism; and it will be more curious still, if, under this sometimes scoffed-at mechanical age, national warfares be relinquished as a barbarity degrading to rational nature. Of course, as in all considerations of this kind, it is sometimes difficult to discriminate between cause and effect; but of this, we should think, there can be no doubt that machinery, if it has not been the cause, has been at least a close concomitant, of every case of advancement to which we have here hastily alluded.

ARE THE PEOPLE TO BE EDUCATED OR NOT?

In the summer of 1838 I made a tolerably deliberate tour through Holland, chiefly for the purpose of learning, from personal inquiries and observation, the nature of the elementary education of that country. Various articles descriptive of this educational excursion appeared, as it may be recollected, in the pages of the Journal during the ensuing winter, and the whole subsequently formed a volume in a series of books for popular reading.* My reason for now referring to these bygone papers, is to recall the remembrance of their having made known the remarkable (though not new) fact, that in the Netherlands, a country almost at our own doors, there existed a system of universal instruction, which possessed the rare merit of being acceptable to every class of politicians, and all religious sects whatsoever. To enforce the recollection of this interesting fact, I may extract the following passage from the account given of my visit to a school at Haarlem:—

'Having seen all that was necessary, I as usual questioned the schoolmaster on the subject of religious instruction. He answered, that he took every occasion of enforcing the principle of religious and moral obligation, when such a theme was appropriate in the exercises on words and sentiments in the lessons, but that no catechism or religious work formed a part of the course of instruction. The following conversation now ensued between us, through my excellent interpreter:—"Where are your pupils taught the doctrines and other essential matters in religion?" "All are taught these things by the clergymen to whose congregations their parents belong." "How is this managed?" "Two hours a-week are allowed for their attendance at the clergymen's houses or churches, but I don't interfere in the matter, and leave parents to manage these affairs with their priests." "Do you know how the children in the school are divided into sects; that is, how many in each?" "Oh no, I never inquire of what religion a child is

* A Tour in Holland, by W. Chambers. People's Editions, 1840.

when it is sent to me; indeed I cannot help feeling surprised how you should ask such a strange question." I told him that I was governed by no idle curiosity in asking these questions; that I was much gratified in observing the fervent piety and orderly manners of the Dutch, and therefore was interested in the manner of their religious education; that, if he had no objections, I should like to be permitted to ask the children, one after the other, to what religious party they belonged. This was good-humouredly agreed to. Selecting the first form in front, he began at the topmost boy, and, bidding him stand up, asked him in a kindly way what religion he was of. The child uttered the word "Romsch," the next said "Reformaire," and so did the third; the fourth was a Jew; then followed Mennonite (Baptist) and Lutheran—and so on, there was a mixture of all sects as far as we went. "I am now perfectly satisfied; I see that there is a thorough mixture of all sects in the school. But may I ask if they ever taunt or abuse each other on account of their religion?" "No," replied the teacher, "they never, to my knowledge, do such a thing; in all my experience I never heard of such a thing." This closed the conversation, and we retired.'

In 1839, when these papers appeared, England was torn by a controversy on the subject of elementary education: the government of the day was not undesirous of instituting a broad system of national instruction, but, as usual, the scheme was frustrated by sectarian fears—each religious body, to all appearance, being terrified at the possibility of others robbing it of its adherents. With the view of removing apprehensions of this nature, it was represented that in any system of elementary education which would be instituted by the state, there might be, as in Holland, an entire separation of secular and religious instruction; that while the duties of the schoolmaster should be confined to imparting the ordinary branches of education, the children of each sect should, at certain times, attend their respective clergymen for special religious or doctrinal instruction. These representations were vain; and the result is well known. Seven years have elapsed without anything having been done. Hosts of children, who might long ere this have been soundly instructed, remain in ignorance. Unfortunate as was the result of the efforts of 1839, the friends of national education have never despaired, assured that, sooner or later, an effectual and comprehensive system would be instituted. After an interval—a kind of dark age—of a few years, it is pleasing to find that the subject of national education is again coming under general discussion. The evil to be removed is, indeed, so monstrous, that it cannot fail to agitate the public mind, when other questions of a momentous kind are disposed of. That hundreds of thousands of children are to be allowed to grow up in ignorance of letters, and become in time the parents of children equally ignorant, is too great a crime to be much longer tolerated. The time, in fact, has come when the question must be settled, and settled in the right way.

From what fell under my observation in the Netherlands, I arrived at a conviction that national education should rest on the following broad principles:—First, that it is the duty of the state to furnish means for the elementary education of the whole people, insuring, as far as possible, that no child shall grow up in a state of ignorance injurious to his own interests, and dangerous to the community. Second, that it is of importance to educate children together, without reference to the religious opinions entertained by the parents. And third, that the only way by which this latter principle can be carried out, without prejudice to feelings, is to separate secular from religious instruction—the schoolmaster taking the secular, and the clergy of different denominations, as the case may be, assuming the religious department.

How far views of this nature coincide with the opinions of different religious bodies it would be difficult, in present circumstances, to say; but it will be received as a cheering piece of intelligence, that the Rev. Dr Hook, vicar of Leeds, a person enjoying a deservedly high reputation for his Christian graces, has, within the last few weeks, put forth a statement on the subject of popular education,* entirely coincident with the principles already adverted to—the principles, I believe, of every one who has given the subject any fair share of consideration. All honour to the heroism of this venerable churchman, whose sentiments, I hope, will be appreciated far beyond the circle of his own communion! Who can peruse the following passages without the liveliest gratification:—'We live in an age when the question is not *whether*, but *how* the poor are to be educated. And when I remember the difficulties with which the clergy had to contend five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, in order to convince men that the education of the poor is even desirable, I cannot but feel that much credit is due to the clergy, who have succeeded in raising a very different feeling in the minds of churchmen. They have, God be praised, preached down effectually that heresy of which I remember the prevalence, according to which even good men were induced to suppose that the All-wise God had given to man an immortal mind, capable of great things, without the intention, with respect to a large portion of the human race, that it should be exercised. That ungodly selfishness is now exploded, by which the upper classes of society were induced to suppose that mental pleasures were a luxury reserved for their exclusive enjoyment; although they were often forced to adopt the dog-in-the-manger system, and neither taste of those pleasures themselves, nor permit them to others. Whatever may add to the innocent enjoyments of our poorer brethren, we are bound, by common feelings of charity, to procure for them if possible; and this duty becomes the more important when the object in view is to call them from the world of sense without, by opening to them the world of thought within, and by adopting those means which cannot fail to soften, refine, and humanise the character. I am aware that some enthusiasts in the cause of education anticipate results from it which we know, as Christians, can never, through this instrumentality alone, be accomplished. To the unsanctified heart, education may often be a bane, and not a blessing; but I do believe that it is impossible for us, except by miracle, to sustain Christianity in this country, unless very decided and very energetic measures be speedily adopted to secure for our manufacturing population that moral training which is the basis of all good education, and without which religion becomes a mere dogma—an illegitimate mode of expressing political sentiment. Although I would not confound moral training with what I consider to be religious education, yet such training may be used as the handmaid of religion; and for want of it, thousands of our fellow-creatures are relapsing into barbarism, and becoming worse than heathens. I say worse than heathens, because, as your lordship well knows, one of the evidences in favour of Christianity is this, that he by whom it is rejected, when offered, has no alternative left: he must accept Christianity, or he can have no religion; he becomes the worst sort of infidel. A heathen has a religion, though a corrupt one: a corrupted or apostate Christian is without any God in the world, except his own belly.'

After making due allowance for the many excellent schools already called into existence, he proceeds to point out that it is impossible for voluntary associations

* On the Means of Rendering more Efficient the Education of the People. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of St David's. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D. (Pamphlet, seventh edition.) London: Murray. 1846.

to meet the wants of the nation. Education is, at the utmost, general; we must endeavour to make it universal! The present schools provide for little more than a fourth of the annual increase of the population; three-fourths are not educated at all, or, for the greater part, receive instruction of a most imperfect kind. Assuming the population of England and Wales at 16,000,000, the number of scholars ought to be 2,000,000, or 1 in 8; and deducting small school fees, which the greater number of children would pay, there would be left to be imparted by the state, for purposes of education, the sum of L.1,141,571. This, according to the doctor, is the utmost which would be required for the erection of schools, payment of teachers, &c. supplementary, of course, to endowed institutions already in existence. When such enormous sums are unscrupulously lavished on warlike objects in a time of peace, it would not surely be difficult for England to give this trifle to insure the education of her people. Money, however, is not the difficulty. The real obstacle is that already stated; yet there ought not any longer to be an obstruction on this ground. The present system—a competition of church and dissent—has been tried, and has failed. Education, to be sound and comprehensive, must embrace religion; but 'it is abundantly clear that the state cannot give religious education.' Were it to attempt it, the churchman would ask, 'Is education to be based on *my* religion? If it be, I am ready to sacrifice everything in order to work with the state. But no—this cannot be; for this would exclude a large and influential portion of the community—the Protestant dissenters. And then comes the question from the dissenters—Will you base education upon Protestantism, or the admission of every species of doctrine and opinion except those which are peculiar to the church of Rome? This cannot be, because it would lead to the rejection of Roman Catholics. Will you base religion, then, on the Bible, and the Bible only? The difficulty now occurs as to the version to be used, whether the authorised, or the Roman Catholic version.' Differing on these points, all that any religious body can expect is, that the state should 'make provision for literary or secular instruction, calling in the aid of church and dissent to complete the education. Nor,' continues the doctor, 'can there be any objection, on the part of the church, to admit dissenters to an equality in this respect; because, so far as education is concerned, this question is already settled: the state *does* assist both the church and dissent at the present time, and, consequently, what I shall presently suggest will only be another application of a principle already conceded. The notion is now exploded which once prevailed, that the church of England has an exclusive claim to pecuniary support, on the ground of its being the establishment. Those who, like myself, are called high churchmen, have little or no sympathy with mere establishmentarians. In what way the church of England is established, even in this portion of the British empire, it is very difficult to say. Our ancestors endowed the church, not by legislative enactment, but by the piety of individuals: even royal benefactors acted in their individual, not their corporate capacity, and their grants have been protected, like property devised to other corporations, by the legislature. At the Conquest, the bishops were, on account of the lands they held, made barons, and invested with the rights as well as the responsibilities of feudal lords. It is as barons, not as bishops, that seats in the House of Lords are held by some of our prelates; not by all, for a portion of our hierarchy, eminently distinguished for learning, zeal, and piety—the colonial bishops—are excluded. The church, thus endowed and protected, was once the church of the whole nation: it was corrupted in the middle ages: it was reformed; and, as the old Catholic church reformed, it remains among us to this day one of the great corporations of the land. But it ceased to be the religion of the whole nation when, many departing from it, a full toleration of all denominations of Christianity was granted. It exists, therefore, now, simply as one of the many corporations of the country, claiming from the state, like every other corporation, protection for its rights and its property. It is a pure fiction to assert that the state, by any act of parliament, has established the church of England, or any other form of Christianity, to which it is exclusively bound to render pecuniary support, or to afford any other support than such as every class of her majesty's subjects have a right to demand. This is proved by the impossibility of producing any act of parliament by which this establishment was ordained. The church has inherited property, together with certain rights, and it has a claim upon protection precisely similar to the claim for protection which may be urged by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London, who are also invested with certain rights and property handed down to them from their predecessors. The church has no more claim for exclusive pecuniary aid from the state, or for *any pecuniary aid at all*, than is possessed by any other of those many corporations with which our country abounds. To call upon parliament to vote any money for the exclusive support of the church of England, is to call upon parliament to do what is unjust. And if the church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the deficiency of the funds required by appropriating her property to this purpose. Our bishops are, on this principle, bound to go down to the House of Lords and seek powers from the legislature to sell their estates, and their example should be followed by the more opulent of the inferior clergy. The help of the laity would be then sufficient. It would be better for the church to have a pauperised hierarchy than an uneducated people; and never could the hierarchy be more respectable than when pauperised in such a cause. But though I shrink not from declaring what must be, and ought to be, the consequence of asserting the principle that the education of the people, secular as well as religious, pertains exclusively to the church, I admit that such a measure is not to be required, because the country will not accept the education of the church; and for the religious education of those who will receive education at our hands, we have at present sufficient funds, though they are insufficient for that which it is useless for the church to attempt—the general education of the people.'

Having made these honourable concessions, the doctor next shows how the church and dissent might cooperate to insure the religious training of pupils in the proposed national schools. 'There should be attached to every school thus established by the state a class-room, in which the clergyman of the parish, or his deputies, might give religious instruction to his people on the afternoons of every Wednesday and Friday—another class-room being provided for a similar purpose for dissenting ministers. Suppose this to be done, in addition to the requiring of the children an attendance at some Sunday school, and I do not ask whether such an arrangement would be preferred to any other by either party, for each party would prefer having everything in its own way; but I do ask whether there could be any violation of principle on either side? I ask whether, for the sake of a great national object, there might not be a sacrifice, not of principle, but of prejudice on either side?'

Frankly asked, this question deserves to be as frankly answered. It is evident that, carried out in an impartial spirit, the method suggested by Dr Hook would annihilate all objections to a state or national system of education. Can we, however, reasonably entertain the expectation of seeing antagonist parties and sects cordially uniting to execute this important undertaking? Perhaps not: there will not be wanting busybodies to excite fears and foment discord. Some will affect a due horror for the state 'moulding the national mind.' And others may, again, attempt to raise a cry still more discordant and unprincipled. The question, however, is before the country. Are the people to be

educated or not? When the proper time arrives, it is sincerely to be trusted that the country, through its representatives in parliament, will respond with an emphatic THEY SHALL, which shall bear down every petty form of opposition.

W. C.

CHEAP JACK.

Most persons must have been arrested in their pedestrian excursions by a crowd gathered round a yellow van, upon the platform of which was an individual violently gesticulating, and crying out 'Here you are; sold agin, sold agin!' This person is universally recognised as 'Cheap Jack;' and however much we may feel disposed to question the justice of the title, *he* glories in the name, and trumpets it forth into the ears of his audience with surprising vehemence.

Cheap Jack principally frequents those places where he is pretty certain of obtaining a considerable auditory. His powers of declamation, in fact, are called out chiefly in proportion to the numbers before him. On a wet afternoon, to be sure, he must put up with all he can collect, and may then be seen with ludicrous enthusiasm prancing to and fro upon the boards before a group consisting of three men and half-a-dozen of boys. These are people who, having nothing to do, prefer getting wet under his oratory to keeping dry without that stimulus. It is most frequently upon the market-place of our little villages, during the ferment of the two days' fair, that the scene of his drama is laid. On other occasions he pitches his tent in the quieter districts which surround a great city, where he can defy the policeman. In the first instance he is at work all day long, and contributes no inconsiderable quota to the din of the fair. You may hear his triumphant 'Sold agin!' rising above every other cry which stuns the welkin. But in the second, with a nice adaptation to the superior intelligence of his customers, it is at night that, under the delusory glare of a couple of melted tallow lamps, and with the steam power of full three red-hot parliamentary declaimers, he displays at one and the same time his wit and his goods.

Now of the man himself. Cheap Jack may be recognised out of a million of ordinary men. That is he; the man with the corduroy trousers, the cotton velvet jacket with the tremendous pockets, and the fiery stuff waistcoat, with the bronze countenance, the shining hair, the sharp eyes, and the greasy hat. He has not his fellow in one out of the hundreds who bustle about the market-place, Cheap Jack is attended by a boy of sharp looks and impudent demeanour. The airs which this young gentleman takes on are wonderfully similar to those of his master: he is Cheap Jack all over, only in miniature. With a degree of superciliousness wholly inimitable by any adult physiognomy, the boy overlooks the rustics below, honouring them now with a compassionate sneer, and now with a wink of ineffable acuteness. A gigantic ploughman, who will press too closely upon the stage, gives this young man an immensity of trouble and anxiety. And occasionally he is heard to cry out to him, 'Keep back there, my man; keep back there!' with an intonation and expression of haughty, thoroughly aristocratic pride in his puny voice, which is perfectly astounding.

Last of all, concerning the van. We hear a good deal about expanding trunks, warranted to hold ladies' and gentlemen's entire wardrobes in next to no space whatever: these are nothing to the yellow van. One would suppose it contained enough to cram a few ordinary shops to suffocation. There are within, if you will look down into it, piles upon piles of waistcoats and trousers, tools and stationery, books and tea-trays, guns and ammunition, brooms and hearth-rugs. And upon the platform, and a scaffold twelve feet high, is displayed a dazzling assemblage of similar articles; with the additional embellishment of sundry saws and hatchets, planes and workmen's baskets. Little French ornaments, dust-bellows, and ornamental wicker-work, are staple commodities in suburban districts.

Now turn to the admiring crowd below. Here is a physiognomical treat! Here are sunburnt faces, blue and twinkling eyes, broad and innocent mouths, which are living representations of the human emotions—wonder, credulity, incredulity, gravity, and fun.

Here is a merry mob swallowing down poison as if it were honey. Here are a few knots of little boys enchanted with Cheap Jack's jokes, and laughing with more zest than all the others at every untruth which breaks from his lips.

But more particularly. 'Here, boy, bring me them weskitts—ladies and gentlemen—not the baskitts, you young stupid:' this is a pretty regular joke cracked upon the boy's head, to put the audience in good-humour at the opening of the scene. 'Baskitts and weskitts is so remarkably identicle—isn't they?' A sally which, considering the number of times the lad has to put up with it, he bears with surprising fortitude. The waistcoats are brought. 'Now, then, come here you, sir,' cries the orator to a thumping boy in a smock-frock. The boy attempts to mount the stage, and during this feat his awkwardness and shamefacedness are made the subjects of fifty fresh jokes, and the interest of the crowd rises to fever heat. With a countenance purpled with blushes, the young lout stands by the orator's side—a contrast of innocence and knavery. 'Why, bless the lad, if they aint a been feeding of him with beet-root!' a delicate allusion to the colour of his cheeks. The orator and his assistant then proceed to remove their young customer's smock-frock; and during this performance the crowd is convulsed at Jack's uncommon politeness. With an air of the supremest deference, he begs to be permitted to remove the garment; and then, to the violent aggravation of the poor victim, he holds it up for universal inspection. A superb waistcoat, all glittering with a double row of blue glass buttons, is now, with equal politeness, put upon the lad's back. By an extraordinary accident, it proves to be of proportions better becoming the frame of a full-grown Goliah. 'This ere wont do yet a *while*, my man. Here, bring me another on 'em.' The same ill chance decides this to be still—seeing that it reaches to the boy's knees—a trifle too capacious; and great roars of laughter burst forth, when the orator informs the boy that he wants a few pads of bread and cheese 'afore that'll fit him.' Everybody but the boy is in ecstacy with the joke. Then comes a waistcoat of smaller dimensions; this, after a great ado, is got on, but cannot be made to button, without pinning back the lad's shoulders and arms to a condition of erectness altogether foreign to those members. 'Well,' exclaims the declaimer in affected surprise, 'I never see sich a boy! We can't fit him no how at all.' The lad's self-respect now begins to take offence, and his lighting eyes are giving indications of a seriously combative character, when a word from the orator sets matters all to rights again. A properly-proportioned waistcoat is brought forward and put on, over it is put a superb velveteen coat of the most recent construction, and the lad is then requested to inspect himself, and to ascertain whether he has clear conceptions of his personal identity. After this inspection, the orator proceeds—'Well, now, my lad, I'll make you a present on 'em'—great sensation in the crowd—'if your 'spectable father, as I see yonder in the blue coat, 'll step this way and pay for 'em.' Immense cheering.

Thus far of the prologue. In the ensuing scene it must equally be understood that I am transcribing only what I have seen. 'This ere weskitt as I'm a putting on, ladies and gentlemen, was hexpressly made for Sir Robert Peel, and a uncommon good taste he showed when he chose it. There was, howsever, one little defect in the pattern,' added the orator with a grin: 'Sir Robert, when it came home, found there was the exact

picter of a blade of corn in the pattern, and he says, says he to the tailor, "This wont do, my fine fellow, for me; why, the hopposition would pull me to pieces about it." In consequence of which curious fact Sir Robert wouldn't have it at no price. What's it worth, ladies and gentlemen? I b'lieve as that ere tailor was agoing to put it down to Sir Robert at four pounds ten; here it is at the ten without the four pounds. Going at ten: well, no buyer at ten? Here it is at five! No one at five? Prices *is* a-coming down, to be sure. Here it is at half-a-crown. Here, ma'am, it 'll jest fit that 'ere 'andsome husband of yours.' Great cheering. The waistcoat finally falls to eighteenpence, at which price it is bought by a rustic, emulous of the ex-waistcoat of the now ex-premier.

No fewer than six or seven waistcoats, each claiming the patronage of some noble wearer, were subsequently sold at a shilling a-piece. The demand then slackened, and after receiving a temporary stimulus from the positive assertion of the man that each, as it was produced, was the very last in the van, it died away altogether. I would not detail the monstrous assertions which accompanied each. The subsequent articles of sale were one or two coats, some boys' caps, and sundry other portions of adult and adolescent apparel. It required invariably a brisk dialogue to keep up the buyers to the buying point. An immense exaggeration decided the fate of more articles than one, and a broad joke would bring out the pence by dozens. Cheap Jack possesses a vein of coarse humour, and a command over the muscles of his countenance, which makes all the wondering folk below think him an amazingly funny fellow. He certainly has the power of putting things into a ludicrous light. One would imagine that such things as saws, hatchets, and saltcellars were of too homely a character to afford materials for anything like jests and fun. In reality, a saw, with him, looks one of the oddest of all human creations. You may see him bend it athwart his head, and bow through it to an old housewife, whom he asks how she would like a steel bonnet. Then he will startle the old lady by letting the instrument spring back with a crack, which is in itself a very brilliant affair. Or he lays hands upon a hatchet, and whirls it in the air after a wild Indian fashion, to the vast enjoyment of a veteran forester hard by. Then, in an audible whisper to the man, whose dame stands beside him busy knitting stockings, he informs him if he will only buy that axe, he will have one thing at least of a capital temper about him. The appeal is irresistible. The hatchet changes owners at once; and the good wife deems it expedient to pocket the affront for a more convenient season. Then as to saltcellars, I have heard him protest that *his* saltcellars were of a peculiar glass, completely different from all other vitreous materials, and that you might dash them upon stone floors, or upon iron anvils, and they would only rebound again like India-rubber; to back which incredible assertion he makes a vast show of flinging them about, but takes particular care to avoid anything like the *experimentum crucis*.

A day or two pass away. Cheap Jack has stowed away his goods, and has departed from the village. And now we must look at the reverse of this picture of rustic whimsicality. A poor carpenter, who purchased one of his planes, lost half a day in setting the tool, and when it was used, it broke in half. Five or six farmers' men discover that their waistcoats—the ex-premier's among the rest—and coats are dropping to pieces. The forester finds that his axe-head, instead of being cast-steel, is cast-iron; while as to temper, the comparison is decidedly in favour of the good wife's, which, after all, is not saying much. The instrument breaks after a few blows at the root of a young oak. Cheap Jack is universally execrated; and loud are the vows of retribution, in the event of his ever again entering the village. The confiding simplicity of innocence has been replaced by a suspiciousness which is half guilt. At the same time a first and most effective lesson has been imparted in the arts of mendacity. The little boys who laughed aloud as lie succeeded lie from the lips of the deceiver, are now retailing them, the one to the other, as great delicacies of speech. They had been told it was an awful thing to lie. No such thing; how could it be, when here was a fine fellow, in glittering clothes, who told lies by the thousand, making folks laugh tremendously? Why, their very fathers and mothers laughed the loudest of all! Then mimic Cheap Jacks, of tender years, hawk about and tell falsehoods over mimic coats and waistcoats, saws and saltcellars, to the very life.

This eminent individual then, after all, turns out to be a liar and a swindler. All his fluent oratory comes to this. His jokes and gibes, his ranting declamation, his sham heartiness of manner, formed but the *plate* on the outside of a brass-hearted knave. He goes away from the deceived village with the satisfaction of knowing that he has filled his pockets by means of what appears to cost himself nothing: but what a melancholy picture does the cozener present, when we reflect on the real expense at which he has made these gains—an execrated name, the inability to appear twice in the same place, the consciousness of living the life of a skulker all his days. He might perhaps have hardihood to scoff at any indignant remonstrance against his proceedings; but even *he* might feel a little uncomfortable if he knew that his life is only calculated to excite, at the best, pity in many minds; pity that any human being should be so destitute of true wisdom, and so far given over to the worst of all deceits—self-deceit.

The thought, however, strikes me that Cheap Jack has his analogues in a different sphere. Our cheap shopmen, our cheap tailors, our cheap grocers, bakers, butchers, haberdashers, general dealers, and a crowd of others, *are* the Cheap Jacks of the community. The travelling van is replaced by the gaudy, plate-glass-fronted, gilded, and decorated 'emporium,' 'establishment,' 'mart of commerce'—call it what you will; the blazing tallow lamps by glittering gas; the fearful uttered untruths by as fearful printed ones. The bombast comes out in handbills; the jokes in puffs; the long-winded speeches, so anecdotic and hyperbolical, in gigantic advertisements. And Cheap Jack, with his velveteen coat, glaring waistcoat, and jaunty demeanour, appears in the person of his sleek representative, in genteel apparel, all smiles and insinuations, bows and servility, honey and deceit.

The cheapening and cheap-selling spirit which is here lamented, is one of the crying evils of metropolitan retail business. It is an evil which, at first localised and isolated, has spread from street to street, from district to district, from city to suburb, and it is now infesting even village and hamlet. It is one which has the paternity of a host of others to answer for. It carries, like its embodied prototype, the subject of this sketch, moral and social poison in its path. This cheap-selling furor is the parent of that bargain-hunting spirit which is now so widely diffused among the various grades of society. It is, too, the evil which has tightened the chains of labour, and starved the labourer himself—that which makes these men regard human creatures as only so many useful experimental machines, out of which it is just a curious question as to how much work may be extracted at the smallest possible cost of working. Yes; your Cheap Jack regards ulcered hands, disjointed fingers, bleared eyes, and wasted frames, not as the sad wrecks of a being like himself, but simply as temporary derangements, of no great consequence, of a piece of operative mechanism capable of going on still with all its work, without labour and without fatigue; and, what is uncommonly odd, with only half the complement of sustenance requisite for machines of iron and brass.

This is its progress downwards. Your Cheap Jack is, moreover, an infection to his neighbours. Such a bill as 'This *is* the cheap shop!' strips the old-established and respectable place of business, in opposition to which it is placed, of half its customers the first day. Things

then get to such a pass with the unfortunate owner of it, that he is compelled to imitate, to a certain degree, the conduct of his opponent, and he buys a cart-load of some staple article, and tickets it up at literally the cost price, as an inducement to his wandering customers to return. The disease spreads. It comes out in an eruption of blotchy bills. The whole street catches the complaint. It then presents a sad and fearful appearance. The disease puts on many phases. It comes out sometimes in hosts of travelling placards: the cheap grocer's, red; the cheap baker's, blue; the cheap mercer's, black; and the cheap general dealers, all colours. It has appeared pretty widely of late in the travelling van, 'perambulating advertiser' style; which is a curious fact, and appears to indicate a secret predilection for that conveyance, strongly suggestive of its being the original thing after all.

This is its progress around. It has a universal tendency as well. It steals to the vitals of society. It teaches us that no longer is it commonly held discreditable to be a teller of falsehood, an impostor, or a deceiver. The upper, middle, and inferior classes of men are feeling its baneful influence. What is the most alarming feature of this malady is its chronic character. It is not a disease like the measles—over and done with it; it sticks to one an incredible period. Ah, well, thou hard-hearted, face-grinding, poverty-crushing malady, thy days are numbered, the hour is on the wing when thou shalt be no more!

TRAVELLING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

When lately making a short stay at the Cape, I found some amusement in noticing the mode of travelling in that country. Advanced in many respects as the colony is, there are no public conveyances to be found in it, except a few omnibuses that ply between Cape Town and the neighbouring village of Wynberg, and a solitary mail-coach as far as Swellendam, a distance of about 150 miles. The roads are, for the most part, nothing more than the tracks of previous travellers, patched here and there, so as to render them passable for wagons. There are, therefore, only two modes of conveyance in general use; namely, ox-wagons and saddle-horses. The latter are preferable when speed is desired, and there is no luggage to carry; the former are vehicles peculiar to South Africa. They are mostly drawn by oxen; for horses require corn, which is dear, and often not to be had, while oxen are readily content with the herbage which they pick up while resting, even on the longest journeys. The Cape wagons have bodies little more than half the breadth of those used in England, set upon four wheels, without springs, and have movable tents of sail-cloth. For travelling, they are filled before and behind with chests to contain provisions, &c. which also serve as seats; and in the middle is hung a frame, with strips of hide strained across, to support a mattress. In the tent is generally seen slung the formidable '*roer*,' or long gun, of the proprietor, and a keg for water, and outside are lashed an axe and shovel, to remove obstructions on the road. These wagons are very well put together; and although not nearly so heavy as ours, are admirably adapted to stand the tremendous jolts which they have to endure. Five or six kinds of wood are employed by the wagon-makers, each being devoted to a particular part. The hind wheels are shod with a couple of heavy wooden drags when descending steep places; and on some roads even a third wheel requires to be locked. From six to twelve pairs of oxen are commonly used for draught, according to the burden and the nature of the road; the load seldom exceeding 2000 pounds weight. The oxen are mostly large and heavy, somewhat resembling the Sussex, and possessing horns which might have graced an antediluvian breed. Their horns are lashed with thongs to the yokes, which are all attached to one enormous rope of hides, called the '*trektow*,' and this is their whole harness. A bamboo whip, much resembling a gigantic fishing-rod, with a thong long enough to enable the driver, seated on the wagon, to reach the farthest oxen, is the means employed to drive and guide them.

Besides the driver, a lad is requisite to lead the front oxen in difficult places, and to assist the driver in harnessing and unharnessing, processes which are there called *inspanning* and *outspanning*. The advance of a wagon in the rocky wilderness of South Africa is heralded by the sharp crack of the tremendous whip, and the loud cries of the driver to his cattle, for every ox knows his name. The hides of the poor creatures often testify the severity of the chastisement which they receive. They are covered with marks of the whip, and are sometimes so wounded, that the blood flows from cuts several inches long. As there are inns in very few parts of the country, the traveller must make his wagon his dwelling, and lead a sort of gipsy life; take a stock of provisions, and a pot and gridiron for cooking. On coming to water, which is a scarce article in this dry country, the oxen are outspanned; and while they feed, the Hottentots light a fire with fuel collected from the nearest bush, and cook the provisions. When halting for the night, the oxen are made fast to the 'trektow,' to secure them from wandering, or the attack of beasts of prey. If there is room within the wagon, the traveller sleeps there; if not, he stretches his mattress under its lee, and sleeps in the open air, which, in the fine climate of the Cape, is no great hardship. In the hot summer weather, much of a journey is done at night and very early in the morning. About twenty or thirty English miles make an average day's journey. Should the original stock of provisions fall short, sheep may be purchased of the farmers; but little else can be depended upon, as they seldom provide food of any kind more than enough for their own daily consumption.

At convenient distances along the roads, and generally in the neighbourhood of water and good herbage, there are set places for outspanning; and if the route be one of some traffic, several wagons will often be seen collected together. When the time for inspanning arrives, the oxen are driven from their scanty feed, and marshalled in a row, with their heads side by side. The thongs are then thrown around their horns, and they are led forth by couples to the yokes. They generally submit with great quietness to the operation, but it is prudent on all occasions to avoid their heels, as they are apt to kick out. A traveller accustomed to railways will be apt to complain of wagon travelling as rather slow, yet it is well adapted for the region of South Africa in its present condition. Through a country in which water and herbage are not very plentiful, with difficult roads and habitations widely asunder, the ox-wagon affords a comparatively safe and unexpensive means of transport. The African ox is a very enduring beast; it can subsist upon the driest and scantiest food, will sometimes go without water for several days, and is accustomed to perform journeys of hundreds of miles without relays or rest, often far beyond the colonial boundary. He is, in fact, the camel of the Cape. Without his invaluable assistance, and in the absence of canals and navigable rivers, the farmers of the interior could not bring their produce to market, and the traders would be unable to carry their goods among the surrounding native tribes.

Those who travel on horseback must rely almost entirely on the hospitality of the farmers. Although there have been great changes at the Cape in many things since Barrow and other travellers who have described it were there, the Dutch maintain their old character for hospitality, and the English settlers have, to some extent, adopted the time-honoured custom of entertaining strangers. In those parts of the eastern districts which are almost exclusively populated by the British, inns and lodging-houses have sprung up, and are usually to be found within the compass of a day's ride. The charges at such places are about the same as in England, notwithstanding articles of consumption

are so much cheaper; but visitors are not very numerous, and supplies have often to be obtained from a distance; besides, few will be troubled with keeping an inn, unless they receive pretty handsome profits. The Cape hacks are small, not at all showy in their appearance, nor are they made to captivate the eye by any superfluous grooming. They will, however, perform journeys that would surprise the stranger, over roads which are none of the best. Fifty or sixty miles upon the same horse make an ordinary day's work, and as much as seventy or eighty is not unfrequently heard of. For a long journey, the best plan is to lead a spare horse or two, but one horse will hold out a long distance with proper management. The best time to start is early in the morning, that a considerable portion of the day's journey may be done before the sun gets powerful. The saddle should be removed every two or three hours, and the horse allowed to refresh himself by rolling on the ground, and eating a few mouthfuls of grass. The usual pace, about six miles an hour, something between a canter and a trot, is called 'tripling.' On stopping by the wayside to offsaddle, it is necessary to 'knee-halter' the horse before turning him to browse, or he will very likely leave his rider in the lurch, and start home. Knee-haltering consists in making his head fast to one of his forelegs above the knee, thus allowing him to feed, but only the use of three legs if he attempts to run.

A traveller should endeavour to hit the meal-hours of the country people; for if he arrives after the table is cleared, he is not likely to get any other refreshment than a dram or '*soupje*,' unless upon special request; and it is disagreeable to put one's host to trouble and inconvenience. The Dutch generally drink a cup of coffee early in the morning, and take their full breakfast about eight or nine o'clock, when they have sent their sheep and cattle out of the *kraals*. Dinner, followed by a cup of tea, is eaten at one o'clock; and a meal at seven o'clock completes the day's messing. They usually turn into bed at nine. It is not etiquette to alight from one's horse till invited, or permission has been given to offsaddle. If forage (which consists universally of oats in the straw) is to be had, he will be supplied with it; but it is not always so plentiful as the horse or his rider may wish. Farm-servants, too, are scarce; and therefore, unless he is accompanied by a servant, he must on many occasions do the duties of groom. Upon entering the house, he will find a place reserved for him at the table, to take which he need wait no invitation: indeed the more he makes himself at home the better. A knowledge of Dutch is almost indispensable; for the Cape farmers are very strongly attached to their own language, and will not use English if they can avoid it. Every traveller is expected to give a full, true, and particular account of himself and the objects of his journey. They display the inquisitiveness natural to their secluded life, and many of the questions asked are so personal, as at first to seem impertinent; but it is the best policy to answer frankly and good-humouredly, as any reserve is likely to breed unjust suspicions. Whatever the English traveller may have been told about the Dutch by some of his own countrymen, he will find them a social, kind-hearted people; and I question whether he will not prefer journeying amongst them to travelling amongst the British settlers. Whatever may be his fare, he may be sure it is the best the Dutchman's house affords. On departing, no charge is made except for forage, supplied at sixpence per bundle, the universal colonial price, and many will not accept payment even for that. About two bundles make one feed for a horse; and unless forage is scarce, the difference between the wholesale and retail price will probably reimburse the farmer for the cost of the other articles consumed. Highway robberies are nearly, if not altogether, unknown; and yet there is no country where there are greater opportunities for predatory practices, as numbers travel alone, and are often miles from any assistance. This is no doubt owing to there being no scarcity of employment, and the ease with which a man may obtain the necessaries of life. Dangers from wild beasts exist more in imagination than in reality. Although some parts are infested by lions, and panthers are not uncommon, and it may not be altogether wise for a man to sleep out alone, yet accidents are seldom heard of.

With the view of improving the means of communication, and bringing it on a level with what is now beginning to be enjoyed in England, a railway has been projected from Cape Town to Simon's Town. *I*, however, am not a shareholder in this promising undertaking, neither, I fancy, will any one who reads this have the magnanimity to secure a few scrip.

A DANISH STORY-BOOK.

LATTERLY, the northern nations have been made favourably known in Britain for the elegance and truth-like effect of their fictions, in which qualities they greatly excel their mystic-loving German neighbours. The unstudied simplicity of the Swedish and Danish stories is also a charming feature in their character. Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish writer, carries this to an extent which some would consider childish and objectionable; still, as popular fireside legends, his pieces are executed with masterly skill, and must be appreciated wherever virtue and taste find a home. Translated by Mr Charles Boner, the Danish stories of Andersen* will, we have no doubt, soon become as familiar to young people in England as they deserve to be, and assist in the good old cause—lately too much neglected—of cultivating the feelings. The following is presented as a specimen of these sweetly-written fictions:—

THE DAISY.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country-house. I am sure you have often seen it: in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school; and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. 'Do I not see and hear?' thought she; 'the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!'

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers: the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colours; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, 'How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendour!' And just as it was thinking so, '*quirrevit!*' there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but

* A Danish Story-Book, by Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Charles Boner, with Illustrations by Count Pocci: small volume. London: Joseph Cundall. 1846.

down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: 'Well! how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!' The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden: they had beheld the honour and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy: but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! Ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humour, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

'Ah!' sighed the little daisy, 'this is really terrible; now it is all over with them.' Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful: and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognised the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so: he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful: there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

'Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,' said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

'Pull up the flower,' said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

'No; let it stay,' said the other; 'it looks so pretty.' And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

'There is no water,' said the imprisoned lark; 'they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!' And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, 'You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!'

'What can I do to comfort him?' thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much s than is usual with this flower. The bird observe and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed th blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch th daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring th bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate and fluttered convulsively; his song was a comp chirp. His little head bowed down towards the dai the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed d and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boy back; and when they saw that the bird was dea wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they with flowers. The dead body of the bird was pu beautiful red paper box: he was to be buried royall poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot h him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they show great honour, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, hc had felt most for the little bird, and had wished sc to comfort him.

CALOMEL.

[The following satire on the profuse use of that potea calomel, was sung with exquisite humour by one of the H son family in their late visit to England:—]

PHYSICIANS of the highest rank—
To pay their fees we need a bank—
Combine all wisdom, art, and skill,
Science and sense in—calomel.

When Mr A. or B. is sick,
Go, call the doctor, and be quick;
The doctor comes with much good-will,
But ne'er forgets his—calomel.

He takes the patient by his hand,
And compliments him as his friend;
He sits a while his pulse to feel,
And then takes out his—calomel.

Then turning to the patient's wife,
'Have you clean paper, spoon, and knife?
I think your husband would do well
To take a dose of—calomel.'

He then deals out the precious grain:
'This, ma'am, I'm sure will ease his pain;
Once in three hours, at toll of bell,
Give him a dose of—calomel.'

The man grows worse quite fast indeed;
Go, call the doctor, ride with speed.
The doctor comes like post with mail,
Doubling the dose of—calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal job for him is done;
He dies, alas! but sure to tell,
A sacrifice to—calomel.

And when I must resign my breath,
Pray let me die a natural death,
And bid the world a long farewell,
Without one dose of—calomel.

ADVICE.

If men would but follow the advice which they t gratuitously on others, what a reformation wou effected in their characters!—*E. J. Hytche.*

'CONSISTENCY.'

For a man to say that he can never change his op is either to imply that he is too obstinate to be taug experience, or to claim infallibility.

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THE HOME AND THE HOSPITAL.

When a man in active life throws his recollection back to the period of his boyhood, he remembers having received two distinct kinds of education: one the education of the school, the other of the parental home, the streets, the fields, and other places into which he found his way with brothers and companions. What he learned *in* school, he now feels to have been of comparatively small amount, apart from the art of reading and other details. What he learned *out* of school, he finds it impossible to reckon up, for it comprises almost everything he knows. At the fireside of his parents he became acquainted with the nature of domestic duties, he acquired notions of moral and religious responsibility, habits of order and perseverance, ideas of personal intercourse and general courtesy, and, above all, he was put in a position to cultivate feelings and affections the very recollection of which has been to him a continual feast. His remembrances of sisters, brothers, father, mother, and other relations, are innumerable and agreeable. Well does he remember the morning when he was first shown his little sister Lucy —now a middle-aged female, herself the mother of children, and thousands of miles away in India—how, standing beside the nurse, he was permitted to look in her soft round face, and touch her tiny hands: then he has remembrances of Lucy romping about with him on the lawn, along with a now deceased brother, whom he would give worlds to bring back to life. The remembrance of the death of that dear brother has in it something of a sacred and not unpleasing melancholy—the distress of the whole household, the mute and suppressed agony of the father, the tears and bursting heart of the mother, his own boyish and stricken feelings, all rush vividly into remembrance. The blank created by the loss is also not unforgotten; and how cordially does he sympathise in the tender strains of the poetess:—

'Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Along the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh call my brother back!

The flowers run wild, the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh call him back to me!'

Old remembrances, however, centre chiefly around the mother. She is the divinity of the child, and was all and all to him before he knew of any other object of veneration. What hosts of remembrances of this dear departed shade! her early attention to all his little wants; her anxiety about his personal appearance and behaviour, as she used to send him forth every morning to school; her attempts to shelter him from rebuke and punishment—perhaps her privations, her sufferings in widowhood, her struggles to maintain appearances, and get her boy forward in the world; her delight, finally, in living to see him in that position of respectability which for years had been the object of her most fondly-cherished hopes—all this, and much more, may be said to form an unextinguishable inheritance of pleasurable recollection—a very fountain of feeling, perpetually welling out and irrigating those dreary wastes of hard, hard every-day toil and thought, which lie irksomely in the path of life.

So much for what one gets by parental culture, or what is familiarly styled 'fireside education.' Yet this cultivation of the feelings, and plantation of delightful remembrances, is far from being all which the observing boy is able to realise. In the course of miscellaneous conversation, he hears of things and circumstances which do not usually form topics for special instruction. A long-absent friend of the family gives an account of his journeyings and voyagings in foreign parts; another individual discusses some novelty in science which has lately been making a sensation; a third makes a few observations on the state of society, and speaks of improvements which it is desirable to effect; and so on: something is continually being gleaned—the stock of ideas is increased—the mind is gradually awakened. But, probably, the perceptive and knowing faculties are more enlarged by out-door than home exercise. In the community of boys there is a free interchange of ideas. Everything interesting which one hears, he tells to another. Groups of urchins pursuing their sport by river or mountain side, in fields or by hedgerows green, are in reality studying nature. What book on natural history can be compared to an acquaintance with nature's own productions? Every one who had the happiness of being reared in a state of freedom, will remember how much of the economy of birds, insects, reptiles, fishes, and four-footed creatures he picked up, he can hardly tell where or how—what a variety of things he learned, from hearsay and observation, about the seasons and their varying influences, plants and their culture, the arts and their applications. Visits to carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops gave lessons in mechanics; and holiday afternoons spent at Uncle John's farm are strangely remembered to have laid the groundwork of certain ideas of rural industry. Perhaps, nay, it is tolerably certain, that these rambles, and visits, and scamperings about were not undashed by mischief. But let us not lay too much stress on the mischief of boys, provided it has nothing in it like deliberate wickedness. There can be no doubt that boys, left to

their own natural cravings, very much prefer walking along the top of a wall, from which there is a good chance of having a tumble, to walking along the plain road. They would infinitely prefer climbing a tree, to sitting quietly on the ground—rather risk their life in a boat, than walk on dry land. Yet what is all this but the development of that spirit of enterprise and adventure which nature, for wise reasons, has implanted in the human constitution? The play and pranks, the laughter, hopes, and fears of youth, form a kind of education far from useless as regards physical exercise and intellectual improvement. The falls, tumbles, cuts, bruises, and other penalties paid for transgressing natural laws, are so many lessons which no mere reading or telling could half so well enforce.

Left free, or placed only under a reasonable degree of discipline, the home-bred youth is thus from infancy to manhood continually receiving an education to fit him for taking a part in society. By imperceptible degrees he glides into the ranks in which his previous experiences enable him to perform his assigned duty. Experience has created habits, and men are more commonly governed by habits than abstract principles.

On consideration of the different circumstances now presented, it appears to us that every violation of the plan of education which nature so demonstrably enjoins must of necessity be wrong. We say it seems an obvious law of the Almighty that children shall be reared under the parental roof; and we also say, that if they be reared in any other manner—that is, away from home, under some artificial system—an error has been committed, for which a due penalty will of course one way or another be exacted. This is no new view; yet, in the apathetic way in which social questions have usually been treated, it has never been very distinctly presented to general notice, and therefore may be said to possess a considerable degree of novelty. Let us, for this reason, go a little deeper into a subject of so much vital concern to the community.

According to what seems the unerring rule pointed out by nature, children ought to be reared from infancy upwards under the care and responsibility of parents; and in the case of orphanage, they should be placed under the direction of individuals who, for a reasonable compensation, will discharge a parental duty. This appears so plain and evident a truth, that it may be thought idle to recur to it; nevertheless it has become an inveterate practice, either from national custom, or from mistaken feelings of benevolence, to attempt the rearing of children by purely artificial arrangements. Taken from the parental home at an early age, they are inconsiderately clustered together in masses, hundreds confined together in large houses, away from all parental affection, and deprived of nearly all intercourse with the external world. In France, it is customary to rear children on this commonplace and wholesale plan from almost the moment of birth; to the subversion of all natural feeling and ties of relationship, and, what is as bad, to the destruction of all social sympathies. In our own country, the parental home, we are thankful to say, has not been violated to anything like this extent. Children are, generally speaking, still nurtured in the happy homes of England. The domestic roof-tree has not been ruthlessly torn down. The fountain of the affections still wells out in bounteous and loving streams. So much may be said of us as a nation, while there exist institutions whose express design is the rearing of children on the undomestic, unholy, unnatural principles of wholesale aggregation and seclusion. It will be seen that we here allude to such establishments as Christ's Hospital, Heriot's Hospital, and the whole race of boy-and-girl hospitals, in whatever way they are supported, whether by legal assessment or endowment. Everything of the kind, however elegant in its externals, however well managed, however excellent its technical instruction, may in truth be said to be nothing else than a *monastery*—a thing which substitutes a dry, meagre, narrow routine of education for that system of nurture blessed by God in its beginning and ending, and which man, with all his pitiful devices, cannot improve upon. We shall be told, perhaps, of the vast revenues of these conventual establishments, the care taken of the children, the abundance of food and raiment, the liberality of the course of instruction, and much more to the same purpose. All good in its way, we allow, but not the thing. Nature never intended children to be fed and lodged under salaried governors and secretaries, to sleep in large galleries under paid keepers, to march out for exercise in long dull processions, to enjoy the free air and sunshine by rule, or to smile, laugh, dance, and sing only at stated intervals. No doubt children may be so reared, and, under certain alleviating circumstances, as, for example, frequent visits to parents, less injury will be done than in many instances could be expected; but, looking at the system in its broad features, it is founded in error, and evil must arise out of it. As for the affections, they are evidently blunted; the compass of general knowledge is necessarily circumscribed; in all that bears on the forms and feelings of society there is a deficiency. It is matter of notorious observation that apprentices from hospitals are, to a degree, ignorant of the most ordinary affairs and methods of management, which generally indisposes masters from accepting their services. And what else can be expected from their training? The hospital youth is essentially a monk, a being cut off from the world, a creature despising the ordinary mass of boy-kind, and proud only of his badges of pauperism—his gown, his bands, and his yellow stockings.

Nor are the evil tendencies of hospital nurture confined to its immediate objects. The parents who accept such relief from their obligations are also in a sense sufferers; but on this point we shall employ language better than our own. 'We are very apt to imagine that the family arrangement is entirely for the sake of the young—that the children are they who are exclusively benefited; and that, if it is disturbed or set aside, the young, the children, are the only persons who suffer. On the contrary, it appears to me that the old are as much interested in this divine institution as the young—that it is as beneficial to parents as to children—and that any departure from it must bring a penalty upon the parents equal to any which the children can suffer. We are accustomed to hear much, and very justly, of the obligations which children owe to their parents. But while they very wisely impress this on their children, people are very ready to forget, or not remark, that as the child owes much to the parent, so the parent owes much to the child; that he, too, has been a channel in which the all-pervading bounty of the Heavenly Father has been made to flow—that while he has been the object and receiver of good, he has also been the minister of good: and every loving thought, every toil, every sacrifice on the part of the parent, has received from day to day a return—a real and most precious reward. Surely those persons judge very erroneously who imagine that all the care, trouble, and expense they lay out upon their children is so much capital sunk, and from which no return is to be expected till the child has grown to maturity, or at least till he has reached the years of discretion. We are very apt to reckon nothing a blessing which does not come to us in a material form; and so we sometimes undervalue or overlook our highest privileges, because they do not address themselves to our eyes, and cannot be felt or handled by us. To any one who observes and reflects, it will, I think, be evident that the parent is as much the better for the child as the child is for the parent; that infancy, childhood, youth, bestow as much on manhood, womanhood, old age, as they derive from them; that this is an instance of that general law, that we cannot do good to others without getting good from them: in this field it is impossible to sow without reaping; for the same soil which receives the seed from the bountiful hand returns it with increase. What blessings, then, are children the

means of conveying to their parents? In other words, how is it needful, for the sake of the father and mother, as well as of their offspring, that the family life should be jealously guarded?

'The celebrated Lord Erskine has told us that he never robed himself to plead at the bar, but he thought he felt his children pulling at his gown; and if the history of human thoughts were legible to us, as it is to the eye of God, we should doubtless find that multitudes of the greatest men—men who were great in the good which they were enabled to achieve, which is the truest greatness—drew their strongest stimulants from the families God had given them; and that, on the other hand, myriads who have lived usefully and well, had been saved from vices to which they were prone by the consideration that these would involve in ruin those who were dearer to them than their own life. I might add a great deal more to show that those persons are in a grievous mistake who fancy that however necessary the parent may be to the child, the child is not necessary or beneficial to the parent. It appears to me, on the contrary, that parents who do their duty, and keep their eyes open, will acknowledge that they have been amply repaid, day by day, for all their anxiety, labour, and pains; that the pleasures and instruction, the incitements to good, the salutary restraints which their children have supplied, the thoughts they have suggested, the feelings they have inspired, were cheaply purchased even with the cost and care of a family; and that children are not, as men buried in selfishness esteem, a mere tax and burden, but truly a promise and a blessing, as they have pronounced them who lived in the ages of faith.'

These well-expressed sentences we extract from a discourse delivered before the governors of George Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, on the 1st of June 1846, by the Rev. Dr Robert Lee, who, greatly to his honour, has not feared to avow his objections to the whole hospital system, and to point out its manifest disadvantages to individuals and to society. Not happening to be practically acquainted with the evils immediately resulting from Christ's Hospital and similar institutions in London, we do not at present refer to them in particular. Human nature, however, is everywhere the same; and what proves injurious in the Scottish, cannot surely be beneficial in the English, metropolis. From all that has fallen under our notice here, hospital nurture, in practice, is open to all the accusations which have been directed against it in theory. It is injurious to all parties concerned—the boys and girls who become its objects, and the families who mistakingly embrace its privileges. That it may relieve some poor families from what is felt to be a pecuniary difficulty, is indisputable; but it is equally certain that, in most instances, the charity is misdirected. There would, indeed, seem to be no sense of decency in many of the applicants for presentations, it being no unusual thing for parents to drive their children to Christ's Hospital in their own carriage.

The clergyman above named, it may be interesting to know, is not the only individual in Scotland who, on close examination of circumstances, has become aware of the evils of hospital seclusion and nurture. Various intelligent minds have been for some time engaged on the subject. Two or three years ago, the hopeless condition and prospects of the Workhouse children in Edinburgh suggested the experiment of breaking up the establishment, and dispersing its inmates among the houses of the rural population, within a compass of twenty or thirty miles around—a family receiving one or two to rear and send to school along with its own children, and the whole being placed under the careful supervision of inspectors. This judicious and humane plan, it is gratifying to understand, has succeeded beyond expectation. The experiment has amply demonstrated how much better it is in all cases to domesticate than hospitalise children. Struck with this and other facts, a movement has lately been made by the provost of Aberdeen to partially break up Gordon's Hospital in that city, and turn it into a day school for its youthful inmates. Reform has in effect begun in Heriot's Hospital. The impropriety of devoting the large and accumulating revenues of that institution exclusively to the nurture of boys within its walls, was a number of years ago visible, and by means of a legislative enactment, a large overplus of funds has since been employed in the erection and support of day schools, by which many thousands of poor children now receive a useful elementary education. To all appearance, from the growing dislike of conventual instruction, the hospital itself cannot long escape remodelling; and we should not be surprised soon to see the whole of its inmates—orphans and the children of depraved parents excepted—sent home nightly to sleep under the parental roof, returning only during the day for the ordinary course of class instruction.

Supposing this movement to advance in the north, its influence will assuredly extend southwards, and Christ's Hospital, with the numerous variety of imitative institutions, may some day, to the astonishment perhaps of those who consider them the perfection of benevolence and wisdom, be materially altered in character, and brought into harmony with the age. It need hardly be said that, with our present convictions, we shall not feel disposed to mourn over the changes which may be so carried into execution, provided they be governed by a prudent consideration of interests and other circumstances. Not even, indeed, as respects the most munificent of the endowments, should any one have cause to regret the substitution of a natural for an unnatural system—of HOME for HOSPITAL training.

THE RAVEN OF THE REYNARDS.

A TALE OF PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

NEAR the confluence of the Wisconsin with the great father of American rivers, and at no great distance from the Painted Rock and Fox village on Turkey river, the French, in 1783, formed a settlement, and, from a family of Reynard Indians known as the 'Dogs,' called it the village of Prairie du Chien. In the present day, the place is famous as a station for the voyager on the Mississippi; but at the date of which we write, it was a distant and little-frequented outpost, in the very heart of the Indian country. The prairie on which the village is built is bounded in the rear by high bald hills, at the foot of which then dwelt a band of Reynard or Fox Indians. The principal settlers in the Prairie du Chien were the Giards, the Antayas, and the Dubuques, while the post was commanded by a middle-aged officer, by name Joseph Rienville. This Joseph Rienville had recently heard of the arrival of his wife and only child at Natchez, whence they were every day expected by a boat which made periodical journeys to the young settlement.

It was early dawn, and Captain Rienville, with a rifle on his shoulder, left the village, accompanied only by two favourite dogs, with a view, it appeared, of hunting in the neighbouring forest. His object, however, was very different; it was one which for some time he had had at heart, and which the approaching arrival of his family made him still more anxious than ever to carry out. About half a mile from the village, commodiously situated on the borders of a limpid rivulet, and surrounded on three sides by the sycamore, cedar, and pine, was a lovely prairie, that sloped down in a gentle declivity to the water's edge. It was truly an exquisite spot, and one which the eye of any lover of nature would have immediately selected as suitable for a residence. Its soil, too, was most fertile, as the luxuriant and rank vegetation, the bursting and odorous flowers, abundantly testified. On this spot Rienville had set

his heart, and had long been determined to build a house thereon, and to turn its natural meadows into productive fields. The stumblingblock which had ever stood in his path had been the presence of a small band of friendly Indians, whose wigwams gracefully dotted the surface, commanded by the renowned Raven of the Reynards, a young chief, whose valour and energy had raised him from a simple brave to the command of a select band of warriors. After a walk, during which the captain turned over in his mind every conceivable mode of obtaining possession, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion, save that force might be necessary, a sudden bend in the trail brought him in full view of the Indian hamlet.

Within twenty yards of the forest stood a wigwam of somewhat stately proportions, in front of which a group at once attracted the captain's attention. Near to him, leaning on a musket, was the erect form of the Raven of the Reynards. About thirty, his proportions, gracefully set off by his scanty dress, were singularly perfect. His limbs were round, and seemingly full of vigour and agility. A string of black bears' claws was round his neck, a shaggy cloak from the same animal covered his shoulders, while a tunic and moccasins of deer-skin completed his attire. His face was striking, though high cheek-bones, and a low retreating forehead, rendered it less attractive than it otherwise might have been. On a huge felled tree near at hand, his back turned to the captain, and engaged in conversation with an Indian lad, was a white man. Bustling in and out of the tent was a young squaw, the Petit Gris of the Reynards, and wife to the Raven.

Advancing a few steps, the captain addressed the Indian chief in friendly tones; and, without touching on the topic which he had principally at heart, spoke of the probable arrival of his family, of the excellence of the hunting season, and various other matters, to which the chief politely responded. At length, emboldened by the Reynard's quiet and unassuming manner, he said, rather more loudly than he had hitherto spoken, 'Well, Raven, I am sorry to make you move on so short a notice, but I intend building on this prairie, and starting a farm; so, if you would provide yourself with a fresh camp as soon as possible, I shall be obliged.' Without moving a muscle, and appearing not to understand, the Indian chief grunted out an expressive 'Ugh!' Captain Rienville then more plainly expressed his meaning. The Raven, as soon as he fully comprehended what the other meant, allowed a slightly sarcastic smile to play over his features, and then added he was sorry to disoblige his great scalped father (Rienville was bald), but the camp was good, and he was not at all inclined for a change. The Frenchman's face flushed as he made answer—'But, Indian, I tell you that it must be, and that I will hearken to none of your excuses. I require the land, and have it I must.'

A gleam of nearly ferocious meaning lighted up the eyes of the Reynard, and, standing erect, he said, 'Let my father bring his warriors, and try to take the wigwams of the Raven.'

'But, Captain Rienville,' said the white man, who had hitherto been a silent auditor, 'do you intend to offer the chief no compensation for depriving him of this beautiful location?'

'Antoine Giard,' replied the irate soldier, 'I tell you land is to be found everywhere in the forest, and the Indian must find another camp.'

'Not while I have a voice and a right arm,' replied the young Frenchman rising. 'I will not stand by and see an act of such gross injustice perpetrated.'

'And you talk to me this way, Antoine, do you?' exclaimed the captain, approaching him, and speaking low. 'They say you aspire to my daughter's hand; another such word, and she is lost to you for ever.'

'Captain Rienville,' said the youth, flushing crimson, and also speaking low, 'I love your daughter, and she returns my affection, but never will I purchase your favour by countenancing oppression and cruelty. Pray, give the chief, who is my friend, some worthy compensation, and I will engage to talk him over.'

'Never!' cried the soldier. 'The land I will have, if I exterminate the Raven and his gang.'

'White man better go home,' said the Raven quietly, 'or perhaps Indian gun go off of itself.' The captain started, and at once moderated his tone, while Antoine Giard, after a brief colloquy with the Indian, who received his words coldly, took his future father-in-law by the arm, and led him away from a place in which might have proved somewhat dangerous for him to remain.

No sooner were the two white men out of sight, than the Raven summoned one of his principal followers, with whom he held a conference on the measures to be taken to prevent the contingency threatened by Rienville. The Indian was an old, ugly, but experienced warrior, who had been engaged in many contests with the French, that had left no very pleasant recollections behind. He was, therefore, too ready to propose that the village of Prairie du Chien should be attacked, and every one exterminated. The Raven for some time listened to his insidious councils with repugnance; but the artful old man brought to bear all his savage eloquence, magnified affronts, exaggerated neglects, painted the loss of their camp in glowing language, and wounded the pride of his chief as much as possible. At length up rose the Raven, and from his lips went forth the mandate that all the French should perish. This decided on, he gave rapid orders, sent couriers to summon assistance from neighbouring tribes, and acted altogether with a vigour and rapidity which was only equalled by the animation with which his directions were obeyed. As soon as everything was in train, the warrior turned to his wigwam, where the young and tawny beauty who called him lord awaited his coming. The Raven informed his wife that the hatchet had been dug up, and the war-path was about to be followed; and that from that hour he was to devote himself to the destruction of the whites. He bade her, with the other women and the old men, retire to the hills, whither he would soon come, decked with the rich trophies of victory. There was an elation in his tones, assumed to conceal his sorrow at their parting; but his feelings were not hid from the keen eye of affection, and the Petit Gris was happy, for she knew that her husband loved her. They parted. The chief took his way alone along the trail leading to the village, and his squaw busied herself, aided by two Apache slaves, in taking down the tent, and in making other preparations for departure.

Not many minutes had the Raven trod the beaten trail, when he heard, behind and before him, the heavy tramp of armed men. His sharp and keen ear detected that a party had reached his wigwams by a lower path, while another was advancing along the one he was himself following. To dart into the forest and conceal himself, to take up a position within a few yards of the road, was the work of an instant—the next, Captain Rienville appeared with some twenty followers, and accompanied by Antoine Giard, who lingered behind, as if disgusted with their errand, and yet anxious, by his presence, to check any excess. The leader headed his men with a sternness which foreboded no good, and crying to them to advance, quickly left Antoine alone in sight. He, too, was about to proceed, when the croaking of an antiquated raven made him pause, and next minute the Reynard and he stood side by side. The young Frenchman rapidly explained that Rienville had decided on at once attacking the wigwams, and thus deciding the disputed point.

'Ugh!' said the Raven; 'he will find squaws; with them he will be very brave.'

'And your young men?' inquired Antoine.

'Some are gone to call more warriors to defend my wigwams, some to take the boats in which are the scalped chief's women!'

'Heaven forbid!' cried Giard, turning pale; 'surely they will not hurt the women?'

'They have warriors in the boats, and my young men will fight; they will not see, when they fire, if they be men or women.'

'Raven of the Reynards,' exclaimed the young man with an earnestness and solemnity which riveted the chief's attention, 'in these boats is more than my life. One holds Marie Rienville, whom I love, and have loved long. We are friends; if she dies I hate you, and you are my enemy for ever. I shall turn wolf, and neither you nor yours would I spare in my anger.'

'Ugh!' said the Indian, deeply moved; 'go and see that the Petit Gris is not hurt, and the girl shall be saved.' With these words the Raven of the Reynards plunged into the forest, while Antoine Giard hurried to the scene of conflict.

Every wigwam was in flames, several of the old men and women were wounded, while two or three surrounded the Petit Gris, on whom Captain Rienville, as the wife of the Raven, was about to wreak his disappointment and revenge. To what extreme his violent feelings might have carried him can never be known, for just as he was about to give forth his orders, Antoine rushed forward, struck down the arms of those who held her, and cried, 'Hold, madman; your own wife and child, and those of many around, are in the hands of the Raven!' The captain and several of the armed colonists actually tottered with dismay, while to all rushed the fearful picture of what the retribution of the Indians might be. They had attacked and destroyed a peaceful settlement, had shot and wounded old men and women, and now the boats which bore long absent families to their new home, and to their husbands and fathers, were in the hands of the man whom they had made an enemy. Captain Rienville stood like a convicted criminal awaiting sentence of death. He now saw, by reflection, the full enormity of his conduct, and, overwhelmed with shame and grief, requested Giard to explain. The young man did so, and proposed that the picked youth of the party should at once embark and go to the relief of the boats. Rienville, who made no effort to command, acquiesced, and the Indians were immediately, under an escort, marched to the village of Prairie du Chien. Antoine then, with a gallant band, embarked on the river, and, aided by the current, made rapid progress downwards. Antoine was not without hope that he might meet with the boats ere the Indians by land could reach them, and accordingly urged his willing oarsmen to the utmost. About three hours after sundown, however, they halted, and took a brief repose, but at the first glimpse of dawn prepared again to start. Just as the first stroke of the oars was given, a boat turned the corner of a bend and came in sight, as if hurrying for the life of its crew. They waited with intense anxiety the appearance of the second, its companion. There was, however, but *one*. Antoine felt a deadly sickness overcome him, as he saw that the one in view contained but men. As the rescue approached, the young men gave forth a loud cheer, but no answer came from the fugitives, who came alongside, pale, downcast, and with averted looks. They had been attacked on the previous evening, the second boat being close in-shore. At the first volley, its passengers, principally women, had risen in alarm, and in an instant it upset. They saw no more, being too much occupied in fighting their way up, and in preserving their own lives. They were, however, quite sure that the whole had perished by the hands of the Indians, or by the waters of the river. Crushed by a sudden weight of sorrow, Antoine gave orders for the party to return, and bear the sad news to the settlement.

It was late in the evening ere they reached the landing of Prairie du Chien. It was a lovely spot, shaded on each side by trees, a space having been cleared in order to reach the water. Drawing the boats up close in-shore, the melancholy band turned their steps towards the village, when, suddenly springing from his leafy concealment, an Indian, unarmed, and in sombre guise, stood before them—it was the Raven! Advancing towards Antoine, he laid his hand heavily on his shoulder, and said, 'The waters of the father of rivers sigh over the grave of the white girl; she is drowned, but the Raven of the Reynards caused her death; he is here to give his life to his friend!' Struck by this infallible proof of the warrior's grief at what he had done, the young man would have bid him fly; but it was too late; the men sternly closed around him, and bore him captive to the presence of Rienville.

The captain, who expected evil news, heard the detail of the events with savage composure; and when they had told all, smiled a bitter smile, exclaiming, 'Ay, ay, he shall die fast enough, but not now; he shall have time to think over it. At early dawn he shall die, and with him his squaw: he has robbed me of wife and child—I will have no mercy on him.' The Indian for all reply gave a disdainful smile, and followed his guards to the hut provided for his reception. His wife, who had mingled with the crowd on his arrival, and who had heard all, was nowhere to be found. The Raven, when he heard this, bowed his head; for she, whom alone he wished to see in his last hours, had deserted and left him. A moody and miserable man, he seated himself on a log, stern and cold to all outward seeming, but inwardly grieving to the heart; for it is in sorrow and in danger that, most of all, we covet the affection and companionship of one who, like a beloved wife, is more unto us than ourselves. The night passed, and the morning came—the morning on which the French commandant had sentenced him to suffer the death of a murderer—and the Raven of the Reynards appeared at his wigwam door, erect, firm, collected, as if he had ended with the world.

Before, however, any preparations could be made, before Antoine, half broken-hearted as he was, could commence his intended pleading for the Indian's life, there rose from the forest a wailing cry, half of joy, half of anguish, and next minute the tawny Petit Gris came forth upon the prairie, half-carrying, half-dragging a female form. With garments saturated with mud and wet, with bare feet, with hair dishevelled and entangled, and her clothes torn to tatters, while her face, wan and begrimed, could scarcely be recognised, Marie Rienville stood before her father and lover, who received her fainting form in his arms.

'My child!' cried the captain, deeply moved; 'she is saved; but oh my wife!'

'Squaw saved too!' said the Petit Gris hurriedly, lest the fact that his daughter alone was saved might not suffice to extricate her husband from the position into which, from friendly feeling to Antoine, he had voluntarily brought himself.

The fact was, that when the boat upset, the Indians had been so busily engaged in saving the men, in order to secure the usual terrible and disgusting trophy, that they had not at first noticed the escape of most of the women, who had fallen in shallow water. When they would have turned to look for them, it was evening, and not one woman was in sight; and the Raven, out of breath, and terrible in his anger, stood upon the bank. Fearing to be blamed for not capturing all, the Indians represented the women as drowned, utterly unaware of the true state of their chief's feelings. When, however, the Raven of the Reynards was condemned to death, his young wife, persuaded that some might have escaped, had slipped away in the confusion, and hurrying towards the late scene of conflict, had fortunately met with the party of women, foot-sore and weary, making their way towards the Prairie du Chien.

For what was passed there was no remedy. Captain Rienville, sobered by his reverses, agreed, at the earnest request of Antoine Giard, to conclude a solemn treaty of peace with the Raven of the Reynards, with a promise that he should never be molested in his location. This done, the Raven retreated to his home, which, with wonderful forbearance for an Indian, he reconstructed without a murmur. It was long before Marie, or indeed any of the women, recovered from the

scene of the boat. The volley of the Indians, the leaping forth of hideously-painted warriors, the plunge into the river, the scrambling for shore, the night in the woods, wandering they knew not whither, in constant fear of being overtaken, were things not soon to be erased from their memories. At the end, however, of about six months, Antoine Giard persuaded Marie that she was as healthy, as lovely, and as charming as ever she had been in her life—indeed he rather thought more so; and that, accordingly, no better opportunity could offer for to make him happy. Marie suggested, that as she was so well as she was, she knew not why she should change; but ended by naming a day. They were married, and at their wedding were present the Indian and his wife. It was a merry wedding, and many and varied were the gifts of the friends around to the happy couple. In the afternoon, sports and pastimes were commenced, and the spot chosen was the Indian camp. Thither, then, hurried the whole village, while the captain, his family, and the new-married people followed. The plain was deserted; not a wigwam was to be seen; the Foxes had sought another home; and the long-cherished wish of Rienville was accomplished. What he had failed to obtain by violence and in enmity, had come to his daughter under the gentle influence of friendship. It was the wedding gift of the RAVEN OF THE REYNARDS.

A VISIT TO THE CAPE.

AFTER a tedious voyage of eighty-eight days, without sight of any land, and after a night of expectation, it may be readily imagined that the first view of the Cape mountains was very delightful. Indeed, under any circumstances, the prospect that we witnessed from the deck of our vessel was calculated to please us. The mountains, drawn into a long range of a boldly-marked character, which forms the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope, descended abruptly to the sea. Moreover, they were partially wrapped in mist; and as the clouds uprolled, and displayed their steep rugged outlines against a sky of surpassing brilliancy, how eagerly did all scrutinise the shores of this, to some of us, the land of our adoption! Where we first neared the land, which was a few miles north of the true cape, no human hand had interfered with the works of nature. The mountain sides were covered with dark low bushes, like heath, which in a few scattered clefts were of a brighter green, and approached the size of trees. Not until the breeze had carried us to the back of the mountains behind Cape Town, did houses and gardens appear. After lying becalmed till evening, an almost imperceptible breeze carried us round Greenpoint by the light of a bright moon, and we dropt anchor in Table Bay. We all thought we had seldom witnessed a scene more beautiful than the bay, the surrounding mountains, the shipping, and the strange stars shining overhead on such a lovely night; nor has the impression then made upon my mind been diminished by subsequent visits.

On landing in the morning, we experienced not a little surprise at the great proportion of coloured persons; and perhaps at no one spot upon earth are to be found a greater variety of skins than at Cape Town. Negroes of every tribe, some bare-headed, others with bright-coloured handkerchiefs twisted round their heads; Malays, with pointed beards, drab jackets, and curious conical hats, resembling the thatch of a house; Hindoos, Chinese, and other eastern people; mulattoes of every shade; and last, both in size and personal appearance, though not in interest, the Hottentots, the descendants of the miserable aborigines. Here, too, are to be found Europeans of almost every nation under the sun—English, Dutch, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, North and South Americans. We saw many persons wearing green gauze veils, to ward off the clouds of red dust which every south-east wind raises in the unpaved streets. The principal streets are broad and clean, and they all intersect each other at right angles, but few houses have any architectural pretensions. The exteriors are universally whitened. Bricks are now the principal building material, but there are still standing many good houses, after the Dutch style, of tempered clay. They seldom rise above a ground-floor and rooms over. The interior, especially of the older houses, is far superior to the promise of the exterior. The apartments are spacious, lofty, and often furnished with taste and elegance. Ceilings are not common, but the floors and joists above, generally of a colonial wood called *geelhout*, or yellow wood, are tiled, which turns them to a mahogany colour. In front of the houses there are raised platforms, ascended by steps from the street; this platform is called the *stoep*, upon which the family assemble to enjoy the cool of the evening. It is at this delightful time, when the greater part of the population are without their doors, that the streets of Cape Town present their most lively appearance. Gardens are attached to the houses in the suburbs, but very few in the town possess any. There are two or three good hotels in the town, at which living is very little cheaper than in hotels in England. Strangers acquainted with the place, and who do not avail themselves of the hospitality of friends, generally frequent some of the numerous boarding-houses, which are well-conducted, and considerably cheaper. Their cheapness is in part owing to their escaping the heavy annual tax of L.112, laid by the municipality upon retailers of wines and spirits. Persons of inferior station resort to the numerous canteens.

None of the public buildings would attract much attention from a European stranger. The principal is the Exchange, a low neat building, with a front embellished with columns and pilasters. One wing is occupied by the library, which is a very good collection, and a credit to the town. It is supplied with the reviews and periodicals from England, and is supported by the subscriptions of the inhabitants; but it is freely open to strangers making only a casual stay. The centre is the Commercial Hall, where public meetings are usually held, and which is also open to strangers. It is well supplied with English, Indian, and colonial papers. The other wing is a sort of depository for goods, sales of which are almost daily held by auction in the open space in front. This building is situated at the near end of a large piece of open ground, of oblong shape, surrounded by rows of stunted fir-trees, called the Parade. On the whole, it has a forlorn appearance, being clothed neither with grass nor gravel; a few tufts of herbage struggling to live, and an occasional brick-bat, being all that are to be seen upon it, except clouds of dust.

For some little time the colony has been plagued with its Kaffir neighbours, whose audacity is in course of repression; and, apart from this affair, the Cape may fairly boast of being one of the most prosperous possessions of the crown. In terms of the capitulation with its previous Dutch masters, it is exempted from the English church as an establishment; and besides its generally Presbyterian polity, it possesses a system of elementary education rivalling that of Scotland or Holland. On the principle, perhaps, of like drawing to like, the Scotch have flocked in great numbers to the Cape, and in some sense it may be called a Scottish colony, of which various tokens present themselves. Besides different native Dutch churches, and an English Episcopal chapel, Cape Town has a Scottish Established and a Scottish Free church. The religion of the inhabitants, however, is as diversified as their complexion. A very large proportion of the population, being chiefly Malays, is Mohammedan. They have their priests, but, I believe, no buildings appropriated to worship. On festival days they parade the streets with processions. Another large section, principally negroes and Hottentots, are Pagans, without any form of religious worship whatever. Owing to the prevalence of Mohammedanism, which makes meat killed in the Christian fashion uneatable by a large portion of their customers, the butchers employ Malays to kill for them; and all the slaughtering is

done under the sanction of their priests, by cutting the animals' throats. The governor's residence stands at the foot of Table Mountain; it has nothing more stately in its appearance than an English country gentleman's mansion; but the grounds are not well kept. The population of Cape Town amounts to about 22,000, of whom 9400 are whites, and about 12,500 coloured; and it has about 3000 houses. About 14,700 profess Christianity, 6500 Mohammedanism, and about 1000 are Jews or heathens.

No town of its size, perhaps, is so ill furnished with public amusements, for it literally has none. The theatre, which was always amateur, has been given up, and converted into a Methodist chapel. Some lions, and other curiosities, which were formerly kept in the government garden, and formed some attraction to visitors, have been sold; and it may be safely said there is not a single *lion* in Cape Town for strangers to see. The ascent of Table Mountain, and a drive to Constantia wine farm, are all the amusements they can find. The arrival of vessels in the bay is a theme of great interest to the inhabitants. At present, the streets are not lighted, but gas-works are in progress. The clear moonlight which prevails here almost supersedes the necessity for artificial light. The anchorage is commanded by several batteries erected along the shore, and by the guns of the castle, a building of pentagonal form, containing storehouses and munitions of war. A gun is fired from it at sunset and sunrise. There are also considerable barracks. In the same neighbourhood is the market, which is a large open space enclosed by a wall. The sales take place every morning at daylight, and are conducted by the market-master, who puts the articles up to auction, and is himself answerable for the price to the sellers. Most of the householders attend, or send their servants, to purchase the day's provisions. Two wooden jetties have been thrown out in front of the anchorage, for landing goods and passengers from the ships. There is quite a flotilla of boats of every size, generally well-built, some of which will carry as much as nine tons. Those built of the colonial wood stand the dry climate much better than those brought from home. The shipping is by no means perfectly sheltered, and whenever a strong wind blows, the communication with the shore is interrupted. Vessels, in entering the bay, experience frequently alternate calms and violent puffs of wind from the gullies in the mountains. The bay is strewn with melancholy monuments of the fury of the elements, which originally gave the Cape the name of the Cape of Storms.

Table Mountain derives its name from its broad level summit. It is so flat and even, that it has all the appearance of having had a considerable part of its apex cut away. The front, as before-mentioned, forms a huge precipice, overhanging Cape Town, flanked by the Devil's Peak and Lion's Head, from which it is divided by deep valleys. Its height is 3500 feet, that of the neighbouring mountains somewhat less. Besides the singularity of its shape, the Table Mountain is remarkable for the phenomenon called by the English the 'tablecloth,' by the French its 'peruke.' This occurs when the broad surface of the 'table' is spread with a white fleecy cloud, which incessantly drives over the edge of the precipice, and is then dissipated in the drier atmosphere of Table Bay. The mountain has then a very striking appearance, which is not badly expressed by its name. The spreading of the 'tablecloth' is a sure sign of a south-easterly wind, which then rushes down the valleys between the mountains with great violence. Several explanations of this appearance have been attempted; but the truth appears to be, that the south-east wind, which is hardly any other than an extension of the trade-wind, constantly brings fleecy clouds along with it, which, hanging at a little lower level than the summit of the mountain, are caught by it, and deprived of their moisture. These low fleecy clouds are one of the regular phenomena of the south-east trade-wind, and are caught in a similar manner by the mountain summits of St Helena and Ascension. There are two ways of arriving at the summit of the 'table;' the easiest is a circuit of many miles by Wynberg, to the back of the mountain; the nearest, but steepest, is from Cape Town, by climbing a sort of gully which runs down the face of it. The latter way is only practicable on foot.

Accompanied by a few friends, I attempted the ascent, and was successful. We found the path pretty good as far as the base of the perpendicular front of the mountain, and to that point it follows the course of a small stream of pure water, which runs down a rocky valley and supplies the town. Hereabouts were several small cottages inhabited by washerwomen, who are chiefly emancipated negresses and Hottentots. They were busily employed in the neighbouring stream beating the clothes with stones, a practice which plays sad havoc with them, and is not likely to add to the purity of the water. Above a small waterfall, which is at the source of the stream, the ascent is exceedingly laborious by climbing among rocks and fragments of granite which have been dislodged from the higher parts of the mountain. The never-failing moisture causes an abundant vegetation, and the stranger is delighted to find, among many new acquaintances, geraniums, cactuses, and other plants which he has only known in the hothouses of Europe, growing wild. We paused every now and then to take breath, and to look at the fine landscape that was gradually unfolding itself more and more as we ascended. When we neared the summit of the cleft, the wind sometimes came down in gusts so violent, as almost to sweep us from our footing, and light clouds were to be seen crawling down it. After about two hours' hard labour, we stood upon the tabular summit, which we found as level as it appeared from below. The hard and exceedingly coarse sandstone which crowns the mountain is bored and worn into variously-sized hollows by the action of the weather. In some of them pools of deliciously cool and sweet rain-water were standing, and afforded a welcome beverage to our thirsty lips. Here and there a scanty soil, formed from the decomposition of the rock, affords sustenance to some beautiful flowers. The air felt decidedly cold in comparison to the atmosphere of Cape Town, which was at 80 degrees when we left. The view, looking over the adjacent peaks, is grand and extensive on every side, embracing the waters of the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans. That from the front is the most pleasing, of which the principal features are the town, the bay with the shipping, Robben Island, a large salt-pan, and a long range of mountainous coast, bounded by the blue waters of the South Atlantic. From the back of the mountain the eye ranges over an extensive sandy plain, covered with heath-like plants, called the Cape Flats, beyond which rise the picturesque forms of the Hottentot Holland mountains. The beauty of the scenery is greatly enhanced by the transparency of the atmosphere, which renders the most distant objects distinctly visible. The sun, on sinking, tinged the distant mountains with the most lovely hues. Indeed even those who have travelled under an Italian sky will confess that that of the Cape cannot be surpassed. We had not been long upon the top before we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog or cloud, which at times wholly obscured the view and chilled the air. This was the 'tablecloth' spreading. The descent in such a state of obscurity was neither easy nor safe, especially as, the sun having set, darkness was rapidly coming on. We should have had chill and disagreeable quarters for the night, without provisions or fire, had we remained, so we groped our way down, and having got below the cloud, our descent was favoured by a beautiful moon. By some means we got into a different path to that by which we ascended, and crossed large spaces of granite rock bared by the torrent, and now destitute of the least vestige of vegetation. Owing to the slope, we could hardly keep our footing better than upon ice, which, in the bright moonlight, these places much resembled. The descent scarcely

took more than half the time of the ascent. We started from Cape Town about three in the afternoon, and returned about nine, with no other injury than a few scratches from the prickly bushes, and a few slight wounds from the sharp edges of the granite rocks.

PEOPLE WHO 'MAKE' PRESENTS.

Society may be divided into two great classes—people who make presents, and people who have got to accept them. Among the former body there are some very clever persons, who seem determined to confute the truth of that precipitate old proverb of ours, which asserts that nobody can both eat his bannock and have it—experimental philosophers, who even exaggerate the suggested impossibility before they conquer it, for they always make other folks eat their bannocks for them, and nevertheless contrive to retain a proprietary interest in the same, in spite of all the ordinary laws of human nature.

A present is explained by the dictionary to be something ceremoniously given; a most apt definition, inasmuch as it acknowledges only the what to give, and the how to give it, and says nothing at all about the manner in which it is to be accepted and repaid. In fact, when a modern present is to be made, the unlucky recipient is quite helpless throughout the affair. He finds himself suddenly subjected to a very embarrassing process; and his first sensation afterwards is, that some ingenious individual has succeeded in laying him under an obligation—a position rather more unenviable than a nightmare. And this painful sense of obligation inseparably accompanies even the smallest gifts: a man cannot accept a penknife, or a pair of tweezers, without, so to speak, the iron entering his soul. They know this well, the monsters who make presents; and it is positively alarming to notice the unfeeling ingenuity with which they constantly manage to give other people all sorts of things that nobody wants, and nobody knows what to do with; especially the people such persons always give them to. For my own part, I shudder as I meet them out of doors. I know them by the large smile in which they seem, as it were, to soak their faces, to give them the expression of being everybody's most particular friend—and by the fact of their never wearing gloves, on account of the prodigious number of hands they shake in every street. Those hands they never let go until they have lodged in them some specimen of their malignant bounty; yet still they smile, and, drenching their victim's uneasiness in a flood of fine speeches, look as if they thought they were coming down as handsomely—ay, as handsomely as the way in which the waters came down at Lodore!

I never knew but one of these practitioners intimately; and him, strangely enough, I at last learned to like. Many years ago, Jack Cool—to be sure Jack was a thorough artist, a fellow out of whose box no man could take a pinch of snuff under a general invitation—Jack Cool commemorated one of my wedding-days with a compliment and a gilt toothpick. The compliment I have forgotten, but as for the toothpick, it was a harpoon in his hands: he dined with me upon the obligation of it regularly twice a month until he died. Poor fellow! he had a good temper, and something less than a hundred a year: the one he derived from his mother (how proud she was of him!), and the other from some inscrutable situation somewhere, of which he never mentioned any characteristic except its responsibility, which he always represented as enormous. Out of this narrow stipend Jack always spent seventy pounds in presents; and he has often assured me—in confidence, of course—that, to live like a gentleman, he could not afford to give away a farthing less. He was a wonderful favourite among the ladies, although his bounty to the fair sex was blighted in the tenderest place—his hair. He couldn't give any of that away, because it wasn't his own. The number of heiresses who did not marry him on that account will never be known. One curl from his forehead, and no woman could have controlled her heart. But what avails genius opposed by fate? Jack Cool wore a wig, and died a bachelor!

A very successful style of making presents is the didactic method—a careful and constant practice of which makes Mr Manna the bosom friend of all who know him. Mr Manna is a fine-spoken autumnal gentleman, uneasily full of good advice, and possessed of a responsible bald head, so shiny, that one might almost see to shave in it. He is accustomed to give away undeniably moral articles, of no value, to very little children, long before they can possibly know what to make of them. In fact Mr Manna's presents are the cheapest in the profession; but then he always strokes his 'young friends'' hair so affectionately the wrong way up, and hopes they will 'make good use' of the trifles from Sheffield with which he endows them, and indistinctly murmurs some touching aspiration about 'futurity,' and 'perpetual sunshine' (which, if it should come true, would tend to make parasols universal among the rising generation), and all with a demeanour so tender, yet so dignified, as nobody who knows what the feelings of a parent are, can witness unmoved; and so Mr Manna never wants a friend. It is true that sometimes—so very blind is fortune—he stands in pressing need of fifty pounds or so; but what then? Does there exist in human shape the monster who could refuse his purse, nay, his acceptance, to the worthy creature who gave his little girl, at two years old, a brown holland work-bag, and stuck into the dimpled fist of his son, at three, an ivory penholder, with a flowery aphorism engraved all over it?

There is a thoughtful, sentimental system of making presents, very effective between ladies, where extreme sensibility on the one part demands extraordinary delicacy on the other. Miss Chilloff, who is admirable in this style, is so universal a favourite, as to extort from her whole sex the flattering title of a 'dear thing.' There is a romantic interest attached to this individual, who is thirty-seven, and very plain, owing to a report that she has taken the unnecessary step of vowing never to marry. She is, nevertheless, a great encourager of matrimony in others, and chiefly cultivates the acquaintance of young wives, whom she is very fond of 'coming and seeing, and bringing her work with her, to make a long day.' The presents she adopts are generally purses, kettle-holders, and comforters of her own manufacture. All these articles are rapturously accepted, not without a great deal of kissing between herself and her fair clients, who always declare them to be 'sweetly pretty,' and say 'they are sure they shall find them so useful, they can't think.'

By the by, people who make presents are very apt to inform us, the accepting classes of the community, that their little wares are tokens of admiration and esteem; and it is curious to observe the extremely odd forms in which their admiration and esteem are usually embodied. A friend of mine once evinced the warmth of his regard for me in the rather questionable shape of a sword-cane; and I am acquainted with a lady whose love literally lies in a nut-shell, in which a little glass dog with black eyes reposes on perfumed wool. In fact, the national industry has of late become alarmingly active in this particular. Presents now-a-days are not only made—they are manufactured. Witness those popular watches, so prodigiously flat, as to encourage the idea that some stout old gentleman has accidentally sat down upon them; or those little odd-shaped bandboxes, labelled 'stationery for ladies,' which contain very romantic sentiments on very slippery paper; or those make-believe dressing-cases which are called 'vade-mecums,' and 'multum-in-parvos,' and are filled with all sorts of neutralised toilet-conveniences, such as a tooth-brush situated at the back of the razor, or a looking-

glass at the other end of a comb; or those particularly small diaries intended for the records of all the trials and vicissitudes of human existence, and arranged upon a scale of three-quarters of an inch to a day—a space which might admit of a tolerably faithful register of what vegetables one happens to eat at dinner; or those little thick gilt sticky books of poetry, with fanciful frontispieces, and no date; or those walking-sticks which terminate in monstrous heads; pencil-cases shaped like guns or crucifixes; remarkably little parasols; and excessively large brooches: these are but a few of the curious articles concerning which the philosopher, when he inquires their use, receives from behind mahogany counters a polite assurance that they are 'admirably adapted for presents.' If the philosopher enjoys the acquaintance of any Mr Cool, Mr Manna, or Miss Chilloff, he will admit at once the full force of such a recommendation.

RANSOMS.

During the middle ages, a lucrative species of commerce was carried on in the ransom of captives taken in battle, or seized on journeys, which, in our times, commercial as they are, is wholly unknown. Before the use of gunpowder, the fame of personal prowess in fight was ardently sought, and the system of warfare then pursued afforded many opportunities for the acquirement of such fame. Bodily force was the only force wielded in the battles of those days; and the desire to obtain distinction by its heroic exercise, necessarily caused the leaders of an army to be much exposed to danger and to capture. Many distinguished prisoners were accordingly taken by the victors in battle, and these were seldom restored to their friends or their country until a sum of money had been paid as their *ransom*. The amount varied according to the rank of the prisoner. For kings most exorbitant sums were always demanded. A regular acknowledged source not only of revenue, but likewise of taxation, was thus maintained, which was felt as a most grievous burden in the countries where the ransom had to be raised. So regular and necessary did the system of ransoming become, that, by the feudal law, the vassal was bound to contribute very largely to the ransom of his lord. It seemed so essential that provision should be made for the redemption of royalty, that when many exactions of the English kings were relinquished, the power of taxing his subjects for his ransom was retained. The fourteenth article of *Magna Charta* declares that 'no scutage [or military service, which was often commuted for money] or aid shall be imposed in our kingdom, unless by the common council of our kingdom, except to redeem our person, and to make our eldest son a knight, and once to marry our eldest daughter; and for this there shall only be paid a reasonable aid.' The insecurity of travelling during the middle ages, and the little regard in general paid to international law, rendered such a provision still more necessary. We find numerous instances in history of persons of distinction being seized while travelling, and retained captives, with apparently no other object than the obtaining of a large ransom for their release. This want of safety introduced another stipulation, never omitted in treaties of this kind; namely, that the ransom money should be conveyed at the cost and risk of those who were paying it.

In English history there are several cases mentioned of royal ransoms. The circumstances connected with them are highly interesting, and place in a striking point of view the manners of the times, and the way in which the business of nations was then transacted.

Richard I. was the only English king who was ever detained a captive in a foreign country. On his return from his celebrated crusade in the Holy Land, his ship was wrecked in the Adriatic Sea; and, in the hope of escaping detection, he pursued his journey in the disguise of a pilgrim. Historians differ in their accounts of the manner in which he was captured; but it is certain that he was seized by the Duke of Austria, who was obliged to give up possession of his prize to the Emperor of Germany. By him the 'lion heart' of England was confined a close prisoner in various fortresses, and subjected to very ignominious treatment. The emperor expected that he would receive a large sum from the English people as the ransom of their king, which he promised to share with the original captor, the Duke of Austria.

During his captivity, Richard cheered himself by composing songs, some of which have been preserved. One of these, as translated in Sismondi's History of Literature, thus begins:—

> 'No wretched captive of his prison speaks,
> Unless with pain and bitterness of soul;
> Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,
> Whose voice alone misfortune can control.
> Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,
> Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile?
> Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend
> The smallest portion of his treasures vile?'

It would have fared hard, indeed, with Richard if the Muse had been his last and only consolation in captivity. The Muse did him little service, but the 'treasures vile' of the people of England procured his liberty.

After much negotiation and intrigue, it was agreed that Richard should be set free, on condition that the Emperor of Germany received 100,000 marks, the Duke of Austria 50,000; that hostages for the latter sum should be delivered; and that the Princess Eleanor of Bretagne, niece to the king of England, should be given in marriage to the eldest son of the Duke of Austria. Though a mark is only two-thirds of a pound, yet in those days the value of money was much greater than it is now; that is to say, it purchased a larger quantity of commodities and labour. So great did the amount of Richard's ransom appear, that an old French historian, in writing on the subject, would not specify the amount, as he said he could not expect his statement to be believed.

In England, the most active measures were adopted to raise the money. Taxes were imposed by the authority of the great council of the realm, and most rigorously collected. The land had been divided by William the Conqueror into about sixty thousand portions, called knights' fees, each of which was now taxed to the extent of twenty shillings. Many of the gold and silver vessels belonging to the church were melted into coin, and the Cistertian monks were compelled to give the wool of their sheep for one year, on the sale of which they mainly depended for subsistence. Such exactions, coming immediately after the payment of large sums for the expense of the Crusades, created great dissatisfaction and distress in the country. The people were, however, anxious to redeem their king, whose warrior-fame had filled all Christendom. The citizens of London contributed 1500 marks, and William of Scotland gave 2000. These payments made by Scotland rendered money in that country so scarce, that a new coinage was made, which appears to have been debased, and to have led to many dissensions.

By such means 100,000 marks were obtained, which, after various delays, caused by the intrigues of Richard's brother, John, and his former 'companion in arms,' the king of France, for the continued imprisonment of the English king, at last opened his prison doors, and he was restored to his subjects on the 20th of March 1194.

The German emperor seems to have left the Duke of Austria to obtain *his* share of the ransom as he best could. The duke, however, was mortally wounded by falling from his horse near Vienna, and before he died he made a will, declaring that the captivity of the Eng-

lish king was unjust, authorising the sending back of the hostages, and releasing Richard from all further payment and all the other obligations of the treaty. His son and successor refused to carry this will into effect, and the thunders of the Vatican were necessary to compel his compliance. The pope threatened to excommunicate him, and the bishops of his own dominions refused to allow his father's body to be buried until his orders were performed. The young duke was constrained to obey. He therefore sent the hostages back to England, resigned all hopes of obtaining a single mark, and, as the ungallant historian Rapin very coolly relates, 'finding he had no great inclination for the Princess of Bretagne, the duke sent *her* back also to England.'

During the reign of Richard, a very curious case of ransom occurred. A certain French bishop happened to be taken prisoner in one of the many skirmishes that were then constantly occurring. His high birth, and other circumstances, caused his ransom to be fixed at a most enormous sum. The bishop applied for protection to the pope, who strongly interceded for his 'dearly beloved son.' The reply of Richard was characteristic of the times. He sent the armour, all blood-stained, which the bishop had worn in battle, to the pope, and asked him whether he knew the dress of his 'dearly beloved son.' The pope thereupon declared that, as the bishop had relinquished the warfare of the cross for that of the sword, he must stand the consequences. The bishop was ultimately released on payment of 2000 marks.

It fell to the lot of Edward III. of England to have two royal captives during his reign, and to receive considerable sums as their ransom. At the battle of Neville's Cross, fought near Durham five hundred years ago, namely, on the 17th of October 1346, between the English and the Scotch, the latter were defeated, and their king, David II., taken prisoner while 'fighting most gallantly, and badly wounded, by,' says Froissart, 'a squire of Northumberland, named John Copeland, who, as soon as he got him, pushed through the crowd, and with eight other companions rode off, and never stopped until he was distant from the field of battle about fifteen miles. He came about vespers to Ogle Castle, on the river Blythe, and there declared that he would not surrender his prisoner, the king of Scotland, to man or woman, except to his lord the king of England.' Edward was then at Calais; but his queen, who 'had remained at Newcastle' during the battle of Neville's Cross, sent to Copeland, ordering him to deliver up his prisoner. But John positively refused to deliver his captive to any one except to his sovereign, and told Queen Philippa that she might 'depend on his taking proper care of his ward, and that he would be answerable for guarding him well.' The circumstance was reported to King Edward, who summoned Copeland to appear before him at Calais. The English squire departed after he had 'placed his prisoner under good guards in a strong castle on the borders of Northumberland.' He was received with great favour by Edward, who, after complimenting him highly, concluded by saying, 'You will now return home, and convey your prisoner to my wife; and, by way of remuneration, I assign lands as near your house as you can choose them, to the amount of L.500 sterling a year, for you and your heirs; and I retain you a squire of my body and of my household.' When Copeland returned home, 'he assembled his friends and neighbours, and, in company with them, took the king of Scots and conveyed him to York, where he presented him, in the name of the king, to the queen, and made such handsome excuses, that she was satisfied.' David was conveyed to London, and lodged in the Tower, and Queen Philippa crossed the sea to Calais, where she interceded so effectually for the inhabitants of that town.

David was afterwards removed to the castle of Odiham, in Hampshire, the remains of which are still to be seen about a mile from the small town of that name. Edward, being still engaged in a war with France, and greatly in want of money, sent commissioners to Newcastle to make arrangements for peace and the ransom of David. The commissioners of both realms agreed to a treaty on the 13th of July 1354, in which it was, among other things, stipulated that the king of Scotland should be liberated on payment of 90,000 marks. While the Estates of Scotland were deliberating on the ratification of this treaty, they were offered a large sum by France if they would resume war with England; and 'they readily adopted,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'at whatever future risk, the course which was attended with receiving money, instead of that which involved their own paying it.' The treaty was not ratified, and David's captivity seemed to be renewed. The English treasury was then so greatly impoverished by the wars with France, &c. that Edward was obliged to resort to a tax for six years of fifty shillings on every sack of wool sold in the kingdom, by which, it is related, he obtained a yearly revenue of more than 350,000 marks. Many proposals were made by David for the recovery of his liberty, but without success, until 1357. On the 26th of September in that year, a full council of the prelates, nobles, and communities of Scotland was held at Edinburgh, to consider the subject of ransoming their king. In that council seventeen towns were represented, of which number no less than four were in the county of Fife; and the town which is now the largest in Scotland, namely, Glasgow, was not represented at all. On the 5th of October, that council agreed to the terms proposed by Edward; and the bishops, nobles, and burgesses then assembled bound themselves, their whole property, and their heirs, for payment, in ten years, of the sum of 100,000 marks, as the price of David's liberation. For the due performance of the treaty, twenty young men of quality, and among them the eldest son of the Steward, were to be given as hostages; and for further security, three of the great lords of the realm were to place themselves in the hands of the English. Some delay in the payment of the money caused the amount to be increased one half, thus making it more than the ransom paid for Richard of England. This enormous sum was actually raised, and every fraction of it paid in hard gold and silver. The last payment was made in 1383.

Sir John Froissart commences one chapter of his 'Chronicles' with the quaint remark, that 'it often happens that fortune in war and love turns out more favourable and wonderful than could have been hoped for or expected.' The good fortune of Edward the Black Prince at the battle of Poitiers is a striking illustration of Sir John's sage remark. The condition of the English previous to the battle appeared so hopeless, that John, the French king, expecting they would make some sacrifice to be allowed to depart unmolested, wished to conclude a peace, on condition that the Black Prince, who commanded the English army, should surrender himself a captive. Historians tell us that the French king was induced to propose these terms in the hope that the English would restore to him the town of Calais as the ransom of Edward. His offer was rejected, the English prince declaring that he would never allow the English people to be at any expense or loss in ransoming him. The result was the battle fought on the 19th of September 1356, in which the French were defeated, and John became a captive instead of a captor.

The generous treatment which he experienced from the English is well known. He was lodged in the palace of the Savoy, not far from Charing Cross, in London; and it is related that 'there he was visited by the king and queen of England, who often entertained him sumptuously, and afterwards were very frequent in their visits, consoling him all in their power.' After he had been a prisoner in England for some years, the famous treaty of Bœtigni was concluded on the 8th of May 1360, in which it was agreed that, besides many solid concessions to England, 'the king of France shall pay to the king of England 3,000,000 of crowns of gold,

two of which shall be of the value of an English noble, whereof 600,000 crowns shall be paid to him or his deputies within four months after the king of France shall arrive at Calais; and within a year following, 400,000 crowns to be paid at London; and so every year 400,000 crowns to be paid there, until the whole shall be discharged.' Many hostages for the fulfilment of this treaty were sent to London; among these were two of the king's sons, his brother the Duke of Orleans, and many of the French nobility.

Long and expensive wars had impoverished France, as they do all countries, and there seemed little prospect of such a sum being ever raised. Schemes of all kinds were adopted to procure money. In the Universal History, it is related that John gave his daughter Isabella 'in marriage to Gallas, the son of John Visconti, Duke of Milan, who purchased that princess at no less than 600,000 crowns.' Another of his plans to raise money was permitting the Jews to return to France, and remain for twenty years. For this privilege they paid large sums; but the measure was very unpopular with the French people. Many of the cities taxed themselves, and the benefices of the clergy were, with the sanction of the pope, laid under heavy contributions. The utmost difficulty was experienced in procuring money, and John was able, during his lifetime, to pay only 800,000 crowns. Other articles of the treaty being unfulfilled, and John either seeing that he would not be able to fulfil them, or desirous of entering into some new arrangement, resolved to return to his captivity in England. He was received more as a conqueror than a captive. As he came near London, 'he was met by the citizens dressed out in their proper companies, who greeted and welcomed him with much reverence, and attended him with large bands of minstrels unto the palace of the Savoy, which had been prepared for him.' There were then in England the king of Scotland, who was there on a visit to Edward III., and the king of Cyprus, who had come with the view of procuring the aid of England against the Saracens. These two kings, as well as John of France and Edward of England, together with the Black Prince, and many noblemen and others, were sumptuously feasted, in name of the citizens of London, by Sir Henry Picard, wine-merchant, then lord mayor, 'at his house, which stood over against St Martin's church, in a place called the Vintry.' Three months after his arrival in London, John was seized with a violent illness, of which he died. At his death, there were due more than 2,000,000 of crowns of his ransom. His successor used every means to evade payment, and all that England ever received from him was 300,000 crowns. He made great exertions certainly to raise the money, but it was devoted not to the payment of the ransom, but to preparations for regaining those provinces ceded to England in the treaty of Bœtigni. The whole amount of this ransom was never paid; and if it were not that such debts and such treaties naturally cancel themselves, it might be said that France is, at the present moment, England's debtor to a large amount, for the ransom of a king who lived four centuries before that memorable day on which the French Convention declared royalty in France to be abolished for ever.

The history of Spain during the fourteenth century presents many cases of ransoming. The principal of these was that of James, the king of Majorca. His kingdom had been seized by the king of Aragon; and James, in his intrigues to regain it, found himself engaged in a war with Henry, king of Castile. James was taken prisoner by Henry at Valladolid. He was married to the queen of Naples, who paid Henry 100,000 francs as his ransom.

During these wars in France and Spain, the number of persons of noble birth taken prisoners was great, and many fortunes were made by the ransom derived from them. There was far less difficulty in negotiating the ransoms of knights than of kings, and the business was conducted in an easy, brotherly manner. Froissart relates that, after the battle of Poitiers, those who had taken prisoners asked them 'what they could pay for their ransoms without much hurting their fortune, and willingly believed whatever they told them; for they had declared publicly that they did not wish to deal harshly with any knight or squire, that his ransom should be so burdensome as to prevent his following the profession of arms or advancing his fortune.' At this same battle a French squire from Picardy, named John de Helennes, was pursued by the Lord of Berkley, in Monmouthshire, who was anxious to make the Frenchman prisoner. A combat ensued, in which the English lord was severely wounded, and after he had surrendered, John very touchingly said, 'I will place you in safety, and take care you are healed, for you appear to me to be badly wounded.' John kept his word, and in a year the Lord of Berkley was cured, and able to return home, after having paid as his ransom 6000 nobles. With this sum John de Helennes was greatly enriched, and became a knight. Edward III. received 350,000 crowns as the ransom of Charles de Blois, Duke of Brittany, who was captured in a skirmish with the English. About the same period a body of Englishmen and Germans, who were carrying on a private war in the north-east of France, paid to two French lords the sum of 22,000 livres, the ransom of a knight whom they desired to obtain as their leader, and who might be literally said to have been 'worth his weight in gold.'

That great military hero, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, constable of France, had the bad fortune to be twice captured by the English. On the first occasion his ransom was fixed at 100,000 francs, a portion of which was paid by the king of France, and the remainder by himself. On the second occasion he was kept a prisoner for some time before any ransom would be taken, it being considered impolitic to allow the French to have the benefit of his great military talents. Froissart relates the following conversation which took place between the Black Prince and Du Guesclin, and led to his being ransomed from his second captivity:—'One day, when the prince was in great good-humour, he called Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, and asked him how he was. "My lord," replied Sir Bertrand, "I was never better. I cannot otherwise but be well, for I am, though in prison, the most honoured knight in the world." "How so?" rejoined the prince. "They say in France," answered Sir Bertrand, "as well as in other countries, that you are so much afraid of me, and have such a dread of my gaining my liberty, that you dare not set me free; and this is my reason for thinking myself so much valued and honoured." The prince, on hearing these words, thought Sir Bertrand had spoken them with much good sense; for in truth his council were unwilling he should have his liberty, until Don Pedro had paid to the prince and his army the money he had engaged to do. He answered, "What, Sir Bertrand! do you imagine that we keep you a prisoner for fear of your prowess? By St George it is not so; for, my good sir, if you will pay 100,000 francs, you shall be free." Sir Bertrand was anxious for his liberty, and now, having heard upon what terms, he could obtain it, taking the prince at his word, he replied, "My lord, through God's will I will never pay a less sum." The prince, when he heard this, began to repent what he had done. It is said that some of his council went farther, and told him, "My lord, you have acted very wrong in thus granting him so easily his ransom." They wanted to break through the agreement, but the prince, who was a good and loyal knight, replied, "Since we have granted it, we will keep to it, and not act in any way contrary; for it would be a shame, and we should be blamed by every one for not agreeing to his ransom, when he has offered to pay so largely for it as 100,000 francs."' Sir Bertrand paid the money within a month; and as soon as he was released, he went to assist the Duke of Anjou, who was then besieging a town in Provence.

Edmund Burke spoke truly when he said 'the age of

chivalry is gone.' Of that age this system of ransoming formed a prominent feature, and the progress of society has rendered it certain that never, never more shall we behold the slightest revival of a system that beggared countries to redeem their kings, and impoverished families to buy back their captive members.

THE LITTLE ABYSSINIAN SLAVE.

THE following instance of a thirst for knowledge, and the most persevering industry in acquiring it, in a poor slave girl, can scarcely be read but with interest, if not with profit, by old and young:—

In a province of Abyssinia, a poor child was taken prisoner at seven years old, and brought a captive into Sennar, thence to Nubia, and subsequently to Egypt. Sold over and over again upon the way, she was obliged to perform on foot, under a burning sky, and over sandy deserts, the journey of the hundreds of leagues between Abyssinia and Cairo. As she approached that city, her value was doubled to her master; for the other slaves had sunk under fatigue and hardship of every kind, and their corpses strewed the sand, marking thus sadly the traces of that dreadful caravan. Arrived at length at Cairo, Fatmé, who was then ten years old, was conducted to the bazaar, and placed in one of those wretched dark halls where this vile traffic in human flesh is carried on. There, exposed to sale with other young girls, decked out in tinsel, and shivering in dirty garments—for the warm climate of Egypt was to her the north compared with that of Abyssinia—the poor child awaited her fate. Perhaps, with intelligence beyond her years, her mind might have been wearying itself in conjectures to what new master she was to belong. Perhaps she might have been thinking of the distance she might yet be dragged, the new countries she might yet have to visit, if no purchaser were now found for her; but there was a strength of mind in this child, a confidence in the Providence of God, that triumphed over degradation and wretchedness.

The bidders arrived; the merchant extolled his wares, made Fatmé and her companions get up and sit down, walk about, show their white teeth, their bright eyes—so many tokens of health; their small and tapering fingers, promising so much manual dexterity. They were spoken to, in order to ascertain if they heard and understood; and at length the bargain was concluded. They were now slaves to the viceroy of Egypt.

It was not, however, for ordinary labour that these children were reserved. Bought in the market without being told what was expected of them, without being informed of their destination, they were, by order of Mehemet Ali and of Cloot Bey, to be first students of medicine, that they might afterwards act the part of physicians for women. They were intended to found a female college, where were to be trained pupils capable of discharging in hospitals at once the functions of physicians and Sisters of Charity. They must be taught Arabic, at least the common dialect, of which they knew nothing; must be taught to read and write: afterwards they must be instructed in the written language, in order to be able to read the remarkable translations, which have been made into Arabic, of the principal medical treatises. Fatmé distinguished herself among them all by the rapidity of her progress and wonderful aptitude for knowledge.

Always occupied, always industrious, she suffered less from the climate than her companions. Of the nine Abyssinians purchased at the same time with her, five died of consumption; and in 1840, when the letter was written to Paris whence this account is taken, the remainder were dying. Hitherto, says the writer, it has pleased God that Fatmé should escape this fatal malady. She is gay, healthy, and of a good constitution. Providence seems to have destined her for something remarkable. He has given her great intellectual powers, and a wonderful memory; He has conducted her through a thousand dangers, a thousand hardships, from the interior of Africa, where she would have lived a life wholly useless, to a bazaar at Cairo, whence she was to be taken to commence, poor slave as she was, a new era of civilisation.

Fatmé is kind and considerate to her companions, ever eager to do them any good office, and her influence over them is owing rather to the gentleness and evenness of her disposition, than to the superiority of her mental attainments. She lavishes every attention and tender care upon the two companions and schoolfellows mentioned as dying. One of these, named Reizeme, was making sad complaint of weakness; she was told to rest for a little time, as too much study would injure her. 'I would rather die than not study,' answered the young girl; 'I will never stop till I know as much as Fatmé.' When this answer was translated to us, Fatmé modestly blushed at this tribute from her companion.

We put our questions in French to the principal pupils, which were given to them in Arabic, and their answers interpreted to us again in French. The visitors for the first time to the hospital of Esbeckia were quite astonished at the amount of knowledge evinced. Fatmé gave clear answers to an examination in physiology, natural philosophy, and chemistry. It was singular to hear amid the Arabic, from a woman's lips, the words carbonic acid, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. which had not been translated into that language. She told us the component parts of the air, the office of oxygen in the functions of the body, explained to us the use of carbonic acid in nature, the circulation of the blood, &c.

This was not, however, the first occasion upon which these young girls gave proof of their acquirement of knowledge to strangers. The most learned of the Ulemahs had visited the college, and after the examination, one of them had exclaimed in wonder, 'Our children would have taken twice as much time in the mosque of El-Azar as these have done in learning what they know.' Another, stroking his beard, gravely said, 'This is above everything,' or, more literally, 'This is beyond the beyonds'—surpassing everything that has even been seen of extraordinary.

The reputation of Fatmé went abroad, as may be supposed, and some days before our arrival at Cairo, the daughter of the viceroy had expressed a desire to see the young Abyssinian, in order to obtain from her some information in anatomy. Fatmé made her appearance at the harem with some anatomical preparations in wax. She pleased the princess so much, that she made her a present of a splendid diamond ornament to wear in her turban, and saluted her by the title of Effendi (learned), a title she still retains.

When I asked to see her jewels, Fatmé, whose modesty appeared to suffer from the exclamations of surprise and admiration which the degree of her knowledge called forth from us, seemed reluctant to comply with my request. But a young negress amongst her companions quickly lifted the muslin veil which was thrown over the turban, and we beheld a splendid diamond ornament as large as my hand; but it was more gratifying to see that, instead of any of the pupils appearing to envy her its possession, they seem to feel a kind of pride in exhibiting it. 'Fatmé is a mother to us,' said Abyssinian, Fellah, and negress; for the pupils were made up of every race, admitted into the school from a mendicity-house opened to give asylum to destitute females of all countries.

The Abyssinian race, remarkable for a mild and pensive cast of countenance, is superior in intelligence to the Fellah race, and this again ranks above that of the negro. These degrees of capacity were strikingly obvious in the progress of the young women before us.

The introduction into the hospital of Esbeckia of a regular female medical establishment had the most happy results. The internal arrangements of the wards are admirable, and the attendance is most orderly and excellent. Besides which, the poor women no longer object to seek medical aid, since they are now certain

of being treated by persons of their own sex. These young practitioners take peculiar interest in the children born in the hospital and intrusted to their care. We were repeatedly called upon to admire the sound health of their adopted children, each crying, 'This one is mine—does it not look by far the best?'

Formerly, too, no one cared to bring her children to be vaccinated so long as it was done by men; being under the impression that the pacha employed this means to mark the children, in order that they might not evade the conscription. But since women have been charged with the operation, their fears have been so dispelled, that in eight months three thousand have been vaccinated—an average of twelve per diem. I have seen prescriptions of theirs doing as much credit to their medical skill as to their handwriting.

I said to Fatmé when leaving, 'Fatmé, you are as pretty as you are well-informed.' 'What matters it being pretty,' was her reply, 'provided I get knowledge. I have espoused myself to knowledge.' I added, 'Fatmé, you are an honour to Africa.' 'I would gladly be so,' said she; 'but I am labouring, and one day I shall know something, if it please God.' It is gratifying to see this kind of merit understood, appreciated, and honoured in Egypt.

THE MAGAZINES.

SEPTEMBER.

It would appear as if a form of literature could only flourish for a time, and that limited in a great measure by the life or vigour of the men concerned in creating it. Hence the era of reviews and magazines may be said to be already almost past. They go on as before, but they no longer excite the attention they did. There is a need for some new arrangement in this line: the time has come for another Jeffrey, and another Blackwood. Come when he will, he will find a great field open to him.

Wishing to take a glance at the magazine literature of the past month, we commence with the proper head of the class, *Blackwood's Magazine*. Although we here miss the frolics of youthful talent which once made this work so provokingly attractive, it still keeps the superior place it originally took. Less violent and personal than was its wont, it continues to show something of its old spirit; there is a worldly sagacity in its graver papers which we miss in the London periodicals, and its drollery is not the drollery of overdrawn and flimsy invention, but of a shrewd observation of living and breathing life—peculiarities accounted for probably from the circumstance that the writers in Blackwood are not all authors by profession, but men (as, for example, Mr Moir) who are less or more engaged in miscellaneous pursuits. In the number before us for September, at least two articles would seem to verify these comments—'How to Build a House and Live in it,' and 'How I became a Yeoman.' In the former are some useful though rather sarcastic observations on the prevailing taste in villa architecture. The writer recommends, in all cases of imitation of old models, to hold closely to the original styles.

'We apprehend the true rule of æsthetics in this case to be, as we implied before, that for restorations or exact facsimiles of buildings, whether classical or mediæval, the very form as well as the spirit of the ornaments contemporaneously used in such buildings should be most strictly adopted. An imitation, unless it is an exact one, is good for nothing, as far as architecture is concerned. But should we prevail on ourselves either to depart from these styles, or to carry out their main principles, so as to form a national style of our own—not a fixed one, but a style varying through different ages, suiting itself to the social requirements of each—then we should be prepared not only to call in the aid of natural beauty to the fullest extent, but also to avail ourselves of all that rich fund of form which results from the extensive use of scientific knowledge, and the investigation of physical curves. There is no reason why such a style, or succession of styles, should not be formed, if the great principles of science and utility be taken as the substructure on which imagination may afterwards raise its enrichment: and, if ever it come into existence, we have the unlimited expanse of the universe to range through in search of beauty and harmony. Why should the Greek and Roman ovolo, cavetto, and square, be the only combination that we know of in our common mouldings? How much richer were the architects of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who drew with "free hands," and gave us such exquisite effects of light and shade! We are firmly persuaded that an architect, deeply imbued with the scientific principles of his profession, and endowed at the same time with the hand and the eye of a skilful artist, may cause a most happy and useful reformation of our national architecture.'

In continuation, it is remarked that all kinds of imitations of material in the decorative part should be abandoned as tasteless. There ought to be no sham or make-believe. This may be correct in principle, and yet we would submit that, carried out in practice, it would reduce the greater number of our dwellings to primeval unsightliness. We give up stucco for walls, and should prefer brick to imitative stone; but are we also to be called on to dismiss all imitations within doors? Our carpets have flowered patterns: are we to lay down carpets of undyed wool? Our walls are hung with papers prettily covered with figures in elegant combinations: are we to have them washed off, and delight our eyes with acres of bare plaster, or bare stone, or brick? Our ceilings are decorated with some rather good stucco cornices: must these go? We have doors of painted deal: are we and everybody else to substitute doors of mahogany, oak, or satin-wood? As it would be hard to put us and the world besides under this compress, we hope the writer of 'How to Build a House and Live in it' will, in his next paper, show us some rational method of squaring his principles with what is practicable and expedient.

An article follows on 'The Water Cure,' in which a handsome and just compliment is paid to the 'temperance' and 'greater supply of water' movements. One could scarcely have expected the following from Blackwood:—

'As we believe national temperance to be practicable, so we believe it to be desirable, on the lowest and most selfish, as well as on the loftiest and purest grounds. As politicians, we are satisfied that the temperance of the people is an auxiliary in securing, assisting, and facilitating good government, little inferior to many of those invaluable institutions for which Britons are ready to shed their life-blood. The national tranquillity, energy, industry, and affluence, ought to be the aggregate of the contentment, enterprise, diligence, and wealth of each individual. Anything, therefore, which will convince a man that sobriety makes a happier fireside than heretofore, gives to him, at all hours of the day, a cooler head and a steadier hand than he used to have, and leaves at sunset a shilling in the purse which he could never find there during the reckless season of his dissipation, is not merely a direct benefit to the individual, but a substantive addition to the resources and strength of the community. We wish to preach no ascetic doctrines, nor to curtail the enjoyment of life of any of the least of its fair proportions. Over-fasting and over-feasting are alike repugnant to our ideas. What we delight to see is, that hundreds and tens of hundreds, voluntarily turning off from a road which leads invariably to misery, poverty, and crime, are now treading a more salubrious path, where, as they proceed, an unreproving conscience and domestic happiness must cheer them with their blessings; and, in all probability, worldly prosperity will reward them with its comforts. The first part, then, of our "Water-Cure" is temperance; by which we do not mean either that water is the only fluid which mortals shall imbibe, or that water, even if so exclusively imbibed, is the elixir of life. We mean a general recognition in the conduct of life, that while intemperance is senseless, brutish, dangerous, and guilty, temperance, on the contrary—without stinting enjoyment, or balking mirth, or fettering the freest exhilaration of his nature—secures to man at all times, whether of relaxation or of toil, the healthful development of his faculties, and would, in this our own country, prodigious as its industry is, and magnificent as its achievements have been, redeem

a quantity of time and means wasted, which, rightly employed and exerted, might elevate the social security and harmony, the political and commercial ascendancy, the public and the private affluence, of the British empire above the visionary splendours of a Utopian commonwealth.'

Tait's, which may be taken next in order, usually contains, also, articles more solid and world-like than those of its metropolitan brethren, while its lighter papers seldom if ever descend to the purely imaginative. From the outset, Tait's Magazine has aimed at being the organ of a party the very antipodes of that which supports Blackwood; but politics have long been wisely subordinated in its pages to miscellaneous literature, leaving only a certain under-tone of sarcastic remark, which, to our apprehension, were better away. In the number for September, among other interesting articles, is one on 'Rings,' from which we select a few paragraphs:—

'From the earliest times, and in all countries, a little hoop of metal has played no insignificant part in the drama of life; and to this day a ring is the epilogue to many a comedy. Rings are mentioned by Moses, the first of historians; and we discover, from several passages of Scripture, that at an early period they were in common use by the great. These were chiefly signet-rings, the impression of which was equivalent to a sign-manual. Hence they denoted authority and government. Thus, when Pharaoh placed Egypt under the command of Joseph, he gave his ring to the viceroy, and made him ride in the second chariot he had. The ring bestowed on Haman, who had his seat above all the princes that were with him, was taken away by the king and given to Mordecai. Part of the displeasure excited in the mind of the prodigal's brother, when he came in from the field, by the favours shown to the returned wanderer by his father, might arise from the notion that power in the household had been given to one who had proved himself unworthy of it; for the servants were commanded not only to bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, but to put a ring on his finger. Almost every one, who is not abjectly poor, amongst the modern Egyptians, carries a seal-ring on the little finger of his right hand. It is usually of silver, with an ornamental stone, on which is cut the wearer's name, with words signifying "the servant of God." The value of the impression is ranked above that of a simple signature by hand. The method of using it is to spread a little ink over the stone, and then to apply it to the proper place on the paper, which has been previously fitted to receive the stamp by being moistened. If the writer is particularly desirous of expressing his humility, the seal is affixed below the signature, but the general custom is to place it in a line with, and on the right of, the name. Those amusing stories of our childhood, the Arabian Nights, contain numberless allusions to the Eastern method of using signet-rings; and perhaps our readers may not have forgotten that tale of the lady who took from her pocket a purse, and drew out from this a string, on which were the ninety-eight seal-rings of her different lovers.

'The Greeks, and most of the Romans, wore their rings on the third finger of the left hand. It has been remarked, however, by Pliny, that in the portraits of the heathen deities, the ring was placed on the finger next the thumb. A passage in Juvenal shows that the ring was used by the Romans in their marriage ceremonies.

'We can easily conceive, that as soon as the art of working in metal became known, that love of personal finery which seems a part of our nature would employ itself in fashioning annulary ornaments. Eastern ladies still wear, as they wore in the days of the prophets, large rings round their ankles, to which smaller ones are attached, so as to produce a tinkling noise at every motion. In the Deccan almost every woman carries a glass ring on her wrist. The more closely the ring sits, the better is she pleased, because, as it must be passed over the hand, the smallness of that member is thereby proved. In forcing the hoop over it, the skin is very frequently rubbed off, and as the glass is apt to break, these dusky beauties suffer a good deal from their love of admiration. Neither has the thumb been without an ornament of this kind, though, to modern notions, a ring in that situation must have had an awkward appearance. The English formerly wore a metal hoop on the shortest and thickest of the processes of the hand.

'In the marriage ceremonies of Christendom, "the link from earth that reaches heaven" has always found a place. Whether the Christian church adopted a heathen rite, or made use of the ring, as some are inclined to think, merely as a symbol of the authority wherewith the husband endowed the wife over his worldly goods, seems a matter of little moment; but the taint with which the sacrament of marriage was thought to be infected, in the former supposition, almost induced the Puritans to abolish its use. Butler, in his Hudibras, has a passage alluding to the view of the ascetics on this subject. The fourth finger of the left hand was formerly believed to be selected to carry the badge of espousal; "presuming therein," says Sir Thomas Browne in his Latinised diction, "a cordial relation that a particular vessel, nerve, or artery is conferred thereto from the heart; and, therefore, that especially hath the honour to bear our rings." When that curious observance, the wedding of the doge to the everlasting sea, took place in the palmy days of Venetian prosperity, a ring was thrown into the waters.

'The ring, which forms part of the Episcopal apparatus, was used at a very early period, being deemed a symbol of the spiritual union of the bishop and his church. A ring is employed in the ceremonial of an English coronation; and amongst the treasures which each pope transmits to his successor in St Peter's chair is a signet-ring, called the fisherman's ring, because tradition declares that it belonged to the apostle from whom the pontiffs derive the keys.

'It was much more the usage at one time than it is at present to distribute rings in great numbers on the occasion of any notable event. We are aware of only one instance of the usage existing now-a-days, and that is on the appointment of a sergeant-at-law. Rings, with mottoes in Latin befitting the grave occupation of the distributor, are presented to her majesty, the lord chancellor, and the judges. A marriage was especially an event of a nature to be commemorated by gifts of rings. Anthony Wood mentions that Edward Kelly, a man of note in Queen Elizabeth's days, "was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, and did give away, in gold wire rings, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, to the value of four thousand pounds." At the nuptials of her present majesty, Queen Victoria, some dozens of gold rings were presented to distinguished persons. A profile of the Queen, so small as to require the aid of a lens to perceive the truthfulness of the likeness, with a legend, "Victoria Regina," adorned each ring. Mourning rings were wont to be distributed at funerals; and still a testator who would link himself to his surviving friends for "a little month" after his departure, will bequeath them a ring with a *memento mori* inscription.'

In point of general ability, the *Dublin University Magazine* may be allowed to stand the next on our list, some of its articles being quite as good as those of Blackwood; and its only disqualification for a more extended circulation on this side the channel being a certain strong sectarian and party leaning, of which we should be glad to see this, as well as every other Irish journal, properly rid. Latterly, we think, the magazine has been improving—that is, moderating—in tone; and from the manner in which it is supported, we augur good things for its future career. In the September number there is a tale of Irish famine, by that child of genius, Carleton, which will repay perusal. We notice this paper in particular, in order to draw attention to what seems a not unimportant admission to come from the pen of an Irishman at the present moment:—

'Much, for instance, is said, and has been said, concerning what are termed "Years of Famine;" but it is not generally known that since the introduction of the potato into this country, no year has ever passed which, in some remote locality or other, has not been such to the unfortunate inhabitants. The climate of Ireland is so unsettled, its soil so various in quality, and the potato so liable to injury from excess of either drought or moisture, that we have no hesitation in stating the startling fact of this annual famine as one we can vouch for, upon our own personal knowledge, and against the truth of which we challenge contradiction. Neither does an autumn pass without a complaint peculiar to those who feed solely upon the new and unripe potato, and which, ever since the year '32, is known by the people as the *potato cholera*. With these circumstances the legislature ought to be acquainted, inasmuch as they are

calamities that will desolate and afflict the country so long as the potato is permitted to be, as it unfortunately is, the staple food of the people. That we are subject, in consequence of that fact, to periodical recurrences of dearth and disease, is well known and admitted; but that *every season* brings its partial scourge of both these evils to various remote and neglected districts in Ireland, has not been, what it ought long since to have been, an acknowledged and established fact in the sanitary statistics of the country.'

Mr Carleton, who is no political economist, or economist of any kind, adds a hope that the legislature will do something to establish a better standard of food for Ireland. No legislature, however, can properly undertake to regulate what a people shall grow and subsist upon. The Irish, of their own accord, should follow out improvements in their rural affairs and social habits which would tend to expel the potato, and substitute for it a better species of food. The Scotch have at least done so, without troubling their heads about what governments and legislatures think on the subject. But they have had the earnest co-operation of the landed gentry in their great agricultural reforms—a thing which the poor Irish do not appear likely soon to realise.

Passing over the *New Monthly*, an old favourite, which does not, in the meanwhile, seem to require special notice, we come to *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which we notice some lively articles, though not marked by any great breadth of observation. In the September number is a paper named 'A Peep at Society,' marked by this quality—clever, but confined, we should think, to what is seen chiefly in certain circles in London. The following sketch of the 'lady of ton' could scarcely apply anywhere else:—

'The lady of ton (ton means a certain number of people where there is no society) goes through with charming nonchalance the warmths of her friendship, which calls for a very little exertion of those vulgar things called feelings: a scented billet invites her to some dear friend's *soirée*; her amanuensis answers in acceptation, and she goes as late as she can on the appointed evening, when she crawls up a crowded staircase into a mobbed saloon, where she smiles most bewitchingly on her dear friend the hostess, who returns another equally charming smile as she receives her, quite delighted to see her so crushed and crowded, as it adds to the *éclat* of her party. New arrivals thrust them asunder, and the lady guest departs with the determination to outshine her friend at her own approaching party by the number of her invitations, in hopes that they may not be able to get into her house, though they are sure all to get into the "Morning Post," where she would really rather see them than in her house, the fact being, that they are only in the one that they may be in the other. With this amiable intention of rivalry, she flits and smiles through a few more parties during the night, with exactly the same results, until, overcome with *ennui*, she seeks her pillow, delighted with the number of her invitations, meaning nothing.

'The man of ton lives in nearly the same routine, slightly varied by unmeaning dinners, where he is invited to come as late as he can, to go away as soon as he can, that he may attend the opera and a few slight engagements where he really must just show himself, which gives his tiger time to turn his cab round and take him up again, that he may show himself somewhere else.

'In the most serious, as well as the most trifling things, does the society of ton commit extraordinary acts of folly with the air of sincerity; for a kind of tacit understanding seems to exist that they shall appear to receive all as real which they know to be false. A female tonist, for instance, is expected to be fully conversant with all the tricks of card-depositing and morning calls—invented for the sole purpose of getting rid of the surplus time of the fair unemployed. She accordingly ensconces herself in her carriage if she intends to make personal calls, and bowls round to the doors of her intimates; for it is not her intention to go farther at an hour when they are not visible, or "not at home," as the fashionable lie goes: here her show footman knocks insane knocks, which is the principal thing in his education, makes sweet inquiries, receives the expected answer, leaves a card, mounts his perch, and passes on to another and another, where he goes through the same forms, during which his mistress reads quietly the last new novel, as if perfectly unconscious of what the man was about. This game at "cards complimentary" is one of vital importance to the wellbeing of this kind of society; any lapse by any of its members of the proper distribution at the proper time, would embroil them in some bitter feud, or, in some cases, the expulsion from the much-envied ranks of ton.

'When a death occurs in this high and delightful society, the distressed members, to flatter the dear defunct as long as he or she remains above ground, send most punctiliously their servants, carriages, and horses, to mourn with becoming decorum in the procession to the grave. Everybody sees that this is an empty compliment in every sense, yet it is done that this world may see what a many carriages the body knew.'

The same thing, we imagine, can be said of the following ornaments of parties:—

'There is a certain class of young gentlemen in society who are not unlike charwomen, who go out to help at parties; that is, they are invited without being personally known, by being included in the invitations of those who are. Thus a person who wishes to astonish everybody, by letting them see what a host of good society he is intimate with, and having more than he can accommodate, sends an invitation to a dancing friend, who is an individual supposed only to do that kind of work, and never invited to the more substantial dinner parties, but is perfectly content to come in smiling with the coffee and the muffins. At the bottom of the aforesaid note he writes, "Bring a quadrilling friend or two with you;" which is accordingly done, who, upon their entrance, are introduced to their friend's friend, the host, who smiles, &c. &c. but without the slightest wish to become more intimately acquainted with them; and indeed he never remembers one from the other of those borrowed friends: this may perhaps be excusable, as nothing is more difficult, as they are a most extraordinary stereotyped set. All wear polished boots, white waistcoats, white handkerchiefs, and very oily hair, without anything to say about anything, and nothing without dancing. These kind of automata make, upon an average, about one-third of all evening parties: they are very easily detected by the initiated, for directly they are unmixed with a quadrille or a polka, they all run together in a lump like quicksilver, and are about as heavy.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It has been calculated that the available coal beds in Lancashire amount in weight to the enormous sum of 8,400,000,000 tons. The total annual consumption of this coal, it has been estimated, amounts to 3,400,120 tons; hence it is inferred that the coal beds of Lancashire, at the present rate of consumption, will last 2470 years. Making similar calculations for the coal fields of South Wales, the north of England, and Scotland, it will readily be perceived how ridiculous were the forebodings which lecturing geologists delighted to indulge in a few years ago.

An eminent medical man in the metropolis—says Dr Guy, the well-known lecturer on public health—was in the habit of attending Windmill-Court, Rosemary-Lane, two or three times a-day for fever cases. About twelve months ago it was well sewered and supplied copiously with water, and the court regularly washed down twice a-week. In seven months previous to this being done he had attended forty-one cases of fever in that court, and in the five months following there had been but two cases!

At the paper-works of Messrs Kuenemann Brothers, established about three years ago at Aspach le Point, in France, vegetable substances of all kinds, particularly burweed, hay, straw, dried potato stems, &c. are employed in place of rags in the manufacture of paper, which is said to be remarkable for its tenacity, and particularly well adapted for packing purposes. We have seen specimens manufactured in our own country from well-prepared oat-straw, which, in purity and texture, was little inferior to that made from ordinary white rag.

The quantity of copper ore raised in Cornwall, says Professor Ansted, is very considerable, and has been steadily increasing on the average of a number of years. In 1775, the quantity did not amount to 3600 tons, and its value

was L.192,000. At the commencement of the present century it had increased to upwards of 5000 tons, and its value then was nearly half a million of pounds sterling. A quarter of a century later the supply was upwards of 8000 tons, and its value reached L.750,000; while in 1838, 11,527 tons of copper, obtained from 145,688 tons of ore, were raised, and the metal was L.857,779. Of the Cornish mines, those known by the name of the Consolidated yield the largest amount of profit from copper mining.

Let some fast-growing plants be placed against a southern wall; the grape-vine and the hop are good specimens. Early in the morning, when there is likely to be a hot, sunny day, make a mark on the wall level with the top of the shoot, and though the sun shine hotly on that shoot all the day, it will not increase. But observe it the next morning; it will have grown from half an inch to two inches. The common white clover opens its leaves in the morning, and closes them at night; when they are open to the sun, they do not increase, but when they are folded in sleep, they do, and they are larger the next morning than they were at night. And this growth will be in proportion to the heat and light of the previous day.—This appears to establish two facts—first, that plants increase during sleep or repose; and secondly, that growth is something reflex, it being proportioned to previous exercise or excitement—nutrition and growth going on while there is the least excitement from external things.

It is a fact not a little interesting, says Sir H. De La Beche, that sand thrown by the sea upon the coast of Cornwall is very extensively employed in the interior of the country for agricultural purposes. Vast quantities of this sand (estimated at one hundred thousand tons) are annually taken from Padstow harbour to the interior; and this cannot be considered more than one-fourth part of the whole quantity removed. Between five and six millions of cubic feet of sand are thus annually conveyed from the coast, and spread over the land in the interior as mineral manure. In this case, however, the sand is not siliceous, but consists almost entirely of comminuted sea-shells, and thus affords the requisite supply of carbonate of lime to the clayey lands of the interior.

It appears, on the whole, that 37,500 tons of china-clay are annually shipped from the south-west of England to the potteries, and the value of this export must amount to nearly L.50,000. A century ago, it does not seem that any part of it was made use of, or that this important produce was then of any value whatever.

KEEP BEES!

A French bishop being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical benefice was extremely trifling, that he meant to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. The curate promised to attend to the bishop's suggestion; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His lordship was much surprised, and could not help censuring the conduct of the curate; observing that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow, to launch out in such expense, nay, almost to dissipate his annual income in a single day. 'Do not be uneasy on that score, my lord,' replied the curate, 'for I can assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor.' 'Then you have a patrimony, sir?' said the bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'You speak in riddles,' rejoined his lordship: 'how do you contrive to live in this manner?' 'My lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want anything.' 'How! *you* have a convent? I did not know there was one in this neighbourhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, Mr Curate.' 'You are jocular, my lord.' 'But come, sir, I intreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.' 'So you shall, my lord, after dinner; and I promise that your lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.' Accordingly, when dinner was over, the curate conducted the prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives, and pointing to the latter, observed, 'This, my lord, is the convent which gave us a dinner; it brings me in about eighteen hundred livres a-year, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.' The surprise and satisfaction of the bishop may be readily conceived. The sequel of the story informs us that ever afterwards, whenever a curate made application to his lordship for an improved living, he would only energetically reply—'Keep bees!—keep bees!'—*From the French.*

THE GEOLOGIST'S WIFE

TO HER HUSBAND SETTING OFF UPON AN EXCURSION.

ADIEU then, my dear, to the Highlands you go,
Geology calls you, you must not say no:
Alone in your absence I cannot but mourn,
And yet it were selfish to wish your return.

No, come not until you have searched through the gneiss,
And marked all the smoothings produced by the ice;
O'er granite-filled chinks felt Huttonian joy,
And measured the Parallel Roads of Glenroy.

Yet still, as from mountain to mountain you stride,
In visions I'll walk like a shade by your side;
Your bag and your hammer I'll carry with glee,
And climb the raised beaches, my own love, with thee.

Me, too, you'll remember, for love claims no less,
And all your proceedings a fondness confess;
Each level you take, be it not from the sea,
But above the dear place where your Susan may be.

Let everything mind you of tender relations—
See, even the hard rocks have *their* inclinations!
Oh, let me believe that, wherever you roam,
The axis of *yours* can be nowhere but—home!

Suppose that you find on the mountains of Lorn,
A boulder that long since from Nevis was torn,
'Twill seem like that fond one who left his own shore,
'Perhaps to return to Lochaber no more.'

And if, in your wanderings, you chance to be led
To Ross-shire or Moray, to see the Old Red,
Oh still, as its mail-covered fishes you view,
Remember the colour is love's proper hue.

Such being your feelings, I'll care not although
You're gone from my side—for a fortnight or so;
But know, if much longer you leave me alone,
You may find, coming back, you have two wives of stone!

HOW THE POLYNESIANS BECOME SWIMMERS.

One day I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog, that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being hatched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally the delighted parent reached out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would sidle for the rock, and the next moment be clasped to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as if on the point of strangling. At such times, however, the mother snatched it up, and, by a process scarcely to be mentioned, obliged it to eject the fluid. For several weeks afterwards I observed this woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea Islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light.—*Melville's Residence in the Marquesas.*

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A YARN OVER THE CAPSTAN, IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH.

——'As a stately deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime; talking with his mates,
Or haply thinking of far distant friends,
While the ship glides before a steady breeze.'

Wordsworth.

The first few days of an outward-bound voyage, as everybody knows who has seen blue water, are always detestable, both to sailor and landsman. The disagreeable circumstances are of various kinds—from the lowest physical discomforts, up to the most incommunicable disturbances of feeling. If you are so much accustomed to the undulatory system of things as not to be sick in body, you are at least sick at heart, and that is the harder of the two to bear. I should say sea-sickness is the grand reconciler for this inner repugnance to an element so foreign to our nature. One comes up so exhilarated from a close berth and its accompaniments to the fresh, sharp sea-breeze, that he is prepared to take everything cheerfully, and already thinks of home and home matters at thought's length, though affording food for many a mood of quiet recollection under the shadow of a sail by the bulwarks, or set to music by the water rippling past his bed at night. Otherwise, a thousand feelings, shaken, uprooted, and set loose, have room to dash together, not having got, as it were, their sea-fastenings on; what you would have, behind or before—between wishing to be back again by the fireside, amongst that friendly circle, looking out at those green trees, and feeling, on the other hand, that it was necessary to go where your only way of life lies onward—you do not know. The discipline has all to be gone through consciously, which that aforesaid gross nausea would have concealed. It takes some time to make one throw off the weakness, and look with straightforward manliness at the business in hand, getting into the bold free character of winds, waves, and clouds.

Officers and crew, too, after a ruder fashion, and less sentimentally, do not find themselves at all at home till towards the end of the first week. You can get little out of them in the way of information or encouragement as long as the former are getting the ship in hand, and the latter have not fallen into each other's habits. For the above-mentioned space of time, the captain, except at meals, is scarcely seen out of his state-room, and does not appear on deck—although what he is doing but keeping out of the confusion it is hard to conceive. The mate is not conversible until he has got the great atrocities of dock and harbour corrected, and their eye-sores somewhat obliterated, by innumerable fine touches, such as a first-mate only can administer. Peering with head aside from bowsprit, stern-boat, maintop, and every possible vantage-point, he has shrouds to bring taut, backstays to set up, masts to get in a line, concessions to the land to be retracted in the shape of sundry coverings and uncoverings; while his subordinates bluster after him, and the merits of the several hands are elicited in this bustling toilet of the ocean beauty, as if she were watched by some secret Presence, or were about to enter on an assembly of old Tritons, and the waste of waters were not growing more and more desolate around her. Meanwhile water-casks are not yet lowered into the hold, spars and booms are in the gangways, long serpent-like bundles of sails are across the deck, the extempore arrangements of departure still subsist, and every now and then, with a lurch of the vessel, some unfastened piece of nautical furniture trundles over to leeward. Till this state of things has subsided, and got into a degree of order, one has no idea of the placid alternation of a ship's routine; watch is confounded with watch, and there is not a leisure hour for man or boy, nor any time when a passenger does not seem to be in the way: a piece of land-lumber he seems to mate and fore-mast-man, which no fastening can give steadfastness to, as he makes his advance to leeward by successive clutches of rope and skylight.

Gradually, however, all settles down into tranquil harmony—the obstacles are cleared away into their various receptacles, watch and watch is set, the anchors are got in, and the chain-cables stowed: that most vivid realisation of being fully at sea! When you come upon deck, the sky first bursts calmly overhead, then the broad heaving ocean round; the large white sails, sheet beyond sheet drawn downwards, are full of quiet wind, a faint motion now and then stirring their stately bosoms, the ropes and reef-points lying on them silently, and their long seams and quaint fresh-coloured patches are picturesque as the touches of the woods. Compared with her look in the docks—bare, furled, and rigid—the moving ship is as a shadowy, rustling summer tree to its wintry skeleton. The mate is looking up aloft, while at their separate occupations above and under, up on a solitary yard, or far out on the bowsprit, the sailors are pursuing tasks more genial than those of labourers in the field, mowing in the hot meadow or following the dusty plough. While one passes the ball of spun-yarn round the rope for the other's instrument, remote from hearing, what hints of wondrous things, so lightly seen, do pass between them. The two have come together from all regions of the globe, and will part again after this voyage, yet how coolly do they exchange their confidence, as it were by accident, glancing now and then on the smooth horizon for a speck upon it, the only object that could touch their indifference! The man at the wheel, now eyeing the compass, now the trembling corner of a royal through the round-house opening, looks contemplative as a sage. There is

no time or place more favourable to pure thought than are a voyage and a ship's weather bulwarks at sea. The foundations of one's opinions, nay, of his character, may naturally undergo a thorough revision—all tends to grow clearer, purer, deeper, and freer too. Then how tenderly and completely do affections, remembrances, afflictions, arrange themselves in that tranquil, spiritual medium, in that resignation of all actual possession; and we measure and try everything as by a water-balance—the standard of just and equal! It is somewhat difficult to say whether seafaring men do acquire from circumstances, confessedly more thoughtful and solemn than those of worldly life, the cast of mind to be expected; for of all men, a sailor is the farthest from sentiment or consciousness of anything extraordinary in his experience, as well as the quietest and most difficult to compare with others. But those very peculiarities imply superiority; manly energy and directness of view are the first to be developed in him; and if he reflects, it is a thing either kept secret, or revealed only to those who understand him, in a language of his own, in some quiet middle watch, or by the way, in some half-coined story, to the windlass-group of hearers. I believe that, in proportion to his education, the seaman is indeed greatly superior to any other class of natural livers, and that nature in this element teaches both forcibly and by calm negations.

Somewhat similar to these were my musings on the ninth afternoon since leaving Bristol, as, with studding-sails set to a light breeze astern, the Maria, a small West Indiaman, in which I was the only passenger, kept on her course across the Atlantic; slightly rolling as a vessel does, more or less, with a fair wind. Fair white clouds were moving gently over the sky from east to west, and I fancied their peculiar delicacy and streaky shape already indicated our approach to a new climate. The level ocean-floor was unutterably blue around us, hardly rippling with the slight wind, but cool to look upon out of the hot sun, from the shadow of the towering fabric of sails to the quiet horizon, where not a speck appeared to break the spell of solitude. One can hardly believe, amidst the magic circle of the sea, that earth has any other shape save that which, indeed, is not even an outline, and is unapproachable. The glittering flying-fish, in showers, darted like swallows from one depth to another, or now and then a single one fell on board; otherwise, no living thing but ourselves was in sight. It was pleasanter to yield to the romance of the situation than to moralise, so, lighting an after-dinner cigar, I sat and dreamt, to the influence of its fumes, of verandahs open to the sea-breeze through large green palm-leaves, of aloes flowering against the Venetians, fields of sugar-cane, mountains rising from odorous woods, of graceful Creole ladies, and all tropical-breathing things, as well as of those I had seen in another region. We were in the track of old Columbus, passing to a new world. I watched the men descending the shrouds from their several occupations, while the ship was beginning to assume the leisurely appearance of evening. The decks were cleared of their signs of work; the sailmaker and a boy, who had been busy near me, began to roll up the topsail they had been repairing, as four bells were struck from beside the wheel—six o'clock, commencement of the second dog-watch. At the galley fire the black cook was baling out the tea for the ship's company into their various tin pots, and a group of the crew, in their red or blue shirts and canvas trousers, were gathered about the windlass to their evening gossip; while the boys were sweeping the decks fore and aft of rope-yarns and shavings, and coiling up the stray ropes to the belaying-pins.

This second dog-watch, by the way, is the most pleasant, easy time in the routine of a ship's twenty-four hours. Unless the sails need to be trimmed, no one, even of the watch on duty, is required to do anything; it is the interval when sailors may despatch all their own little matters unmolested, join to speculate on the weather, or talk of whatever casts up. Before the mast, all is cheerfulness and quiet abandonment—rest, joke, supper, and smoking, behind the veil of a sanctuary not then to be intruded on by first mate or subordinate. On the quarter-deck, a like relaxation prevails then: before tea-time, in the quiet evenings, the mysterious captain is seen walking to windward, or smoking a cigar from that side of the capstan, while he chats with the mate, the others having disappeared to enjoy their privacy.*

On this same evening the captain of the Maria, with whom I had already got pretty well acquainted, emerged from the cabin companion soon after the bell had struck; and for the first time I found myself along with him and his first mate—a good-looking, fresh-coloured young man, leaning on the capstan, disposed apparently for an easy conversation. The round flat top of that piece of naval furniture lay between us, covered with its green-painted canvas envelope—a table across which many more dialogues and professional anecdotes had been exchanged than over that down stairs. It has so confidential a look, and yet so business-like, that narrow circle of green canvas, and seems made to relax the strict forms of seafaring etiquette that are preserved apart from it, as much as to tighten the topsail halliards, when it swings round amidst the bars to the chant of the after-guard. Our captain was a hale, weather-worn, elderly man, with hair grayer than his years alone, as I found, would have made him; and as much like a respectable grave country practitioner who had ridden at all hours to see his patients, or a retired lieutenant who still talked to his neighbours of old sea matters, as he was like an acting merchant skipper. Save for his Manilla straw-hat, you might even have taken him for a parson. However, be that as it may, we now gradually fell into a strain of dialogue which led to the worthy old man's relating to us a portion of his biography; not, as he remarked, for anything extraordinary in it, but merely by way of a capstan yarn of a fine night, when the dog-vane was making a parallel with the taffrail. The mate had never sailed in the Maria before, so that the recital was as new to him as to me.

'It's thirty-six years now,' said the captain, 'since I first went to sea; and the more I look back on it, the more I wonder why I went at all, or what port I shipped for at last. The truth is, we're every one of us steering in this life by a sort of compass which tells us what we need only by our wishes shifting from it; as for the chart, that's in the Master's hands, and He gives us the course, a point at a time. There's one book I'm very fond of myself, amongst the few I have below there—it's "the Pilgrim's Progress;" but I've thought, often as I've read it over, some one that knows the sea should write another like it, only more proper to sailors, and call it "the Mariner's Progress." Here I am, at last, fifty-

* The two dog-watches are half the time of common watches—namely, two hours each, from four to six, and from six to eight; one-half of the crew being permitted to go below in turn with the other, which they do ordinarily every four hours; and the steersman is changed.

two, and old for my years: the forty voyages or so of various kinds I've made seem like one long one, in which I've touched land, no doubt, but a strange one, and begin to weary for the same I left. I do think at times, now, I feel the air more homelike, although they haven't yet hailed land from the mast-head; and I've sought latterly to get the anchor out, and see all clear, as well as painting the vessel, before coming into harbour. How it is I don't certainly know, that one should be coming back when he has seemingly been sailing all the while straight on, farther and farther away; and so painful as it is to think that the old happiness of home is gone for ever from the earth, unless it be that the world's round, and one may come into port without ever once wearing about.

'When I was a boy, I can't say I had any particular fancy for the sea. Many take up the notion out of books, and keep a hold of it in spite of all that can be said or done, thinking of the adventures they have read about, or longing to see foreign countries, and something out of the common way. For my part I didn't read much, nor did I ever set any object before my mind more than another. The thing was in me; a sort of restlessness that kept me from settling to one occupation, led me into mischief. I couldn't help it, it appeared to me; for even after I had vowed to keep clear of scrapes in future, when my spirits rose again, I found myself in the middle of another before I knew it. Far from troubling my head about the sea and ships for the romance of them, I ordinarily cared not a straw for the particular scheme of amusement in hand, for it seemed only to rise like a natural vent to the wild pleasure of standing and feeling life. I never lived long enough on land to experience the admiration for scenery I have read of; but I do believe now, that many a time, as we were breaking into some orchard at night for the fruit, even while I scrambled over the pales after my companions, there shot into my heart a secret feeling of the beauty of the trees and grass covered with dew, or the harvest corn-fields out beyond; since I sometimes start at such recollections, and seem at that very period to have had delight in the things, and they waiting all this while to be reflected on, as it were the echo of one's voice after he had given up expecting it. I fancy boys and common folks have the same pleasure in natural things as writers and poets, only they take a round-about way to come at it, and see them more beautiful when they are doing something else.

'The place we lived in was a little country town, where my father lived independent, although he farmed some acres of ground; and our house stood on the outskirts of the town, looking out over a front flower-plot to the street, and beyond to the open country. My father was the least of all characters likely to guide me right: he was a stern man, and hated anything of wild spirits; he was upright and religious withal, but his religion was too formal, and he did not make it come down to children. The smallest prank was rated as a crime; and my mother, a mild, gentle woman, would not interfere to make his authority less, although herself she treated us far otherwise, and my worst grief has been that I minded her precepts too little. The consequence of my father's sternness was, that my younger brother and I feared him, and made all our plans of enjoyment secret as much as we could, which was a habit that led us farther astray than if we had been allowed to be open. I, however, was the worst, chiefly in wild tricks of mischief with my schoolfellows; for Ned was a year younger, and naturally less boisterous, and he often stayed to play with our little sister when I was heading the band to plunder an orchard or destroy some of the neighbours' cats, if nothing less innocent was preferable. An elder brother, by a previous marriage on my father's side, was grown up, and engaged in business: he was the most disagreeable of the family, being of a tyrannical disposition, without my father's uprightness; and I even hated him at that time, while fearing him as much; for if the least provoked, he did not let the difference of age prevent him from using me as ill as I believe my father had done him when he was the only boy. This state of things was not quite so bad when I was near fifteen, and had been at school a year or two, where I learnt some Latin and Greek, and used even to read pieces of Homer, and I had begun to sober down a little. But at that age I was articled to an attorney in the place for three years, and soon began to tire most thoroughly of copying deeds and law-papers at a high desk all day, and to wish for some other course of life. There was another lad of my own age in the office, with whom I got intimate, and he being of as frolicsome a turn as myself, we contrived, every way we could, to make the burden light. We were fond of shooting, and he and Ned and I frequently of a Saturday afternoon went out together to enjoy the sport. As my father allowed us no money to ourselves, however, in connexion with this amusement, we were put to great shifts for obtaining materials; and although our mother often supplied us with small sums, we, along with our companion, gradually got into considerable debt, which we had no means of paying. The shopkeeper having threatened to send in our share of the account to my father, we were in great terror; but it only hastened our carrying out the plan of running away from our apprenticeship, which my companion and I had several times started, with no purpose I know of but just to escape. The situation was growing irksome enough to us, though we had always put off our scheme, since it could be managed at any time, till this circumstance capped matters. We contrived to raise a few shillings between us, and appointed the day, fixing to leave early in the morning, and give ourselves a safe start. We had a good deal of work to persuade my brother Ned, poor little fellow, to join us; but at last he yielded, for he was terribly afraid of the discovery by my father, and maybe more of the disgrace in his mother's eyes, of whom he was very fond, as she made him a favourite. That night I thought my father was much kinder than ordinary; he was in a good-humour, and had promised to take us all a jaunt next day; and though this made it more disagreeable to think of his anger, I own it cost me a sore struggle to bid him good-night when we went out of the parlour to bed. If he had spoken another word, or only looked at me, I would have told him all; but he was looking down at the newspaper, and somehow I didn't like the thought of seeing him look up and say, "What is it?" I never saw him again.

'The light was just breaking over the woods as Ned and I stole out at the front door in the morning to meet our friend at the corner of a lane which led into the high road. I glanced up at the windows to see if anybody would notice us when we should get into the street; but not a soul was stirring, and the white blind of my father and mother's bedroom was down. My heart smote me at taking advantage of their sleep; but I plumed myself on never going back from what I had begun, and I cheered Ned in whispers as we hastened down the street. I cannot remember looking back again, yet the house is before me now, and often has been; although, when I came back there three years after, there was a new canal made right through where it stood, and across the little green garden. I think I see it, standing so still and gray in the dawn, with all its window-blinds down, and the flowers within the rails drooping with dew, and the edges of the fruit-trees behind stretched over the garden hedge above the field, without moving a leaf. I little knew or cared what I was leaving it for; but I daresay, if I had thought it was for a brig's forecastle, the bare sea, and such tyranny as one could not conceive till he knew it, I should have turned round in time, and slipped up stairs with Ned into bed again, come what would. However,

it's no use talking: here I am, no doubt; and I'm more certain than I was then as to a wiser head than mine that's working the traverses, and making the course, though I can't see Him. The log shows a good deal of lee-way, but a skilful navigator knows how to meet that too. Mr Adams,' said the captain here, in a different tone, 'I think this wind's shifting a point already; you'd better get those lower stu'nsails in, and take in the slack of your starboard braces.' The dog-vane on the taffrail was evidently slanting a little inboard, and the lower sails fluttered on their one edge; so the mate left us to alter their trim, the captain of course pausing in his narrative till that duty should have been performed. 'Haul down the lower stu'nsails,' called out the former to the group on the forecastle; and in a few moments those large dark sheets of canvas were coming flapping in from the booms. 'Brace round the foreyard,' said the mate, 'and lie aft here, the larboard watch, to trim sails. Take a pull there on the starboard main-brace.' In a short time all was right, and we were together at the capstan again; while the lamp in the binnacle was lighted, casting upward a warm glow on the steersman's rough face, as he kept the vessel a point away from 'sou'-west-by-south,' in his silent communion with the mysterious pole and its magical witness. The azure vault of heaven was deepening above into intense, unutterable blue, and a star or two had come forth imperceptibly into its empty amplitude. The men forward were already at their confabulation again by the windlass, and the captain resumed, leaving in thought the ocean for those scenes which were written secretly in his heart.

'Strangely enough,' said he, 'I remember all this far more clearly than I do last voyage: the first voyage I made, too, is as fresh to me, while most of what has befallen me since is as confused as a bundle of rope-yarns, and I couldn't spin a story out of them that would hold together. I recollect, after we joined Tom Miles, my fellow-clerk, in the lane, we set off at a pace as if all the town would have been after us in an hour's time; and by seven o'clock or so we were in a new country altogether. We bought some bread and warm milk for breakfast, although we kept away from the towns, lest people might suspect we were runaways by our appearance; and by the afternoon, having got into the spirit of the thing, we were all three quite happy. Miles and I were determined never to go back, though we had no idea what we should take to; for if we did go back, we had a chance not only of being fixed to the desk, which was certain, but of jail to the bargain, for breaking indentures. As for Ned, we did not give him time to think of home; and he laughed and talked as much as either of us. At night, however, when we were beginning to think of seeking out some shed or other to make ourselves comfortable in, we got a fright which we did not expect. It turned out that we were not so far from home as we thought, and we were sauntering along the public road, forgetful of our former caution, in the dusk, when I caught a glimpse of a man on horseback talking to a woman at the door of a house we had passed at the turning. I am not sure why, but the fancy came into my head of its being my step-brother sent after us. I gave the hint to my two companions, and we immediately scrambled through the hedge, and ran along behind it into a plantation farther on, where we concealed ourselves amongst the underwood. I could not stand the temptation to see him baffled though; so I crept near to the road, and looked through the fence just as he came galloping up. Sure enough it was he, and I can't forget the expression of his features, as I saw them in the dusk against the sky, when he fixed on his hat firmer, and went flying past, as if he was to catch us next minute. I do believe he would have half-killed me, at least, in his passion; I being particularly hateful to him, I suppose, from my stubbornness when he domineered over me. We waited a while, expecting him to come back when he found he *had missed us;* but he did not; and thinking the coast quite clear, we had nearly fallen into a trap. We were quietly walking past the little public-house at the corner again, when our own old house-dog leapt out on Ned, barking for joy, and jumping up about us. This would not have troubled us; but we were scarcely past when we heard a shout from the door, and saw one of our father's farm-servants, bareheaded, coming after us full speed, followed by the landlord. We fled, the dog keeping up, and, as it was almost dusk, had little fear of distancing our pursuers, when we were stopped by a gate, over which the other two were climbing, when John, my father's man, seized hold of me, though too much out of breath to speak. I struggled, but it was no use, when his companion came up and laid hold of me too. "You may as well come, Mr Tom," said the ploughman. "I wont—let me go," said I, renewing my efforts as I thought of my comrades, whom I supposed to be far off by this time. "You can't get off at any-rate," said he; "your father's firm on working the devil out o' you; and he says you only want to go to sea to be a perfect 'un of a devil." "You'll never get me home," I said; "and I'll go to sea in spite of any one."

'John laughed at this, and so did his companion the publican; and they had shouldered me half high, to carry me off bodily, when I got hold of the gate, and suddenly Miles, who had been behind the hedge all the while, and was a quick fellow, swung it open against their legs with all its force. The two men stumbled, and let me go, and I fell over, with the gate between. "Run now, Tom," cried Miles, and off we started again, the men after us; but as we were more than their match at running, and the field led down to a shadowy hollow, they gave it up at last. For another hour we struck onward, and across a common, till we reached an old barn standing in a field alone by the side of a brook, where we made a bed of fern, and lay down together as happy as if we had escaped a press-gang. How we enjoyed ourselves that night, talking over the adventure! We had turnips out of the field to eat, and some apples, with a piece of bread; and we delighted in the very shifts we were put to. We soon fell asleep; but I remember I awoke in the night, and saw the white sky through the open door glimmering low beyond a hill, and Ned was sleeping as quietly as he had done in our little bed at home, with his fair hair tangled in the pieces of fern. I couldn't help thinking how his mother came in, before she went to her own room, to fasten the clothes about him, lest he should catch cold; and it smote me to the heart that I should be helping to lead him away, when she was perhaps at the very moment awake with anxiety about where he was. I was resolved to take the chance myself; indeed the apprenticeship to the lawyer could not be undone; but I fell asleep again, intending to ask Ned if he would go home. The bright morning and the cheerful country put it out of my head again, or, if I did think of it, I couldn't make up my mind to part from Ned. As long as he was with me, I felt myself at home still, for all that was best of it. So we went on in the same way for another day, winding through the sequestered by-paths, and coming out now and then at a farmhouse, where we got milk and bread for the asking, however surprised they looked at our wandering air. I noticed Ned rather duller as this second night drew on, but he said nothing. We took shelter in an open shed, where there were several carts put up, near a farmhouse, and found the straw and sacks more comfortable even than the fern. "Tom," said Miles to me, as we sat here eating our supper, and looking out at the late moonlight night, in which the country was spread far and wide, with a church tower and some house-tops peeping over the trees—"Tom, d'ye think it was such a bad idea that of your going to sea? What do you say, shall we all three go and try our fortunes in that line? We'd sail together of course?" Ned looked up and smiled, as if he thought it a good joke, but he saw me grave enough. "Tom," he whispered at last, "shan't we go home now? Father wont say anything by this time, you know;

and mother 'll be getting anxious." "I'm not going home at all," I said, and Ned burst into tears. "Tom Miles," said I, "my brother Ned must go back, either by himself, or I must go with him. Could you find your way alone, Ned, my boy, or not?" "Oh yes, Tom," answered he. "Let me go to my mother—I hate the sea, and I know mother would break her heart to think of it. I don't mind going back myself, if you wont come too." "Then you shall, as soon as we wake in the morning," said I; "so let's go to sleep."

'Many a time I have blessed God that it was so; when I've been up on the royal yard alone in a squall, and the sail thundering about my head, with the yard perhaps swinging loose, and I could not get the brace hauled taut from below, in a dark night, where the sea was one sheet of foam, and the wind went through one like a blade of ice. Poor little Ned's fair face would have pined whiter and whiter under a sailor's life, and his gentle heart would never have borne up against hard usage and hard words; for the sea isn't the best school for pity, save that a man who did his duty well is missed. For my part, I was somewhat hardened by my father and my brother, and my nature was more obstinate. I never think of that parting without pain no words can tell. We went back two or three miles with Ned, gave him all our money but a shilling, and then bade him good-by at a sign-post; after which we struck out boldly for Plymouth, about twenty miles off. I may say it was a parting-place for all three. Ned grew to be a man, but I never saw him again save once, and shouldn't have known him; and now he's gone down into his grave before the time. Poor Tom Miles too!—it was a bad resolve for him; better had he gone back with Ned. We never parted, indeed, till his hour of death, but it was a bitter death to die without a word of "God speed," and none to see it, though I was little farther from him than I am from you two. He had no mother: it was well, or else the very thought of that moment, and the cruel months he had to go through before it under the treatment of a dog, would have been sufficient to turn his brain at once I think.'—(*To be concluded in next number.*)

WHAT NATURE HAS DONE FOR IRELAND.

Among the great tendencies which characterise the present era, none is more striking than the movement of industry, urging its way onwards with resistless energy. The crusaders of our own days are not less enthusiastic or daring than those of the middle ages, but their war is against prejudice, ignorance, and inertia. Hence all which follows the true lead, which bears upon it the stamp of earnestness, is at this juncture peculiarly valuable. Such is the nature of a work, which we are glad to see come to a second edition, on the natural resources of Ireland.* This country, as is too well known, lags behind the sister countries in concentrated labour and prosperity; yet it appears that, in *means*, she exceeds them both. The work of Dr Kane has had a startling effect in impressing this fact.

Dr, now Sir Robert Kane, published his book under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society. As an Irishman, he writes in real earnest for the improvement of his native land. 'In other countries,' he observes, 'it has been the most anxious care of government, and of those intrusted with the superintendence of education, to ascertain the nature and amount of their means of promoting industry, and extending the employment of the people. It is thus that every year sees the continental nations making such giant strides in manufacturing activity. It is thus that the physical disadvantages which had so long kept them back, are gradually being lessened in importance. I had always found,' he continues, 'that real progress was effected only by genuine labour. I knew that all that is sound and permanent in England's industrial power grew, not out of oratorical elegancies, but from hard-handed, stern, and persevering work. By such work alone—work of mind and of body—can a people hope to advance.'

The general character of the work may be inferred from a summary of its contents. The first two chapters are devoted to fuel—comparisons of the quality and cost of Irish coal with that of other countries and with turf—with a view to elicit the most economical means of applying it to the generation of steam-power, which the author rightly judges to be one of the great means of promoting the national industry. Next comes a chapter on the water-power of Ireland, accompanied by some interesting details, to which we shall advert more particularly further on—followed by others on mines and minerals—agriculture, flax and linen trade—means of internal communication, and the necessity for the diffusion of industrial knowledge among the people.

Excavations for coal appear to have been carried on at a very early period: in the working of a mine in Antrim in 1770, the miners broke into an old gallery, the walls of which were lined with stalactites, evidently of great age, and antique mining tools were found therein. The coal-fields are situated in the provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught; the northern include the bituminous, the southern the anthracite beds. The vicinity of Lough Allen is said to contain a supply of 20,000,000 of tons; and in Tyrone, seams from twenty to thirty feet in thickness lie within 120 fathoms of the surface. For a long time anthracite was, for the greater part, comparatively useless; for although the heat produced by this coal is so intense as frequently to melt the bars of the fireplace and the bottom of the boiler, yet the temperature of the air passing into the flues was but little altered. 'In such case we must call in the aid of science to free our fuel from this disadvantage. It is at once done by passing the vapour of water through the mass of red-hot anthracite; the water is decomposed; its oxygen combines with carbon, and forms carbonic oxid; its hydrogen is set free. These mixed combustible gases,' continues the author, 'pass into the flues, and inflaming in the excess of air which enters, give a sheet of flame which I have seen to extend for thirty feet under and through a boiler.'

On the subject of turf, we learn that this useful substance covers 2,830,000 acres, or nearly one-seventh of the entire surface of Ireland. 'The characteristic fault of turf, as a fuel, is its want of density, which renders it difficult to concentrate within a limited space the quantity of heat necessary for many operations. The manner of heating by turf is, indeed, just the opposite of that of anthracite. The turf yields a vast body of volatile inflammable ingredients, which pass into the flues and chimney, and thus distribute the heat of combustion over a great space, whilst in no one point is the heat intense. Hence for all flaming purposes turf is applicable.' The use of turf in mills, distilleries, and in steamboats on the Shannon, has of late years greatly increased. In the ordinary state, it costs 4s. per ton, or 5s. if compressed; while the price of coal is from 5s. to 11s. 6d. The weight of a cubic yard of turf is about 900 lbs.; that of a similar mass of coal would be nearly a ton. It may be remarked that turf charcoal, from its extreme combustibility, is said to be much better fitted for the manufacture of gunpowder than wood charcoal. In a comparison of the cost of working an engine, it is shown that turf did as much work as coal at half the cost. On board the Lansdowne, one of the steamers belonging to the Inland Navigation Com-

* The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By Robert Kane, M. D. Second Edition. Dublin. 1845.

pany, 'before the use of turf was introduced, there was burned in a week, which comprises forty-nine hours of work, twenty-four tons of coal, which, costing in average at Killaloe 15s. per ton, amount to L.18, or 7s. 5d. per hour. To do the same work at present, burning nothing but turf, there are consumed per week 315 boxes of turf, which, at 7d. per box, cost L.9, 3s. 9d., or 3s. 9d. per hour of work—but a shade more than half the cost of coal.' Tabular statements of the cost of working a factory in England and in Ireland, show an economical advantage in favour of the latter country; and after fully discussing the question, Sir R. Kane states his object to have been 'to break down at once that barrier to all active exertion behind which indolent ignorance constantly retreats. The cry of "What can we do—consider England's coal mines?" is answered by showing that we have available fuel enough.'

The water-power of Ireland is estimated as equal to that of 3,038,865 horses; the Shannon, in its fall of ninety-seven feet in fifteen miles of rapids near Limerick, furnishing in itself no inconsiderable portion. The author condemns the present system of constructing mills to suit the lowest depth of water in a river, by which, during a great part of the year, most of the power runs to waste, stoppages are incurred, orders remain uncompleted, and the workmen dissatisfied. He compares this with the more enlightened system adopted at Greenock, where the water is brought from a distance of six miles to the town, and poured into reservoirs containing in the whole 310,000,000 gallons of water; furnishing a power equal to thirty steam-engines of fifty horses each; equal to a productive capital of L.75,000, which employs 7000 people, and creates an annual expenditure in wages of L.300,000; and all by simply making the best of what were previously nothing more than small and useless rivulets. 'In place,' the writer contends, 'of wretched mill-ponds, by which a stock of water is scarcely secured for a week, there should be a basin so capacious, that the floods of an entire winter might be received, and thus invested for most profitable expenditure in the summer.' A case in point is instanced of two floods in Lough Dearg, where in four days the water rose twenty-six inches. 'Now each inch of water on this lake amounts to 3,000,000 of tons in weight. These floods brought down, therefore, in four days, 78,000,000 of tons of water, over and above the vast discharge constantly going on at the orifice of the lake. If these masses of water could have been, by suitable engineering arrangements, preserved from immediate and useless expenditure; if their discharge could have been spread over the entire year, these two quantities alone, of twelve and fourteen inches of rise of surface, the fruits of four days and nights of winter flood, would be able to generate, on the fall of the river (Shannon) below Killaloe, a force acting throughout the entire year, night and day, of 967 horse-power.'

Another instance of what may be done with comparative small streams is pointed out in the Irwell, in Lancashire, which Sir R. Kane states to be probably the hardest-worked stream in the world. In its fall of 900 feet from the first mill on its banks to Bolton, 800 feet are actually economised by mills. He further shows that many parts of the flat shores of Ireland are particularly adapted for the establishment of tide mills, which, by the application of the turbine, a recently-invented water-wheel, may be rendered available for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

It appears that, some centuries ago, Ireland presented a somewhat similar appearance to the interior of Russia at the present day. 'Covered with forests, and possessing iron ore of the highest purity in great abundance, Ireland was sprinkled over with small iron works, in which the wood charcoal was employed, and thus iron manufactured of excellent quality; in fact, such as we now import from Sweden and Russia for all the finer purposes of cutlery and mechanism.' Leinster and Connaught produce iron ore equal, if not superior, to any found in England; and for the smelting and manufacture, Ireland is placed on an equal footing with other countries whose materials lie beneath the soil, by the abundance of valuable fuel which she bears upon the surface. The iron of Sweden and Russia is worth from L.15 to L.35 per ton, simply in consequence of the smelting having been effected with wood instead of coal. Turf answers equally well as wood for the same operation, and is, in fact, exclusively used in the extensive iron works of Bohemia and Bavaria.

The copper mines of Ireland are all on the coast—in the counties of Wicklow, Waterford, Cork, and Kerry. The aggregate value of copper ore raised in 1843 from these four districts amounted to nearly L.124,000, with an outlay of about half the sum in wages. A remarkable fact occurred in the history of the Mucruss mine, which is thus related:—'There was found, in great profusion, a mineral of a granulated metallic appearance, as hard as stone; its colour on the surface dark-blue, tending to a beautiful pink. It was not copper ore: it was thrown away as rubbish. Nobody knew what it was except one workman, who recognised it to be cobalt ore (arseniuret of cobalt), a mineral of great value, from which the beautiful blue glass and smalt blue is made. This man managed to get away upwards of twenty tons of it as rubbish. Long afterwards, a more candid miner who visited the works, and saw some specimens of it, told the proprietor its value. But the deposit had been worked out in order to explore for copper; the produce had been thrown away as useless; and it only remained for the mine owner to ruminate on the fortune he might have made had he possessed a proper knowledge of his business.'

Lead is more abundant in Ireland than copper; that which was formerly manufactured was sent away to Holland and England to be refined, being too brittle for practical use. But the whole operations of smelting and refining are now carried on in the highest perfection in the works at Ballycorus. The quantity of silver extracted from the lead amounted to 4261 ounces in 1843; this amount will doubtless be increased, as several veins of native silver have been recently discovered. Gold, too, has been found in Wicklow, in the streams descending from the heights of Croghan Kinshela, in lumps varying from seven to twenty-two ounces in weight. Workings were commenced by government for the exploration of gold-bearing veins, but the small return led to their abandonment within the past three years. The quantity collected in two years was valued at L.3675. It is certain, however, that deposits of native gold were known to the early inhabitants of Ireland. 'The abundance of gold ornaments and weapons which are so peculiar to this island, and for which no source by importation can be assigned, is sufficient evidence of this, as well as the testimony of our ancient writers descriptive of the use and manufacture of this precious metal. . . . After the Norman Conquest of the British islands, treasure was exacted from both to the exchequer of Normandy: the tribute exacted from England was 23,730 marks of silver; but from Ireland, 400 marks of silver, and 400 ounces of gold—an enormous quantity for those times.'

A comparison with England and Scotland, in an agricultural point of view, shows the advantage of natural fertility to be all on the side of Ireland. Of the six and a quarter millions of acres lying waste, more than four and a half millions may be profitably cultivated. Sir R. Kane explains, however, that of the thirteen millions of acres of arable land, much has not been brought under tillage, from a fault in the character of the great landholders, who held farming to be a degradation. 'The possession of the land, with perfect idleness, constituted in itself the criterion of respectability. The working of a tillage farm, even if more profitable, was thus fatal to the social position of the occupier; whilst, if he kept only a herd to mind some cattle, and spent his time and money in hunting and in drinking, trusting to protection for high prices, and to Providence to pay his debts, he mixed with the notables of the land, and looked down

with scorn ineffable on all that savoured of occupations vile, of industry or intelligence.' Of farms above thirty acres, the number is 48,312; but of those varying from *one* to *three* acres, 306,915.

Sir R. Kane is of opinion that were the duties on sugar not so high, the cultivation of beet-root for the manufacture of sugar might be profitably introduced into Ireland. We doubt, however, if fiscal arrangements will ever leave this course open to capitalists. The cultivation of flax is one of the great resources of Ireland; one which, properly managed, does not exhaust the soil. The fibrous portion of the plant, the part used by the manufacturer, takes nothing from the land. Consequently, if the water in which it has been steeped, and the stalk removed in 'scutching, be returned to the land, the fertility of the latter will be restored; and thus materials at present utterly neglected, and even a source of inconvenience, may be converted into most valuable manure.'

Want of space forbids our noticing many other valuable topics treated by Sir R. Kane: we cannot do more than advert to some moral reforms which he adduces in connexion with the question of industrial education. 'In Avoca,' he tells us, 'on pay-days, where 2000 men are employed, 500 gallons of whisky used to be bought by the miners, and drunk upon the works. The men spent the night in fighting, whilst their wives and children begged in vain that some of their wages should go for provisions and clothing. . . . There is now upon pay-days no whisky whatsoever sold. The wives of the workmen receive their wages for them, and quarrelling is unknown. . . . Some years ago the village of Bonmahon presented, on pay-days, a scene of strife and drunkenness, which always required the intervention of the police, and often rendered the position of the superintendents dangerous. At present nothing of the kind is known; a temperance hall for social quiet meetings, and extensive school-rooms for the education of the children, are now built, and the same number of individuals are able to earn L.300 per month more than they formerly received, by the greater steadiness and attention to their work which accompany their improved domestic habits.'

Sir R. Kane exposes the folly of the outcry that Ireland can do nothing unassisted. 'The fault,' he says, 'is not in the country, but in ourselves: the absence of successful enterprise is owing to the fact, that we do not know how to succeed: we do not want activity—we are not deficient in mental power, but we want special industrial knowledge. England, which in absolute education and in general morality is below us, notwithstanding our criminal violence, is far above us in industrial knowledge. The man who knows not how to read or write, who has never been at church, who never taught his child to reverence the name of his Creator, will be a perfect master of his trade. The machines he constructs, or the products he elaborates, will be most perfect in their parts, most suited to their purpose, and most economical in their cost; from the tasks which he undertakes, nothing will turn him aside; he knows that time as well as labour is required for an industrial result; he invests his time as he invests his money, as regularly and as extensively; his steadiness and perseverance in his pursuits are thus part of his industrial knowledge; his acquaintance with the probabilities of his trade prepares him for difficulties, and hence enables him to surmount them. Such things, he knows, must be in ordinary course; and thus he works constantly on, through alternations of success and failure, to his final triumph.'

These are wholesome truths, and we only wish that the writer had gone one step farther, and endeavoured to impress on his countrymen the absolute necessity for their abstaining from those acts of violence which intimidate capitalists and the skilled labourers from England, whom they consider it desirable to employ in their Irish enterprises. The fear of encountering such acts may *now* be unfounded, but it must be long before impressions of this kind become obliterated. We are not without hopes, however, that the measures in course of adoption will tranquillise that unfortunate country, and help greatly to push it forward in a career of prosperity.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE.

THE various moods and tenses of the verb *To Do* are in very different degrees of favour with men. Some indulge much in the imperative—*Do.* Many worthy souls are almost wholly for the indicative, *We do, We have done, We will do.* There is another class, and a pretty large one, who are only known in connexion with the Subjunctive. They *may* do, or they *could* do; but they never *do.* The predominant forms of speech of this class involve, with serious frequency, the words *ought, might, could, would,* and *should.* The fact is, their mission (since everybody must have his mission now-a-days) is to look on, to speculate, to advise, and to censure. They devote themselves to telling what others *ought* to do—what *might* be done if things were as they ought to be—what you *should* have done in such and such bygone circumstances—and what they *would* do if it were their case, which it somehow never is. The Opposition is the type of this class. Relieved from the duty of doing, they bask in the glory of telling what ought to be done, and that without any dread of consequences from their advice being followed. What a nice, easy, pleasant sort of life is that of the Subjunctive!

The Subjunctive men are great in their censure of magistrates and all others who have the unfortunate duty of actually *doing.* They cannot hear of a step being taken by any public body, but they at once pronounce that some other obvious course *should* have been adopted, never dreaming that men with their senses awake could not have failed to see and deliberate upon that possible course, and must have taken the other for reasons good. They never see a building, or other public work, but they point out the folly that has been committed in not making certain modifications of the plan, although it must be quite clear that these would have been adopted but for certain countervailing considerations. Even when a battle has been triumphantly gained, it *ought* to have been gained in some other way, and the victor knew nothing of what he was about. One wonders, after a little acquaintance with your Subjunctive men, what would be the result if they would only condescend to direct or to do something themselves.

We shall fancy a case for the exercise of subjunctive wit and judgment, in a proposed local improvement; say a project for paving a country town, and giving it a better supply of water. The affair is to cost something over and above certain funds at the public disposal. You call for a subscription all down the alphabet of the Subjunctive, when the following donations in advice and criticism are obligingly handed in:—

A. Don't think the town needs improvement. People *should* begin by improving themselves.

B. The committee are quite wrong as to bringing the water from Glensyke: it *should be* brought from Glendub. Cannot encourage such nonsense.

C. Have just been seeing the plans for the drains, which are to be only two feet wide by three feet deep: they will all be choked up in no time, and *ought to be* at least two feet three inches wide, and three feet nine inches and a half deep. *Could* not countenance such bad engineering.

D. Have no objections to the improvements, but dislike subscriptions on principle. Things of this kind *should be* done by general assessment, so that all might pay alike.

E. Rather approve of public subscriptions, but they

ought to be only for objects of a purely benevolent character, which this is not. Were a subscription opened to civilise Asia, Africa, and the western part of America, would not mind giving sixpence.

F. A great deal too much fuss made about cleanliness and supplies of water. The present pumps *should be* let alone. Greatly prefer pump to pipe water.

G. Don't at all like the wording of the prospectus issued by the committee. In one of the sentences there is a confusion as to the nominative of the verb. Cannot sanction bad grammar. *Should have* consulted me on the subject.

H. Understand that it is proposed to remove dung heaps. Consider this an objectionable innovation on old usages. The dung-hills *should be* let alone: they are respectable, and have heard an artist say they were picturesque.

I. Dissent from the plan of repairing the streets. Don't like flat pavement; *should* let the old small stones remain, in order to keep up youthful remembrances.

J. Very much displeased at the idea of giving the contract to a stranger. Anything good going *should be* kept to ourselves.

K. Cannot approve of the manner of appointing the committee of management. *Might have been* done by ballot from the ten-pounders. Wont give a farthing.

L. Don't think that the town should tax itself for anything of the sort. All public improvements *should be* done by government. London and Dublin get grants of money; why *should* not we?

M. The Town-Council *should not have* foolishly squandered the burgh funds, and then there *would have been* plenty of money for this affair. To punish them, I wont contribute a shilling.

N. Dislike alterations — miscalled improvements. *Could show* that the introduction of gas some years ago will prove the ruin of Britain, by destroying the whale fishery. *Would not have* minded subscribing to restore the old oil-lamps.

O. Can call again about Christmas or next spring. People *should not* ask for money at this time of the year.

P. Will wait to see how the thing looks. You *could* easily have had a drawing of the streets as they are proposed to be.

Q. Object, as every reasonable man *would do*, to entering into these operations at present, when wages are so high. *Should* wait till February or March, when labourers are half starving; and then, besides getting the job done cheaply, we *should be* giving a kind of charity at the same time.

R. Cannot afford to give anything. Have enough to do in paying for my toddy. *Should* let the town alone.

S. Do not like to put down my name for a small sum, and equally dislike giving anonymously. *Should* apply to the landed gentry; they can afford to be liberal.

T. Those who have proposed the improvements *should* pay for them; it is none of my business.

U. The plans are all wrong: they *should have been* exhibited at a public meeting before commencing operations.

V. Intend to give something, but have not yet made up my mind. People *should not be* pressed all at once to say what they will do.

W. Expect that everything, as usual, will be mismanaged, and therefore decline subscribing. Matters of this kind *should be* very carefully considered.

X. Am told that the project has altogether been got up by So-and-so. So-and-so is a great deal too forward, and *should* keep his proper place. Consider it my duty to discourage such forwardness.

Y. Partly agree with *X.* in his observations. It *would* certainly have been far more respectable if the plans had been proposed by one of the neighbouring gentry.

Z. Am just going out to dinner, and cannot be troubled about such absurdities. Persons with begging-papers are a nuisance, and *should be* taken up by the police.

We have but one addition to make to this series of illustrations of the Subjunctive, and that is—

That if improvements of any kind, or indeed any sort of public business, were to be left to the men of this class, we *should* undoubtedly see them prove the most helpless of mortals, and the world *would* not thenceforward stir one step in advance.

THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENCE

The meeting of the British Association took place this year (Sept. 10-16) at Southampton, under the presidency of Sir Roderick Murchison, whose recent work on the Geology of Russia, joined to his former productions of a similar kind, undoubtedly entitled him to the honour. Overlooking altogether, as only matter for an after-dinner laugh, the ridicule vented upon this learned body in some of the newspapers, which really are as ignorant of its true weaknesses as they are incapable of appreciating its utilities, we find the meeting described by competent authority as only one of medium interest, and rather less than the usual amount of attendance. It received a visit from Prince Albert, with whom came, as a consequence, Lord Palmerston; but the éclat inappropriately ascribed to this circumstance by the president was a poor compensation for the absence of such ancient props of the body as Sir David Brewster, the Dean of Ely (Dr Peacock), and Professor Sedgwick. There was, however, an unusually brilliant list of foreign visitors; Forchhammer and Oersted from Denmark, Agassiz and Schönbein from Switzerland, Rosé from Prussia, Koningk from Belgium, Matteucci of Modena, and Middendorf from Russia. These men, with our own Herschel, Owen, Faraday, Grove, Daubeny, Playfair, Wheatstone, Whewell, Delabeche, Darwin, and many others of scarcely inferior note, were amply sufficient to constitute a venerable assembly. Amongst drawbacks, it seems strange to have to mention indifference in the townspeople and surrounding gentry. On this subject the Literary Gazette is powerfully eloquent. To us, who always observe matters in England with the eyes of foreigners, nothing of the kind could be surprising, as the unfortunate fact is, that, except in a few peculiar spots, such as the university towns, and a few limited circles of society in the great cities, there is no mental life in that country with respect to purely intellectual matters.

In his opening address on the evening of the first day's meeting, Sir Roderick adverted in just terms to the services hitherto performed by the Parliament of Science—the reports which it had published, and the researches it had instituted. He remarked the many occasions on which the Association had served as a means of directing government to inquiries where a small expenditure of the national funds could much advance the interests of science. There were even, he said, men of science now performing great feats in the cause of knowledge, who might be said to have sprung from the Association, and to be dependent on it. All this we believe to be no more than the truth. Owen, Agassiz, and Edward Forbes, have themselves announced that, in default of the countenance and assistance of the Association, 'they would not have undertaken, and never could have completed, some of their most important inquiries. Agassiz, for example, had not otherwise the means of comparing the ichthyolites of the British Isles with those of the continent of Europe. Without this impulse, Owen would not have applied his profound knowledge of comparative anatomy to British fossil saurians; and Edward Forbes might never have been the explorer of the depths of the Ægean, nor

have revealed many hitherto unknown laws of submarine life, if his wishes and suggestions had not met with the warm support of this body, and been supported by its strongest recommendations to the naval authorities.' There are even men, such as the ingenious and industrious Andrew Ramsay, now of the Ordnance Survey, who have been, as it were, discovered and brought to light by the Association, in consequence of its ambulatory character. We could, from our own knowledge, add several names to this list.

Sir Roderick spoke of the great advances made in geology since the early days of the Association, most of the countries of Europe, as well as America, having now been examined, and found to accord with that arrangement of the strata which had been first laid down in England. 'If, then,' said he, 'the astronomer has, to a vast extent, expounded the mechanism of the heavens; if lately, through the great telescope of our associate the Earl of Rosse, he has assigned a fixity and order to bodies which were previously viewed as mere nebulæ floating in space, and has also inferred that the surface-cavities in our nearest neighbour of the planetary system are analogous to the volcanic apertures and depressions of the earth, the geologist, contributing data of another order to the great storehouse of natural knowledge, has determined, by absolute and tangible proofs, the precise manner in which our planet has been successively enveloped in divers cerements, each teeming with peculiar forms of distinct life, and has marked the revolutions which have interfered with these successive creations, from the earliest dawn of living things to the limits of the historic era.' Referring to a paper by Edward Forbes, presented at last meeting, and since expanded in the publications of the Ordnance Survey, the president remarked on the light which it would throw upon the distribution of animals and plants over the earth. 'In short,' he said, 'this paper may be viewed as the first attempt to explain the *causes* of the zoological and botanical features of any region anciently in connexion. Among the new points which it contains, I will now only mention that it very ingeniously (and, I think, most satisfactorily) explains the origin of the peculiar features of the botany of Britain; the theory of the origin of Alpine Floras distributed far apart; the peculiarity of the zoology of Ireland as compared with that of England; the presence of the same species of marine animals on the coasts of America and Europe; the specialties of the marine zoology of the British seas called for by this Association; the past and present distribution of the great Mediterranean Flora; and lastly, it applies the knowledge we possess of the distribution of plants to the elucidation of the history of the superficial detritus, termed by geologists the "Northern Drift."'

The learned president likewise spoke in terms of admiration of a recent report, by Sir John Richardson, on the fishes of China, Japan, and New Zealand. Coupled, he said, with Sir John's account of the Fauna of North America, 'it may be regarded as having completely remodelled our knowledge of the geographical distribution of fishes; first by affording the data, and next by explaining the causes through which a community of ichthyological characters is in some regions widely spread, and in others restricted to limited areas. We know now, that just as the lofty mountain is the barrier which separates different animals and plants, as well as peculiar varieties of man, so the deepest seas are limits which peremptorily check the wide diffusion of certain genera and species of fishes; whilst the interspersion of numerous islands, and still more the continuance of lands throughout an ocean, insures the distribution of similar forms over many degrees of latitude and longitude.' Many other points of profound interest were adverted to; but a regard to the popular character of the Journal forbids our entering upon them. We can only proceed to select, from the many matters brought before the Sections, such as we think may prove at once intelligible and interesting to unlearned readers.

DAUBENY ON CERTAIN PRACTICES IN AGRICULTURE.

The learned professor specified, in particular, the use of quicklime and gypsum as fertilisers of land. 'The former of these substances he supposes to act in part, by rendering those inorganic substances which are present in the soil more soluble, or—in accordance with the views laid down by the author in a memoir which he has published in the Philosophical Transactions of last year—by converting the *dormant* constituents of the soil into active ones, or into a state in which they become immediately available. He appealed to the authority of Professor Fuchs, confirmed by that of Mr Prideaux of Plymouth, as showing that the alkali may be extracted from granite readily by water, after the rock in a pounded form has been heated together with quicklime; and he stated that a soil exhausted by long-continued cropping, was found by himself to yield to water twice as much alkali, after having been mixed with quicklime, as it had done before. Hence the frequent application of lime tends to produce exhaustion in the land—not only because it supplies in itself no fresh alkali, but likewise because, by rendering that which the soil contains more soluble, it causes it to be washed away more readily by atmospheric water. Ploughing, and other mechanical methods of pulverising the soil, appear to act in the same way; and so also may we suppose to do the sprinkling of the soil with sulphuric acid, as is practised in some parts of the continent. The author then alluded to the various modes of explaining the advantage attributed to gypsum, which certain leading agricultural chemists had proposed: one ascribing its virtues to the direct influence of the salt; another to the indirect good resulting from it, owing to its property of fixing ammonia: a third regarding its acid constituent as of the principal utility; and a fourth, its base. Dr Daubeny gave reasons for rejecting the third and fourth of these hypotheses; but considered that the use of gypsum may be in part attributable to the first, and in part to the second, of the causes pointed out. He supposes that this substance is generally useful to all plants, from its property of fixing ammonia; and also especially serviceable to certain species, by supplying them with a salt which they require for their development.'—*Athenæum's Report.*

GROVE ON THE DECOMPOSITION OF WATER BY HEAT.

[The great interest of the discovery here professedly made by Professor Grove, caused the attention of the Association to be concentrated upon the Chemical Section on Friday.] The ingenious professor commenced by asserting that every process that will combine gases can separate them. He was led to this result from the use of the eudiometer invented by him, which he briefly described. Water is known to be composed of two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, from a chemical union of which it can be easily formed. By passing water through a red-hot gun-barrel, the oxygen unites with the iron, which becomes incrustated with rust, while the hydrogen is eliminated separately. This is the old mode of proceeding; but no success has as yet attended any attempt to collect both the gases in one experiment, without having either absorbed by any other substance. The new process, discovered by Mr Grove, consists in introducing two platinum wires into the lower part of a glass tube, hermetically sealed and filled with water, from which the atmospheric air has been first expelled by boiling. The wire is then heated almost to the point of fusion, by means of the galvanic current, and the intense heat has the effect of completely decomposing the water, the gases rising in small bubbles, which were collected at the other extremity of the tube. As it might be supposed that the decomposition was produced by the action of the galvanic fluid, he next tried the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, by which the greatest known heat can be produced, and the result was precisely the same. [Some remarks were made by Professors Faraday and Playfair, and in the evening by Sir John

Herschel, tending to inspire caution with regard to the reception of Professor Grove's discovery. Testing experiments will of course be quickly made.]

DOCTORS DIFFERING ON THE POTATO DISEASE.

[What follows is a conversation elicited by a paper of Mr W. Hogan, 'On Potatoes raised from Seed, as a means of preventing the extension of the prevailing disease.'] Mr W. Ogilby thought growing potatoes from the seeds might prevent the scurf and dry rot, but not the present wet rot of the potato. He quoted several instances in which seedling crops had been destroyed. He had been most successful in growing potatoes from a little tuber which sprung from the 'eyes' of the old ones going to decay.—Dr Crook attributed the attack in the year 1845 to 'cold.' The cold burst the vessels; and then came the disease. Heat produces the same effects as cold; it bursts the tissues of the vessels, and the consequence is disease.—Dr Daubeny did not think that atmospheric changes had anything to do with the disease at all. He thought that the most satisfactory theory was that which referred the disease to fungi. He had understood that there was no potato disease in the neighbourhood of the copper furnaces in Swansea.—Dr Buckland had lately visited Professor Payen, who advocated the doctrine that the disease arose from fungi; and he (Dr Buckland) believed so too. There was, in fact, a fungiferous miasm existing, which, like cholera, attacked not all, but those who were predisposed. It was the weak and intemperate that were attacked with cholera; it was the debilitated potato that had the disease. Extreme conditions of temperature debilitated the potato, and then it became diseased. The potatoes were suddenly attacked. He knew a case in which a whole field became diseased in three days. He believed the only remedy was mowing down the haulm of the potato the moment it was attacked.—Professor L. Playfair was certain of one thing—and that was, that the disease was not due to fungi. The nature of it was evident, as it could be produced artificially. If you scraped a potato, and placed it in the open air, it became diseased, and in the course of a few hours the fungi would appear on it.—Mr E. Solly believed that the disease depended on chemical changes, not on the attack of a fungus.—Mr Bush had examined the diseased potatoes under the microscope, and in its early stages had always failed to discover the slightest indication of the existence of a fungus. As the disease advances, first one fungus appears, and then another—and at last animal life. This was the progress of all vegetative decay. The disease always commences on the outside of the potato, and proceeds to the centre. He had also found the disease constantly attended with the development of crystals of oxalate of lime.—Professor Balfour stated that some fungi attacked living and healthy structures, others only diseased ones. The fungus of the potato was a botrytis, which he believed attacked healthy structures.—Mr A. Strickland said, in reference to Dr Buckland's recommendation to mow down the potatoes, that, when his neighbours mowed down their potatoes, he dug his up. They had lost nearly all theirs, whilst he had saved nearly all his.—Dr Lankester observed on the want of evidence to support the theories of either cause or remedies that had been brought forward. Cold and heat had been assigned as causes, by destroying the tissues of the potato; but no destroyed tissues had been shown to exist. Debility had also been supposed to exist; but no proof was given of the existence of debility: and the Dean of Westminster himself had admitted that he had seen the healthiest potatoes destroyed in three days. Positive observation was evidently opposed to the fungus theory. As to the remedies recommended, seedlings had been known to be attacked in more cases than they had escaped, and therefore sowing the seeds could not be recommended. Mowing down the stalks had not been more successful than letting them alone; and it ought now to be known that this meeting had done nothing more valuable than to show the insufficiency of all theories and remedies hitherto advanced.—*Athenæum's Report.*

MR LYELL ON THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Mr Lyell delivered a lecture on this subject on Monday evening. The delta of the Mississippi is the alluvial flat at its mouth, produced by the matter brought down by the waters in the course of ages. For nearly fifty miles of its extent in that district, the Mississippi presents a vast river running nearly parallel with the sea, from which it is separated at particular places by an embankment of only half a mile across. The valley is nearly level, there being only a rise of nine feet between the mouth of the river and New Orleans, a distance of 150 miles; and the inclination is equally trifling still farther inland, being never more than six inches in a mile. This uniformity is explained by the fact, that the moment the river reaches its banks it overflows, and so the velocity, which is only four miles an hour, is instantly checked. The debris carried along by the flood is deposited over the surrounding plains, the principal part being left near the bed of the river; the necessary result being, that the banks have been gradually raised to a higher level than the lands adjoining them. This slope from the river to the interior is as much as eighteen feet in a distance of a few miles. The interior consists of vast swamps, covered with trees, the tops alone of which are visible in time of floods. Sometimes the inhabitants on the banks of the Ohio or Red River, after making a large raft, on which they prepare to bring all the produce of the year, for 1800 or 2000 miles, to the market of New Orleans, find themselves near the termination of a journey of some two months—entire weeks of which may have been passed by them aground, waiting for a flood to float them off again—suddenly hurried through one of the openings which the river makes in its banks, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and left aground in the midst of a vast morass, where they are obliged to climb a tree for safety, and await the chance of a boat coming to their rescue. Nevertheless, the course of the river cannot be permanently altered by these violent torrents, on account of the great depth of the main stream. Respecting the age of this vast formation some curious points were stated. It appears that the delta has not, in point of fact, advanced into the sea—notwithstanding all the assertions to the contrary—more than one mile in 100 or 120 years past: the amount of sediment in the water is only 1 in 1800 by weight, or 1 in 3000 by volume. The time required for the accumulation of matter found in the delta and valley of the Mississippi must have been 67,000 years; and another 33,000 years must have been required for bringing down to its present position the great deposit above. The larger fossil animals found in the soil of the valley of the Mississippi are the mastodon, the megatherium, an extinct elephant, an extinct species of horse, some bovine animals, and a kind of tapir. Taking the period which he assigned for the formation of the delta as a unit, it would be necessary to conceive as many of these units as the unit itself contained years, in order to arrive at the vast antiquity of even the comparatively modern formations beneath it.—*Spectator's Report.*

SCHONBEIN'S EXPLOSIVE COTTON.

This singular substance was partly the subject of a lecture by Professor Grove at the general meeting on Thursday. The learned gentleman commenced by an explanation of the *rationale* of the composition of gunpowder, which depends on mixing combustible substances with a substance that supplies abundance of oxygen, for the support of combustion, without depending for the supply on the oxygen of the atmosphere. Nitrate of soda, or saltpetre, was a substance that answered these conditions, and when intimately mixed with charcoal and sulphur in proper proportions, it supplied those combustible bodies at once with sufficient oxygen, and the composition became explosive at a given

temperature. There was, however, a considerable residue after the explosion of even the best gunpowder, which showed that the combustion was not perfect, and the residue proved greatly inconvenient by soiling fire-arms. In the invention of Professor Schönbein this inconvenience was entirely remedied, and the explosive force was said to be double that of gunpowder. The substance was, in fact, cotton, which was prepared in some manner not yet made known, and could not be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary cotton. There were two qualities of the preparation, one of which was intended for common purposes, and evolved a small quantity of smoke on explosion; the other, which was more expensive in its preparation, emitted no perceptible smoke, and left no residue whatever. The gun-cotton, he said, explodes at the temperature of 400 degrees—the explosive point of gunpowder being about 600 degrees; and it might be exploded on gunpowder without igniting the latter. Mr Grove then exhibited the experiments. He first exploded a small quantity of gunpowder, for the purpose of showing the large quantity of smoke evolved. He then exploded a small lock of the gun-cotton of the second quality. It flashed off as rapidly as gunpowder, and but a very small quantity of smoke was perceptible. The paper on which it was exploded was but slightly stained. The better kind of the gun-cotton exploded still more rapidly, without any smoke whatever; and it gave out an orange-coloured flame. The exhibition of the experiment was received with loud applause. Mr Grove next exhibited that peculiar property of the cotton not being injured by water. He steeped a piece of the cotton in a glass of water, and then pressed it between blotting-paper to dry. Though it could not have been thoroughly dry in the time, the cotton flashed off when the heated wire was applied to it, and without any perceptible smoke. The flash, however, was not in this case so instantaneous as that of the perfectly dry cotton. The last and most curious experiment was the explosion of a piece of the gun-cotton when placed upon loose powder, without igniting the latter. The experiment succeeded perfectly, though it requires the cotton to be quite dry to insure its success; for if the combustion be less rapid, the gunpowder explodes.

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

IV.—THE VOYAGE OF THE TWO KNIGHTS.

HITHERTO our extracts from the *Gerusalemme* have been chiefly delineations of human passions and sentiments, which are to the poet as scenes of history and imagination to the artist. We now give an instance of the landscape-painting, the mere descriptive portion of the poem. In this we can hardly choose a succession of more striking passages than the voyage of the two knights to Armida's magic island, if we except the bower of bliss of the enchantress herself.

Armida, the beautiful magician, has, by her wiles, led away the young Rinaldo, whom she detains in a far-distant garden—a paradise of love. Rinaldo, the bravest of the crusading heroes, is needed to join in the last attack against Jerusalem; and Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader of the army, despatches two bold knights in search of him. These knights are Carlo, a German, and Ubaldo, an aged man, who in his youth had traversed many lands, and was now the companion of the wise Guelph, Godfrey's friend and counsellor. Carlo and Ubaldo proceed on their journey, and, arrived at a river near the sea-shore, they meet an old man crowned with beech-leaves, and attired in long robes of snowy linen. He bears a rod, and as he waves it over the stream, the waters become solid, and he walks over it dry-shod. This wondrous old man takes the knights into his cavern beneath the earth, whence spring all the rivers that water its surface. He there gives them wise counsel, in what manner they may best overcome the spells of Armida, and free Rinaldo from her power. To this intent he promises to bestow on them a shield of polished steel, a scroll, and a branch with golden foliage; all possessing some charm or other which he describes. He then leaves the two warriors to repose for the night, and retires.

Having thus given this prelude to the story, we proceed to the next canto, which describes the voyage:—

Soon as the glorious dawn with growing ray
Recalled earth's dwellers to their labours due,
The sage to the two warriors bent his way,
Bearing the scroll, the branch of golden hue,
And mirror-shield. 'Rise, ere the advance of day,
And gird yourselves your journey to pursue!'
He cried: 'Behold my promised gifts, whose charm
Alone can the enchantress' spells disarm.'

The knights depart. Around each nervous limb
The shining mail they clasp, and, 'midst dark ways,
Unvisited by day or twilight dim,
(The aged guide preceding), through the maze
By the same path they came; they follow him,
Until the river-bed their footsteps stays;
Then cried the sage, 'Here does my guidance cease;
Farewell, oh friends; be blessed—go in peace!'

In its deep bosom the broad stream receives
The warriors twain, and lightly wafts them on
With gentle force, as float autumnal leaves
Upon its placid surface rudely thrown;
Till cast on the soft shore that rising heaves,
They see the promised escort to them shown—
A little boat, upon whose high poop stands
The maiden, fated guide to other lands.

Her wavy hair circles her forehead bright,
Courteous and favouring beam her tranquil eyes;
Her face is like an angel's, such clear light
Enkindled sparkles there. Of varying guise
Her radiant vesture seems to mortal sight
Now red, now azure, now of thousand dyes;
So that each time man turns his daring vision,
Diverse and changed appear those tints Elysian.

Such varied plumage girds the beauteous neck
Of the fond turtle-dove, which never seems
Of its own hue, but aye appears to take
Its changing colours from the sun's bright beams;
Now seemeth it a necklace fair to make
Of glowing rubies, now like emeralds gleams;
Now both are mingled. In a hundred dyes,
Dazzling, it fascinates the gazer's eyes.

'Enter, ye fortunate,' the maiden cried;
'This bark in which secure I cross the seas,
For which all freight is light, each tempest-tide
Is stilled, and favourable every breeze;
My master sends me, handmaiden and guide,
To you, not chary of his wish to please,'
She said, and quickly then with active hand
Steered the curved vessel nearer to the strand.

Soon as her skiff receives the noble pair,
She pushes from the shore; the anchor's force
Loosens, unbinds the sails before the air;
She sits beside the helm and guides their course.
Here swell the waves, till mariners scarce dare
To trust their frail ships to the torrent hoarse:
Yet by its lightness safe, the maiden's bark
Floats, borne securely o'er the billows dark.

Far swifter than its wont, the favouring wind,
Filling the sails, impels them from the shore:
The waves grow white with silvery foam; behind,
The boat's deep swell sounds murmuring evermore.
But now they reach where the chafed waters find
An ampler bed, and calmer than before
The river flows, till by the engulfing seas
Swallowed, it vanishes by slow degrees.

Scarcely that wondrous bark had touched the bound
Of the still troubled main, when in mid air
The clouds disperse; the south wind's moaning sound,
Foreboding sudden storms, sinks mutely there;
Smoothed by the gentle breeze, the waves around
Curl lightly o'er the blue sea's bosom fair;
And smiles the heaven in sweet serenity,
Which never did itself more lovely see.

There is something very beautiful in this picture of the poet's fancy. The description of the unearthly

maiden, with her 'tranquil eyes,' and her changing rainbow-coloured robes, is a fine specimen of the purely imaginative in poetry. The voyage in the wonderful boat is a fanciful creation, which Southey in his Ship of Heaven, and Shelley in his exquisite description of the voyage of Laon and Cythna after death to their blessed home, have so beautifully followed up; and nothing can be more faithful to nature than Tasso's picture of the sea at rest in the last stanza.

But we must pursue the voyage. The boat sails down the sea—the Mediterranean is meant; but this fact a little injures the supernatural character of the voyage. The vessel passes the plains of Gaza, where the knights behold armies gathered like sand on the sea-shore. In the harbour were numerous ships, some at anchor, others unfurling their sails, others swiftly impelling their oars, so that the bosom of the sea was covered everywhere with foam. Then said the maiden, 'The sea and the shore are thronged with foes, yet the powerful tyrant of Egypt who rules them has not all his troops even there. These come only from Egypt; he awaits others from his vast empire, which extends afar southward and eastward.' While the guide thus spoke, the boat sailed on:—

As a swift eagle flying through the air,
'Midst other birds securely passes by,
Soaring above in lofty regions where
The dazzling sun conceals it from the eye,
So floats between the numerous vessels there
That heavenly boat, unharmed and dauntless by;
Fearing pursuit nor battle, till it glides
At distance from them, safely o'er the tides.

The poet goes on to describe their course, and the lands they pass by; among the rest, Greece, Egypt, Crete, Tripoli, and Alzerbe, which, he says, was the abode of the lotus-eaters. Indeed the minuteness and correctness of Tasso's geography, and the curious historical illustrations which he gives, are surprising. At last the guide points out to the two warriors the place where Carthage once was, in the following stanza:—

'There lies proud Carthage; on the barren shore
Even of its ruins scarce a trace remains:
Thus empires, cities, perish evermore,
And grass and herbage creep o'er haughty fanes:
And yet man murmurs that his life is o'er,
His foolish heart such greedy pride retains.'
The vessel touches now Bisertis' land,
And Sardis' isle is on the other hand.

They now reach the Pillars of Hercules, 'where,' says the poet, 'Spain and Libya have been separated by volcanic fires; such changes does time work on the earth:'—

Four times the sun had risen in the east
Since the celestial boat had left the shore;
Nor harbour sought she; anchorage and rest
Were needless. And, her voyage thus far o'er,
Beneath the narrow straits the vessel pressed
On towards the interminable ocean's roar.
If the shore-bounded sea be great, how grand
When cradling on its bosom many a land!

No more above the towering waters near
Rise fertile Gades and its neighbour coast;
Land, shores, before the dim sight disappear,
Waves, ocean, sky, in distance mingled, lost.
Said brave Ubaldo then, 'Oh thou, who here
Hast led us o'er this boundless ocean tossed,
Say, has it any shore? this world so strange
To which we go, do living creatures range?'

The maiden answers by relating the story of Hercules, how he is fabled to have set up a sign at the Straits of Gibraltar, that no one might go farther in safety. She then speaks of the supposed fate of Ulysses, who, in striving to pierce beyond, was engulfed by the ocean. The knight still questions her, and she describes the inhabitants of these unknown lands, still in darkness and barbarism, but which, she foretells, should one day rejoice in the light of Christianity. She continues thus:—

'The time shall come this tale of Hercules
Shall be to mariners like fable told;
These unknown kingdoms and these nameless seas
Shall glories yet to Europe's eyes unfold:
A nobler bark than ever faced the breeze
Shall measure this wide ocean, fearless, bold,
And, emulous of the sun on his bright way,
Trace the broad regions towards the setting day.

A man from fair Liguria shall be first
To enter bravely on the unknown path;
Nor whirlwinds, tempests, in dire fury burst,
Nor climate strange, nor the rude billows' wrath,
Nor troubles great as e'er on man's head burst,
Nor perils strange that the deep ocean hath,
Shall daunt his spirit, till in lands untried
His noble thirst for fame be satisfied.

Thou, oh Columbus, to another world
Shalt stretch afar thy happy vessel's sail;
Till Fame herself, with thousand pinions curled,
Following thy glories, even her swift eyes fail:
She, who besides Bacchus, sung—unfurled
Displays thy triumphs now; the wondrous tale
Shall reach thy children's children; long and long
Renowned in history and embalmed in song.'

Thus said she; and along the watery road,
To the south-west, the guide pursued her way;
Before the vessel the red sunset glowed,
And far behind it, dawned the rising day:
But while Aurora on the bark yet sowed
Her dewy pearls, and scattered wide her ray,
Far in the dim obscure a mount appeared,
That high amidst the clouds its bold front reared.

As the voyagers drew nearer, they saw that this mountain was shaped like a cone, large at the foot, and tapering gradually towards its summit, whence smoke burst forth during the day, and which at night lighted up the sky with flames:—

And now more isles appeared, more hills, whose breast
Far less precipitous and lofty seemed:
These were the lovely islands of the blest,
As in the world's first youth our fathers deemed;
Upon whom smiled the fair skies of the west,
Whose land unploughed with willing plenty teemed;
Whose soil untilled brought forth a goodly store
Of fruits; whose vines unpruned rich clusters bore.

Here flowering olives never lose their fruit,
And honey sweet from ancient holms distils;
Here leap fresh rivers to the mountains' foot,
And, flowing gently, glide the murmuring rills;
Here summer dews fall soft on every root,
Tempering the heat with breezes from the hills:
These were the Elysian fields, where, full of rest
And peace, abode the spirits of the blest.

The maiden arrives with her charge at these fortunate islands, and stays her course at the first of the ten. Carlo then began—'If the work on which we are bent permits it, let me land, I pray thee, and see these unknown shores, their inhabitants, and their mode of worship; that when I return, I may relate these new wonders, and say "I have been there."' The maiden answered, 'Such a desire is worthy of you, oh, young knight; but God forbids it, who has placed bounds to such a discovery. None may as yet bear news of this deep ocean to your world.'

From a distance the voyagers behold traces of human habitations, of cultivated lands: then they come to a lonely place, where the wild beasts only appear to live:—

Afar in this deep solitude, the shore
Bent inwards, stretching far into the sea,
Two arms, that in their clasp a wide bay bore,
For whose defence a cliff all suddenly
Rose up: the dashing waves its foot broke o'er,
Chafing in vain against their boundary;
Two lofty rocks behind, as signals were
To sailors who this perilous voyage dare.

Below, the hidden sea lies safe and still;
Above, dark forests crown the rocky height;
Between them, sounds of pleasant waters fill
A cave which creeping ivy shades from sight:
Vain in this place is the tired sailor's will
To make the anchor cling to sands so light;
But the strange guide enters this lonely bay,
And furls her sails, that in the breezes play.

The voyage is now over—the knights have arrived at

their destination; for in this island is Armida's bower of bliss. The maiden gives them her parting counsel, and leaves them on the shore. They wait until the early morning has melted into the broad light of day, and then pursue their adventurous course.

D. M. M.

'DOMBEY AND SON.'

THE friends of Mr Dickens must be happy to find him again in his proper walk, and as original and amusing as ever. He has given us an excellent *first number* of his new novel;* the scene and characters in mercantile London; the humour all his own, as usual. Any sketch of a story as yet only in its first steps were of course absurd: it may be enough, for the benefit of the many into whose hands the work has not yet fallen, to bring a few peculiarly Bozzian touches under attention.

A Miss Tox, a good-natured female hanger-on, is introduced as 'a long lean figure, wearing such a faded air, that she seemed not to have been made in what linen-drapers call "fast colours" originally, and to have, by little and little, washed out. But for this she might have been described as the very pink of general propitiation and politeness. From a long habit of listening admiringly to everything that was said in her presence, and looking at the speakers as if she were mentally engaged in taking off impressions of their images upon her soul, never to part with the same but with life, her head had quite settled on one side; her hands had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord as in involuntary admiration; her eyes were liable to a similar affection; she had the softest voice that ever was heard; and her nose, stupendously aquiline, had a little knob in the very centre or key-stone of the bridge, whence it tended downwards towards her face, as in an invincible determination never to turn up at anything.

'Miss Tox's dress, though perfectly genteel and good, had a certain character of angularity and scantiness. She was accustomed to wear odd weedy little flowers in her bonnets and caps; strange grasses were sometimes perceived in her hair; and it was observed by the curious, of all her collars, frills, tuckers, wristbands, and other gossamer articles—indeed of everything she wore which had two ends to it intended to unite—that the two ends were never on good terms, and wouldn't quite meet without a struggle. She had furry articles for winter wear—as tippets, boas, and muffs, which stood up on end in a rampant manner, and were not at all sleek. She was much given to the carrying about of small bags with snaps to them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut up; and when full-dressed, she wore round her neck the barrenest of lockets, representing a fishy old eye, with no approach to speculation in it. These, and other appearances of a similar nature, had served to propagate the opinion that Miss Tox was a lady of what is called a limited independence, which she turned to the best account. Possibly her mincing gait encouraged the belief, and suggested that her clipping a step of ordinary compass into two or three, originated in her habit of making the most of everything.'

A need occurring, in consequence of a melancholy event, for a nurse to the newly-born heir of Mr Dombey, Miss Tox, in concert with Mr Dombey's sister, Mrs Chick, endeavours to get the want supplied; which gives rise to the following scene:—

'"My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, "is the vacancy still unsupplied?"

"You good soul, yes," said Mrs Chick.

"Then, my dear Louisa," returned Miss Tox, "I hope and believe—but in one moment, my dear, I'll introduce the party."

'Running down stairs again as fast as she had run up, Miss Tox got the party out of the hackney-coach, and soon returned with it under convoy.

'It then appeared that she had used the word, not in its legal or business acceptation, when it merely expresses an individual, but as a noun of multitude, or signifying many; for Miss Tox escorted a plump, rosy-cheeked, wholesome apple-faced young woman, with an infant in her arms; a younger woman not so plump, but apple-faced also, who led a plump and apple-faced child in each hand; another plump and also apple-faced boy, who walked by himself; and finally, a plump and apple-faced man, who carried in his arms another plump and apple-faced boy, whom he stood down on the floor, and admonished, in a husky whisper, to "kitch hold of his brother Johnny."

"My dear Louisa," said Miss Tox, "knowing your great anxiety, and wishing to relieve it, I posted off myself to the Queen Charlotte's Royal Married Females, which you had forgot, and put the question, 'Was there anybody there that they thought would suit?' 'No,' they said, 'there was not.' When they gave me that answer, I do assure you, my dear, I was almost driven to despair on your account. But it did so happen that one of the Royal Married Females, hearing the inquiry, reminded the matron of another who had gone to her own home, and who, she said, would in all likelihood be most satisfactory. The moment I heard this, and had it corroborated by the matron—excellent references, and unimpeachable character—I got the address, my dear, and posted off again."

"Like the dear good Tox you are!" said Louisa.

"Not at all," returned Miss Tox. "Don't say so. Arriving at the house—the cleanest place, my dear! You might eat your dinner off the floor!—I found the whole family sitting at table; and feeling that no account of them could be half so comfortable to you and Mr Dombey as the sight of them all together, I brought them all away. This gentleman," said Miss Tox, pointing out the apple-faced man, "is the father. Will you have the goodness to come a little forward, sir?"

'The apple-faced man, having sheepishly complied with this request, stood chuckling and grinning in a front row.

"This is his wife, of course," said Miss Tox, singling out the young woman with the baby. "How do you do, Polly?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," said Polly.

'By way of bringing her out dexterously, Miss Tox had made the inquiry as in condescension to an old acquaintance whom she hadn't seen for a fortnight or so.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Miss Tox. "The other young woman is her unmarried sister, who lives with them, and would take care of her children. Her name's Jemima. How do you do, Jemima?"

"I'm pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," returned Jemima.

"I'm very glad indeed to hear it," said Miss Tox. "I hope you'll keep so. Five children. Youngest six weeks. The fine little boy with the blister on his nose is the eldest. The blister, I believe," said Miss Tox, looking round upon the family, "is not constitutional, but accidental?"

'The apple-faced man was understood to growl "Flat iron."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Tox; "did you——"

"Flat iron," he repeated.

"Oh yes," said Miss Tox. "Yes; quite true. I forgot. The little creature, in his mother's absence, smelt a warm flat iron. You're quite right, sir. You were going to have the goodness to inform me, when we arrived at the door, that you were by trade a——"

"Stoker," said the man.

"A choker!" said Miss Tox quite aghast.

"Stoker," said the man. "Steam-engine."

"Oh—h—yes!" returned Miss Tox, looking thoughtfully at him, and seeming still to have but a very imperfect understanding of his meaning. "And how do you like it, sir?"

"Which, mum?" said the man.

"That," replied Miss Tox. "Your trade."

"Oh pretty well, mum. The ashes sometimes gets in here," touching his chest, "and makes a man speak gruff, as at the present time. But it *is* ashes, mum, not crustiness."

'Miss Tox seemed to be so little enlightened by this reply, as to find a difficulty in pursuing the subject. But Mrs Chick relieved her by entering into a close private examination of Polly, her children, her marriage certificate, testimonials, and so forth. Polly coming out unscathed from this ordeal, Mrs Chick withdrew with her report to her brother's room, and, as an emphatic comment on it, and corroboration of it, carried the two rosiest little Toodles with her: Toodle being the family name of the apple-faced family.'

To these bits may be appended part of the description of the shop and neighbourhood of a somewhat obsolete old ships' instrument-maker of the city of London:—'Just round the corner stood the rich East India House, teeming with suggestions of precious stuffs and stones, tigers, elephants, howdahs, hookahs, umbrellas, palm-trees, palan-

* Bradbury and Evans, London.

quins, and gorgeous princes, of a brown complexion, sitting on carpets, with their slippers very much turned up at the toes. Anywhere in the immediate vicinity there might be seen pictures of ships speeding away full sail to all parts of the world; outfitting warehouses, ready to pack off anybody anywhere, fully equipped in half an hour; and little timber midshipmen, in obsolete naval uniforms, eternally employed outside the shop-doors of nautical instrument-makers in taking observations of the hackney-coaches.

'Sole master and proprietor of one of these effigies—of that which might be called, familiarly, the woodenest—of that which thrust itself out above the pavement, right leg foremost, with a suavity the least endurable, and had the shoe-buckles and flapped waistcoat the least reconcilable to human reason, and bore at its right eye the most offensively disproportionate piece of machinery—sole master and proprietor of that midshipman, and proud of him too, an elderly gentleman in a Welsh wig had paid house-rent, taxes, rates, and dues, for more years than many a full-grown midshipman of flesh and blood has numbered in his life; and midshipmen who have attained a pretty green old age have not been wanting in the English navy.

'The stock in trade of this old gentleman comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instrument used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's reckoning, or the prosecuting of a ship's discoveries. Objects in brass and glass were in his drawers and on his shelves, which none but the initiated could have found the top of, or guessed the use of, or, having once examined, could have ever got back again into their mahogany nests without assistance. Everything was jammed into the tightest cases, fitted into the narrowest corners, fenced up behind the most impertinent cushions, and screwed into the acutest angles, to prevent its philosophical composure from being disturbed by the rolling of the sea. Such extraordinary precautions were taken in every instance to save room, and keep the thing compact, and so much practical navigation was fitted, and cushioned, and screwed into every box (whether the box was a mere slab, as some were, or something between a cocked-hat and a star-fish, as others were, and those quiet, mild, and modest boxes as compared with others), that the shop itself, partaking of the general infection, seemed almost to become a snug, sea-going, ship-shape concern, wanting only good sea-room, in the event of an unexpected launch, to work its way securely to any desert island in the world.'

It will, we trust, be readily seen, from these extracts, that the good ship Boz is righted, and once more fairly afloat. May her new voyage be the most prosperous she has yet made!

THE 'WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.'

One hears so much about the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' that it is exceedingly desirable to have some sort of idea of what this wisdom consisted. Fortunately, we are able to throw a little light on the subject, not from vague tradition, or scattered memorials of the past, but from a rare and curious volume which has accidentally come into our possession. 'The Book of Knowledge, or Wisdom of the Ancients,' as this learned production is styled, purports to embrace every species of information which it is necessary to be acquainted with in the natural and occult sciences, and has all the appearance of having been a universal directory in the days of our great-grandfathers.

A chief part of the wisdom of the ancients, we are told in the outset, was the 'observation of days and times, and thence foretelling good and bad events.' As this was a very useful kind of wisdom, it occupies a large section of the work, and, untrammelled with reason or argument, everything is set down with a very charming degree of simplicity. The first occurrence which demands attention is the day of the week on which New-Year's Day falls. A great deal of good and evil, we are assured, depends on this. For example: should New-Year's Day fall on Sunday, 'the winter following will be pleasant, the summer seasonable; there shall be plenty of corn, though the weather in harvest will prove but indifferent; fruit shall very much abound, and there will be a very good seed-time; there will likewise be good flocks of sheep, and cattle shall increase and prosper; there will be robberies in most places, and perhaps wa before the end of the year. Also it denotes the death prelates and princes, dissension and discord among but not of long continuance.' So much for a New-Year Day falling on Sunday; and for every other day in the week there is a prognostication equally lengthy and portentous. We observe that if it fall on Monday, there are to be many marriages among the common people; if on Tuesday, there are to be very serious differences in the state; if on Wednesday, there is to be a terrible amount of sickness; if on Thursday, the clergy are to have numberless divisions and contests; if on Friday, there are to be plenty of high winds, thunder and lightning; and if on Saturday, corn is to be more than usually cheap, 'but old people shall generally die.'

Not satisfied with these premonitions, the author gives a chapter on what is to take place when Christmas falls on the different days of the week, every day having similarly its own special warnings. Besides the social and seasonal peculiarities that are to ensue, we find that it is a matter of serious moment to be born on the day on which Christmas falls. If Christmas falls on a Tuesday, it is said to be a very capital thing to be born on that day, for it insures long life and plenty; quite as good as being born to a large estate, if not much better. If it falls, however, on a Saturday, it is a sad misfortune for a man to be born on that day; 'for he shall be poor and in disgrace.' Good and bad fortune, however, as it appears, depend more on what day of the moon we are born than on the days of the week. Thus, for every day of the moon's age there is a special prognostication. Those who come into the world on the first day, shall always sleep remarkably well, and shall have pleasant dreams; if on the tenth day, they shall be great travellers; if on the twenty-fourth day, 'the child shall be a prodigy in the world, and make all men admire at his surprising and wonderful actions;' and so on with other days.

The 'wisdom of the ancients' having exhausted itself in vaticinating from days and planetary phenomena, next comes to the art of physiognomy, palmistry, the signification of moles, and the interpretation of dreams, all very important things in their way, whatever modern sceptics may say to the contrary. After much edifying discourse on such matters, the author proceeds to what we should consider to be a very useful department of knowledge: this is the art of finding out beforehand which party shall win in going to law or going to war. The mode of discovering this profound secret, we are told, is wonderfully simple, and only depends on properly understanding a certain table, composed of letters and figures, and comparing these with the names of the belligerents or litigants, 'put into Latin in the nominative case singular.' Such is the whole art; and one cannot but admire its singular perspicuity.

The Book of Knowledge now comes to a more immediately serviceable department—the farmers' calendar, which includes a variety of knowing prognostications respecting the weather, as well as learned explanations of meteorological phenomena. The ancients explain the cause of the rainbow as follows:—'The rainbow is caused by the sunbeams striking upon a hollow cloud, and these being repelled, are driven back against the sun so as to make a commotion; thus ariseth variety of colours by the mixing of clouds, air, and fiery light together.' As to the cause of winds, that is easily explained: 'Wind is said to be an exhalation, hot and dry, engendered in the earth, and having come forth, is carried sideling upon the face of the globe, and cannot mount upwards above the middle region of the air, which, by reason of its coldness, doth beat it back, so as by much strife, and by meeting other exhalations, its motion is forced to be rather round than right in its falling; and this makes it a whirlwind, which oftentimes, by its violence, carrieth many things with it from place to place.' When these dreaded exhalations cannot make their way through the crust of the earth, they rush about as if mad, and

produce the most disastrous consequences. 'The ancients affirm that the cause of earthquakes is great plenty of winds confined in the heart of the earth, and strivings to break forth, causing a shaking, or sometimes a cleaving, of the earth, and thereby the destruction of many people, and ruin of whole cities.'

The learned expositor next affords us an insight into the cause of thunder and lightning. 'Thunder and lightning are occasioned by an exhalation hot and dry, and being carried into the middle region of the air, is there enclosed in the body of a cloud. Now these contrarieties being thus shut or enclosed into one place together, they fall at variance, whereby the fire and water agree not till they have broken through, so that fire and water fly out of the clouds, the breaking whereof makes that noise which we call thunder, and the fire is lightning, which is first seen, though the thunder crack be first given, because our sight is quicker than our hearing.'

These will be considered sufficiently extended specimens of the species of knowledge which used to be in vogue among even a respectable class of persons from a century to a century and a half ago; nor should we be warranted in saying that such notions are by any means obliterated in our own day. The empirical and superstitious opinions once prevalent among the pretendedly learned and refined, still linger in the minds of the wholly uneducated. A minute inquirer would find among us, at the present time, living specimens of every era in knowledge and social habits, from the landing of the Saxons upwards. Such, till lately, has been the neglect of popular instruction, that large masses entertain precisely the same ideas of natural phenomena as are embodied in the work before us. Of eclipses, earthquakes, thunder and lightning, the movements of winds, meteors, and so forth, they habitually give the most fanciful explanations. They believe in lucky and unlucky days, and with them many trifling and casual occurrences are portentous of disaster. Among the fishing and rural population these superstitions would be found most prevalent, and so likewise would be a belief in witchcraft and similar bygone follies. A case in point occurs in a late report laid before parliament by Mr Frederic Hill, inspector of prisons for Scotland. In visiting the prison of Dingwall, he found, to his surprise, a respectable-looking individual in confinement for having assaulted a poor old woman, under the impression that she was a witch, and as such had frustrated all his professional efforts. 'I live near Tain,' said this deluded man, 'and am a fisherman. I am in prison for assaulting a woman named M—— M——. She is about sixty years old. I assaulted her because she was bewitching everything I had. She prevented me from catching fish, and caused my boat to be upset. The other fishermen said that they should have no chance of catching any herrings while I was with them, and they would not let me go out with them. M—— M—— is known by all in the neighbourhood to be a witch. She has been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a hare, though I never saw her do so myself. People believe, in my neighbourhood, that if any one gets blood from a witch, she can do them no more harm, and that is the reason that I cut M—— with my penknife; but I held the knife so that it might go into her as short a way as possible. All I wanted was to get blood. I was not the first person who wanted to draw blood from her. Those who advised me to cut her, told me that if I did not she would drown me, and the rest who were in the boat with me, as sure as any man was ever drowned. It is hard that I should be put in prison, for the Bible orders us to punish witches, and there was not a man on the jury who did not know M—— to be a witch.'

A belief of this kind is by no means singular in remote localities; but neither are people of large cities free from absurd and superstitious notions. Not more than from three to four years have elapsed since thousands of people fled from the metropolis, in consequence of a silly rumour or prophecy that there was to be an earthquake on a particular day! Sixty years ago, crazy masses believed in the ravings of Brothers; thirty years ago, Joanna Southcot, and ten years ago, Thom, had their equally visionary followers. And how, possibly, can it be otherwise? A third of all the men, and a half of all the women, in England cannot write their names. Taught nothing, they of course know nothing, at least nothing beyond the routine of ordinary and laborious duties. Even those who are favoured with elementary instruction can, for the greater part, tell you little of physical phenomena; for the best of all reasons, that information on such matters does not fall within the scope of their lessons. And so the world jogs on—thousands of immortal beings living and dying in the midst of civilisation and Christianity with but a little more knowledge of the universe in which they are placed than the brutes which perish.

FACETIÆ.

Lord Stowell's Taste for Sight-seeing.—He loved manly sports, and was not above being pleased with the most rude and simple diversions. He gloried in Punch and Judy—their fun stirred his mirth without, as in Goldsmith's case, provoking spleen. He made a boast on one occasion that there was not a puppet-show in London he had not visited, and when turned fourscore, was caught watching one at a distance with children of less growth in high glee. He has been known to make a party with Windham to visit Cribb's, and to have attended the 'fives court' as a favourite resort. 'There were curious characters,' he observed, 'to be seen at these places.' Lord Stowell was above the pedantry which disdains the gratification of a mere ordinary and every-day curiosity. No one had more knowledge of the common affairs of life; and it was at all times a current observation that the person who first saw any sight exhibited in London, be it a production of nature, or of art, or of artifice—for he would condescend to see even the juggler play his tricks—was Sir William, who could always steal for such relaxation an hour from settling the gravest questions that could be raised on the law of nations. He was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling, or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of London there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance, as it is said, Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see 'the green monster serpent,' which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and knowing his name, thus addressed him: 'We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis the old serpent which you have seen twice before in other colours; but ye shall go in and see her.' He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his third visit to the painted beauty. This love of 'seeing sights' was, on another occasion, productive of a whimsical incident. A few years ago an animal, called a bonassus, was exhibited somewhere in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit, the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, 'Under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell;' an announcement of which the noble and learned lord's friends availed themselves, by passing many a joke upon him; all which he took with the greatest good-humour.—*Townsend's Lives of Twelve Judges.*

French Knowledge of English Men and Places.—It is not long since the writer of this saw a drama represented at the very *Ambigu* which has produced *Le Marché*, entitled *Les Faussaires*. This piece affords a delectable specimen of the correct idea possessed by the French of English manners and customs. We see in it a peer in partnership with a coiner. His lordship resides in a castle that frowns over a romantic valley, two miles from London; and to this feudal abode the peasants of the aforesaid valley repair, in 'very thin clothing, and but little of it,' to present flowers to the noble owner's daughter *on her saint's day*. The more ignoble villain passes as a farmer, and he dwells in a little hut, situated in a dark glen, adjacent to a gloomy baronial ruin, placed in a solitary part of those sterile mountains

which geographers have *not* marked down between London and Richmond! And all the *dramatis personæ* concerned evince a strong but confusing Puseyite tendency; and, having read Mr Newman's 'Lives of the English Saints' by anticipation, they swear 'par St *Jacques* de Cantorberi' with a force and an alacrity that, on any day of the year, from the eve of St Odillo to the third watch of the festival of the blessed St Sylvester, would have astounded and gratified the venerable Mr Froude himself. But the author of 'Les Faussaires' is a dramatic writer; and it is the privilege of such writers to know nothing and take liberties with their ignorance. Thus the author of 'L'Idiote' speaks of Sheridan as being the greatest modern poet of England! The popular and accomplished writers of the day are, however, in nowise behind the melo-dramatists in ignorance. There is Alexandre Dumas, a man who has been everywhere, and knows everybody who resides there—who has read everything, and written upon *that* and a vast number of other subjects besides—who pens tragedies during a breakfast—and who, if he has not compiled an encyclopædia, has at least plundered all that have been compiled —M. Dumas has condescended, in his 'Pauline,' to afford his French readers a very strange insight into England generally, and Piccadilly in particular. To analyse 'Pauline' would be almost as difficult as to transcribe 'Monte Cristo' —so varied are the fortunes of the heroine and her lover. It will be sufficient to say that, in the course of those fortunes, the lady and her 'friend,' standing in great need of secrecy and seclusion, fly to—Piccadilly, a rustic retirement, sacred even from pic-nics! Now, we know of but one Piccadilly, whose habitation and name are equally divided between the illustrious parishes of St George and St James. The western extremity of its northern side is illustrated by a great warrior; and its eastern extremity by a gentleman who, though *not* a warrior, exercises a profession by which warriors are made effective—the legislative general is at one end, and the executive gunmaker at the other. Somewhere in the mid space of this sylvan rusticity—where there is nothing of Arcadia save an equivocal spot near Lord Burlington's, where the Dryads themselves would be puzzled to find either board or lodging—does the clever M. Dumas make his hero and heroine live in a fancy cottage—a pretty little structure, simple and retired, with Venetian blinds, and a garden full of flowers! ('Une petite maison, bien simple et bien isolée!' 'une jolie petite fabrique à jalousies vertes, avec un jardin plein de fleurs!') There are, besides, a verdant lawn!—beds of roses!—a well-swept gravel walk! and a seat under a magnificent plane-tree, beneath the shade of which love, literature, and laziness are enjoyed, in blessed unconsciousness of the brick-and-mortar Tempe by which they are surrounded. And all this in the matter-of-fact year 1834! —*Correspondent of the Athenæum.*

WHIMSICALITIES OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A very extraordinary phenomenon was observed on the electric telegraph between New York and Baltimore on Thursday afternoon, the like of which was never before known to man. Three thunder-storms, each some thirty or sixty miles from the other, were all coming east on the telegraph route about the same time, and every discharge of electricity from either was duly recorded, *by lightning itself*, in the telegraph office at Jersey city, Philadelphia, Wilmington, or Baltimore. The wires became altogether unmanageable, and the operators being obliged to withdraw the batteries used for writing, the visitor from the clouds had the field to itself. The letters of Morse's telegraphic alphabet which this natural lightning seemed to be most partial to were L and T, but occasionally it went at the numerals, and dashed off 1's, 50's, 55's, 500's, and 5000's in its own rapid style. We learn that, when two or more thunder-clouds get in the same vicinity, and discharge their electricity at each other, or receive the fluid from the earth and return it again, or when ground lightning prevails, the effect on the telegraph wires is to produce a strange and original language which may yet be made intelligible. In fact, each kind of lightning *speaks* for itself, and *writes* what it says.—*New York Sun.*

A very novel use of the magnetic telegraph has lately been made—no less than a marriage, with the bride and bridegroom two hundred miles apart during the ceremony. A young gentleman is now in England, on business for one of the wealthiest merchants of Boston, who became the son-in-law of his employer the day before he sailed from New York, under the following circumstances:—The business trip to England was contrived by the father to separate the lovers, while a marriage with another gentleman should be forced upon the lady. The clerk who had won her heart chanced to be in New York on a temporary errand, when the orders were sent to him to embark for England without returning to Boston. The lady entered immediately into conversation with him by telegraph, and it was finally suggested and arranged that he should take his stand with a magistrate in the telegraph office at New York, and she, with her confidential friend, at the other end of the wire in Boston. This was done, and the marriage ceremony was duly performed by lightning. The bridegroom sailed (a little over a month ago), and the secret was kept until last week, when some fresh crowding of the rival lover on the lady's attention produced a disclosure. Measures are being taken to test the validity of the marriage.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

It is not a singular fact, but it is, notwithstanding, a fact which some of our readers may be ignorant of, that sparrows, and other small birds which happen to perch on those mysterious lines of communication, the telegraph wires, are destined, ever and anon, to suffer severe shocks of electricity, the effect of which is (though we never witnessed the phenomenon), that they drop down, not dead, but half-dead with amazement and terror. The shock, if severe enough, will destroy them. Electricity can be administered in doses which would kill a horse. Perhaps, by transmitting through the telegraphic wire a very powerful charge, the unhappy sparrows along the whole line, from London to Yarmouth, might be cut off. This, in case of necessity, or as a matter of cruel curiosity, might be employed as a means of getting rid of these vermin. It is not uncommon or extraordinary to see at least a hundred of these feathered depredators on one mile of wire. The length of the whole line of which we speak is 146 miles. A shock strong enough to destroy sparrow life would, with these *data*, cut off from the land of the living, at one fell and fatal swoop, not less than 14,600 of these pernicious little creatures. One thousand miles of railway would, in like manner, and with the same conditions, be the death of 100,000. Even supposing that death does not ensue, yet how miserable will be the state of these little animals when the whole island is covered with a veritable network of telegraphic wires! Fatal twigs these for tiny feet! The whole family of sparrows will be paralysed. The fowls of the air will be electrified. People, as they talk with each other, and whisper to each other in unheard communion, at the distance of 1000 miles, will be causing serious inconvenience to the feathered race. If Lord Palmerston's dream should be realised, and London should begin in a few years to commune by telegraph with Calcutta, how terrible the visitation to our fellow-bipeds with feathers! Each word—each letter will be a shock. To us it may be pleasing to hold intercourse with each other—to the little sufferers it will be *shocking*. We tremble to think of the consequences, and heartily recommend the case to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Dog-carts sink into insignificance when compared with this wholesale palpitation—this universal twittering and consternation—among the feathered tribes. How many a sweet song will be interrupted—how many a little throat silenced—very suddenly, indeed, when this mischievous machinery shall be brought into universal play!—*Globe.*

VULGARITY.

Do you desire not to be vulgar, then cease to be affected; for we never knew an affected person who was not vulgar, nor one of natural manners to whom the phrase could be applied.—*Hytche.*

CLEMENCY.

Clemency can never exert itself with more applause than when there is the justest cause for resentment.—*Pliny's Letters.*

MYSTICISM.

Indistinctness, or mysticism, does not necessarily indicate profundity. A lake may appear shallow, because it is transparent; while a gutter may seem deep, because it is muddy.

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TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

According to the strict principles of political economy, any legislative interference with the free operation of labour is erroneous. Every human being must be left to employ him or herself as he or she may see fit, and at such wages as the parties concerned shall mutually determine. The principles of this science are, however, liable to be overruled by moral considerations, and the general good of the community. The state, occupying in a sense the position of guardian over the general interests, and more particularly the interests of those who are unable to govern themselves, is entitled to interfere to prevent everything like oppression of one party towards another, and to set aside arrangements detrimental to public and private morals, or dangerous to personal safety.

An instance of this interference is visible in the case of Sunday, which the state, for religious and humane purposes, has taken care to set apart from all ordinary labour—no matter whether the arrangement be pleasant or unpleasant to the employed on the one hand, or employers on the other. Another instance is presented in the lately enacted law to prevent children of too tender an age from being employed in certain kinds of factories. To the first of these examples we of course give our cordial approbation; but we are not so sure about the second—at least as regards some of its provisions; for though juvenile labour is a bad thing, juvenile pauperism, vice, and vagrancy are a great deal worse; and unless precautions are taken, of a kind which can hardly be made compulsory, the expulsion of children from mills may only be a means of getting them into prison. On this account, humanity should always exercise due caution in its operations. Nothing is more easy than for kind-hearted people to raise a clamour in favour of certain arrangements seemingly benevolent in their tendency, but which, when carried into execution, may work to the injury of the very parties whom they are intended to benefit.

It would seem that, beyond a limited extent recognised by the common sense of mankind, it is dangerous for the state to meddle with individual rights on the plea of humanity or justice. Interference assumes incapacity in the party cared for; and it would, in every point of view, be better to teach people how to manage their own affairs, than to manage them for them. Latterly, there has been a strongly-contested effort in parliament to limit the period of daily labour in factories to ten hours. We do not pronounce any opinion on the reasonableness of this proposal, further than to hint the preferableness of the people being enabled by culture to take the whole question into their own hands, and settle it as feelings and circumstances may dictate. Besides, if correct in principle, why confine the law to factories? Many classes of tradesmen regularly or occasionally work more than ten hours daily. Many shopkeepers stand behind their counter more than ten hours daily. A cobbler at the corner of our street sometimes sits in his stall fourteen hours daily. Bakers and London milliner girls would be thankful to have to work only twelve hours daily. In short, if the law begins to regulate hours of labour, where and how is it to end? Should the whole industry of the country be placed under a species of excise? The idea is too absurd to be entertained. As a general rule, the operative classes may be left to hire themselves on what terms they like, or to work or remain idle as it pleases their fancy.

Only in extreme cases, as we say, can the law safely interfere. It is one thing to prevent men from selling themselves to each other as slaves, and another to prevent them from hiring themselves to work twelve hours a-day; because slavery strikes at the foundation of society, and is a thing at which all rational feeling revolts. The real difficulty, as it appears to us, in this much-agitated question, is the arriving at a sound conclusion as to how far the state may properly interfere. The sensitively humane will have it to go much further than those who take more dispassionate views; and until society gains more experience, there will, in all likelihood, be not a little diversity of opinion on the subject. It would appear that, abstractedly speaking, the state has no *right* to interfere from motives of humanity alone, at least in the case of adults. It cannot compel people to be comfortable and happy. It cannot prescribe the kind and duration of labour, any more than it can prescribe the selection of wholesome meats and drinks, and the quantities of these that are suitable for digestion. But when there are circumstances connected with the labour or the sustenance which conduce to immorality, the case is different. Legislation then becomes the duty of the state, whose province it is to watch over the well-being of society. The exclusion of women from working in coal-mines is a recent and remarkable instance of the interference of government with what might seem, in a confined view, the liberties of the subject. The labour of the women was voluntary—indeed it may be said to have been hereditary—and it secured them the means of subsistence. If this were all, humanity could only have sighed over their degraded state, or at best have attempted to open their eyes to their own condition by education. But it so happened that this voluntary labour was not merely degrading; for it was clearly proved in evidence to be conducive to gross and shameless immorality, and to place the women apart in a sort of caste, in direct antagonism to the constitution of society in this country. The question thus, though moved by humanity, came legitimately before government in the exercise of its political functions. 'Lord Ashley's Act for Preventing the Employment of Women

in Collieries' was passed; and it cannot but be interesting to know, after the lapse of a year or two, what have been the practical results of the supposed violation of individual rights. According to the evidence given on the subject, privation and suffering were to a certain extent experienced by numbers of the women, whose habits had unfitted them for ordinary labour; and it appears that in many places they attempted to evade the law by working in male attire. On the whole, however, and making every allowance for partial, and, as we hope, temporary cases of distress, the enactment may be allowed to have done good. The evil was monstrous, and the remedy, hazardous as it may have been in principle, has fortunately been successful—a circumstance, perhaps, in some measure owing to the generally prosperous state of trade, as well as moderation in the price of victuals during the last two or three years.

The most rigorous political economists, we believe, never defended the practice of women working in pits: they saw it was a moral evil; but, besides showing the hardship of legal interference, they suggested caution and time as elements in any remedy that might be adopted. In a late number of the *Scotsman* newspaper appeared an article embracing some sagacious views on this delicate question, to which a paper in reply was written by Mr James Aytoun, who professed to speak from his own observation as a coal-master. This gentleman's account of the matter will, we are sure, be perused with unqualified satisfaction:—

'I have no hesitation in saying that the prohibition of women from working below ground has been of the greatest benefit to the whole mining population. You seem to think that this prohibition was too sudden, that it ought to have been more gradual, and that, by depriving a number of females of employment, it has thrown them out of bread, and seriously injured their families. Had the act diminished the demand for coal, then what you say might have been the case. But if it be recollected that nothing of this kind took place, and that, by removing women from the pits, it left the *demand* for coal untouched, only diminishing in a certain degree the number of mining labourers, it will be at once perceived that the consequence must be to increase the employment of the male part of the collier population, and to augment their wages.

'This was the result everywhere, and which took place instantaneously with the enforcement of Lord Ashley's act. The removal of the women from the pits created immediately a demand for additional colliers, as the men were under the necessity of not only doing their own work, but that which the women had previously performed. The wages instantly rose; and the husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons of the women who had hitherto worked in the pits had the whole employment and whole amount of payment which had been before divided betwixt the men and women.

'There was thus no loss to the families, while at the same time there was a great increase of comfort. The wages of colliers are at this moment, on an average, above four shillings a-day, and they have constant work from Monday morning till Saturday night. Surely, then, they are well able to afford to maintain their families in comfort, without requiring their wives and daughters to become beasts of burden, and carry and draw heavy loads, amidst water and mud, in the bottom of a coal-pit.

'The colliers earn more than double the wages paid to the agricultural labourers, who consider themselves very well off at present, and who have been so since the end of 1842; and I do not know of a single case of hardship which has taken place in consequence of the passing of Lord Ashley's act. In fact, all the colliers I have conversed with on the subject have expressed themselves strongly in favour of it.

'So much for the question of emolument. I have now to request your attention to the benefits which this act has conferred on the collier population with respect to improvement in morality and comfort.

'The mining part of the population of Scotland, previous to the introduction of Lord Ashley's act, were, I may say without hesitation, the most ignorant and least civilised part of the whole population of the country; and this arose principally from the character of the women. For if the female part of a community is in a state of degradation, this is sure to react on the male part, and to brutalise the character of the men.

'And how could it be otherwise? The wives of the colliers, as also their daughters, were in the habit of working all day, summer and winter, in the coal-pits in the midst of men, instead of remaining at home to look after their families, and to provide for the comfort of their husbands on their return from their day's work. These men, instead of returning home in the evening, like the agricultural labourers, to a comfortable home, a blazing fire, and well-swept ingle-side, to meet a clean and cheerful wife, were in the habit of repairing from their day's work, accompanied by their wives, the partners of their toils—both of them equally covered with smut—to a cheerless house, which had probably been locked up during their absence. The women, in short, instead of being confined to those domestic occupations which are the proper province of woman, were reduced, by the nature of their labour, to the condition of the squaws of the North American Indians, and every feeling of delicacy and modesty was nearly obliterated from their minds.

'Is it, then, to be wondered at that the collier population, under such circumstances, should have had recourse for excitement and enjoyment to the whisky bottle? This was almost invariably the case; and husband and wife, after returning together from their work, were in the habit of sitting down to drink together. The collier villages were distinguished throughout the country for scenes of the grossest debauchery. Such was the character of the inhabitants, that a young peasant would have considered it a degradation to take a wife from among the demoralised girls who worked in the pits. The colliers formed a complete caste of themselves, marrying only among their own class.

'Upon the passing of Lord Ashley's act, an almost instantaneous reformation took place. The women, being kept at home, have become tidy and respectable, and the colliers' houses are clean and comfortable. The taste for drinking is gradually giving way, and the colliers are now beginning to spend, for the recreation of their firesides, that money on books and newspapers which they formerly devoted to whisky, and are becoming highly respectable and intelligent. The exclusiveness of the feelings of caste is breaking down, and already are intermarriages taking place betwixt the collier and peasant families; and all this has been done by forcing a change of habits, and elevating the character of the women. I do not believe that any act of parliament ever passed has done so much good, in so short a time, to those who were the subjects of the act. Lord Ashley is well entitled to the thanks of the country for this piece of legislation.

'I repeat once more that the wages of the colliers are amply sufficient to enable them to maintain the female members of their families at home, without requiring them to do the work of men. No labourer can be comfortable if he is not able to keep his wife at home to look after his family, cook his victuals, mend his clothes, and keep everything snug and in good order; and if the wages of the workmen are not sufficient for this, then the wages are too low, and something must be wrong.

'It is this state of things which makes the Scotch agricultural labourer, when he has good wages and plenty of work—which, I am happy to say, he has at present—so respectable, contented, and happy. A Scotch agricultural labourer, with his wife at home, and with two shillings a-day, is infinitely more comfortable than a mill-spinner with double the amount of wages, but whose wife is engaged along with himself all day in the mill.'

The last observation made by Mr Aytoun strikes

us as containing an important truth. We remember, on one occasion, visiting a screw-nail manufactory in Birmingham, and were surprised and sorry to observe that the bulk of the workers were women, and we were still more sorry to learn that they were the wives of men who themselves were well employed. On inquiry, it was mentioned to us that many families, in consequence of husbands and wives, and also children, so working at different kinds of labour, realised as much as from forty to fifty shillings weekly—all of which sum, however, was habitually consumed. Assuming that this was an exaggeration, and that the united wage is really no more than thirty shillings, of which the wife contributes ten, and the children nothing, how infinitely preferable, in all respects, would it be for the family to depend exclusively on the husband's earnings—that is, twenty shillings—and maintain a neat and economical domestic system, graced by the appropriate female superintendence! Viewing a well-conducted household under wedded life as the foundation of every virtue, we confess we do not observe without apprehension the practice of husbands and wives turning out together to daily labour, and yoking their children to the same unvarying round of toil; the more especially since, in very many instances, there seems no other necessity for their engaging in so much miscellaneous labour than certain artificial wants which they heedlessly create. Perhaps it would be useless for us to recommend greater moderation, or to endeavour to show parents the serious error—not to say sin or crime—which they commit by breaking up, unless on the most urgent grounds of necessity, the decencies of domestic life. And yet it is only by their coming to a due sense of their responsibilities in these respects that the practices we are speaking of can permanently escape the visitation of the law. Deprecating, on principle, state interference with the rights of industry, we candidly acknowledge that the rights of industry are not to become the wrongs of society; and therefore earnestly press on the consideration of the working-classes what appears to be one of the least pleasant or defensible circumstances in their position. No one can find any fault with factory labour in reference to the employment of young women and boys, especially when the work is of a light kind, and when the discipline exercised is of an orderly and improving tendency; but the most commonplace mind must mourn over the spectacle of mothers of families toiling amidst forges, the clang of hammers, and the action of machinery. The scene is neither decent nor befitting, and, to use a common phrase, 'no good can come of it.' For social exigencies there may, doubtless, be an excuse; but none for artificial wants, which prudence can avert. Let those who err in this particular keep their wives at home, and their younger children at school; and so, even with the certainty of some privation, they will lay up for themselves a store of happiness which no amount of mere money payment ever can secure.

A YARN OVER THE CAPSTAN, IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH.

CONCLUDED.

'Well, we got safe to Plymouth that night, and went straight down to a sailor's tavern on one of the quays, where we paid out our last coin for a couple of pots of beer, and some biscuit and cheese. There we contrived to strike an acquaintance with two seamen, Americans, as we found afterwards, who said they would soon help us to a berth, as their skipper wanted two smart boys to live with him in the cabin, and take a spell now and then at the wheel. That was all, they informed us, which we should have to do; though we soon discovered the difference. The Yankee captain was a long, dark man, with thin lips and huge black whiskers, and an eye which I never saw equalled for devilish meaning, when he looked at you quietly if there was anything the matter. We were so ignorant, however, and anxious to ship, that we noticed nothing more than his fair speeches, and got on board that very night. His brig was lying outside, having put in for a day or two from Liverpool to get a new topmast, in place of one she had lost in the Channel. I shall never forget my feeling and Miles's face when we first saw the Yankee captain on the quarter-deck in the morning, with his shore-going clothes changed, and his land way altered to his salt-water one. The men were beginning to warp the vessel clear of her berth, and we were standing together uncertain what to do. His first words were, "Now, then, *you* young whelps, see if you can't turn to and tail on to that line, or, by the powers, I'll give you your first taste of hemp-oil. I'm your man: I'll rasp your mother's shell off you: I'll haze you, and bring you down with a double-block purchase." We both slunk forward, and took hold of the rope in terror; and if I ever had any fine notions about the sea, I may say that moment finished them. The whole of my life was clear to me at once: I saw what was coming; and, if I would have confessed it to myself, I wished I was even standing before my father, or perched on the high office-stool, so be that I had only a home at hand.

'We were soon standing down Channel with a spanking breeze, but we hadn't even time to look at the Lizard Point fading into the sky. Not a kind word had the captain for us now, though he plied them liberally to persuade us on ship-board. I daresay he was so much the worse for being forced to do that before we were in his power. We had got rough jackets and trousers, and some red shirts, for our own clothes, at a slop-shop, and now we did our best to learn, and show the men we were willing, in order to make the easiest of it. At first they had treated us roughly enough, but as we fell into their ways, they grew kinder; though, as we had been surprised to find, we had to do all their dirty jobs, bring their food, and obey them like slaves. We were comparatively happy, however, in the forecastle. On deck our lives were miserable: the captain used us like dogs, and so did his mate, who followed him in all things; only he was, if anything, not so bad. The men themselves hated them both bitterly; but, whether because we were the only English hands, or just that we were boys, we were the chief objects of tyranny. Tom Miles, in particular, the captain seemed to wreak his malice on, although Tom never once answered him a word. He rope's-ended him several times because the binnacle-lamp burnt ill, or went out, when it was the bad oil that was to blame; and he would keep him an hour aloft often after the watch was gone below at night, till he was like to drop from the yard for want of sleep. Miles and I were not in the same watch, and the captain hated to see us together; but when we did contrive to speak at meals, or on a Sunday, or for a short time at night, the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes, would say, "Tom, I'm glad, indeed, we didn't take little Ned with us;" and I thanked God we had not. Oh, how he would talk of the fields and woods, and say he had never noticed how sweet they were till now! Even the dull office and the cross attorney were beautiful in his eyes and mine also, although I cannot say I laid it all so much to the fault of the sea itself as he did. I had begun to take some pride in acquiring dexterity, and but for the captain, should have been cheerful enough; but Miles, while he went on as well as he could in the meantime, detested all together, and cherished it as his dearest hope to get back to the land, and never leave it more. His heart not being in it, this kept him always back, and he was the worse off for it. At other times a gloomy fit would come over him, and he would shake his head, and say, "I don't think I shall ever see the land again: I feel as if that tyrant cowed my spirit so, that I lose hope. The sea has got hold of me, Tom, and I know in my sleep that it'll keep me for ever. Wasn't it so pleasant, Tom, going out in the mornings through the long grass to shoot the wild-ducks, or up to the old castle, where the trees were so full of rooks? It wasn't

so bad that old office neither, after all." However, long as the hateful imprisonment seemed, and bad weather as we had across the Atlantic, in about eight weeks we got into the gulf-stream, saw the coast of Cuba, and the blue peaks beyond it, and at length ran through the Gulf of Mexico into Mobile. We had little more of land than to see it, for the captain made us live on board, and let only one of us away at a time, lest we should give him the slip. In a month we left Mobile with the same crew, for the long voyage round Cape Horn to Lima.

'The old system of ill-usage began again, chiefly to Tom Miles at first, though I had my share of it, and afterwards all on board began to murmur, when the length of the voyage was added to it. But the captain was a strong man himself: the mate was with him at least; and he took care to let all know that he had six pair of loaded pistols always at hand. One day, while we were still in the trade-winds, and the fine weather gave him nothing to vent his bile on, he got into one of his worst moods with Miles, watched him for a pretext, and whenever he had it, he knocked him down, kicked him, and treated him so brutally, that I was only held back by the cook from rushing aft and striking him. "He'd flog you within an inch of your life," said one of the men; but I saw, as my poor friend came slowly forward, that they felt it, and only wanted a little more to make them turn upon the villain with a vengeance. There was an elderly man, a Norwegian, amongst the foremast-men, whom the captain hated too, though he was the best and most experienced seaman in the brig. I observed him start when he saw Miles fall, and his dark eye glittered for a moment as if he would have sprung upon the captain, he being at work on the mizen shrouds at the time.

'I remember it was soon after this that the rough Cape weather began to come; and when it did, we had it dreadful. For many weeks we had not a dry stitch of clothes, and scarce could get our food cooked. The topgallant sails were never loosed. We got out of it at last though: the royal masts were sent up, the to'gallant sails loosed and sheeted home, jib set, and the last reef of the two topsails shaken out. We stood westward on a wind all that day, the sea going down round us with a long roll into the pale yellow sky, when we went below at eight bells of the first night-watch, and we were glad to have seen the sun set once more. When we came on deck in the middle watch, however, it was beginning to look black again to windward. The captain was standing at the hatch of the half-deck, where Miles and I had our hammocks slung then, when I came up the ladder alone. "Where's Miles?" said he to me fiercely. "He's very unwell, sir," said I, "and hasn't been out of his hammock all day." "Call him up, d'ye hear," shouted the captain; "call him up this moment; I wont have no skulkers on board. I'll doctor the lubber; call him up." Miles put on his trousers, trembling with fear, and came on deck; but the poor lad could scarcely stand for weakness, and the wind seemed to go through him, till I heard his teeth chatter in his head. In a short time the captain turned round from the weather-gunwale, where he had been watching the cloud gather, and looked for a moment at the compass. The squall was coming fast down upon us, sure enough, and a long white line ran along the sky, above the black edge of the sea in the distance. "Stand by, to let go the to'gallant halliards," cried he to the men: "let go both; brace round the yards; clue up the to'gallant sails. Go aloft, you two boys, and furl the fore-to'gallant sail." I sprang into the weather shrouds; Miles lingered for a moment; the captain looked at him, and he followed me as fast as he could. It was dark as pitch; the wind was upon us, like to blow one out of the rigging; and the sea had risen into mountains before the brig had time to rush on as she would. Her forecastle was washed clean at every pitch, and all who remained below were back on the poop. I was glad they had hauled the braces taut, so that the yard kept steady. I heard Miles's breath behind me, and told him to go out on the starboard yard-arm; for I could not see him, it was so dark, and he only heard me shouting at his ear. As for windward and leeward, the vessel rolled so much, though slowly, that now one end of the yard, and now the other, was uppermost; and, getting hold of the sail, I felt myself leaning out above the boiling sea far underneath. I had got my part of the sail fast, and held on, waiting for Miles with his, as I knew, by its not flapping, that he had mastered it. I thought he was long of coming into the mast again, however, and I leant down, straining my eyes to see if I could see his figure. A horrible fear crept into my heart: it was in vain to look where there was no light to see him against; until one little faint patch of white came out for a moment on the sky, and I knew the yard-arm lifting against that would show me what he was doing. It rose up slowly. I thought that interval an age; but oh, who can tell my pang when, as the yard-arm crossed that streak of light for an instant, I saw its dark end *bare*—bare as the sky itself; and the sail broke out anew, and flapped into the wind, as if he had just gone! Poor Tom Miles! the sea had a hold of him—a strong hold indeed; and afterwards I thought of his own saying, and of the night when he and Ned and I sat purposing what we should do. It was with a heavy heart I made the sail fast again after a fashion, and got down on deck, scarcely caring whether I went with him or not.

'By the time I got below, the topsails were close-reefed again, and the brig under as little sail as would keep her steady; but the darkness was clearing off slowly, and in the morning, when the other watch came on deck, the sea was fast going down, and there was a free sky to windward. The sails were soon all loosed again, and we were running large before the breeze that carried us into soft days and quiet nights, breathing with the warm western air. Oh how beautiful that morning was after the gale; and Miles would never see it more, nor rise from under that dark surface! We'd never sit together again under the lee of the galley in a rough night, and talk of the old town, and of every man, woman, and child we remembered there. I've since seen many a poor fellow go down in his hammock like a stone, and many swept overboard into the wild sea that never gave them up, but I never realised the thing as I did when he was taken from my very side who had come step by step with me from my father's door. The men felt it more, because they had been often unkind to him; and no one looked up at that fore-to'gallant-sail without a shudder, or saying he hoped poor Tom had made a change for the better. The cook swore the yard was haunted, till the men, when they were at the wheel, fancied they saw Miles's face under the earring, looking back from over the yard, when the brig rolled to leeward. If their hearts smote them secretly, the whole went to add to the feeling against the captain, who, indeed, since that night, seemed more possessed with a fiend than ever; and at last matters came to a head. He worked the crew without mercy at Lima; and kept all hands on, instead of watch and watch, after we had got into the bad weather on the homeward voyage, though that was nothing like what it had been when we were outward-bound. The men went aft all together to ask him for watch on watch, with Andersen, the Norwegian, as spokesman. He got angry in a moment; swore we were lazy; and when Andersen replied somewhat boldly, he called down the cabin hatchway to the steward for his pistols. "Mutiny!" shouted he; "mutiny, by G—d!" He and the mate took hold of the Norwegian, who flung the latter down, and burst from the captain's grasp. The steward handed him his pistols, and the second mate having appeared, he handcuffed Andersen by main force, the men not having made up their minds to go all lengths. "Go forward," said he to us, "or I'll put you all in irons, and work the ship myself. I'll make an example of him. I'll flog him when I've light to see his back; by the——

——, I will. Forward with you, you ——; you see I'm master!"

'It was our middle watch that night; and as the wind was steady, and nothing doing, though it was pretty dark, I fell asleep between the galley and the long-boat when about two hours of the watch was out. I don't know what woke me, but I did wake suddenly, and saw a figure leaning over the bulwarks aft, which I was certain was the captain, who generally slept all night in good weather. However, as he could not see me, and the mate was not visible, I went to sleep again, till I found the other watch had been set some time. As I got up and went below, I saw that the captain was no longer on deck, and the second mate was forward getting the men to set the flying jib. It was about noon next day when the mate called us all aft, and told us very gravely that the captain was nowhere to be found. He had not been seen since the last night, when the mate and he locked Andersen, ironed, into one of the state-rooms in the cabin, intending to fulfil his threat next morning. He stated that the steward, who had sailed several years with the captain, mentioned his having a habit of walking in his sleep. I was much surprised when I found that Andersen had been in his hammock, as usual, since the watch went below, and I thought it strange how the mate did not pay attention to this. Perhaps he felt that he was in the power of the crew, as he showed quite a different way of going on after he succeeded to the captain's place, and seemed careful not to carry his authority too far. A mystery it is to this day, and will be to me till the last day, I suppose, how the captain came by his death after all. No one doubted that he had fallen overboard; but the question was, whether any one had a hand in it.

'When the intelligence was given by the mate, there was a general horse-laugh amongst the men, which would have sounded brutal but for the character of the lost captain. "You can't find him?" said a Boston man, who I knew had been at the wheel when the captain was standing where I saw him: "then I calc'late you'd better turn to and play skipper yourself, sir, for want of another." "That's just it, I guess," said another; and the whole crew turned on their heels and went forward. Nobody appeared to know more about the matter, however: the chief remark made was by the cook, who suggested that poor Tom's ghost had brought him up in his dreams, and beckoned him over the side. I noticed that the Norwegian, Andersen, was more stern and silent than ever from that day.

'Whenever we got into port, I left the hateful brig, and joined with an English barque for Liverpool, where I felt myself another man. I was treated well, and began in reality to love the sea.

'We spoke an outward-bound East Indiaman off Madeira, the Marlborough, which I had reason to remember after I got home. I little thought, when I saw her mainyard backed, and the water plashing up her bright copper sheathing, as she rocked up and down along with our barque, that the crowd of faces gazing over her bulwarks contained one I'd have rounded the world then to see. And when her stately topsails filled again, and she went off with the wind abeam to the south-east, I was glad I was turning the other way. It was three years after Miles and Ned and I ran off, that I saw my mother and my little sister Bessie again, who was grown to a sweet, pretty girl. But my poor father had been dead a year, and his last word almost had been, that he wished to have seen his son Thomas once more, and to have given him a blessing. I stood by his grave, and felt that grief is bitterer when the love you bore has been mixed with harsher feelings. I question if I should have felt such agony of heart if it had been even my mother instead of him. And Ned—my little quiet playfellow and bedfellow from childhood up—was gone for India, where he was to stay for years. He had sailed a passenger in the Marlborough Indiaman: my only brother, whom I had longed so often to clasp round the neck again, had been but a few fathoms from me in the midst of the Atlantic, and I did not know it till now! I made my first voyage to Madras only to see him; but he was up the country, and the ship left without my seeing him. Ten years after I did see him, in his own house in Madras; but how changed he was from the boy that had parted from me! He was lying on a sofa, pale and weak with the heat, and didn't know me when I came up the floor; though I knew him, and his very shape, for all he had grown to a man six feet tall. It was the last time, for a letter reached home before me that he was dead.'

The worthy captain stopped here, raised his sleeve to his eye, and appeared to reconnoitre the rigging. 'She lies pretty near her course, I think, Mr Adams?' said he. 'How's her head, steersman?'

'Sou'-west-by-south, sir,' answered the sailor.

'This wind freshens her way a little, Mr Adams. I like to hear the Maria singing at her bows again.'

'And how was it, captain,' I asked, 'you came to follow the sea as a profession, after your first hard lessons?'

'Why, I must confess I did like to sleep again all night with no watch to call me, or "reef topsails" to startle one out of a dream of home: it was pleasant enough to be free of rule, and call my limbs my own; and most of all to see soft, kind faces, and hear their voices about the house. My mother and little Bessie tried hard to get me to forswear the sea for ever, and turn my hand to something on shore; and so I thought for a while. But, as poor Miles said, it's hard for one to get rid of the sea's hold when you've once been in it. I was almost spoiled for aught else. I might have lived independent no doubt; but with my father's losing on his farm, there was little to spare from my mother's needs, and from what Bessie ought to have for a portion, if I could have consented to idleness. After all, there is somewhat even in going up to your watch on deck, and feeling the wind, and seeing the sea, and striving against danger with good shipmates, that creeps in between one and quieter things. You want to feel in motion, and have something to struggle with, or to see new sights and strange customs. I was weary of waking every morning, and seeing the trees and fields so steadfast and dull-like before the window. I don't well know how, but the ocean has not only something grander in itself, but it makes you feel more what a man may be. I got more and more restless after a while, in spite of all my mother and my sweet little sister could do to wean my thoughts. They saw what was going forward; and one night, while we were sitting together by the fire, my mother burst into tears, and said she supposed I must go. I pleased myself and them with the excuse of going to Madras and seeing Ned; and indeed that at first was the main reason I had. So I shipped once more; and here I am. From that time, slowly enough no doubt, I've risen through mate to master, and at last to make something of my own. It was longer, as I have been twice shipwrecked, and lost all I had gained; but now the Maria is two-thirds mine, and I have some little matter in store besides against laying up in harbour. My mother, though she is an old woman, is still alive; and Bessie is grown a matron with five children —with the same sweet, cheerful face, notwithstanding, she ever had. I've resolved, however, on this being my last voyage, and if God carry me back, I think to end my days at their hearth. There's another little Bessie, my sister's fourth child, the image of her mother, as one daisy is like another, though it have withered long before; and what I have made by many a rough weather on the salt sea, shall go to make her home happy when she grows to need it, and that will be when I have forgotten the way it was gathered. I sometimes fancy the "Maria" knows what she is about, when she swells out with all her canvas, like now, to the breeze, or works so gallantly across a head-sea; and that song at her bows sounds more pleasant to my ear for the sake of those she's serving all the while. It *is* cheering to a sailor to have those at home he strives for.'

'How is it, then, captain,' I remarked, 'that you never thought of this in a more tender point of view? Did it never occur to you to have a wife of your own to make the Maria strain her canvas for? A pretty name that "Maria" in a ship, for instance, but prettier in a woman. I wonder what fancy stood sponsor for that title with those who gave it her?'

'Why,' said the captain, smiling a little sadly as I thought, 'I called her so myself. It *was* a fancy too, as you say; but it's the sole thing I have to remind me of one I liked better than ever I liked a woman. One doesn't talk of these matters off-hand, though it's long since I lost being shamefaced about it: it only makes one think how things he would have wished to be seem all one in twenty years or so. I do believe if it had been, I should really have left the sea and settled down on land twenty years ago, without seeking to make money. It was after one voyage to China I stayed a month or two with my sister, who was married to an old schoolfellow of my own; my mother, too, had fixed there for good and all. There was a young girl, a friend of Bessie's, living with them on a visit. Her name was Maria, and she was a slender, winning, happy creature, open as the day, and as pretty as Bessie herself when she was seventeen. I remember how she stood up, so quiet and smiling, when I was first made known to her, and how often I watched her tripping through the grass before the house with my sister's little boy. Bessie wanted to bring about the matter between us; she spoke about her often to me, and I think she did as much to Maria herself. She told me she believed Maria looked on me favourably, though she would not tell her so, and kept very close about it, which was one of Bessie's reasons for her belief. But I couldn't make up my mind to speak. I was a sailor; the young lady had some money; and I had very little if I left the sea, and couldn't bear the thought of seeming to want hers. Whatever things I had seen in the life a sailor leads, a pure and beautiful woman's presence always made me feel myself unworthy, and I had been out of the way of good society for years. The last time I saw her was sitting in the summer-house, when I had gone intending to speak out. But I only kissed her hand, and said good-by, and left her; she looked so quiet and calm, and not expecting anything else. I didn't know what I felt for her till I was on board ship, and the land was sinking into the sky; and many a time the thought of her gushed into my heart after, and brought tears to my eyes I was ashamed of, especially when I wondered what she would have said to a word from me more than ordinary. She was married in two years to a lawyer, and I have heard of her often from Bessie, whose only reproach she ever gave me was, that I didn't tell Maria Williams my own mind. I called my ship by her name; and I have thought, when I have gone out on the flying jib-boom, and looked at her coming on before a breeze, white from deck to truck, on the blue sea, that her shape was like Maria's; and the pleasant murmur at her bows somehow reminded me of her voice, when I heard it aside reading a story to Bessie's little boy.'

The good man sighed as he smiled at his own quaint conceit, and looked aloft, without speaking, at the full canvas of his ship, through whose openings, and all around, the multitude of stars were now apparent out of the blue depths of heaven; and I thought how beautifully the law of earthly separation—that sea in time—consecrates likewise the human affections by studding them, as it were, in the sky of memory; till sea and storm shall have exhaled like a vapour, and Necessity shall no more be at odds with Desire. The ship to me, also, was touched with the image of that long-past Maria, as if her idea, more permanent than her temporal beauty, now doubtless faded, were hovering on the sky beyond, and transforming the vessel, with its outspread wings, in the azure amplitude of night, to an ocean figure of calm, human grace. In the ocean we can deal with things earthly—distant as we will.

Scarcely had the captain ceased when it struck eight bells, and thus ended our second dog-watch, with its accidental little history of sea-life, called up by the peculiar feeling of that 'soft hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart.' Three hours after, I woke in my berth with the sound of the watch above 'singing out' as they trimmed sails again, and the noise of feet and ropes thrown down on deck. And then I went to sleep again, and dreamt of my own home, and its own remembrances and loves.

THE MONOCULUS.

I WAS lately one of a company of young and old, assembled in a darkened room, to be amused with the freaks which animalcula play when subjected to the influence of a penetrating blaze of light from the oxy-hydrogen apparatus. There was no actor that performed that evening with greater *éclat* than the monoculus. The creature, as is well known, is named from his having only one eye, which occupies a central position in his head. His style of locomotion was of such an uncommonly queer description, his doings appeared so frantic, and his struggles so tremendous, as to make him the very Grimaldi of the water-drama. He would now be seen slipping, by force of gravitation, to the bottom of the water, where, for a time, he would lie quiet, buried under a crowd of others. Then he would seem possessed with a maniacal propensity to dash forwards, and would spring from side to side, overturning in his progress dozens of quieter animalcules, after a fashion astounding and perplexing in the extreme. The performances of the little creature were of a perfectly unique description; there was a peculiar one-eyedness in their character which was profoundly curious. Sometimes he would fall, head downmost, lighting upon some unsuspecting monad, like a bale of cotton from a fifth storey upon an ill-starred by-passer below. Then came gigantic efforts to rise, and then a succession of intricate wriggles, to attempt to describe which would be entirely hopeless. Then a little knot of peaceable folk would be scattered to the four quarters of the field by his dashing himself into the midst of them, while the more timid fled before him with precipitation. The monoculus has a bit—and not a little bit either—of the 'poker' temperament in his constitution, but is, on the whole, a very different personage. Here was a moral ready cut and dried, as the phrase is, for me: now for its application.

Human society consists, to speak generally, of a mass of quiet people, plodding their own paths, eating their own meals, and vanishing their own ways, without becoming individually conspicuous at all. The subjects of this notice—human monoculi—form a sub-variety, and a very funny one, of a comparatively small class of exceptions to this rule. The human monoculus was possibly the type or original of the fable of the old Cyclopes; which becomes highly significant when regarded under such a light. Yes, terrible, hard-working, athletic, stick-at-nothing fellows are the human monoculi. The vast social forge rings again with the din of their clanging hammers; the very earth trembles, and timid people fly away before them. And, as beneath Ætna of old, so beneath whatsoever mountain they set up their workshops in, it is not long before they are heard at work; and work they will, until the mountain trembles to its very base, and sometimes even totters and crumbles into dust before them. The monoculus sometimes appears as a public lecturer, sometimes as a parliamentary orator, sometimes as a newspaper leading-article writer, sometimes as a private individual, nursing in secret his egg from whence the new world is to spring; but always he is to be recognised as one big with some gigantic project, which is to conduce to upset society, to reform its abuses, and to renew it in pristine harmony and order. This idea he carries as an idol in his youth; he fights for it, works for it, speaks for it, writes for it in his manhood; and when the tottering

monoculus is turning gray, when his heart is chilling fast to every other object, we shall yet find a few sparks alight in the forge; and a little stimulus will set the crazy old bellows to work, and we shall have a handful of fire kindled up about the old iron even at the last. There is a spurious variety of the species which is ever changing the objects of its affections, and only constant to each while it maintains its predominance; but the genuine monoculus stands forth with a melancholy distinction, carrying his first love to his grave.

The true monoculus never loses an opportunity of presenting himself and his favourite idea to the public. Is there to be a convention for the promotion of any social reformation, there he is sure to be with his plan, no matter how irreconcilable it may be with the object in view. It is, therefore, not surprising that our monoculus is pretty generally regarded as an individual whose company is decidedly less desirable than the area he occupies. At the very moment when he is making the strongest demonstrations of the benefits of his great scheme, it is a distressing proof of the ingratitude of the human race to find that he is looked upon as an intolerable bore. It is also grievous to add, that no sooner does he set his forge up, light his fire, and *put his iron into it*, than many persons make for the door, while a few, who, from local difficulties, are unable to get out, may be seen covering their heads with their pocket handkerchiefs, and, with an aspect of dreadful placidity, composing themselves to sleep. It is, however, one of the happy peculiarities of the genus to be entirely unconscious of the true cause of these effects; for in the intoxicating employment of striking the iron until it is red-hot, everything else is forgotten. The obduracy of the public is only provocative of greater perseverance on the part of the monoculus. I have seen a water monoculus lying beneath a couple of water dragons and a mass of inferior creatures; I have watched him struggle his way, head foremost, until he reached the surface, and then drop down again, as if shot. And so the human species is to be seen, with insuperable determination, thrusting aside all manner of hindrances, and at last, when successful in bringing his project to the light, dropping back to a condition of temporary quiescence. The ancients tell us that the old monoculi, the Cyclopes, when they went to war, put up before their faces a steel buckler, with a single aperture in its centre, through which they looked, and then fell on; and so the modern Cyclops, with his visor down, runs a muck upon mankind, with the strange delusion of doing them the most unutterable benefit.

The monoculi are an amazingly hard-headed genus. This is a quality which stands them in good stead, as they are often made the butt of their congeners, sometimes of their companions, and generally of the world at large. It is this quality which renders the monoculus insensible to the absurdity of his position, incapable of discerning his own errors, or suffering inconvenience from the neglect and cold water but too lavishly cast upon him, and upon the unhappy bantling he is nursing with such parental care. One might suppose that the associations of mutual ill-treatment would draw monoculi into the closest communion one with another; one might conceive a sort of Mutual Protection Society would be a likely institution in Monoculopolis. This would be a sad mistake. Civil wars of the most bloodthirsty description are of daily occurrence among them—monoculus against monoculus, project against project, head to head: it is a mournful spectacle, forcibly reminding one of a Spanish bull-fight. A grinning world, an arena strewed with painfullest memorials of the battle, and the infuriated combatants in the foreground, are the prominent features of the living picture. A monoculus is, so to speak, a Robinson Crusoe among savages—a man of another world, with strange ideas, a superior intellect, but with the perverted notion of new-modelling everything. He is isolated, by this besotting conception, from the respect and esteem which his talents deserve. A monoculus will tie, with his own hands, the knotted cords which bind him to his idol's car; while the thought that he may one day be the instrument of ushering in that idol in triumph before the presence of an applauding world, for ever sustains his courage, and enkindles his hopes. For this service he voluntarily forfeits everything else, and with a struggle of next to Herculean energy, he tugs at the broad wheels, not unfrequently dying in the harness, without getting so much as a far-off glimmer of the day-dawn he has wasted his life in sighing for. It is an exception to a general rule to find a monoculus successful in his own age. Such exceptions, however, do occasionally occur, and might be more frequent, were the monocular character a little less inflexible. As it is, a monoculus, from the nature of his visual organ, can or will see but one object at once; if he looks at others at all, it is through the stained medium of that single eye. Neither will he see nor give proper heed to the connexion of his subject with others, from which, in his violence, he drags it away. He is, in a measure, like a man who, in trying to move a log of wood, puts to it his utmost strength indeed, but forgets to clear the way before him, and neglects to use the levers and mechanical appliances which would doubtless effect his object. He cannot detach himself for a moment from the great to regard the less; hence his attempts are so often abortive. It has been the lot of the present, and that of almost every epoch, to be witnesses of the successful attempts of one or more great monoculi. In the instance which occurs to us now, the eminent monoculus, by dint of unwearied labour of mind and body, by carefully getting rid of outlying difficulties, by bending his utmost powers to the effort, and by a well-grounded belief in the intrinsic merit of his object, has at length lived to see it brought into existence amid the acclamations of a great empire. It is much to be feared this success will be productive of many very sad delusions among monoculi in general. I am sure they will set this great example before them in their peculiar fashion—looking at the result, and disregarding the means which brought it about. We shall have hundreds of deluded monoculi plunging and tearing at their respective projects, without once inquiring whether the way is clear, or the world is ready for them, or whether, in truth, the project, after all, is worth all the labour it is costing them.

By a strange and an uncommon accident, monoculi sometimes combine together. Then a rare sight presents itself. Here are many bodies, heads, and hearts, with but one great eye amongst them all. This is indeed monoculism on a grand scale. It is to be regretted that, occasionally, we find this aggregate of one-visionedness having for its sole object something not really advantageous or practicable in itself. Great mistakes, mistakes committed by great masses of people—universal monocular perversions of the mental sight would be the professional term—are not frequent, but common enough to humble us in our estimate of the collective wisdom of even large classes of mankind. It is perhaps scarcely correct to state the question thus, that monoculi are capable of self-combination. The truth rather is, monoculism is sometimes a disease, an epidemic. This is its origin: a great monoculus will go down to a country town, and lecture on the subject of his delusion to hundreds in a town-hall; these catch fire from the fervid sparks which leap from his furnace, and become in turn so many torches to inflame their neighbours. For a time the statistics of out-door lunacy in that county would present a truly awful appearance. The disease attacks men sometimes in part, sometimes *in toto*. A man may become a half-monoculus—one great eye and a little one besides; or he may go the whole length of the proposition at once. By and by it subsides; and of the crowd of raving monoculi which sprung into existence that day, but a few remain. The records of our national events are very instructive upon such a point, and may be referred to by the curious in this matter. I would propose an uncommonly signifi-

cant name for the disease, so as to classify it with bronchitis and other inflammatory diseases: I would call it the '*Nothing-like-leather-itis!*'

It is a pity, but the monoculus has a quarrel with the world, and the quarrel is, that the world will not look through his eye-glass; which, I confess, in the manner in which it is generally held before the world, is anything but an easy matter to accomplish. The poor creature thus brushes his way through life, warring in the defence of his favourite object against many, even against his dearest friends; thanked by nobody; pressing to a mark he seldom attains; exhausting a long, self-devoted life to the service he has lived for; and, at the last, committing his grand scheme, in undiminished faith as he sinks below the waters, to the stream which shall carry it down to posterity. I wish it to be clearly understood that this paper is entirely irrespective of the meritoriousness or otherwise of the dear object of the monoculus' heart. It may be a worthless ball of clay, it may be a priceless gem, which he is seeking to bring forward; the character of the individual, when decisively marked, is the same. Alas! that he is the same one-eyed, one-ideaed, one-purposed individual still.

The monoculi are by no means creatures of yesterday. They have arisen and put the world in a ferment through all past epochs; and it is but fair to own that, while many an unhappy one has lain down to die almost in despair, his works have lived after him, and yet remain, a token for good to others, and an evidence of a far-sighted discernment, which, in its day, met with the ungentle treatment of hard words, harder sarcasms, and hardest neglect.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EXPOSURE OF BUTCHER-MEAT IN SHOPS.

The exposure of butcher-meat in shops is, for several reasons, objectionable. In the first place, it is extremely unsightly; in the second, it tends to brutalise the feelings of the multitude. These considerations may have little effect in putting down the practice; but something may be expected when we urge the fact, that exposure of animal food to the air and sun greatly accelerates decay, and that a cool and dark place is, economically, the most appropriate. It is only a useful and admirable provision of nature, that when dead animal matter is exposed, it becomes a depository for the ova of flies, destined in the larva form to eat up, and thus put an end to, what, in its decay by putrescence, would become a nuisance or a source of disease to living creatures. We may admire this arrangement; but there is no need to expose valuable food to its operation, when a little care might preserve that food for use. Why should not a place for the disposal of butcher-meat to the public be a cellar or darkened vault of low temperature, to which intending purchasers might be conducted from some more open place, such as an ordinary shop, or a stall in a market, where the profession was simply indicated by an inscription? We may add, that in most of the continental countries the exposure of butcher-meat is much less public than in England; and we remember, when walking in the streets of London with a Polish gentleman, newly arrived, that he was absolutely horrified by the sight of the bleeding carcases they presented, and inquired how it was possible that our women, inured to such spectacles, could possess the more delicate feelings of their sex?

Our economical remarks apply to fowl and fish equally with butcher-meat. They are not less applicable to fruit, which loses flavour by exposure to the sun. Surely any little advantage obtained by parading wares before the eyes of the passing public, is dearly purchased at the sacrifice of valuable qualities in the wares themselves.

FAILURES IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

The partial failure of the potato crop in 1845, and its total failure, as well as the partial blight of several other vegetables, in 1846, suggest some considerations of a very serious nature. If one great and important plant thus perishes, why not others equally or more important? Is it not within the oscillations of Providence, that the whole cereal grains of a large portion of the world, if not the whole, may for one year fail to be productive? To us this appears a possibility of nature, though as yet we have only known of approaches to it in fact. Even supposing, however, that only an approach to it took place, its consequences to mankind would undoubtedly be extremely fatal, unless a due provision were made for it. The policy suggested by Joseph is obviously that which should be followed in such cases. All kinds of food ought to be used in a sparing manner during the time pending the next autumn, in order that, if a failure of the grain crops should then take place, we may have as large reserves as possible for the emergency.

This hint is thrown out, not without a fear that in some quarters it may only excite a smile. It nevertheless appears as only a duty to make the suggestion, and we make it accordingly. Most earnestly do we hope, for the sake of our fellow-creatures, that the result will be such as to show that no such alarm was required.

PROPOSED DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.

The German Diet has resolved on purchasing the house of Göethe at Weimar, that it may be preserved for the gratification of posterity. Many in our own country will hear with concern that, at the very time when this purchase is in the course of negotiation, the house of John Knox in Edinburgh has been bought with the design of being taken away to make room for other buildings. The surprise excited by this fact will be the greater, when it is known that those who contemplate the destruction of Knox's old house are persons connected with the Free Church of Scotland, a portion of that very vineyard which the famous reformer spent himself in planting in our land. A parricidal hand, it seems, it is which is raised against Knox on this occasion. And perfectly without justification of any kind stands the design of the parricides. The building is out of repair; but it is of strong masonry, and, with care, would last a century more at least. The ground is not indispensable for building purposes, for there is no lack of other ground close by. No motive appears for proposing to take this ground, but that there would be something piquant in having a church on the spot where John Knox lived! Could such barbarism have been expected of reasoning men in the present day, and men, too, who profess to venerate Knox? They speak, indeed, of making the new building a kind of monument to the reformer—as if any commonplace modern structure, with the words *John Knox's Church*, or the *John Knox Monument* connected with it, could be equal in interest to the actual homely little mansion in which he lived!—with its 'study of deals' made for him by the magistrates, his effigy pointing to the name of God, the window from which he sometimes preached, and the thrice golden legend over the door—LUF GOD ABOVE AL, AND THY NICHBOUR AS THYSELF. We wonder how the people at Wittenberg would take it, if some one were to propose to remove the houses of Luther and Melancthon, and plant pillars in their place. Could the greatest enemy to the memory of the Reformation and Reformers propose anything more likely to be unpopular? But such is the supineness regarding things of the kind in Scotland, that it actually seems likely, if no unexpected movement is made to the contrary, that we shall see Knox's house swept away in a few weeks, upon the most insubstantial of pretexts, and to the lasting disgrace of our place and generation.

Let us hope that our brethren of the press will take

up the subject in our own spirit—or at least aid in the circulation of the present remonstrance—so that public feeling may be roused against the proposed measure. Alas! a couple of days will suffice, as we all know, to destroy what it has taken centuries to invest with its present interest, and what no amount of money, or exertion, or wishing, could ever again create.

A VISIT TO MESSRS LODDIGES'S CONSERVATORIES.

Among scientific collectors and scientific collections of rare and curious plants, none have obtained a greater celebrity than the Messrs Loddiges of Hackney, near London, and their large conservatories. While too many nurserymen and florists have devoted their labours to the perfection of some few tribes of gay flowers, each emulating the other in raising some new and extraordinary varieties of such plants as auriculas, dahlias, tulips, carnations, and fuchsias, the Messrs Loddiges, with one or two other honourable exceptions, animated by a zeal for science of the most ardent, frequently of the most disinterested character, have expended vast sums of money in gathering together, from every quarter of the world, and bestowed unwearied pains in preserving, some of the most wonderful and remarkable of the productions of the vegetable kingdom.

A fair day in the end of last June found me seated in an omnibus, and bent upon an expedition to Hackney, from which I promised myself much pleasure and profit: it was a visit to these famous conservatories. The report which had reached me of the extraordinary contents of these buildings, and of the vast number of species contained therein, led me to conceive the whole concern to be something on a gigantic scale. In this I was to be disappointed; and on surveying the long lead-coloured range of conservatories, so humble in contrast with those pictured by an unreasonable imagination, I could not help asking myself—can these be the buildings whose fame has spread over Europe, and to the enrichment of which every explored country in the globe has contributed? Let this paper answer the question.

The conservatories are at the distance of about three miles from St Paul's, and I can assure my reader he is likely to regret many a day more than a whole one spent there. With a kindness deserving to be reciprocated by the most careful conduct on the part of the visitors, the proprietors of the conservatories are willing to admit any respectable person who will make an application.

This great collection was commenced about the year 1765; since which period its resources have every year been added to, in proportion to the progress of geographical discovery, and also by the sales resulting from the breaking up of other collections of a scientific character. The liberal terms offered to the explorers of new countries for new and rare plants have drawn together, from the forests and fields of both hemispheres, an aggregate of the wonders of vegetation altogether unrivalled by any private collection in the world. The Messrs Lee of Hammersmith, and the Messrs Loddiges of Hackney, were among the first private individuals to establish scientific collections. Their example was soon followed by others, but these, from various causes, gradually declined, and the grounds became so degraded, as to sink into 'manufactories for such things as early salads, peas, French beans, and mushrooms.' Now, however, under the fostering influence of botanical societies, scientific collections are forming in many places; it has even become a fashionable pursuit for the rich and great, and there are already many splendid private collections of orchideæ, and other natural families of plants. It may not be rash even to expect the formation of a national conservatory at no distant epoch, which would form a noble and eloquent trophy to science, and one as useful and instructive as noble.

An ordinary florist's grounds would probably present a far more attractive and brilliant appearance than those which surround these conservatories. Here are none of the gay masses of bright colours to catch the eye, or the perfume of sweet scents to regale the sense; but a closer inspection discloses myriads of flowers arranged together, not by art, but by the hand of science, whose loveliness appears only upon an individual scrutiny. Here are hundreds of the heath tribe, there of roses, there of fuchsias, and some thousand greenhouse plants are found in the 'cold pits,' and studding almost every available spot of ground. These are of course all in flower-pots. In the winter they are removed to the conservatories. It is a delightful spectacle to see thousands of the wonderful works of the Creator thus gathered into a community, offering up their glorious blossoms a tribute to his goodness and love. The conservatory we must first enter is the

Orchidaceous House—a long, low span-roofed structure, of the most unimposing external appearance, placed at one side of the grounds. It is nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, eighteen in breadth, and about ten in height in the centre. Few of the orchidaceæ attain any great height, and it is more convenient and more beneficial to the plants, as well as more economical in heating, to have the roof as low as possible. And now, reader, you must be content to go with me carefully through this rich treasure-house. On entering, a singular impression is experienced—a breath of hot and humid air, loaded with a fragrance of the most delicate and charming sweetness, meets the visitor, filling his clothes and person with vapour at a most uncomfortable temperature. A few minutes relieve him by a profuse perspiration, and he is then enabled to look around him with comfort. The temperature of this house, which is devoted principally to the tropical orchids, in winter is about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. Under the influence of a meridian summer's sun, it has risen this year nearly to 100 degrees, a temperature much more comfortable to talk about than to experience. As we look down these long lines of fantastic vegetation, glorying under the beams of a burning sun, and wrapped in a bath of humid half-suffocative air, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to conceive ourselves translated to those tropical countries where nature at play laughs at the rules to which she succumbs in our own more temperate country. But a word or two, in a by-the-way manner, upon the peculiarities of orchideous plants, will render our sketch of them more intelligible and instructive to those unacquainted with their structure. Artificially, they are divisible into two classes—the terrestrial, which grow in or upon the soil; and the epiphytal, which grow upon the trunks or branches of trees, rocks, and stones. The latter are the most curious, from the fact that they derive their nourishment not from the soil, or as parasitical plants do from the sap of the trees on which they are found, but from the air. They have been called, from this peculiarity, 'air plants;' and present us with a phenomenon which was inexplicable until the researches of Liebig proved that plants, even growing in the soil, derive the principal portion of their solid constituent, wood, from the atmosphere. They extend long whitish roots abroad into the air, as other plants do into the earth, by which they derive their necessary food. It is an appearance well calculated to surprise the mind, to see great masses of vegetation, as are some of the plants before us, feeding and luxuriating in the atmosphere, the carbonic acid gas of which is their chief support. The general appearance and structure of orchids is a perfect anomaly. In their native countries they are to be found crawling over the trunks and branches of forest trees, climbing to their topmost boughs, and squatting just where the limbs are united to the parent trunk, where they drop down clusters of flowers, of which one is puzzled to say which is the most striking—their beauty, grotesque appearance, or exquisite fragrance. The flowers are, and have long been, the puzzle and admiration of every botanist. They do not contain stamens and a central style (as a

general rule), like ordinary flowers; but a circle of wild-looking sepals radiates around a something in the centre of the flower which supplies the place of these organs, and upon the nature of which much remains to be written and discovered. This central portion having once burst the trammels which should have united it to other flowers, runs riot into the most unaccountable forms, and assumes the most extraordinary appearances, of some of which it is not too much to say that they must be seen to be believed. Not the least of the peculiarities of orchids lies in their disposition to mimic many natural objects: there is scarcely any animate being to which the flowers are not comparable. With an artistic skill, to speak playfully, of the most ludicrous character, they imitate insects, lizards, frogs, birds, animals, and even the human 'face and form divine.' They are difficult plants to cultivate notwithstanding, but luxuriate most in the closest artificial approximation to their natural conditions. Great heat, a moist air, and shelter from the overpowering influence of a mid-day sun—their habitat being under a dense tropical foliage, where the heat fills the confined air with moisture—must not be forgotten, then, by the cultivator of these plants. Small specimens vary in price exceedingly, according to the species; from five to twenty guineas. For a long time to come, they must therefore remain the pets of the rich. But to return.

The prospect down the orchid house is exceedingly singular, the arrangement of its curious contents presenting a most picturesque appearance. Upon an elevated platform or bed, three feet high, in the centre of the conservatory, the plants preserved as specimens are placed, many of them of considerable size; and on each side, upon a shelf about four feet wide, the smaller plants intended for sale—a sufficient breadth for a walk being left on either side. From the roof depend five or six long rows of orchids, suspended in and upon different supports of the most unexpected nature. Many of these plants are in bloom successively at every period of the year. The vista thus formed will produce an impression on the memory of the visitor not soon to be forgotten. Masses of verdure spread here and there in the most luxuriant manner, now and then relieved by the lighter and livelier colours of a fantastic flower, which dangles in the air, or seems to fly from its parent to the farthest extremity of a long and delicate stalk, or modestly half hides itself, and peers with outlandish face from beneath the leaves; while some curious ferns and the Chinese pitcher-plants fill up the distance.

The arrangement of the plants is after the natural system, and each has a printed label inscribed with its correct botanical name, which greatly facilitates and lightens the work of exploration. The terrestrial orchids are placed in large flower-pots, filled with appropriate soil, these being put upon other empty pots, to secure the drainage; while the epiphytes, or air-plants, are all supported in the air, in a manner so diversified and curious, as to justify more than a casual remark. From this aërial peculiarity, it may be conjectured these plants afford opportunities for a display of taste and ingenuity to be found in few other kinds of plants: they are all hanging by wires and chains from the rafters of the conservatory, and though there are many hundreds of them, scarcely two are placed upon supports of the same appearance. Here is an iron flower-basket, hanging by a chain from the roof; the interior contains a little moss, in and around which many odd-looking rope-like roots weave themselves, while over its sides graceful foliage and wild flowers are drooping. There is a little elegant structure made of oyster shells, strung together basket-like, carrying a clump of peat, around which some new vegetable outrage displays itself; or there, a gaping oyster, full of damp moss, protects some delicate orchid, which revels in the warmth and wet. Then here are three pieces of cocoa-nut husk, wired together, bearing a new and splendid vegetation from their interior; or there again, a string sustains some easily-satisfied plant, which does well upon water and air, and flings out its roots recklessly all around; and lastly, here is a block of wood, which surely must have been cut, with the embracing orchid which covers it, from some thick Mexican forest; but beyond these are an infinitude of other orchids, scrambling over bits of branches and trunks, or bundles of fagots. This may suffice to illustrate the general design of such arrangements, and may perhaps afford a hint to those who are making collections of these plants. When in bloom, I can scarcely conceive more beautiful drawing-room ornaments: many would bear the removal in warm weather, without injury, until their beauty was gone.

They require an ample supply of water, which is afforded by an invention once peculiar to these conservatories—the 'showering pipes'—three of which run along the roof. They are perforated with very minute apertures, and when in operation, cover the plants with a shower of rain, more resembling a heavy mist than ordinary rain, being so gentle. Besides this, they fill the house with that moisture so essential to the well-being of the orchid tribe.

Of a few of the numbers of plants in flower at the period of my visit, I may shortly speak. They are curiosities which many who read this paper may never have the opportunity of inspecting. To such I would address what must, after all, prove a most inadequate notice of them. An air-plant, called the *Aërides crispum*, falls first under remark: it is a most chaste and elegant flower, coloured of a delicate white, streaked with purple; it pours forth the most exquisite fragrance, and mimics to the life the appearance—even to the head, beak, body, and wings—of a pelican about to pierce its breast. Near to this was a delicate native of the Indian islands, named the *Calanthe*. One species of it—I scarcely hope to be fully credited—displays the most remarkable imitation of a lord-chancellor's head and white wig. The most illiterate persons readily detect the resemblance to such an object; in fact, it was pointed out to us by one of the working men of the establishment. Another species of the same tribe is like a white dove bearing a little branch in its beak, as we see such birds painted in the works of the ancient masters. A showy flower, called the *Gongora maculata*, hung in clusters from a basket suspended from the roof. Our admiration exhausts itself in contemplating a flower like this; its exquisite wax-like texture, the sharply-defined purplish spots, which give it its name, and the strange similitude it bears to a bird hovering in the air, and about to plunge to the earth, are equally wonderful, equally eloquent of the faultless skill which displays itself in all the works of God. Near 'the lights' of the house, and growing upon a piece of oak plank, a splendid flower exhibited itself, of a blood-red colour, the brilliancy and depth of which exceed those of any other plant I have ever seen. It derives its name from this circumstance, and is called the *Broughtonia sanguinea*. It might be well termed the ruby orchid. Among the terrestrial plants, a monstrosity in violet attracts attention—a *Huntleya* from Demerara. This is a thick fleshy flower, of most anomalous structure, and bearing a profile likeness to the lower parts of an old man's face. There is an aquiline violet nose, the projecting chin and receding lips of senility, and, most singular of all, the chin draws down, and discloses a tongueless mouth, a yellow throat, and toothless gums! Several of the superb tribe, the *Cattleyas*, named after a late ardent admirer and cultivator of orchideous plants, were in full beauty, many of them emitting a fragrance which, added to their pre-eminent loveliness, makes them orchids of great esteem. One brilliant flower perfumed an area of many feet around it with a scent like verbena. The mimic powers are not confined to form, but extend also to the odour of other vegetable productions. Thus there is a dusky tiger-spotted plant, whose flower exhales a delicious smell like that of raspberries; another sad-coloured unhandsome flower, albeit of very graceful drooping inflorescence, possesses a scent precisely like that of the scented geranium. A Brazilian

plant, named the *Miltonia*, portrays in the centre of a gorgeous flower the half figure of a lady, with the ornament of a purple bonnet on her head. Near to it a fragrant epiphyte regales the senses with a cinnamon odour. Another singular plant puts forth, from either side of a flower-stalk resembling a leaf, a number of dusky little flowers. Last of all is the 'helmet-flower,' *Coryanthes macrantha*, a remarkable yellow and red flower, which has been compared to different objects—a part to folded bat's wings, and another part to a skeleton's head, and the vertebræ of the neck. In our opinion, it resembles more the wrinkled appearance of a turkey's craw. It is a native of Trinidad. So far of the flowers.

The specimen plants on the centre bed have, some of them, attained an extraordinary magnitude. The scented air-plant is six feet high, and looks more like a vast assemblage of cordage, interwoven in inextricable confusion, than a living and thriving vegetable. Some of its roots are twined around a great block of wood in the centre, and some cast abroad into the air in quest of food. The odour of this plant when in flower is so fragrant as to fill the house with perfume. In the months of July and August this conservatory presents a most interesting feature in the flowers of an immense orchid, which is the largest in it, called the dove flower-plant (*Peristeria elata*), a native of Panama. They strikingly resemble a dove just alighting, and have been hence gifted, by the superstitions of the people among whom it is found, with a title better forgotten than recorded. This great plant consists of hundreds of bulbs, and is placed in a large box. Its leaves are upwards of three feet long. The periphery of the whole plant cannot be less than twenty feet. The appearance of the aërial roots of the orchids in general is very peculiar, from their snake-like form and aspect. They are covered with a whitish cuticle, which often bristles with delicate, short, hair-like processes, whose office is probably analagous to that of the spongioles of terrestrial roots. The tip, being of newer material, and coloured sometimes green, red, or yellow, represents the serpent's head with, to me, a most unpleasant exactitude.

I must detain you, reader, still a little longer in this conservatory. At the end, on several pieces of plank, is to be seen that extraordinary curiosity, the 'stag's-head' plant. It is a plant which, clinging by what may be called the head of the stag to the board, puts forth two horn-like processes, in colour and configuration closely resembling the antlered head—memorial of some bygone hard chase—to be found adorning some country gentleman's hall. And, last of all, we must not pass by the greatest rarity in this country,

The *Chinese Pitcher-Plant.*—The Messrs Loddiges possess three or four magnificent specimens of this wonderful vagary of nature. Two of these are four or five feet high. They are surrounded by the lovely and luxuriant vegetation of a pretty little light-coloured Brazilian moss, upon which the tawny leaves of these strange plants repose. The plants had, when I saw them, seven or eight pitchers, hanging by the prolonged midrib of the leaf on every side of them, with their lids open. These plants are of very great pecuniary value, and were—I am uninformed as to whether they still remain—the only individuals of the kind in our country. The stem is erect, and of a brownish colour, and the leaves are long and spear-shaped; the end of the central rib being lengthened out, and sustaining the pitcher by being attached to the bottom of it. Were the pitcher cut off, and exhibited to any person unacquainted with the existence of such a vegetable structure, when he examined its rough, leathery, spotted exterior, its firm and rounded lip, so artificially marked in green and red, and its accurately-adapted lid, he would most probably unhesitatingly pronounce it to be an artificial production. A little sourish water, supposed to be secreted by the inner surface of the organ, is occasionally found in the pitcher. There are three varieties of this plant in this collection, differing principally in the shape of the pitcher. The botanical names are the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, *N. amphorophorea*, and *N. rafflesii*. From their well-known function and appearance, they are called 'pitcher-plants;' but in my irreverential imagination, the pitcher and its stalk look remarkably, in colour and shape, like a well-smoked meerschaum pipe.

This conservatory, in common with all the others, is heated by hot water. It is the most interesting of all the conservatories, and would well justify an account of treble this length, more particularly at a time like the present, when there is a rage after orchidaceous plants. Let us proceed into

The Palm Stove.—This is a singular building: the centre consists of an elliptic portion, at each side of which are slope-roofed conservatories; to the roof of the elliptical part it is forty-five feet in height; the building is about twice as long. It is entered from the orchid house, but the temperature is not quite so high or the air so oppressive as there. Some extraordinary members of the fern tribe occupy one of the sides, and demand, by their beauty and exotic aspect, their share of attention. Some of the leaves are of a beautiful rose colour, or are rendered singular by the dotted character which the 'spores' give to the under surface, or by the curious fact, that from the margins of some leaves young ferns are produced: these are called viviparous ferns. The botanist's attention will be drawn to the tree-ferns, which are exceedingly large and interesting, and are to be seen here in all the vigour of a native climate. Passing into the centre of the building, the mind is struck with a feeling almost of awe as we stand in the midst of the noble palm-trees which tower above. He must be apathetic, indeed, whose thoughts are not elevated in such a scene. With a cloudless sky above, and a fervid sun filling the place with lustre, one would feel transported—were it not for the artificial character of the great boards which wall in the roots of the trees—to the depths of some Brazilian forest, where the rich soil teems with vegetable life, and exhausts its wealth in the production of the great and strange trees which here surround us. It is one of the noblest collections of palm-trees in Europe.

The tallest palms occupy the centre; some of them are of a prodigious size, when we remember the difficulty of preserving such objects; and though, by the side of their gigantic kindred in hotter countries, these would look dwarfish and insignificant, to eyes like ours unaccustomed to such a spectacle they wear a most imposing appearance. The largest tree in the stove is a *Latania*, from the East India Islands; its height is upwards of forty feet; in fact, it is at present, much to the injury of the tree, flattening its great leaves against the topmost lights of the building. The stem of this lofty palm is brown and smooth, covered with a yellowish cuticle, which, midway up, breaks into a thick coating of fibres, like coarse hair, and gives the tree a singular aspect, increased by the presence of several orchids, which are scrambling over the trunk. It puts forth a beautiful plume of fan-like leaves at the summit. The box which holds its great roots is about ten feet in length by six in depth. This may give some idea of the size of the palm. Next to it in magnitude are two splendid trees of the *Pandanus*, or screw-pine tribe: it has received this title from the circumstance of the insertion of the leaves, in a spiral or corkscrew-like manner, up the stems of the trees. One of these, the *sweet-scented*, yields when in flower an exquisite fragrance, which has been repeatedly memorialised by the Sanscrit poets. In the centre also are several large palms, called *Acrocomiæ;* two of which are covered with sharp, tough, black, and long prickles, almost as strong as needles: I believe they are used by the natives of their country as needles. A singular tree, called the *Pandanus longifolius*, occupies a prominent position: it has a head like a vast pine-apple, upborn by a short and slender trunk, which grows *smaller*, inversely to the ordinary rule, as it approaches the earth.

The leaves of this tree are probably more than twelve feet in length, tough and leathery, and toothed like a saw.

Well did Linnæus call palms the princes of the vegetable world: the beautiful character of their crown of leaves amply justifies the title. Some of the leaves resemble vast fans. How pleasant the shadow of such trees in the burning lands where they are found! The palmetto, whose praise one of our own poets has sung, grows in great luxuriance here; and the light, polished, and graceful stem of the bamboo shoots aloft among a crowd of others. A beautiful tree, called the *Cycas revoluta*, yields one of the most valuable kinds of sago. The leaves of this tree are feathered, and about six feet long, springing in an elegant tuft from the summit of a short scaly stem. So highly is this tree valued, that the laws of Japan forbid its exportation: a small quantity of the sago produced by it contains a very large amount of nutrient matter. Another palm yields the well-known substance 'palm-oil:' it is a Guinean species, inhabiting that portion of West Africa. That beautiful tree, with the straight trunk and feathery crown of leaves, is one of the cocoa-nut tribe. It is singular that the roots of these trees bear up the trunk a few inches above the soil, leaving the *col* or neck exposed. The plumed cocoa-tree is most elegant. The species which yields the nut of commerce is the *Cocos nucifera:* it has not borne any fruit in this country. From the trunk of this tree a juice flows which forms the celebrated beverage called *toddy*. Near these is the *Areca*, or betel-nut tree, the narcotic properties of which are familiarly known. Then there is the singular pine called the *Pandanus candelabra*, from the strong resemblance it bears to a great chandelier, each branch dividing into two at its extremity. And twining like a gigantic snake around the boxes of the other palms, a singular tree, called the greater *Calamus*, is seen. It seems intended by nature that this tree should climb in a forest, as its branches or fronds are provided with reflected hooks, which would fasten them very securely to the trunks or branches of other trees.

The other side of this conservatory is occupied by many smaller palms, and some large specimens of a curious tribe of plants called the *Zamiæ*. The trunk of these trees is only a few inches in height, and has a most extraordinary appearance, from the fact of its bearing a large cone, from which springs a chaplet of feathered leaves. These trees yield, from a portion of their stem, some of the finest kinds of arrowroot. Near to them are several of the banyan, or plantain fruit-trees, botanically, the *Musa;* the broad leaves of which, in their native climates, are used for thatching houses; while the fruit is exceedingly palatable and nutritious; and from the fibres of the stem a flax is procured, which is manufactured into the finest Indian muslins. The tree has borne fruit in this collection. So concludes a cursory sketch of a few of the noble occupants of this building, of which Dr Von Martius, in a poetic enthusiasm, wrote that they were 'the offspring of Phœbus and Terra.' A more useful race of vegetable productions for the purposes of mankind does not exist. When we reflect upon the multiplicity of their produce —wine, oil, wax, flour, sugar, thread, needles, weapons, and utensils—we can scarcely wonder at the learned traveller's raptures.

Some large baskets, containing the magnificent class of orchids called *Stanhopæas*, hung from the roof of the house. Their peculiarity consists in the production of their flowers from their roots, which are of a large size, and beautiful texture and colouring. It was singular to see them dangle above one's head; more singular to remember the simple dietary—sunshine and rain—of such extraordinary creatures.

Passing from the palm stove, we enter long ranges of conservatories, devoted to a few of the rarer plants requiring stove temperature. Let us give a passing remark to these. The *Laurus cinnamomum* is the cinnamon-tree; its young leaves are of a delicate rose colour, passing into green as they grow older. The plant possesses a balmy fragrance, in comparison with which its distilled oils, &c. are positively nauseous. Further on is the clove-tree—*Caryophyllus aromaticus:* next it the Arabian coffee-tree, and several of the trees supposed to yield caoutchouc, or India-rubber. Beyond is the mango-tree—*Mangifera indica;* the nutmeg-tree—*Myristica moschata;* the pepper tribe, the sandalwood-tree, the tamarind, the Assam tea-tree, and the *Theobroma cacao*, which yields the cocoa, used as a beverage.

From hence we are led into a long, low-roofed orchid house, principally containing the extra-tropical orchids. I have dwelt upon this subject at such length, that I forbear mentioning more than the two following flowers, whose peculiarity protests against silence. They are of the *Oncidium* tribe. The flowers of the first exhaled a most sweet fragrance, and bore in their centre the image of a lady's face, surrounded by a white cap; the second had the same feature, with the strange addition of a purple stomacher and a white petticoat below!

This takes us into the greenhouses, where we find the green and bohea tea-trees, very ordinary-looking shrubs, thriving in almost Chinese luxuriance. Several members of the aloe tribe, including the great American; the camphor-tree, a profusion of orange and lemon trees just forming their fruit, varieties of the heaths, the indigo plant, lobelias, magnolias, olive-trees, beautiful fuchsias, thunbergias, and hundreds more as curious and rare, only to enumerate which would be to fill many of these pages. Let me mention that the Botanical Cabinet, a work of twenty thick quarto volumes, by the Messrs Loddiges, containing an account and illustrations of the rarer plants in their collection, does not now comprise half the contents of these wealthy conservatories and grounds.

The *Camellia House* succeeds to these—a large structure of the curvilinear construction, containing many most superb specimens of this esteemed family; and when these are in bloom, during March and April, the spectacle is beautiful in the extreme. At this period the conservatories are crowded with visitors, who, unfortunately, are not always content with being permitted to view, but too frequently are guilty of appropriating some of the most beautiful flowers within reach.

A small detached conservatory is the last we shall review. This is the most tropical, as far as temperature is concerned, of all the conservatories, and contains two great slate cisterns, in which hot water circulates, and above which, in damp sawdust, the plants are placed. Some of the most curious of all the orchids are found here—the swan-plants, or *Cyanoches*. Their flowers most closely resemble a swan; the body, tail, and wings are only surpassed in verisimilitude by the swan-like arched neck which springs from the centre, producing an appearance exactly like that of a swan bending back its neck to peck at its wings. The mangostana-tree, which bears the celebrated mangosteen fruit, is also here. This is reputed to be the most delicious of all known fruits. Ferns, palms, and orchids of the burning regions luxuriate here.

Two singularities detain us still. In a corner of the greenhouse stands a great block of wood, furrowed over in an extraordinary manner, of a brown colour, hard texture, and conical shape. Our first impression is, that it is some new design for the support of an epiphyte. It is not. What can it be? At the top, two delicate little branches spring out, which are just about to put forth leaves. It is the 'elephant's foot,' or the *Testudinaria*. For twenty years this sluggish thing has not been known to alter in size or appearance. In its own country, it is found on rocks and barren places, careless of terrestrial food. Altogether, it is an anomaly. The question of its age is one which occurs with great force when its tortoise-like manner of living is considered.

My last subject for memorial is a greenhouse plant, called by its French discoverer the *Napoleona*. It was found in Sierra Leone. When in flower, it displays the tricolor on a little rosette, prettily marked with the cele-

brated colours blue, red, and white. The enthusiastic patriot discovered his country's flag emblematised even by nature! and our neighbours are now seized with a perfect mania for the plant. Surely it deserves to be adopted as a national plant henceforward.

After two long days, I had not, I suppose, seen half the contents of these conservatories; and, after all, how minute a portion does the whole constitute of that exhaustless treasure which enriches our globe! I have felt it strongly impressed upon my mind that, during this time, I have been holding converse, not with inanimate, insensate creatures, but with beings which delighted in the tender care which fed them, and exhibited their gratitude in language unintelligible only to those who have no hearts to open, and no ears to give to such things. It is an impression I should be sorry to have effaced.

THE PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF C. RICHOMME.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of August 1769; the bells of the old cathedral of Ajaccio were ringing a full peal, for it was the Feast of the Assumption; and the inhabitants, in holiday garb, were hastening to the church. Seated near the window of a house in St Charles Street were two men, whose abstracted air showed that their minds were far from the scene upon which their eyes seemed fixed in apparent observation of the picturesque costume of the passing crowd. One of them was an old man, in the garb of an ecclesiastic, with noble features, and a profusion of long white hair. Few could gaze on that venerable form without involuntary respect. The other was in the prime of life, of lofty stature and martial bearing, with a countenance strikingly expressive of great energy of character. His attire was that of a gentleman of good family.

'So you see, Bonaparte,' said the old man, at length breaking silence, 'you must give up this foolish notion of emigrating. I say nothing of the wretched life you would lead in England, far from your country and your friends. I would rather remind you of interests sacred, dear to your heart, inevitably compromised by such a step. To quit Corsica would be to complete the ruin of already shattered fortunes, and to reduce your family to utter poverty.'

'What can be worse,' replied the other vehemently, 'than to live upon our native soil, enslaved as it is?'

'I comprehend and respect your grief, Charles. Believe me, it is with little short of despair I see Corsica in the power of the French. But we have all done our duty, we have fought for many a long year in the sacred cause of liberty, and it was not till after a hard struggle that we yielded to numerical weight. We have now but to resign ourselves to the inscrutable decrees of Providence. Tranquillity is re-established, and God will doubtless yet have pity on our unhappy country, and restore it to prosperity. Remain amongst us, Charles; the interests of your family demand it. Besides, why may you not be still useful to Corsica; you, one of its most honoured sons?'

'Paoli has been obliged to quit his country in order to escape persecution. Will the French, think you, spare his faithful companion in arms?'

'You have nothing to fear on that head, Bonaparte: the time of proscription is past. But even should they attempt to molest you, I flatter myself the Archdeacon Lucien has influence enough to make you respected.'

The old man who spoke—the Archdeacon Lucien, a man of great talent, and highly esteemed in the country—was a member of the ancient and illustrious family of the Bonapartes, which had left Italy to settle in Corsica about the middle of the fifteenth century. His relative and friend, Charles Marie Bonaparte, was then the head of the family. Full of courage and energy, he had struggled to the last for the national independence. It is well known that the Genoese, driven out from Corsica, had several times applied to the French to aid them in maintaining possession of the island; but the Corsicans, under the command of a very superior man, Pascal Paoli, repelled every attack, and, after a war of nearly thirty years, the republic of Genoa, weary of the murderous contest, left to France its pretended conquest. This took place in July 1763. Paoli refused to submit to this foreign yoke; and Chauvelin, who came at the head of twelve thousand men to take possession of the island in the name of the king, Louis XV., was completely defeated. But the Count de Vaux landed with thirty thousand soldiers, and, after a heroic resistance, Corsica was subjugated, and reunited to France in the first month of the year 1769, under the command of a governor, the Count de Marbœuf. Paoli took refuge in England. Charles Bonaparte had powerfully aided the illustrious general, whose secretary he was, being ever by his side throughout the whole of the last campaign, together with his young wife, Letitia Ramoline. He had returned to the home of his fathers, in Ajaccio, a short time before the conversation which we have just repeated.

Bonaparte rose, and was pacing the room, casting now and again melancholy glances upon his good sword, which was suspended over the book-case, and already covered with dust. Suddenly a great bustle seemed to arise in the house—exclamations, hurryings to and fro, and at last a maid-servant made her appearance. 'Well, Catharine,' said Bonaparte, 'what has happened? Is the house on fire?'

'My mistress,' said the almost breathless woman, 'was brought home from church ill. We were going to call you when she brought into the world a fine boy, who is as well as you or I.'

At the instant the clock struck twelve. Bonaparte, with a face beaming with delight, and his eyes full of tears, threw himself into the arms of the archdeacon.

'Let us go see the mother and child,' said the old man. 'Well, Charles, what say you now to going to England?'

Madame Letitia had already two children—a boy, Joseph, and a girl named Elisa. According to an old family usage, the new-born infant received the name of Napoleon; that name, now so celebrated, being given to the youngest son of the family, in honour of one of his ancestors, Napoleon Ursini, distinguished for his prowess and military talent. The little Napoleon was not baptised till he was two years old, on the 21st of July 1771—a delay of not unfrequent occurrence in Corsica. The large marble font in which he received the baptismal waters is still to be seen in the cathedral of Ajaccio.

'Poor child,' said the father as he returned from the ceremony, 'what destiny is reserved for thee, thus born when thy country is ruined!'

'When we have two houses, the rain gets into one,' says an old Corsican proverb. At this period of simple and patriarchal manners, the noblest families of the island were satisfied with a town-house; but the greater number of them had a small farm-house. That of Bonaparte, surrounded with vines and olives, situated not far from Ajaccio, was called the Metellé.

One fine day in April, a young woman of striking beauty sat at her needlework under the shade of an old oak.* It was Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Around her, on the verdant turf, were her children sporting in merry gambols, little dreaming that they were one day to be kings and queens. The good mother lifted her head occasionally from her work to smile upon her little ones. Suddenly a dispute arose amongst the childish group, and maternal interference became necessary.

* A traveller of very recent date mentions that this oak, under which Napoleon so often rested, is still to be seen.

'What is the matter, Joseph?' said Madame Bonaparte.

'Mamma, it is naughty Napoleon, who wants to break the cannon my uncle gave him.'

'What put such a thought into his head? Come here, Napoleon. Will you tell me why you want to destroy your plaything?'

Napoleon came forward, with head erect, in conscious innocence. He was then about eight years old; his black hair, his complexion embrowned by the sun, and his sparkling eyes, gave a peculiar character to his intelligent countenance: he was little for his age, but well-built and stout, and of a robust constitution.

'I do not want to break the cannon,' said he; 'I only want to take it to pieces, to see how it is made;' and he looked up at his mother triumphantly.

'That is not a bad idea,' said Madame Bonaparte; 'but, however, in attempting it you may spoil the toy, or lose some part of it. If you are so curious to examine the mechanism of the cannon, beg of your father to take it to pieces for you, for he will be able to settle it all right again. Meanwhile, that you may not yield to the temptation, and disobey me, you had better give me the toy.'

Napoleon complied with rather bad grace; but his good-humour soon returned when he perceived his nurse, Saveria,* approaching with a rush-basket, in which was a quantity of broccio (cheese made of curdled milk). Notwithstanding her ugliness, amounting almost to hideousness, Saveria was idolised by the children, especially by Napoleon, by whom she made herself at once feared and loved.

'Here, my children,' said the good woman; 'see what my husband has just brought you. You may eat as much as you like.'

The feast was soon over, and the little boisterous guests went off to thank the old peasant, who so often brought them nice things. Napoleon returned to his mother quite out of breath.

'Mamma,' said he, 'my foster-father is going back to his home; will you allow me to go with him—he will bring me home the day after to-morrow?'

'You forget, my child, that to-morrow is Easter-day, and that we are to set off this evening to Ajaccio. Would you not like to be present at the blessing of our house,† and to dine afterwards with your grand-uncle Lucien?'

'But I will be home in two days.'

'You cannot leave us to-day; another time, perhaps, I will allow you to take this little excursion.'

This prohibition made the little Napoleon very angry; he turned pale with passion, and, stamping with a most determined air, he said, 'But I will go with my foster-father, and I will not go to Ajaccio!'

Madame Bonaparte gave him a look of the greatest astonishment; then resuming her work, said quietly, 'Go, then; I will not prevent you; but you are going contrary to my wish.'

These simple words at once calmed the little rebel. With downcast head and tearful eyes he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying, in a voice broken with sobs, 'Pardon me, dear mother, I will never disobey you any more.'

Madame Letitia had the greatest power over Napoleon, who tenderly loved her. This superior woman devoted herself to the education of her children with a zeal as remarkable for its rare judiciousness as for its devotedness. Never did woman better discharge the duties of wife and mother. To great good sense, and an elevated mind, she united extraordinary energy of character. Resigned in misfortune, prosperity never dazzled her. In the midst of the triumphs of Napoleon, when her children were dividing amongst themselves the thrones of Europe, she let fall this characteristic expression, 'Who knows but that one day I may be obliged to give bread to all these kings!'

In this simple rural life Napoleon acquired that robust constitution and those hardy habits which enabled him in after-life to support the fatigues of war. Restless, lively, and agile, he passed the greater part of his time in roaming through the *makis*, or along the picturesque vine-clad plains in the neighbourhood of Ajaccio. Dressed in a little *pelone* (a mantle of goat-skin, with a hood to it), and a stout stick in his hand, he went with his brother Joseph to hunt for blackbirds' nests, or to get the old shepherds to tell him the national legends, in which his lively imagination delighted. These rambles, and going to look at the reviews of the French troops in the Allée Marbœuf, engrossed him much more than the lessons in reading and writing given him by his uncle, the Abbé Fesch (who was made cardinal under the Empire), and the good old priest named Antonio Duracci. Thus did the future emperor pass his first years. I regret to have to tell, for the sake of those who are reluctant to believe in the commonplace prosaic childhood of great men, that Napoleon did nothing extraordinary in his infancy. 'I was nothing,' said he of himself, 'but an obstinate and curious child.'*

The Bonaparte family are all assembled in the principal apartment of their house in Ajaccio, and have gathered round the fire, it being the month of December. M. Bonaparte seemed depressed and languid; he had already in him the germs of the fatal disease which was destined to carry him off some years after; but his spirits appeared to revive as he contemplated the peaceful and patriarchal group before him. By his side is the venerable archdeacon; Napoleon and his elder brother are quietly peeling some large oranges of Aregno, and dividing them in flakes amongst their little sisters. A little in the background is Madame Letitia, nursing a late addition to her numerous family—the future king of Holland. At the lower end of the room Saveria is laying the table for supper.

'Are you not going to Corté one of these days, Bonaparte?' said the archdeacon.

'I am not quite sure; it depends, you know, upon a certain answer.'

'Will you not take me with you, papa?—and me?—and me?' cried all the children at once.

'If I go, I shall probably take Napoleon and Lucien; I wish to show them the house of Gaffori.'

'Gaffori!' said Napoleon; 'was he not a relation of ours?'

'No, my son,' said M. Bonaparte, taking the boy upon his knee; 'we are not fortunate enough to reckon him in the number of our ancestors. Gaffori—and never forget the name!—was a man who, with the illustrious Paoli, deserved well of his country. He was practising as a physician when, in 1750, our countrymen, once more rising against their tyrants, named him as one of the three chiefs elected under the title of "Protectors of the Country." Gaffori received orders to march upon Corté, his native town, and to drive from it the stranger. He succeeded, and the Genoese garrison was forced back into the castle: but in the retreat, the commander had carried off Gaffori's child, and he announced to our brave countryman that his attacking the fortress should

* Saveria died about fifteen years ago, in the house of Madame Letitia, at Rome, and her little abode at Ajaccio is still standing. Napoleon always retained his attachment for his old nurse. He sent for her to the Tuileries upon his coronation, and made her a present of L'Esposata, the first vine of Corsica, which had, for a long term of years, belonged to the Bonaparte family. Napoleon speaks somewhere of a nurse, Mammusica Catherina, who used to have continual disputes with his grandmother: perhaps she is the same person.

† Every year at Easter, according to an Italian custom introduced into Corsica, every proprietor has his house blessed by the pastor.

* It has been the fashion to represent Napoleon as an extraordinary child. Indeed, if we credit a late historian, Napoleon must have been a little phenomenon; for, according to him, the precocious child, at seven or eight years old, appreciated the beauties of Corneille, and could read the tragedy of Nicomedes fluently, without knowing a word of French. It is thus history is written!

be the signal for the death of his son. Gaffori did not the less warmly press his assault, and the wretch bound his young prisoner—a pretty boy between four and five months old—upon that part of the rampart the most exposed to the fire of the assailants. A cry of horror rises from the Corsican ranks; they lower their carabines. How could they fire upon a poor innocent babe—upon the son of their general? Gaffori turns pale at the horrid sight, and cold dews are upon his forehead; but soon he recovers his self-possession. The taking of the fort is absolutely necessary; the unhappy father feels that all must be sacrificed to his country; and, calling upon his God to interpose for him, he gives the signal for attack. A heavy discharge of musketry was kept up on both sides; but at length victory declared in favour of the Corsicans; the fort is taken.'

'And the child?' said Napoleon in almost breathless agitation.

'The child escaped by a miracle from apparently inevitable death, and still lives to bear, I trust worthily, the name of his father. Poor Gaffori! he was perfidiously assassinated by the Genoese three years after. His wife, too, had almost incredible courage. She was at Corté* when news was brought to her of the insurrection, and the march of Gaffori upon the town. The Genoese would have seized upon a hostage so valuable, to make use of it as they had done in the case of the poor infant; but Madame Gaffori collected some friends in her little abode, and defended herself there for several days, till the arrival of her husband to her rescue. The evening before, many of her companions, worn out in the dreadful struggle, spoke of surrender. The heroic woman had a powder cask placed in a lower room, and seizing a lighted match, threatened to set fire to it if they did not hold out. If we go to Corté, I will show you the house, Napoleon; your mother and I occupied it some time before our return home; you can see the marks of the Genoese balls still in the front of the house.'

M. Bonaparte had scarcely ceased speaking, when Saveria gave him a letter, which he hastily perused.

'God be praised!' he exclaimed.

'What is the tidings?' said Madame Letitia.

'My love, I am informed of my appointment as deputy of the noblesse of the Corsican dominions. This must take me to Paris; and M. de Marbœuf tells me that I may have hopes of a nomination for Napoleon to the school at Brienne, and for Elisa at the school of St Cyr. You know that the government has taken upon it the gratuitous education in France of four hundred Corsican children?'

'You did not tell me of your having made any application, Bonaparte?'

'It was useless, while uncertain of success. But the governor seems greatly interested in Napoleon, whom he thinks most promising. In a few days I will set out for France with the two children. The separation is painful, I know and feel, but it is necessary. Our little property, though so well-managed by our good Lucien, barely suffices for the support of the family. We shall henceforth be freed from the expense of the education of one boy and girl.'

'Letitia,' said the archdeacon, 'cannot but approve of the step we have taken. I am not at all apprehensive about Napoleon's future prospects. If I have judged him rightly, that child will be the artificer of his own fortunes; he will be the head of the family. But no time must be lost in giving him a good education; and notwithstanding all his mother's care, he cannot get it here. He is now more than nine years old, and he does not know a word of French, and hardly knows how to write, in spite of the pains taken with him by poor Duracci.'

In this respect Napoleon never improved very much. His orthography always left much to be desired, and he wrote an almost illegible hand. In the first days of the Empire a poor man demanded an audience. 'Who are you?'

'Sire, I have had the honour of giving lessons in writing to your majesty for fifteen months at the school of Brienne.'

'And a fine pupil you had in me—I cannot compliment you much upon him;' and he granted him a pension.

'Be it as you will,' said Madame Bonaparte, who implicitly followed in everything the advice of the archdeacon. 'I will go prepare the wardrobe of these two dear ones.'

On the 15th of December 1778 Madame Letitia and the Abbé Fesch ascended to the top of the Greek church, whence they had a view of the whole gulf, and followed, with tearful eyes, the vessel that carried into France M. Bonaparte, Napoleon, and the young Elisa. Napoleon saw not his mother nor Corsica again till 1792, and then he was a captain of artillery. After remaining some time at the college of Autun, where, at a later period, his brothers Joseph and Lucien were educated, he entered the royal military school of Brienne on the 23d April 1779, at the age of nine years and a half.

Here ends our task. From the period of his going to Brienne, the history of Napoleon is well known. Who does not remember the game of snow-balls, and so many other anecdotes, now become popular? His biographers have left nothing untouched but his early childhood: the details I have given are accurately true. To adulterate history, even by the most harmless fiction, is to profane it.

* A small town about twelve leagues from Ajaccio, where is yet to be seen the embrasure to which the infant boy was bound.

THE CHETHAM LIBRARY AND ITS SHOW OF CURIOSITIES.

The public library founded at Manchester College by Humphrey Chetham is the great attraction in Manchester to a bookish man. It is the only library in the kingdom in which every person has the liberty of unlicensed reading. It is open to the public daily, from nine in the morning till one, and from two till five in the afternoon, except in the interval from October to Easter, when it is closed at four o'clock. Any one who chooses, whether resident or not, on going to Chetham's Library, and requiring to read, is requested by the sub-librarian to write his name and address in a book kept for that purpose, and having done this, he is at liberty to read on that and every other day in a room provided with requisites for writing. In 1791, a catalogue of the collection of books and manuscripts was printed in two octavo volumes; and in 1826, a third volume, containing subsequent additions. Several of the manuscripts are exceedingly curious; the printed books are, in general, the best works in history, philosophy, and science, with good editions of the classics. The liberality which has provided and thrown open to unrestricted use so vast a library, is without example. In a gallery which leads to the library there is a collection of what formerly were deemed 'curiosities.' This is shown and described to visitors who desire it for a trifling acknowledgment. The boys of the college are exhibitors in turn, and, except perhaps to natives of Lancashire, the show-boy is the greatest curiosity. With a loud voice, and in a dialect and intonation so peculiar as to be indescribable, the boy directs the attention of the rustic and genteel alike to the objects he exhibits. Happily, of what he says there exists a report, which, however seemingly ludicrous, is literally faithful. As soon as the show-boy enters the gallery of curiosities, he points at the articles, and describes them as follows:—'That's the skeleton of a man—that's a globe—that's a telescope—that's a snake—over the snake's back's two watch bills—those are four ancient swords—that with a white haft wonst belonged to General Wolfe—that's the whip that the snake was kilt with—that topmost's a crocodile—that bottomst's an alligator—that boot wonst belonged to Queen Elizabeth—that's an Indian pouch—that's an ancient stiletto—that's part of Humphrey Chetham's armour—that with the white face is a monkey—under the monkey's a green lizard—side o' the monkey's a porpus' skull—under the porpus' skull's an alligator—under the alligator's a turtle—those bows and arrows belonged to the Indians—that's a porpus' head—those are various

kinds of adders, worms, snakes, fishes, and venomous creatures—that Albino piece was taken from the dead body of a Frenchman that was killed at the battle of Waterloo, that was fought in the year eighteen hundert and fifteen——those are a pair of eagles' claws—that arrow belonged to one o' the legions that fought under the Duke of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth Field, in the year 1485, when King Richard the Third, king of England, was slain—those arrows wonst belonged to Robin Hood—that's a sea-hen—that's a sea-weed—that's a unicorn fish—that's part of an Indian's skull—that's the top part of it—that's part of Oliver Cromwell's stone and tankard—those balls are took out of a cow—that's part of a loadstone—those two pieces of wood was almanacks before printing was found out—that's a hairy man—under the hairy man's a speaking-trumpet—side o' the speaking-trumpet's a shark's jawbone—that that's leaning 'gainst the speaking-trumpet's Oliver Cromwell's sword—that's a leathern bag—side o' the leathern bag's two cokey-nut shells—side o' the cokey-nut shells's a porpus' skull—side o' the porpus' skull's a pumpkin—side o' the pumpkin's an American cat—over the pumpkin's a turtle—side o' the turtle's a sea-weed—that top one's a crocodile—under the crocodile's an alligator—under the alligator's a woman's clog that was split by a thunderbolt, and hoo wasn't hurt—side o' the crocodile's tail's a sea-hen—side o' the sea-hen's a Laplander's snow-shoe—*that in a box is the skeleton of a nightingale!*' At the termination of this account, it is usual for the show-boy to enter the reading-room with his company, and, to the annoyance of readers, point out, with the same loud, showmanlike voice, the portraits of Chetham the founder, and certain other worthies of Manchester, long since deceased, not forgetting an old inlaid oak table. In conclusion, he claims attention to the figure of a cock carved in wood as the last curiosity, by saying, 'This is the cock that crows when he smells roast beef.' Many of the country people are far greater 'curiosities' to a bystander than any in the collection they come to see. They view all with gravity and solemn surprise, and evidently with a conviction that they are at length witnessing some of the most wonderful wonders of the world.—*Hone's Year-Book.*

PEELER, THE DOG OF THE POLICE.

During the recent investigation relative to the manner in which the policeman came by his death at Kingstown, a little active and inquisitive dog of the Labradore breed was seen from time to time during each day running in and out of the room, as if he took a personal interest in the inquiry. The dog was admired, and a gentleman in the police establishment was asked to whom it belonged. 'Oh,' said he, 'don't you know him? We thought every one knew Peeler, the dog of the police.' The gentleman then proceeded to give the interrogator the history of this singular dog. It appeared from the story that, a few years ago, poor little Peeler tempted the canine appetite of a Mount St Bernard, or Newfoundland dog, and was in peril of being swallowed up by him for a luncheon, when a policeman interposed, and, with a blow of his baton, levelled the assailant, and rescued the assailed. From that time Peeler has united his fortunes with those of the police: wherever they go, he follows; whether pacing with measured tread the tedious 'beat,' or engaged in the energetic duty of arresting a disturber of the public peace. He is a self-constituted general-superintendent of the police, visiting station after station, and after he has made his observations in one district, wending his way to the next. He is frequently seen to enter a third-class carriage at the Kingstown Railway, get out at Black Rock, visit the police station there, continue his tour of inspection to Booterstown, reach there in time for the train as before, and go on to Dublin to take a peep at the 'metropolitans;' and having satisfied himself that 'all is right,' return by an early evening train to Kingstown. He sometimes takes a dislike to an individual, and shuns him as anxiously as he wags his tail at the approach and frisks about the feet of another for whom he has a regard. There is one man in the force for whom he has this antipathy; and a day or two ago, seeing him in 'the train,' he left the carriage and waited for the next, preferring a delay of half an hour to such company; and when the bell rang, with the eagerness with which protracted joy is sought, he ran to his accustomed seat in 'the third-class.' His partiality for the police is extraordinary: wherever he sees a man in the garb of a constable, he expresses his pleasure by walking near him, rubbing against, and dancing about him; nor does he forget him in death, for he was at his post at the funeral of Daly, the policeman, who was killed in Kingstown. He is able to recognise a few in plain clothes, but they must have been old friends of his. Wherever he goes he gets a crust, a piece of meat, a pat on the head, or a rub down upon his glossy back, from the hand of a policeman; and he is as well known amongst the body as any man in it. We have heard of the dog of Montargis, the soldier's dog, the blind beggar's dog, and the dog of the monks of St Bernard, and been delighted by stories of their fidelity and sagacity, but none are more interesting than Peeler, the dog of the police, 'whose heart enlarged with gratitude to one, grows bountiful to all.'—*Saunders's News-Letter, Sept.* 1846.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Oh saftly sleep, my bonnie bairn,
Rocked on this breast o' mine—
The heart that beats sae sair within,
Will not awaken thine.
Lie still, lie still, ye cankered thochts,
That such late watches keep,
And if ye break the mother's rest,
Yet let the baby sleep!

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn,
Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mammy's ee.
Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,
Lest on my bairn ye dreep;
And break in silence, waefu' heart,
And let my baby sleep!

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

'It moves for all that!' This exclamation of Galileo, when he signed his compulsory recantation of the heresy respecting the revolution of the earth, must continually recur to the advocates of new truths when suffering under that prescription of the self-constituted inquisition of that great majority of society who are under the dominion of ignorance or interest. 'It moves for all that.' Nature will not be moulded according to men's prejudices or passions. A truth remains a truth, though all the world agree to call it a lie; and error is not the less error, though every learned body in Christendom certify to its veracity. Hypotheses and theories may be talked about and fought about as long as we will, and then we shall be as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever. The strongest party may extirpate the weakest by sword and fagot, and so triumph, and the beaten doctrine will die with its apostles, and be forgotten. But it is not so with science, which is a question of *fact*, to be resolved by evidence, not by argument or fisty-cuffs. The fact *is*, even if there be not one human eye to see, one human mind to give credence; vain is the attempt to disprove it by a show of argument, or by pronouncing it impossible. We who have lived to conduct conversations with our friends fifty miles apart, question and answer conveyed in a minute—who travel two hundred miles in four hours, and see shadows caught and fixed indelibly on plates of hard metal—have no right, *a priori*, to pronounce anything impossible that is not contradictory in terms or mathematically absurd. Fools only will venture now to deny any facts asserted by men of veracity, as the result of their observations of nature, on the single ground that they are strange, inexplicable, or without the range of ordinary experience. The same sources of knowledge are open to all. He who would deny, must first qualify himself to do so by actual investigation. No other answer will suffice than this: 'I have sought diligently, but I could not find.' Other weapons may be resorted to; old faiths may seek to clamour down the new facts, by abusing their believers. Their success will be but temporary. The facts will survive.—*Critic.*

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

There is no retrograde march in life; we either mount or descend. Reader! in which class art thou numbered?—*Hytche.*

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THE DIGNITY OF NON-COMPLAINT.

One cannot help admiring the spirit of the man who, on being asked if he had not been complaining lately, answered, 'I have been ill, but I never complain.' It were of course too stoical to be amiable, if one were to determine *never* to complain. Our social feelings go against so extreme a resolution, and announce that, as it is right to give sympathy, so it cannot be wrong, under proper circumstances, to ask it. But certainly it *is* only in special circumstances and relations that complaint is allowable or politic.

It is obvious enough that what makes complaint in most instances injudicious is, that it is apt to excite something besides or apart from sympathy; namely, pity, which is always a sentiment looking down from a high place to a low one. The power, force, self-helpfulness of the object, all that tends to create the common kind of respect, is derogated by this feeling; and the transition to contempt is often fatally easy. Whereas he who bears without complaining, or making any demand on sympathy, is unavoidably held to possess some peculiar impregnability of character allied to the higher powers of our nature; and though there is often something fearful in the contemplation of sufferings unacknowledged, we cannot help looking on with a certain kind of reverence. It is doubtless well that all this should be so; for is not all fortune to be overcome by enduring? That is to say, is not this enduring just an appointed means of adjusting ourselves to all the contingencies of Providence?

The allowableness of complaint is determined by circumstances and relations. We may complain in the presence of those who, we know, take an interest in us, with less risk than we can in other company. We may more allowably complain of a common wo of humanity, than of some special personal evil. A man would not care to fret about a pricked finger to his wife, while the savage suffers unimaginable pains at the stake with an unmoved countenance; he

> ——— 'may not stain with grief
> The death-song of an Indian chief.'

To have been the victim of an influenza, may be spoken of freely and dolorously, within moderate bounds; but it is different if we are only recovering from an affront or a slight, where our own self-respect was alone concerned, because *there* sympathy comes less freely, if at all, or is liable to be mixed with no very reverential feeling. It is from a sense of this philosophy that those who complain about any personal vexation usually endeavour to take from its egotistic character by allying it to a public cause. 'It is my turn to be slighted or slandered to-day—it may be yours to-morrow.' Or, 'Such attacks—though I care nothing for them myself—are reprehensible on general grounds.' And so forth. But such efforts are, in reality, a confession that there is something felt to be weak and unworthy, generally speaking, in complaint. Man has a latent unconfessed sense that (allowing for just exceptions) he has no proper right to call attention to anything affecting himself alone, and that it is best to hush such affairs in the darkness of his own bosom.

If a mercantile man finds his acceptance declined at a bank, or an order upon some distant correspondent politely refused, he does not rush upon 'Change to proclaim the grievance, knowing very well that such conduct would not tend to the improvement of his credit. It would be wrong for him even to complain to the bank or the correspondent. Policy directs that he should appear perfectly at ease under the refusal in either case, or, at the most, observe a dignified silence on the subject. It may thus come to pass that the other party will in time presume that possibly it might not have been so far amiss to discount that bill or comply with that order. At the very least, matters are made no worse. How far such policy squares with a very nice morality, I will not stop to consider; but, assuredly, the system of non-complaint is the best calculated to favour the objects of the merchant in his professional existence: as mere policy, it is perfect. So, also, one never hears a young lady complain of such a calamity as the loss of a front tooth. That is a matter between herself and her dentist. Complaint on the subject to any but that confidential adviser would only aggravate the evil. These are typical cases, bearing with unusual force upon the question; but no one to whom they are mentioned can be at a loss to see how the philosophy of non-complaint may be applied in other instances.

Take, for example, the man of art; that is, the man who, by the chisel, the brush, the pen, or the use of his brain and fingers for the production of music, works out results for the gratification and improvement of his fellow-creatures. If such a man finds his works neglected, will it improve his case to complain? Assuredly not. He may imagine there is some accidental or mischievous cause for the neglect, instead of his own deficiency of merit. But such suppositions, if expressed, only bring down ridicule upon his head. He may be severely handled by critics; but to complain of this, or attempt to put in something in arrest of judgment, or to retort upon the judge, can only injure him further with the public, as showing him in the humiliating light of one who suffers. The true policy, be assured, is that of the merchant whose bill has been handed back undiscounted—not to say a single word or look one look about the matter. The late Mr William Hazlitt, with his unquestionable powers of mind, was sadly deficient in this wisdom. Some of his writings, as, for example, his *Essay on the Jealousy and Spleen of Party*, betray

a pitiable sensitiveness to the little rubs and slights of life; soreness about criticism, vexation about the superior social *éclat* of other literary labourers—'raw' all over. Such conduct is a voluntary giving up of the dignity which the public must inevitably associate with the names of all who have written *tellingly* in whatever way; it is to sit down with greater humiliation than even enemies are in general inclined to impute. Suppose there were real ill-usage and some little actual bad consequences from it, well—minimise the evil by absorbing it in the woolpack of silence, and you will soon recover your proper position in spite of it. But to whimper, or scold in return, or in anyway admit that you have been galled—oh, how it does the very thing the enemy aims at—what a suicide it is! And self-murder is the only way by which moral death comes to any man.

Perhaps the ultimate source of the good to be derived from non-complaint is its convenience to the general interest. Every one has his own woes; it is not, therefore, surprising that few feel aggrieved by hearing little of the distresses of their friends, however willing to give sympathy if complaint is actually made. It is, therefore, as good for us, as it is dignified on the part of the sufferer, that he should trouble us as little as possible with his distresses. Having, as life and the world go, far more need to be associated with what is cheering and encouraging than with the reverse, we are unavoidably attracted to the train of the successful and self-helpful, the gay and buoyant, even without any regard to tangible benefits derivable from them, while the unprosperous are too apt to be left pining in solitude. It is human nature to give pity and succour to the latter when the claim is directly presented, but in all circumstances to cling fast to and idolise the former, as something good, tutelary, and beautiful. For such reasons it must be that complaint, necessarily associated in our minds with infirmity, never can produce respect. So it must be that we admire, as the next best to success and greatness, the magnanimity which betrays not defeat or injury. Our thrilling reverence for him who suffers in silence, is mixed with a thankfulness that, in the maze of our own special evils, we have not the addition of listening to, and administering to, his.

I would, then, recommend the principle of non-complaint as one which it is useful to follow, under certain limitations. To shut ourselves up in a stoical indifference on all occasions, were at once unamiable and unwise. To consult nothing but dignity on this point, were to become detestable. Much would we prefer the man, weak as a woman's tear, to him who stood perpetually in a marble-like rigidity, professedly superior to all grief. The fullest allowance is to be made on that side. And particularly would we insist that, in the domestic circle, and amongst true friends, there should be a full communion and frankness on every passing trouble requiring counsel and assistance. Poured into a loving and kindred bosom, our griefs are sacred; reposing this confidence, we ourselves become objects of only increased tenderness. A disposition having regard to the happiness of others, will at once perceive where to draw the line of distinction between what ought and what ought not to be complained of—between what is a proper subject for the condolence of others, and that which would only unnecessarily vex and annoy them. We have all enough of sorrows of our own, without being unduly burdened with those of others; and, depend upon it, there is none more unamiable or more generally shunned than the fretful and querulous. On troubles incidental to all, it is also to be admitted that complaint is legitimate, so far as it may lead to a remedy, or to a union of our common brotherhood in the bonds of sympathy. But undoubtedly, as a general rule, apart from these exceptions, there is much to be admired in non-complaint—the course pointed out alike by considerateness for others and respect for ourselves. And I would hold this as an apothegm never to be swerved from—Respecting all egotistic sufferings whatever, from great injustices down to the most petty annoyances and incivilities, cultivate the glorious power of Bearing in Silence.

TRUE AND FALSE INDEPENDENCE—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

'THERE, John, didn't I tell you that Uncle Robert's visits would well repay us for the trifling sum I expended in order to make our home fit to receive him?' was the triumphant exclamation of a portly farmer's wife as she hastily closed the door of the best parlour with the eager desire to make a private communication to her husband.

'I am not at present aware that Mr Atherton's stay here has benefited us beyond the pleasure which we have derived from his society,' her spouse somewhat drily remarked.

'But I called you in here to make you aware of it,' the lady rejoined; 'and now I hope you will at last give me credit for good management.'

'Pray, what may this vast advantage be, my dear?' John Dudley inquired, feeling no disposition to bestow commendations without being fully satisfied that they had been merited by his better half.

'Why, nothing less than that Uncle Robert has generously made us the offer to adopt Harry, and make him his heir.' This speech was uttered with that tone of self-importance assumed when the speaker feels certain that the intelligence will be welcome to the hearer; and great indeed was Mrs Dudley's astonishment and disappointment to find that no exclamation of rapture followed, but that, on the contrary, her spouse gave one of those significant shrugs of the shoulders, the meaning of which is unmistakeable.

'Why, John, you don't seem at all pleased,' she observed, a little crestfallen by the silent reception her information had met with. 'Surely you are not so foolish as to overlook the benefit our dear boy may derive from this offer, merely because you will not like to part from him? I should feel it, you may be sure, as keenly as you could do; but I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of his happiness on that account.'

'You quite mistake my motives, Betsy. I should be sorry to throw a barrier in the way of our son's happiness, but——'

'Oh, then you are of my way of thinking after all?' his wife eagerly interposed. 'Well, I thought you could not be so blind to the interests——'

'Nay, nay, don't be so hasty in your conclusions, my dear,' Dudley interrupted in his turn; 'for, to own the truth, though I am most grateful for your uncle's generous offer, I am doubting whether the acceptance of it would really advance the happiness of our boy.'

'Why, you have surely taken leave of your senses. But you are jesting; you cannot be in earnest. Not advance Harry's happiness to be brought up as a gentleman, and to have a fortune left him!'

'I am perfectly sane, and equally in earnest; and if you will listen patiently for ten minutes, Betsy, I will state my reasons for making this, as you deem, strange assertion.'

'You can never, I am sure, say anything that will convince me that you are right,' the lady returned a little sharply.

'Perhaps not, my dear,' responded the farmer; and his tone indicated that when Mrs Dudley was predetermined not to be convinced, it was scarcely possible to effect such an end. 'But I will, nevertheless, try. Now, in the first place, Henry is not a character likely to benefit by being placed in affluent circumstances: he is somewhat inclined to be indolent and extravagant; and the luxuries his uncle's wealth would at present afford, together with the prospect of a future support, requiring no exertion or industry on his part to obtain, would still further tend to paralyse his energies and encourage his imprudence.'

'Your arguments tell against your own cause, John. Had the offer been made to Thomas, I should, on the very grounds that you urge as a motive for refusal, have wished that it had been made to Harry instead. Tom will make his own way in the world; he does not need a fortune prepared for him; but Harry is, as you have said, every way unfitted for a farmer—in fact he is cut out for a gentleman!'

'You look only on the surface of things, my dear Betsy,' observed her husband in a tone of deep seriousness. 'You are pleased with the prospect of your son's inclinations being gratified, and you do not take into consideration the moral evils which might, I had almost said must, ensue. The possession of wealth is, without doubt, desirable when the possessor has the wisdom to use it aright; but when, on the contrary, it only administers to self-indulgence, it enervates the character, and becomes a positive evil.'

'But I don't think you ought to conclude that such would be our Harry's case: he is but a boy,' pleaded Mrs Dudley.

'I draw my inferences from the present position of things,' the father rejoined. 'He is, as you say, but a boy; but his are faults that are likely to strengthen with his years, especially if exposed to the temptations which wealth would present. You know, my dear, they have been a source of unhappiness to us from his earliest childhood, and on that account I think I am fully justified in supposing that, under similar circumstances, he would be influenced in the same manner as others of his character have been. Your uncle,' he continued, 'though a very respectable, and, in many points, worthy individual, is not a suitable person to undertake the important charge of bringing up youth—especially a youth of Henry's bent of mind—he being himself too indolent to correct the boy's faults.'

A stop was here put to the tête-à-tête by the entrance of Master Harry, who, having just learned from his rich relative that an offer in his favour had been made to his mother, unceremoniously entered the room to express his delight.

Mr Robert Atherton, or 'Uncle Robert,' as he was usually termed, had for many years enjoyed a handsome fortune, which he had, when a young man, unexpectedly become possessed of by the bequest of a hitherto unknown relative. He was, consequently, regarded as the rich man of the family; and as he was a bachelor, various speculations had been made by his numerous nephews, nieces, and cousins respecting which amongst them would, at his demise, become the fortunate inheritor of his property. The candidates for his favour had, since the above-mentioned event, become so fond of his Christian name, that every family claiming even the most distant degree of relationship, that of John Dudley alone excepted, had made choice of it, and in several instances it had even been rendered feminine, and changed into Roberta. Had Mrs Dudley been allowed to have her own way, it is certain that her eldest son would not have borne the appellation of Henry, and her daughter Catherine would probably have added to the stock of Robertas; but the honest, straightforward farmer, indignant at the mean motives which had instigated his wife's relatives, and fully determined that no suspicion of similar conduct should be attached to him, positively refused the request, notwithstanding that it was urged with tears. In his disgust for anything like courting the favour of the rich man, he overstepped the bounds of courtesy; for he was obviously less polite to Mr Atherton whenever they chanced to meet than he was to any one else. Never would he have given his wife permission to invite him to his house, and, above all, allow her to make some (to them) costly additions to her best parlour furniture for the occasion, had not the old gentleman been brought to the neighbourhood by business, and thus in some measure claimed his hospitality. Great had been the exultation of Mrs Dudley when she found that neither of her fawning cousins had succeeded in pleasing their rich relative to the extent of their wishes, and that her eldest son had been selected as the object of favour; but her triumph was equalled by her vexation when her husband raised what she deemed such futile objections; and she was in a fever of excitement lest he should meet with Mr Atherton ere she had used her powers of persuasion, which, to own the truth, were not small. The fact was, John Dudley, though firm to obstinacy on any point which he considered affected his integrity, had vulnerable points, and his good lady having the tact to discover and work on them, was not always unsuccessful in her plans of operation. The conversation which introduced Mrs Dudley to the reader's notice is not likely to have given a favourable impression of her character; but, to do her justice, it must be told that ambition to effect the aggrandisement of her children was the principal flaw it exhibited: she was, nevertheless, a tender wife and mother, a clever manager, a kind mistress, and a good neighbour. Henry Dudley, now a youth of fifteen, was just the description of character to insinuate himself into the good graces of a weak-minded man possessed of little penetration. He added to a singularly handsome person an address so captivating and unlike that of the sons of even the higher class of farmers nearly fifty years back, that he was looked upon as a prodigy. Personal endowments were, however, his all; he possessed neither mental nor moral superiority; and, inheriting his mother's ambition, without the good qualities which distinguished her, he had secretly made the resolve that he would become his uncle's heir from the very first mention of that gentleman's proposed visit.

To be brief: the united pleadings of the mother and son at length overruled the objections of the father, and Mrs Dudley herself undertook the task of accepting the offer with all due acknowledgments of gratitude.

We will now, with the reader's permission, pass over a period of five-and-twenty years—a fourth part of a century. Such a period often produces mighty revolutions in empires, vast alterations in our social condition, strange vicissitudes in families, and important changes in the position of individuals. It is not, however, our place to speak of the political events which had, during that interval, convulsed the kingdoms of Europe, nor even of the benefits which had resulted to society from the march of mind; our office is to show the alteration that had taken place in the positions of the characters which figure in our narrative. Henry Dudley, or Mr Henry Dudley, as he must in future be styled, occupied a spacious mansion in one of the 'west end' squares of the great metropolis. He whom we introduced at the commencement of our tale as a youth of fifteen, had become the father of two daughters, who, having 'finished' their education—that is, spent the usual term of years at a 'finishing school,' had just 'come out.' As may have been surmised, Mr Henry Dudley had, by the death of Uncle Robert, become possessed of the coveted property. He had previously united himself to the daughter of a merchant; and had the young couple been contented to live within the limits of their joint income, they might have maintained what is denominated a very respectable footing in society—meaning a moderate complement of servants and a carriage; but their ambition was not satisfied with this. They were aware that, not being able to boast of patrician birth, they must offer some equivalent, if they hoped to gain admittance to the higher circles. The oft-tried experiment of giving excellent dinners was therefore made by the husband, whilst the wife issued cards for splendid parties; both of which succeeded beyond their hopes. It is true that, by these means, they were constantly immersed in debt, and were obliged to sacrifice every domestic comfort; but in return for these evils, they could boast of Lord such a one's having dined at their table, and of the Countess of —— having graced their saloons.

Five-and-twenty years had also wrought changes in the person and situation of John Dudley's youngest son. He, too, had married, and become the father of a family,

but the woman he had made choice of was as unlike the wife of his brother as it was possible for two individuals to be. In point of education she was her inferior; but though without those accomplishments which tend to refine the mind and manners, Mrs Thomas Dudley was wholly free from vulgarity. There is a class of persons, even in the humblest ranks of society, who bear the stamp of gentility solely from their quiet habits, and the indulgence of gentle thoughts. She was one of this class; but though gliding unostentatiously and noiselessly through the world, she was, nevertheless, far from unimportant in the circle in which she was called to move. Thomas Dudley had fulfilled his father's prophecy by making his own way in the world. Unremitting industry, strict integrity, and unwearied perseverance, had enabled him to become the owner of a substantial farm, which yielded a competence for his now numerous family. He had also, with pious care, provided for the declining years of his venerable parents, and given them a home beneath his roof: a more delightful scene could scarcely be witnessed than that which their fireside presented after the toils and duties of the day were over. The silver chain of love bound them with its easy fetters, and they enjoyed a little world of happiness amongst themselves. There was yet another person, of whom slight mention was made at the commencement of our narrative. This was Catherine Dudley—for she was Catherine Dudley still, and, it was thought, was likely to remain so; not, however, because her hand was unsought. Whether this lady preferred a life of celibacy, or whether, as some shrewdly guessed, she had been once disappointed, is uncertain; but the former appeared the most likely, for she had early given her whole attention to the improvement of her mind. The advantages she had enjoyed were few, yet, overcoming difficulties by unwearied application, she had educated herself, and thus rendered herself competent to undertake, with the aid of masters, an establishment for tuition in a neighbouring town. Her society would not have been deemed an intrusion in her brother's house, for her amiable manners had made her a favourite with young and old; but, having imbibed her father's notions of independence, she preferred the pursuit of an honourable maintenance for herself. It was undoubtedly an advantage to any young female to be placed under Miss Dudley's care, for she not only sought to advance the intellectual improvement of her pupils, but made it her study to fit them for the active duties of life: to render them *passively amiable* and *elegantly useless* being far from the end she had in view. Thomas Dudley's daughters, each in turn, shared the benefit of their aunt's instructions, and the result effected in them alone gave proof of the wisdom of the system she had adopted.

The usually quiet family at the Elms—for so the farm of Thomas Dudley was denominated—were one summer's morning thrown into a state of excitement by an elegant carriage stopping at the garden-gate. The younger children, who were gambolling on the greensward before the house, immediately concluding that their gentleman uncle, as he was called, was about to pay them a visit, ran into the house to communicate the welcome news. Their father, in consequence, came forth to greet his guest, though he thought it scarcely probable that his brother would come into so obscure a part of the country as that in which he resided, for the purpose of seeing any of the members of his family. He had long estranged himself from them, being too much engrossed by seeking titled acquaintances. The younger Dudley had once, when in London on business, ventured to lift his brother's knocker with his toil-hardened hand, to tread on his Turkey carpets with his heavy country-made boots, and even to seat himself on one of his damask-covered ottomans; but he had had reason to repent of his temerity, for the cold greeting he met with from the master of the mansion, and the positive frowns of the mistress, had driven him from their inhospitable abode with the resolve that he would never again intrude.

The surmises of the children were correct: it was indeed their gentleman uncle's carriage which stood at the gate, and Mr Henry Dudley now stepped forth to meet his brother with extended hand and ready smile. Thomas, in whose generous breast one spark of resentment had never been known to lurk, gave it a warm pressure, accompanied by a prompt and hearty welcome. Having ordered his coachman to put up the horses at the best inn the adjacent town afforded, the elder brother now followed the younger into the house. 'You are pleasantly situated here,' he said, glancing complacently on the extensive and beautiful prospect the spot commanded.

'We are,' was the farmer's reply; 'but its chief attractions are within.'

'You were always fond of this kind of life, Tom,' the elder Dudley resumed, and a sigh he could not repress escaped his lips.

'We are as happy as mortals can hope to be in this world,' observed the younger; 'unbounded wealth could not make us more so.' As he spoke, he entered the vine-encircled porch, and threw open the door of a neatly-furnished parlour, in which Mrs Dudley and her eldest daughter, unconscious of the proximity of a stranger, were busily employed in their household duties. Many ladies, even in the sphere in which Mrs and Miss Dudley moved, would have been disconcerted at being discovered thus occupied, especially by a person who was accustomed to meet the females of his family arrayed in elegant dishabilles at that hour; but no such feelings of false shame agitated them. Mr Henry Dudley had expected to find, to use his own expression, 'the very essence of vulgarity' in his brother's wife and family, and anticipated carrying back a fund of amusement for his daughters, by describing the consternation and awkward diffidence of their rustic country cousins on the occasion of his unexpected arrival. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when Mrs Dudley quietly laid down the implements of household industry she had been using, and received him with an ease which would not have disgraced his drawing-room. Kate, who was at the moment engaged in watering and pruning the flowers which filled the recess of the window, simply attired, and with her beautiful and intelligent countenance blooming with health, exercise, and cheerfulness, looked the personification of Flora; and their visitor ceased to wonder that his brother had intimated that the chief attractions were within.

Henry Dudley was now clasped in the warm embrace of his venerable parents, whom he had not visited since he had become possessed of his fortune. The father's penetrating mind had foreseen this too probable result, but the mother had often shed tears of bitter regret for the part she had taken in furthering the event which had caused the estrangement. The former could not forbear giving vent to some expressions of displeasure, but the latter felt that all remembrance of past neglect was overwhelmed in the delight she experienced in beholding him once more. The hospitable board was quickly spread for the guest, and the younger members of the family were next introduced. It was the summer holidays, and Thomas Dudley collected a group composed of half a score of smiling, healthy-looking boys and girls, who, he pleasantly observed, would stock the neighbourhood with farmers and farmers' wives for the next generation.

'But you surely don't intend bringing up all your sons to husbandry?' their uncle inquiringly remarked.

'I do indeed,' was the reply. 'I know it is the fashion now-a-days for young people to despise the calling of their parents, ambitiously desiring to rise above the station to which they belong; but I don't approve of this, and I've taught my boys that to earn an honest living is honourable, be it in what class of society it may.'

'But suppose,' the elder brother interposed, tapping his eldest nephew on the shoulder—'suppose one of these fine fellows should happen to possess a soul above tilling

the soil—no disparagement to your occupation, Tom; but would you, in that case, persist in forcing him to pursue it?'

'If any one of them showed a particular wish or talent for some other calling, I would not by any means control his inclination,' the father replied; 'but as to having a soul *above* tilling the soil, I don't like the expression, Henry. There is a positive dignity in an honourable employment, and I deem that of the farmer to be equally respectable with that of the merchant, or even the professional gentleman. Can any reason be given,' he asked, 'why a man's mind should be degraded because he is a tiller of the ground?'

'Well, well, Tom, don't take offence; I meant none, I assure you; I only thought that it might lie in my power to introduce one or two of your sons to some advantageous situations. I have considerable influence with the great.'

'I'd rather that they should seek an honest independence by means of their own exertions, than depend on the patronage of any great man,' the younger Dudley somewhat abruptly returned.

'Independence!' repeated the elder brother. 'But you don't call a farmer independent?'

'I call every man independent who supports himself and his family by his own industry,' answered Thomas. 'If,' he pursued, 'we take the word in its most extensive meaning, we are *all* dependent, not only on the bounties of Providence, but on each other, for we should lead but a sorry life if we were unwilling to receive benefits from our fellow-men. But I mean to say, Henry, that an honest man, who earns his bread before he eats it, has really a greater claim to be styled independent than many a gentleman who rides in his carriage.' The visitor writhed a little under this remark, but being determined, for a very powerful reason, not to be offended with anything his brother might say, he adroitly changed the conversation by turning gallantly to Kate, who was standing at his elbow waiting for a pause that she might present him with a choice of home-made wines.

'I will now take the nectar from the hands of our female Ganymede,' he exclaimed, raising one of the brimming goblets to his lips.

'No, sir—they are currant, gooseberry, and grape wines: I have not made any mead lately; my bees have failed,' Mrs Dudley observed, having indistinctly heard her guest's remark, and supposing that he had inquired if the beverage presented was the ancient English liquor.

'I shall not return quite barren of amusement for Juliet and Theodora,' thought the visitor.

Kate, who perfectly understood her uncle's allusion, crimsoned deeply, and stammered forth something like an apology for her mother's blunder.

'I wish, Harry, that you had said nothing about your ability to procure the boys advantageous situations,' the younger Dudley remarked when alone with his brother; 'I noticed how Benjamin's eye lighted up, and was in a moment fixed upon mine to observe the effect your words had upon me.'

'Well, and what harm could ensue to the boy; would you bury him for life in this solitude?'

'No, Harry, far from it; I could wish that he should see more of the world than his father has done, but not that he should, at his tender age, be exposed to the temptations the metropolis presents to a youth who cannot be guarded by the parental eye. Your proposal was kindly intentioned, but I cannot avail myself of it. Believe me, I would rather see my sons grow up worthy than either wealthy or great.'

'I know you have some singular notions on that point,' the elder brother rejoined; 'but now that we are alone, I wish to consult with you on a little matter of my own—a matter which causes me some uneasiness.'

'You are surely not in any pecuniary difficulties?' Thomas asked in concern.

'To own the truth, I am a little embarrassed: you know my income is not large, considering the appearance I am obliged to support, and——'

'*Obliged* to support! What obligation can there be for you to support an appearance beyond your means?'

'You know nothing of the world, Thomas; at least nothing beyond the contracted world in which you live. If we assume a certain station in society, we must support that station; and in order to do so——'

'You must sacrifice truth, justice, and integrity. Is it not so, Henry? I know a little more, perhaps, of such things than you imagine.'

'I came here to ask your counsel—nay, I thought you would act a brotherly part, and assist me a little: it is but a mere bagatelle I want; and now you take me to task as though I were a prodigal son.'

'No, my brother, I only wish to open your eyes to the truth; for to every one, yourself excepted, it must be obvious that, with the late Mr Atherton's property, you ought not to be embarrassed.'

'Well, perhaps I have been a little imprudent,' the elder brother resumed; 'this is, however, the first time I have applied to you for assistance.'

'Considering that I have had to make my own way, and have so large a family to support, I think you ought not to require it from me. However, tell me what you term a bagatelle, and to what purpose it is to be applied.'

'The loan of a hundred and fifty pounds is all I want just now; and you will allow, I think, that it is to be applied to a good purpose, when I tell you it is to pay a debt, and will, moreover, save me from disgrace.'

'I assure you, Harry, that it is no such trifle to *me*,' observed Thomas; 'indeed it is more than I could part with just now. My property lies in land and stock. I have very little money at command.'

'Still I am sure you could find me that sum if you were so disposed. Your credit is good, I warrant?'

'It is, I am thankful to be able to say,' the farmer replied; 'but I am doubting whether it would be right for me to injure my own family in order to pamper you with luxuries. I'll venture to say that this debt was contracted for some superfluous articles.'

Henry was silent; for his brother's surmise was too near to the truth for him to venture a reply. 'If half the sum will accomplish the end, I will spare it you,' Thomas resumed, 'though I cannot say that I feel confident I am acting rightly by so doing. But let me beg of you,' he continued with earnestness, 'as you value your own peace of mind and the welfare of your family, to give up this foolish, nay, worse than foolish, competition with your superiors in station. Is a man a whit the more respected by his fellow-creatures because he ruins himself for their entertainment?'

'Well, well, brother, I will talk seriously to Mrs Dudley about reducing our expenditure.'

'Don't let it end in talk, Harry. If, with your joint incomes, you are so embarrassed as to be in want of a hundred and fifty pounds to save you from a prison, your affairs must, I am sure, be in a very sad state. You call yourself an independent gentleman, yet you depend upon the smiles of a few titled individuals for happiness; you present your guests with costly viands from rich plate which has never been paid for; you array yourselves in elegant habiliments at the expense of some unfortunate tailor and milliner. Tell me, my brother, if this be true independence? Is it not rather the most abject slavery? For he who, from absolute compulsion, toils at the meanest drudgery, is not, I deem, so truly a slave as he who sacrifices his principles in order to obtain a footing in society to which he has no legitimate right.'

'You goad me too much, Thomas,' the elder Dudley passionately exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, and burying his face in his hands. 'I was miserable enough before. I have struggled with circumstances till I can struggle no longer, and I cannot return to my family unless you furnish me with the whole sum; for, to own the truth, I have at this time an execution in my

house, and we have been compelled to disguise the man in possession in the garb of a footman.'

Thomas shuddered, but spoke not.

'You see the extreme urgency of the case,' Henry continued; 'and I will pledge my word of honour to scrupulously repay you, with the addition of any interest you may please to demand.'

'Interest!' the younger Dudley repeated; 'do you think I would lend a brother money at usury? No; I would not withhold it, even if there were no possibility of its being returned, if I could see that it would answer any desirable end; but if it be only to enable you to keep up a false and hollow appearance for a few months longer, I should deem myself absolutely culpable in parting with it to the injury of my family.'

'Only help me in this exigence, and by all that is sacred I will engage to follow your advice,' Henry energetically exclaimed.

The result of the above related conversation ended in the hundred and fifty pounds being, in the course of a few days, transferred from the hands of the younger Dudley to those of the elder. The latter now began to talk of returning to town. He was naturally anxious to relieve the anxiety of his wife; his daughters were perfectly unconscious of what was transacting under their parents' roof, and even supposed that their papa had had some addition to his property from the fact of his adding another footman to his establishment of servants. Miss Dudley having some business to transact in London, proposed availing herself of travelling in her brother's carriage. This led to a pressing invitation on the part of the latter for his sister to make a stay at his house for the few weeks which remained of the midsummer holidays. Kate was included in this invitation, but Thomas Dudley and his wife politely but positively declined accepting it. Catherine Dudley was not a stranger to the ladies of her brother's family. She had several times, when in town, made them a passing call; and, considering that she was not what Mrs Henry Dudley termed an independent gentlewoman, she had been courteously received. There was a grace and polish in her manners which fitted her for any society; and as her dress was not so unfashionable as to render her conspicuous, that lady deigned to treat her with some appearance of sisterly regard. Her brother, it must be acknowledged, was not without an interested motive in pressing the present visit. He had accidentally heard that she was succeeding so well with her seminary, that she had been enabled to put by a few hundreds; indeed he had ascertained that this had been the object of her visits to the metropolis. It is astonishing what acts of meanness persons will be guilty of in order to support a false position in society. The artificial wants of the family had become so numerous, that it had long required an income of more than double that which Mr Henry Dudley possessed in order to supply them; and without some more considerable aid than that he had received from his brother, he felt convinced that ruin and disgrace must inevitably follow them. The delusion of putting off the evil day is the common resource of weak minds, though to confront the threatened danger, and give it a fair investigation, would frequently rob it of half its terrors. The brother and sister were sitting at breakfast on the morning of their intended departure, when the London post brought a letter for the former. The seal was broken with a trembling hand, and the contents were perused with so much apparent agitation, that Miss Dudley kindly and sympathisingly inquired if there was any ill news from home.

'Sad news,' was the reply. 'Mrs Dudley is seriously ill, and my eldest daughter has written to urge my immediate return.' The tone in which these words were uttered plainly indicated that his lady's indisposition was not the only source of disquiet; but since he did not communicate anything further, she forebore to seek his confidence.

'I can scarcely expect you to visit a house of sickness,' the brother hesitatingly added; but to the generous-hearted Catherine the possibility of being useful was only a further inducement for her to leave the peaceful pleasures of her quiet home. The truth of the matter was, that the creditors of Mr Dudley surmising from various circumstances, that his affairs were in a deranged state, had poured in their bills; but finding smooth words and fair promises to be all they were likely to get in payment, executions had followed one another so rapidly, that all hope of extrication was over. The lady of the house was so deeply concerned at the thought of having her elegant furniture and wardrobe sold by public auction, and her name becoming the table-talk of her fashionable acquaintances, that her health sunk beneath it, and she was incapable of making any effort to stem the torrent which was at length overwhelming them. Her daughters were in a truly pitiable state of mind when the truth could no longer be concealed from them, and a scene of greater confusion or more heart-rending misery could scarcely be conceived than that which greeted the brother and sister on their arrival at the mansion. Mrs Dudley was raving incoherently, whilst the young ladies stood weeping beside her in utter helplessness. The servants, despairing of the payment of their long arrears of wages, were quarrelling with each other, and execrating the pride and want of principle of their employers; whilst the officers of justice were unceremoniously regaling themselves from the wine-cellar and pantry. Miss Dudley's first care was to make an attempt to soothe the ladies. She besought the mother to keep her mind quiet, for the sake of her family, and appealed to the filial affection of the daughters. She then sought her brother, and advised that they should be removed as soon as possible to some quiet lodging in the suburbs, cheerfully offering to bear the expenses from a small sum she had brought to London for the purpose of adding to her little store, and to become her nurse. 'You, in the meantime, must make the best terms you can with your creditors,' she said, 'but no good can result from the presence of your wife and your daughters.'

Henry was quite willing to accede to her proposal, and felt really grateful for her prompt and disinterested kindness. Mrs Dudley gladly fell in with any plan which would remove her from the dreadful scenes which were passing in her home. It was therefore put into execution on the following morning.

The pecuniary embarrassments of Mr Henry Dudley were found to be greater than his sister had at first anticipated. His uncle's property had been chiefly invested in dwelling-houses, and now there was not one remaining which he had not mortgaged to the extent of its value. His wife's income, fortunately for them, was so settled by her guardians—for parents she had not—that she could not receive more than a quarter's dividend at a time; but even this had been forestalled by means of promissory notes, which had been given to quiet the tradespeople who had supplied her with jewellery and dress. Catherine had imposed no easy task upon herself in undertaking to nurse her sister-in-law, whose proud spirit, though deeply humbled under the reverses she was suffering, vented itself in a peevish irritability. Upon Juliet the change of circumstances had a similar effect; but her parents were, to their great satisfaction, speedily relieved from her presence. A dowager lady of rank, the only one amongst their titled connexions who deigned to notice them in their adversity, offered to receive her into her family as her companion. Being tolerably well acquainted with her character, Juliet knew beforehand that, in this capacity, she would have to humour all her whims, and attend her at all hours, however unreasonable; that she must never presume to contradict her; and, moreover, think it sufficient remuneration to live in a noble mansion, to ride out with her occasionally in her carriage, to wear her cast-off apparel, and to be allowed to sit in her drawing-room even when she received visitors. To the false views of the young lady this splendid slavery appeared more desirable than her present home or anything else she

was likely to meet with. She would thus, she thought, retain her position in society as a gentlewoman, and to attain this end she was willing to make any sacrifice. Lady Beaumont, it was true, assumed a patronising air, and would doubtless boast amongst her acquaintances of how benevolently she had acted in protecting one of the daughters of poor Mrs Dudley; but galling as this idea was to her pride, it did not influence her so as to induce her to decline the offer. Upon the mind of Theodora the ruin of her family effected different results: her eyes became suddenly opened to the hollow and false system they had pursued, and, admiring the true dignity which characterised her excellent aunt, she made the determination that she would herself commence a similar course. 'Will you allow me to become your pupil?' she one day earnestly asked when Miss Dudley had been speaking of the young ladies who were under her care; 'I have been educated at a school where they professed to teach *everything*, but I fear that I have yet to learn almost everything that is *useful*.'

'Most gladly will I receive you as a pupil, my dear Theodora, if you are really desirous to become such,' her aunt made answer: 'you are yet young, and I confidently expect to see you, in a year or two, sufficiently proficient to obtain an honourable independence for yourself, if that be your desire.'

'It is, indeed it is,' the young lady warmly responded. 'I have misapplied the word independence too often; I now wish to redeem the error by putting it to its right use—not in word only, but by my actions.'

'That is a noble resolve, my dear girl,' Miss Dudley exclaimed—'a resolve which does you credit, especially at your age, and I prophesy that you will reap a noble reward.'

Catherine did not leave the metropolis till she had seen her brother and his wife settled in a small house which suited their altered circumstances, and the latter convalescent. Had Henry Dudley been willing to accept of a clerkship which was offered to him, he might have afforded a superior and more comfortable residence; but the indolent habits he had contracted in youth, and so long indulged in, now made the thought of any exertion unbearable. He preferred, therefore, to descend to a more humble station, galling as it was to their pride, which we grieve to say was yet unsubdued. Their love for display was still the same; but they were compelled to gratify it at less cost, and in a circle less refined. Here we must leave them, regretting that we cannot tell of a moral change having been effected, and follow the youngest daughter to the home of her worthy aunt. Miss Dudley would have generously received her niece under her roof as a pupil without the slightest remuneration, but Theodora positively refused to accept an asylum on such terms. That would not, she said, be commencing a career of independence; her aunt had already suffered enough from her regard for them; and she was determined that she would make some return for the trouble she gave, by imparting such knowledge as she possessed to the younger pupils; and when capable of undertaking a situation, that she would further repay her by degrees from the proceeds. As her niece would on no other terms consent to become an inmate of the seminary, Miss Dudley was obliged to acquiesce. A warm friendship now commenced between the members of Thomas Dudley's family and their London cousin, a thing little expected by either party a few months previously. Kate, especially, who was nearly the same age, became fondly attached to her, and the affection was returned with equal ardour.

'I'll venture to say, Theodora, that you were never so happy after having spent a day in trifling conversation and useless pursuits as you now feel,' Miss Dudley one evening said, addressing her niece when she had been a few months beneath her roof.

'You are quite correct in your assertion, my dear aunt,' was the young lady's reply.

'The true enjoyment of ease can only be experienced by those who have been usefully occupied,' her preceptress rejoined; 'and this is the reason why we so often hear persons who are without any positive occupation talking of *killing time*, as it is called.'

'Ah, poor mamma often used that expression when she took up a novel to while away the hours between her morning calls and her evening parties,' Theodora observed with a sigh.

'But you, my dear girl, will never, I hope, be so dependent on others for your pleasures,' the elder lady resumed. 'Your parents have taught you a sad lesson, from which you may profit through life. Yes,' she energetically added, 'I trust that their experience has led you to discriminate between the false and merely nominal independence they boasted, and the upright, straightforward course which, however humble, produces self-respect, and is alone deserving of being thus designated.'

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

In our notice of the United States' Exploring Expedition, conducted by Commander Wilkes, some particulars were given of the sea-board surveys of Oregon and California. We have now before us an account of two overland expeditions, undertaken, at the command of the American government, by Captain Fremont, to explore the country lying between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, and the territories of Oregon and North California, with a view to complete and connect the surveys from the last post on the eastern side of the mountains with those accomplished by the naval officers on the shores of the Pacific.* When the third expedition, now on its way, shall have accomplished its object, our knowledge of the enormous slope of country on either side of the dividing range will be proportionately extended, and a great chasm in geographical and topographical science be filled up.

The report is accompanied by useful maps of the whole region, in which the various positions are laid down from careful astronomical observations. Some of these are in profile, displaying the rise and fall of the surface, both east and west of the mountains, for a distance of four thousand miles, which cannot fail of proving highly serviceable in the future settlement of the countries in question. Many valuable contributions have likewise been made to geological and botanical science.

A trading station near the mouth of the Kansas river was fixed on as the preparatory rendezvous of the party, which consisted of the leader, Captain Fremont; Mr Preuss, a German; assistant topographer; two youths, one only twelve years of age, son of Senator Benton; twenty-one Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, engaged at St Louis; Maxwell, a hunter; and Kit Carson, the guide. They were all well armed, and, in addition, had eight carts drawn by mules, containing the stores, baggage, and instruments; besides a few loose horses and oxen.

They leave the station under the guidance of an Indian, who conducted them through the belt of wood bordering the Kansas, and consigned them to the ocean-like expanse of prairie stretching far away to the foot of the mountains. One hundred miles farther they arrive at the ford of the Kansas, and find the river swollen with the rain, sweeping along turbid and rough as the Mississippi. The men and animals swam across, and the carts being unloaded and taken to pieces, were all safely carried over in an India-rubber boat, with the exception of the last load, which was pitched into the river. Everything was, however, recovered, save a bag of sugar and another of coffee. The loss of the latter was a constant source of regret in their subsequent campings throughout the journey. Halting for some days on this spot, to dry and repack their baggage, a

* Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-44. By Captain Fremont. Washington: 1845.

bird and snake fight was witnessed. 'In the steep bank of the river here were nests of innumerable swallows, into one of which a large prairie snake had got about half his body, and was occupied in eating the young birds. The old ones were flying about in great distress, darting at him, and vainly endeavouring to drive him off. A shot wounded him, and being killed, he was cut open, and eighteen young swallows were found in his body.'

The party are now fairly in the Indian country; powder is served out to the men, and they prepare for the chances of a prairie life. The vegetation of these boundless plains is in many parts particularly attractive. 'Everywhere the rose is met with, and reminds us of cultivated gardens and civilisation. It is scattered over the prairies in small bouquets, and, when glittering in the dews and waving in the pleasant breeze of the early morning, is the most beautiful of the prairie flowers. The *artemisia*, or prairie sage, glitters like silver as the southern breeze turns up its leaves to the sun. All these plants have their insect inhabitants, variously coloured, taking generally the hue of the flower on which they live. The *artemisia* has its small fly accompanying it through every change of elevation and latitude; and wherever the *asclepias tuberosa* is seen, it has on the flower a large butterfly, so nearly resembling it in colour, as to be distinguishable at a little distance only by the motion of the wings.' The explorers fall in with a party of emigrants slowly toiling on their way to the distant Oregon: death had been amongst them, and they were weary with sickness and sorrow. And now, for the first time, they post sentinels round their encampment at night. The next day at dinner they were startled by the cry, 'Strangers—strangers!' Immediately every man seized his weapon, the horses were driven in, and preparations made to receive the intruders, who, however, proved to be a party of traders going down to St Louis. Unable to navigate their canoes on the shallow waters of the Platte, they had made a *cache* (a hide) of all the baggage they could not carry on their shoulders, and were completing the journey on foot.

The travellers next reach the buffalo-grounds. At a distance, Mr Preuss, who was sketching, had taken the herds for large groves of timber. 'In the sight of such a mass of life the traveller feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard, from a distance, a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker.' A spirited chase ensues, in which the captain, Kit Carson, and Maxwell, charge full speed on a herd of seven or eight hundred of these noble animals. The former describes—'My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of Proveau, and with eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, when, rising in the stirrups, I fired. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands at some distance below I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and while I was looking, a light wreath of smoke curled away from his gun.' The herd make for the hills, and the captain again dashes after them, but is in turn charged by six bulls, from which he escapes; and after a long run, reins up his horse in dangerous quarters—a village of prairie dogs, whose holes covered the ground for an extent of two miles, from which he was glad to retreat as quickly as possible, and rejoin the main body, just visible like a dark line moving slowly over the distant prairie.

On the 4th of July they halted earlier than usual, to celebrate the anniversary of their national independence. Wood being scarce, fires were kindled of dried cow-dung, or *bois de vache*, as it is familiarly called by the voyageurs. A feast was prepared, heightened with all the delicacies at their command, and eaten with true prairie appetite. So delighted were the Indians with the entertainment, that they inquired if the 'medicine days came often.' Soon after this merry-making, the party are attacked by a band of three hundred mounted Indians, who came speeding down upon them from a range of low hills. They tore the covers off their rifles, and were just about to fire, when Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him, in the native language, 'You're a fool—don't you know me?' The savage wheeled on the instant, and again came forward, striking his breast, and exclaiming 'Arapaho!' the name of the tribe. This recognition was most fortunate for the exploring party, which, so great was the inequality of numbers, would most likely have been cut off to a man. The hunter had lived among the Indians as a trader; and the savages, although disappointed of a prize of scalps, crowded round with shouts and yells, and after the first surprise was over, invited the travellers to their lodges, where they regaled them plentifully with buffalo flesh, of which they were then collecting their annual supply.

Advancing westwards, the party learn that the Sioux Indians are out in full force, declaring war against every living thing venturing on their territories. At this intelligence the greatest alarm prevailed among the voyageurs, many of whom were for turning back; but some five or six of the bravest avowing their determination to stand by Captain Fremont to the farthest point of his journey, the others felt ashamed of their cowardice, and consented to proceed. Their route lay by the base of a mound on which stands the 'Chimney Rock,' 200 feet in height, rising like a shot tower or huge factory chimney, and visible from a distance of thirty miles. The material of which it is composed is an earthy limestone, that crumbles away rapidly in tempestuous weather. Former travellers describe it as 500 feet in height.

At Fort Laramie, we are informed, the American Fur Company discountenance the traffic in ardent spirits with the Indians, while they are obliged to resort to it in order to compete successfully with the itinerant traders, '*coureurs de bois*,' who travel about the country with no other merchandise than a keg of liquor, which they sell at thirty-six dollars the gallon; caring little what becomes of the unfortunate natives, provided they secure a good stock of furs and skins. At this place the tidings of the warlike attitude of the Indians became more alarming; a large band of Sioux had set off a day or two previously on the trail of the Oregon emigrants, vowing to avenge the loss of some of their own tribe by a general massacre. Captain Fremont assembled his men, and acquainted them with the state of affairs, when all but one declared their willingness to go forward. They were just leaving, when a deputation of chiefs arrived with a letter, written by the interpreter who was to be their guide for the next 150 miles, explaining that the young warriors who were out would assuredly murder the whole of the party. The captain, however, laughed at this attempt to detain him; and starting at once, the explorers soon lost sight of the last habitation of white men east of the Rocky Mountains.

The ordinary difficulties of the route were greatly increased by an unusual drought; grasshoppers swarmed over the scorched hills, and devoured every particle of vegetation; no fodder remained for the horses, and game was rarely met with. The interpreter, with his Indian attendant, left the party, who then made a *cache* of their carts and every other object not absolutely essential to their progress. The herds of goats peculiar to the mountains were now seen for the first time: their horns are three feet in length, and seventeen inches in diameter at the base. The whole surface of the ground was strewed with rocks of gneiss, mica slate, and white granite. Cacti, which, lower down, were abundant, gave place to asters and mosses; and at last, much to their surprise, the party find themselves at the summit of the celebrated South Pass—the great highway over the

mountains to Oregon. 'It in no manner,' writes Captain Fremont, 'resembles the passes to which the term is so commonly applied; nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Alleghany passes in America—nothing of the Great St Bernard and Simplon passes in Europe. Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain, 120 miles long, conducts, by a gradual and regular ascent, to the summit, about 7000 feet above the sea; and the traveller, without being reminded of any change by toilsome slopes, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific Ocean.'

While descending on the western side, the last barometer is broken; and taking into consideration the value of such an instrument to the scientific objects of the expedition, we can sympathise with the captain's regret at the accident. 'It was,' he tells us, 'the only one. A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory; and now their snowy peaks rose majestically before me, and the only means of giving them authentically to science—the object of my anxious solicitude by night and day—was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snow of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp—all had seen my anxiety, and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a theme of constant discussion among them; and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be true as the sun, should stand upon the summits, and decide their disputes. Their grief was only inferior to my own.' On examination, however, a portion only of the cistern was found to be broken; and as no air had crept into the tube, the captain, after two days' labour, and many disappointing efforts, succeeded in repairing the barometer with part of a powder-horn and a fragment of skin, and, much to his satisfaction, found its readings as accurate as before the accident.

The party continued on the western side of the range, desirous to explore its whole length, a distance of forty miles, which includes the head waters of four great American rivers—the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte—and return to their *cache* on the eastern slope. But they were opposed by formidable difficulties: the men became dispirited, and anxious to leave the dangerous country. In these circumstances a camp was formed in a well-protected position, and left in charge of one of the most trustworthy men, while the captain, with fifteen others, made an attempt to reach the highest peak of the range known as the Wind River Mountains. The ground on their line of march, while forming scenery of the most picturesque and sublime description, presented insurmountable obstacles, and frequently the whole band were in danger of losing their lives on the frozen precipices of the snowy and rocky defiles. At length the highest peak was attained—a narrow, slippery crest, not more than three feet in width. Here the captain relates—'As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn, for I would allow only one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag, to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except a small sparrow-like bird. A stillness the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here, on the summit, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

'It was a strange place, the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier—a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilisation. A moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18,293, giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee.'

The hardy adventurers returned in safety to the camp, and the whole party then recrossed the mountains on their homeward journey. On reaching the shores of the Platte, which river the captain had been instructed to survey, they again divided—the greater number continuing their march by land, while the leader embarked in the India-rubber boat with Mr Preuss and five picked men. The stream, swollen by recent rains, bore them rapidly onwards; and after descending a few miles, a hollow and ominous roar is heard. They were approaching the first of a series of gorges, or *canons*,* extending for a distance of several miles, down which the river makes a descent altogether of 300 feet. The first three cataracts were passed in safety, and, emboldened by success, the party dashed at the next, which plunged furiously down between frightful crags, varying from 300 to 500 feet in height. Three men were landed, to climb over the rocks, and hold the boat in check by a rope attached to the stern; but two of them losing their hold, the third was dragged into the water, and away shot the slight vessel, swift as an arrow, towing the unfortunate voyageur at the extremity of the line. A mile below, the boat was forced into an eddy, and the man, who had bravely retained his presence of mind, was taken on board. The succeeding falls appeared still more formidable than those already passed; but it was as impossible to go back, as to climb the perpendicular rocks which walled the stream. The only alternative was to descend. Taking the short paddles in their hands, the party, for additional security, placed themselves on their knees, with the most skilful boatman at the bow, confident in the elastic material of the frail bark. On they went into the dash and foam of the roaring chasm, clearing rock after rock as they shot through the blinding spray, their little vessel sporting apparently with the angry waters. Flushed with the danger and excitement, they broke unanimously into a boatman's chorus, which they were chanting at the top of their voices, when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall, and whirled the whole party into the water.

After a little buffetting with the eddies, they all scrambled on shore, when the disastrous results of the accident became fully apparent. 'For a hundred yards below,' writes the captain, 'the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales of blankets, and scattered articles of clothing; and so strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and long black box of the telescope, were in view at once. For a moment I felt somewhat disheartened. All our books, almost every record of the journey, our journals, and registers of astronomical and barometrical observations, had been lost in an instant. But it was no time to indulge in regrets, and I immediately set about endeavouring to save something from the wreck. Of everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoteaux had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men continued down the river on the left bank, while Mr Preuss and myself descended on the side we were on; and Lajeunesse, with a paddle in his hand, jumped

* In Spanish pronounced *kanyon*; signifying a tunnel or hollow way.

on the boat alone, and continued down the *canon*. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty.'

A mile and a half lower down, where fallen rocks choked the bed of the river, the greater part of the missing objects were fortunately recovered. The day was fast declining, and it became of the highest necessity to endeavour to overtake the land party, for the baffled navigators were equally without weapons and provisions. After great exertions, they succeeded in scaling the precipitous cliffs, and at nightfall happily rejoined the other division.

The travellers soon after arrived at one of the United States frontier stations, and were again in comparative safety; and on the 1st of October, after a four months' absence, embarked on the Missouri. The voyageurs returned to their homes at St Louis; and by the end of the same month Captain Fremont 'reported himself' to the officers of the government at Washington.

[An account of Captain Fremont's second expedition will be given in a subsequent number.]

FEMALE INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.

So much has been said of late about the want of employment in Ireland, that a few words concerning the industry of the most dependent portion of the population—the women—may not be unacceptable. An Irish wife of the humbler classes is usually known to the traveller in the provinces as a desolate-looking slattern, with a troop of dirty and idle children at her heels; but if he will only take time to go beyond the external phenomena of the road-side, in various cases, we can assure him, he will be presented with a picture of a very different kind. The cheaper sorts of blonde lace sold in England are the production of Ireland; and not only do the plain *French* cambric handkerchiefs come in great part from the looms of the latter country, but much of the embroidery on the expensive descriptions of these articles is executed in the huts of the Irish villagers, or in the garrets of the towns and cities.

For the present, however, we would direct attention to the manufacture of an imitation of point lace, commenced in the county Limerick, as presenting matter of congratulation to the philanthropist, as well as of imitation to the landed gentry. A benevolent lady at Currah Chase, by way of providing employment for the poor girls of her neighbourhood at those times when they have nothing to do in the house or the field, has established a lace school in one of the lodges of her own park. In fine weather the young women take out their work, and sit under the trees; and thus seem to convert a business into an amusement peculiarly fitted for their sex. But it is really a business of considerable importance both to themselves and their families. It interferes with no duty, and with no task; it merely fills up time that would otherwise be vacant or misemployed; and it enables them not only to dress as neatly as English girls of the same station, but to provide their huts with food at that unhappy period of the year when, even in ordinary seasons, the Irish peasant has little else to live on than his *hopes* of the ripening crop of potatoes.

The lace is sewed upon muslin or net, and afterwards cut out; and so expert have the girls become, that the second prize for needlework was adjudged to one of their specimens at the Royal Irish Agricultural Improvement Society's show at Limerick. As a higher honour still, it may be mentioned that the queen of the Belgians—the queen of point lace—during her late visit to England, selected from the stock of a London lace-seller a shawl worked at the Currah Chase school.

When we say that the average number of work-girls here is only thirty, and that the proprietress shows no disposition to enhance either prices or wages, but appears resolved to continue the little manufactory on its original plan, as a mere resource against idleness, and its concomitant want, we shall not be supposed to have any wish to exaggerate its importance as a branch of the national industry. We would merely hold it up as an example and encouragement to the good and gentle of the Irish ladies. There are many other employments for which their sex is fit. There are many which, from their nature, will long escape the rivalry of machinery. We have seen in Russia, for instance, the richest specimens of embroidery on velvet, executed in the huts of the peasantry, and competing successfully in the market with the productions of the town manufactories. But even in lace alone much more might be done in Ireland than there is at present; and the materials are so cheap, that any benevolent person, with ever so bare an independence, might establish a Currah Chase school. The good effected would of itself be a sufficient reward; but in the instance we have now brought to notice, the kind lady of the Chase has received a token of gratitude which must have touched her heart and filled her eyes. The poor girls, by working at extra hours, and lavishing all their skill upon the task, produced a *chef-d'œuvre* in point lace, and presented it as a gift to their benefactress.

It is well known that in several of the continental countries the manufacture of thread lace is an unfailing resource for the women; and in Normandy, more especially, we have been both surprised and amused by a peep into the workshop of the hamlet. The business is usually carried on during the night, for in the daytime the stout Norman lasses work like men or horses in the field; and the place of meeting is the cow-house, where the sweet breath of the 'milky mothers' keeps them warm. They have all, besides, their own chaufferettes (little boxes pierced with holes, and enclosing a pan of live cinders), on which they rest their feet as they sit around a little round table. This table has but one lamp for the whole circle; but each is provided with a white glass bottle filled with clear water, which reflects the light upon her work as well as if she had one to her own share. Oh the joyous laugh! oh the buoyant song! oh the wild railleries that fill the midnight cow-house! till, tired at length both of work and merriment, the light-hearted girls withdraw to their huts and their beds, from which the sun is to rouse them in a few hours to another course of toil and enjoyment.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

The Rosicrucians are a sect very little known. The notices relating to them and their peculiar doctrines, which are scattered in the pages of encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, and histories of philosophy, are exceedingly meagre and imperfect; but as, with all their wildness and absurdity, they have left some traces upon the legendary and poetical literature of Europe, a few particulars about them may not be uninteresting.

As a sect, they first appeared in the early part of the seventeenth century. At this period the most fearful and degrading superstitions prevailed over Europe. Devils were supposed to walk the earth, and to mingle in the affairs of men; evil spirits, in the opinion even of the wise and learned, were thought to be at the call of any one who would summon them with the proper formalities; and witches were daily burned in all the capitals of Europe. The new sect taught a superstition less repulsive. They sprang up in Germany, extended with some success to France and England, and excited many angry controversies. Though as far astray in their notions as the Demonologists and witch believers, their creed was more graceful. They taught that the elements swarmed not with hideous, foul, and revengeful spirits, but with beautiful creatures, more ready to do man service than to inflict injury. They taught that the earth was inhabited by Gnomes, the air by Sylphs, the fire by Salamanders, and the water by Nymphs or Undines; and that man, by his communication with them, might learn the secrets of nature, and discover all those things which had puzzled philosophers for ages—Perpetual Motion, the Elixir of Life, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Essence

of Invisibility. They were assailed with all the shafts of ridicule: the philosophers laughed at notions scarcely more fantastic, but more novel than their own; and the alchymists were obstinate in seeking their chimera after their own fashion.

The Rosicrucians derived their name from Christian Rosencreütz, their supposed founder, who died in 1484. He is said to have bound his disciples, by solemn oaths, to keep his doctrine secret for one hundred and twenty years after his burial. Certain it is they were never heard of under this name until the year 1604, when they first began to excite attention in Germany. Michael Meyer, an alchymist, and a physician of repute, was the first person of any note who lent the authority of his name to the promulgation of their tenets. He published at Cologne, in 1615, a work entitled 'Themis Aurea, hoc est de legibus Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis,' which purported to contain all the laws and ordinances of the brotherhood. From this it appeared that, by perfect temperance and chastity, they expected to hold converse with the elemental spirits; that they could render themselves invisible; draw gold and jewels from the bowels of the earth by incantation; be subject neither to disease nor death; and subsist without eating or drinking! They also laid claim to the power of foretelling all events, and of curing all diseases; and asserted that they possessed all wisdom and knowledge in a supreme degree. But beyond the confines of Cologne, Frankfort, and some other German cities, the name of the sect was not much known until the year 1623, when some of the brethren suddenly made their appearance in Paris, and frightened the good people of that capital from their propriety. On the 3d of March in that year, the following placard was stuck upon the walls, but how it came there nobody could tell:—

'We, the deputies of the principal college of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, towards whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without any books or symbols whatever, and we speak all sorts of languages in the countries wherein we deign to dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error, and to save them from death.'

It is possible that this placard was but a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of some wits who desired to mystify the citizens. However this may be, it excited very considerable alarm, especially amongst the clergy; and various pamphlets were published to warn the pious against the dangerous heresies of the sect. One was called 'A History of the Frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the Pretended Invisibles, with their Damnable Instructions, the Deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their Miserable End.' The other, which affected to know a great deal more about the matter, and to be deeply initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity, was entitled 'An Examination of the New Cabala of the Brethren of the Rosie Cross, who have lately come to reside in the city of Paris, with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other particulars.' These tracts and others excited very great curiosity; and it is known, upon the contemporary authority of the *Mercure de France*, that a popular panic was excited by the fear of this mysterious sect, none of whose members had ever been seen. It was believed that the Rosicrucians could transport themselves from place to place with the rapidity of volition, and that they took delight in cheating and tormenting unhappy citizens, especially such as had sinned against chastity. The most absurd stories about them were daily reported, and found listeners. An innkeeper asserted that a mysterious stranger entered his inn, regaled himself on his best, and suddenly vanished in a cloud when the reckoning was presented. Another had been served as scurvy a trick by a similar stranger, who lived upon the choicest fare, and drunk the best wines of his house for a week, and paid him with a handful of new gold coins, which turned into slates on the following morning. It was also said that several persons on awakening in the middle of the night found individuals in their bed-chambers, who suddenly became invisible, though still palpable, when the alarm was raised. Such was the consternation in Paris, that every man who could not give a satisfactory account of himself was in danger of being pelted to death; and quiet citizens slept with loaded muskets at their bedside, to take vengeance upon any Rosicrucian who might violate the sanctity of their chambers.

In the midst of the alarm another placard appeared, as mysterious as the first, notifying to the world that the most persevering curiosity of the profane and ignorant would fail in discovering the Rosicrucians who were then in Paris, but that any person who had a devout respect for them, and a sincere desire to embrace their tenets, had only to form a wish to know them, and the wish would be gratified. A good deal of controversy was thus excited, which lasted about two years, when the Rosicrucians ceased to be spoken of in France. In the meantime various swindlers in the capital and elsewhere pretended to the character, and succeeded in duping some credulous people of their jewels, on the promise of charming fifty times the quantity for them out of the recesses of the earth. Two or three of these fellows were caught, and suffered punishment. Driven for a while from France, the Rosicrucian *philosophy*—for such it was called—found believers and preachers in Holland, England, and Italy. The most celebrated in the former country was Peter Mormius, an alchymist. In England, the high priest of the doctrine was one Dr Fludd, or, as he loved to call himself, Robertus à Fluctibus. This man had very strange notions upon medicine, which he had studied chiefly in the pages of Paracelsus. He warmly embraced the Rosicrucian creed; boasted of his intercourse with the elementary spirits, with whom he had conversations far surpassing those of Dr Dee with the angels; asserted that he could live without food for a couple of centuries, or until it pleased him to die; and that he could render himself invisible, and turn all metals into gold. He was succeeded by Eugene Philalethes and John Heydon. The latter was an attorney, who wrote three works on the Rosicrucian mysteries, one called 'The Wise Man's Crown, or the Glory of the Rosie Cross;' the second, 'The Holy Guide, leading the way to Art and Nature, with the Rosie Cross uncovered;' and the third, 'A New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, by John Heydon, the Servant of God, and the Secretary of Nature.' In his preface to the last-mentioned work, he maintains that Moses was the real founder of the Rosicrucians, and that he was followed by Elijah and Ezekiel, from whom the secrets of the fraternity were transmitted in succession to Christian Rosencreütz. The most pious of the brethren—those who religiously abstained from marriage, from eating and drinking, and all unchastity—could, he said, hold delightful communion when they pleased not only with the elementary spirits that pervaded the universe, but with the holy angels, and the disembodied souls of good men; they could, like Proteus, assume any shape, and were endowed with the power of working miracles; could slack the plague in cities, calm the whirlwind, allay the violence of the storm, and transport themselves to and fro in the universe with the rapidity of the imagination. He maintained that it was criminal to eat (he did not abstain from the criminal practice himself), and asserted that if men, in general, would take proper precautions to purify the air, they would find there was a 'fine fatness' in it, quite sufficient for their nourishment. Some men, however, had such voracious appetites, as to require more substantial nutriment; but it might easily be procured even for them, without the necessity of defiling their mouths by food. A cataplasm of cooked meats, or savoury pies, placed upon the epigastrium, would be quite sufficient for the hungriest persons; and would, besides, never subject them to the dangers of an indigestion. But the most illustrious Rosicrucian

was Joseph Francis Borri, who appeared shortly after the time of Heydon, and in his work entitled 'La Chiave del Gabinetto del Signor Borri,' left that record of their tenets to which the world is mainly indebted for all its knowledge of the subject. Without his aid, their wild fancies would have sunk into oblivion, and a portion of their doctrines only would have been remembered in the pages of the poets. His work, several years after his death, fell into the hands of the Abbé de Rillars, who founded upon it his cabalistic romance, 'The Count de Gabalis,' which is now the text-book from whence we derive our principal acquaintance with the origin of a creed which has spread its ramifications into various parts of Europe, and taken, in many countries, a firm hold upon the popular mind. The book of the Abbé excited great attention. It was the Rosicrucian doctrine divested of its contradictions and the greatest of its absurdities; a romance in which the author preserved all the poetry of the sect, and rejected their wild notions about food and digestion, and gave the whole exposition to the world in a fiction remarkable for the elegance of its style and the grace of its imagination. A few extracts will show its nature and its spirit.

In the second conversation between the Count de Gabalis and his interlocutor, the former says, 'When you are enrolled among the number of the children of philosophy, and when your eyes are strengthened by the use of our most holy medicine, you will see that all the elements are inhabited by a race of perfect creatures, which are concealed from the general eye of humanity in consequence of the sin of Adam. That immense space which lies between the earth and heaven has inhabitants far more noble than the birds and flies. The vast seas have other dwellers than whales and dolphins; the depths of the earth are not for the moles alone; and the element of fire, nobler by far than the other three, was not made to remain void and uninhabited.

'The air is filled with an innumerable multitude of beings in human shape—proud and majestic in their appearance, but very mild in reality. They are great lovers of science, subtle, fond of rendering service to the wise, but great enemies of the foolish and the ignorant. . . . The seas and the rivers are inhabited in like manner. The ancient sages named these people the Undines, or the Nymphs. The males are few among them, but the females are in great number. Their beauty is extreme, and the daughters of man cannot be compared to them. The earth is filled almost to the centre with Gnomes—people smaller in stature, who guard the treasures of the mines, and keep watch over precious stones. These are very ingenious, very friendly to man, and easy to command. They furnish the children of philosophy (the Rosicrucians) with all the money they require, and think themselves sufficiently rewarded by our friendship. The Gnomides, their females, are small, but very beautiful and agreeable, and their dress is very curious. As regards the Salamanders, inhabitants of the fire, they also render service to the children of philosophy, but do not seek their company so eagerly as the others; and their wives and daughters are very rarely seen by mortal eyes. . . . They are by far the most beautiful of the elementary spirits, being compounded of the most subtile and beautiful of all the elements. By becoming a member of our fraternity, you will be enabled to see and converse with all these glorious multitudes; you will see their mode of life, their manners, and make acquaintance with their admirable laws. You will be charmed by the graces of their mind, much more than with the beauty of their body; but you will not be able to refrain from sorrow and pity for their miserable fate, when you learn that their soul is mortal, and that they have no hope of eternal felicity in the presence of that Supreme Being whom they know, and whom they religiously adore. They will tell you that, being composed of the purest particles of the element they inhabit, and having within them no opposite and antagonist qualities, being made but of one element, they live for thousands of years. But what is time, however great, to eternity? They must return into nothingness at last; and this thought embitters their existence, and we have great difficulty in consoling them. Our fathers the philosophers (the founders of the Rosicrucian doctrine), speaking to God in their prayers, remembered the sorrow of the elemental people, and interceded for them; and God, whose mercy is without limits, revealed to them that the evil is not without a remedy. He inspired them with the knowledge that as man, by the alliance of holiness which he contracts with his Maker, may be made a participator in the divinity, so may the Sylphs, the Gnomes, the Nymphs, and the Salamanders, by contracting an alliance with man, be made participators in man's immortality. Thus, a Nymph or a Sylphide becomes immortal, and has a soul like man, if she can inspire one of us with love towards her; thus a Sylph or a Gnome ceases to be mortal, if one of the daughters of man will consent to marry him. And oh, my son,' continued the Count de Gabalis, 'admire the felicity of the Rosicrucians! Instead of women, whose charms wither in a few short years, and are followed by ghastly wrinkles, we ally ourselves with beauties whose charms never fade away, and whom we have the glory and happiness of rendering immortal. You may imagine the love and the gratitude of these invisible mistresses towards us, and with what zeal and assiduity they seek to please us who have conferred upon them the unspeakable privilege of an immortal soul. The most beautiful woman the world ever saw is ugliness itself in comparison with the least fascinating of the Sylphides.'

In succeeding interviews the Count de Gabalis further explains to his interlocutor the nature and pursuits of the elementary spirits; asserts that it was they only, and not the vile gods of the Greeks and Romans, that delivered the oracles of old; that they continually kept watch over man to do him service, and to warn him of approaching evil. It was they who sent omens, and furnished him with the understanding to interpret them, and who filled his mind with presentiments when some great calamity was impending over him, that he might perchance avoid it. They also sent him dreams for the regulation of his fate. 'But, alas!' continues the count, 'men ignorantly misunderstand and reject their kindness. A poor Sylph hardly dares to show himself lest he should be mistaken for an imp of evil; an Undine cannot endeavour to acquire an immortal soul, by loving a man, without running the risk of being considered a vile impure phantom; and a Salamander, if he shows himself in his glory, is taken for a devil, and the pure light which surrounds him considered the fire of hell. It is in vain that, to dispel these unworthy suspicions, they make the sign of the cross when they appear, and bend their knees when the Divine name is uttered. All their efforts are useless. Obstinate man persists in considering them enemies of that God whom they know, and whom they adore more religiously than men do. The prayer which you will find preserved by Porphyre, and which was offered up in the Temple of Delphos for the enlightenment of the Pagans, was the prayer of a Salamander.' In short, without continuing to quote the words of the Count de Gabalis, he asserted that all the supernatural appearances with which the history of every age and nation was full, were to be, and could only be, explained by the agency of these elemental sprites; that the deeds attributed to devils, imps, and witches were the creations of a false and degrading superstition, unworthy to be believed by philosophers. They were no fiends with

> —'aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,'

but beneficent spirits, the friends of man. The *peris* of eastern romance, the *fées*, the *fatas*, and the *fairies* of European legends, were names which, in their ignorance, the people of different countries had given to the

Sylphs. Vulcan, Bacchus, and Pan, though the Greeks did not know it, were Gnomes; Neptune and Venus, and all the Naiads and Nereids, were but the Undines of the Rosicrucians; Apollo was a Salamander, and Mercury a Sylph; and not one of the personages of the multifarious mythology of the Greeks and Romans but could be ranged under one or other of these classes. The means taken by these spirits—the guardian angels of the popular creed—to warn those to whom they attached themselves of evil, were various; and very often those whose ignorance led them to disregard their intimations, were left to perish in their blindness. They also prevented others, if they could, from doing evil to their wards, of which several instances are related by the count.—(*To be concluded in next number.*)

KRETTEL.

A GERMAN STORY.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little roadside inn situated between Hornberg and Rottweil, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself: housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active, and good-humoured German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch the minister, their host, and some neighbours who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighbouring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was little more than a gun-shot from the inn-door: it was a tradition, unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before-mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his goodwife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn-yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighbouring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant-maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little. Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected. While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing that she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length: at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant-girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but, on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol-handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close against the wall: the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps, agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes ensconced in her retreat when a fresh knocking resounded at the inn-door, and she perceived there two ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject.

On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower storey. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms where, expecting no resistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognised as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering about without a captain, were quickly either taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

THE VICTUALS AND DRINK OF AUTHORS.

Many eminent men have entertained a notion that the character of individuals is, in a great degree, influenced by their diet. Hippocrates, in his celebrated 'Treatise on Diet,' endeavours to prove that all men are born with the same mental capacity, and that the difference which in after-life is discoverable in the minds of the human race, is altogether attributable to the food which they have eaten. Literary men, according to Celsus, have universally weak stomachs. Aristotle had this organ so feeble, that he was obliged to strengthen it by the application of an aromatic oil to the region of the stomach, which never failed to impart its cordial effects by transpiring to this viscus. A respectable physician asserted that he could estimate the capacity of the mind by the delicacy of the stomach; for, in fact, according to him, you never find a man of genius who does not labour under complaints of the stomach.

Some authors have gained a notoriety for singularity in their diet and appetites. Dr Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs, that he died, in 1566, of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr Parr confesses his love of 'hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce.' Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly, and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely, that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr Johnson had a voracious attachment to leg of mutton. 'At my aunt Ford's,' says he, 'I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten.' Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, 'If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach.' Charles Lamb was excessively partial to roast pig.

Dr George Fordyce contended that as one meal a-day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly, for more than twenty years, the doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. His solitary meal he took regularly at four o'clock at Dolly's chop-house. A pound and a half of rump-steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock next day, and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex Street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Maseres, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.

Ariosto was so attached to a plain and frugal mode of life, that he says of himself in one of his poems, 'that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of mankind.' His constitution was delicate and infirm; and notwithstanding his temperance and general abstemiousness, his health was often interrupted. Blaise Pascal, the famous mathematician and philosopher, having suddenly renounced his studies at the age of twenty-four, devoted himself wholly to a life of mortification and prayer. This was occasioned by his reading the works of some of those ascetic religionists who unnaturally make the height of virtue to consist in an abstinence from the enjoyment of those blessings which the Creator has provided, and strangely imagine that a self-infliction of misery is a most acceptable sacrifice to the Giver of plenty.

Thomas Tryon, the amiable author of the 'Way to Health and Long Life,' John Oswald, author of various poetical and political pamphlets, and Taylor, the translator of Porphyry's work on 'Abstinence from Animal Food' (1822), refrained from eating flesh. Shelley, who had an ineffable contempt for all the sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined, was of opinion that abstinence from animal food subtilises and clears the intellectual faculties. To counteract a tendency to corpulency, Lord Byron at one period dined four days in the week on fish and vegetables, and even stinted himself to a pint of claret. Though his sensuality returned now and then, and tempted him to eat of a great variety of dishes, yet he succeeded in reducing his rotundity, but with it shrunk his cheek and his calf. Liston the comedian was from infancy averse to animal food and strong drink; water was his habitual drink, and his food was little beyond the mast and beech-nuts of his favourite groves at Charnwood. This kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, is but ill adapted to the minds and bodies of the present generation. Hypochondria almost constantly ensues; and it was so in the case of young Liston, who was subject to strange visions. Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. 'I hesitated some time,' he says, 'between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a *rational animal*, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!' When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his 'Principia,' he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water and vegetable diet. Kühl the naturalist was remarkably moderate in regard to food: on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labours were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Sheridan, who usually wrote at night with several candles burning around him, needed the excitement of wine when engaged in composition. 'If an idea be reluctant,' he would sometimes say, 'a glass of port ripens it, and it bursts forth; if it come freely, a glass of port is a glorious reward for it.' He is related to have written his play of Pizarro over claret and sandwiches in Drury Lane theatre. Otway gave himself up early to drinking; carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving for a month in an alehouse on Tower Hill. Helius Eobanus, the celebrated Latin poet, who was born in 1488, took great credit to himself for being a hard drinker, and would challenge any man as to the quantity of liquor which he could drink. In a contest of this kind his antagonist fell dead on the floor. Froissart, according to his own confession, 'took great pleasure in

drinking and fair array, in jousts, dances, late vigils, and, for my better repose, a night draught of claret or Rochelle wine, mingled with spice.' Anthony á Wood tells us that, when Prynne studied, 'his custom was to put on a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella, to defend them from too much light, and seldom eating any dinner. He would be every three hours munching a roll of bread, and now and then refresh his exhausted spirits with ale.' Fielding, the author of 'Tom Jones,' sought consummate bliss in glasses of brandy and water. Brathwayte, in his poem called 'Times' Curtaine' (1621), declares that

> 'Some say I drinke too much to write good lines,
> Indeed I drink more to observe the times,
> And for the love I bear unto my friend,
> To hold him chat than any other end.
> Yea, my observance tells me I have got
> More by discoursing sometimes o'er the pot,
> Than if I had good fellowship forsooke,
> And spent that houre in poring on a booke.'

Mr Thomas Moore is of opinion, that

> 'If with water you fill up your glasses,
> You'll never write anything wise;
> For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
> Which hurries a bard to the skies.'

The late Major Morris expresses the same questionable creed in the following harmonious lines:—

> 'Old Horace, when he dipped his pen,
> 'Twas wine he had resort to;
> He chose for use Falernian juice,
> As I choose old Oporto:
> At every bout an ode came out,
> Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling;
> As well aware more fire was there,
> Which wanted but the sprinkling.
>
> Anacreon's harp was harsh and sharp,
> Till wine had tuned his finger;
> Alcæus, till he'd got his fill,
> Found all his genius linger;
> Old Ennius too, could nothing do,
> Till bumpers made him rhymy;
> And when I sing, 'tis not the thing
> Unless the bottle's by me.'

The too long association of the bottle and the book is also maintained in a poem on the virtue of sack, entitled 'A Preparative to Study' (1641). Sir William Temple used to say, 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' Medwin, writing of Lord Byron, says, 'He has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and in order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night. He assured me that gin and water was the true Hippocrene, and the source of all his inspiration.' At Newstead Abbey, Byron had a drinking-cup formed of a skull, rimmed with silver, on the outside of which were inscribed some verses of his, beginning, 'Start not, nor deem my spirit fled.' Many blamed him for converting a human skull to such a purpose; but in this he was not singular. Mandeville speaks of a tribe of people who converted their parents' skulls into cups, from which they drank with great devotion. Massinger the dramatist also mentions such skull goblets. In Middleton's play of 'The Witch,' a duke takes a bowl of this sort from a cupboard, upon which one of his attendants exclaims, 'A skull, my lord!' which enrages the duke, who replies, 'Call it a soldier's cup! Our duchess, I know, will drink from it, though the cup was once her father's head, which, as a trophy, we will keep till death.'

Charles Lamb delighted in a draught of porter out of the pewter pot, and he would press his friends, even great men and bashful ladies, to taste the genuine article, fresh drawn at the bar of his favourite little inn at Edmonton. Coleridge observes that 'some men are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.' Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced those intemperate habits which elicited Dr Johnson's memorable remarks—'In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary!'

A celebrated modern poet being invited to dinner by a lady, requested her to provide for him some peppermint cordial and black puddings. Goldsmith's usual beverage, in 1764, was a slight decoction of sassafras, which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Dr Shaw the naturalist drank largely of green tea; till, having lost the use of one arm, he says he discontinued it, and recovered the use of the limb. Hayley was of temperate habits, drinking no other stimulant than coffee: his example induced Dr Warner to resolve on abstaining from wine and tobacco; though Hayley warned him against making so sudden a change, and expressed his opinion that the wine and tobacco had contributed to produce the doctor's excellent health and florid appearance. Warner persisted in the experiment, which very soon induced debility and a low obstinate fever, which were not subdued till he returned to London, and resumed the generous style of living which habit had rendered necessary, or which was originally suited to his constitution.

Milton used to take 'a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water' just before going to bed. He recommends

> 'The rule of "not too much," by temperance taught,
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
> Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight.'

Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be selected, used to say that 'greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking.' This striking and just remark is, however, only an abridgment of one by Swift, who pronounces temperance to be 'a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life.'

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It appears, from parliamentary returns, that the amount of railway capital authorised to be raised during the last session was L.90,802,550, for the purpose of constructing 4705 miles of railway—thus giving an average of L.19,299 per mile. Of this length not less than 59½ miles required to be tunnelled, being on the whole about 1¼ mile per hundred. The total quantity of land required for occupation is stated to be 53,356 acres, or nearly 11½ acres for every lineal mile of railway.

In a report on the sickness among the Edinburgh police, recently drawn up by the medical attendant, the effect upon the health of an ill-ventilated section-house is noticed, and furnishes an additional example of the importance of pure air, and plenty of it. The men boarded in this place were the heartiest and youngest in the force, yet the ratio of sickness among them was 351·35, while among those out of it it was only 205·59—being a difference in favour of the latter of 145·76. Out of the thirty-seven men boarded in the section-house, only one was found free from functional disorder, the prominent symptoms of which were great sensibility to cold, copious cold perspirations, constant sense of fatigue, pain in the eye-balls, and loss of appetite. Statistics will at last force upon us sound convictions.

The South Australian and Adelaide Observer communicates the important intelligence, that gold may now be reckoned among the indigenous mineral wealth of our South Australian possessions. This discovery is due to Captain Tyrell of the North Montacute mine, who found the new ore when sinking a shaft in search of copper.

'Ludwigt's Canal,' in Bavaria, by which the Rhine and Danube, and consequently the Black and North Seas are united, has been opened for a few months, and promises to be of the highest importance to commerce. A vessel can now transport its cargo from London or Rotterdam across Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Wallachia, as far as Trebisond and Constantinople, without a single shift or obstruction.

According to the most accurate estimates, no less a space than 2,830,000 acres—that is, nearly one-seventh of the entire surface of Ireland—is occupied with bog. If, however, the quantity capable of being made into turf be taken as low as 2,000,000 of acres, and at an average depth of three yards, the mass of fuel which they contain, estimated at

550 lbs. per cubic yard, when dry, amounts to the enormous sum of 6,336,666,666 tons. Taking, therefore, the value of turf, as compared with that of coal, namely, as 9 to 54, the total amount of turf fuel in Ireland is equivalent in power to above 470,000,000 tons of coal, which, at 12s. per ton, is worth above L.280,000,000 sterling.

The Canadian lakes have been computed to contain 1700 cubic miles of water, or more than half the fresh water on the globe, covering a space of about 93,000 square miles. They extend from west to east over nearly 15½ degrees of longitude, with a difference of latitude of about 8½ degrees, draining a country of not less surface than 400,000 square miles.

The annual value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, according to Mr Tennant, amounts to nearly L.25,000,000. Of this, L.9,100,000 is from coals, L.8,400,000 from iron, L.1,200,000 from copper, L.920,000 from lead, L.400,000 from salt, L.390,000 from tin, L.60,000 from manganese, L.35,000 from silver, L.22,000 from alum, L.8000 from zinc, and L.25,000 from the various other metals, as antimony, bismuth, arsenic, &c.

SAMUEL WILDERSPIN.

We copy the following from the *Daily News*, for the obvious purpose of promoting the collection of the tribute fund for Mr Wilderspin:—'Amongst pleasant recollections that have occurred at intervals for more than a quarter of a century, and been always welcome, not the least welcome has been that of our first sight of an Infant School. Very much, indeed, remains to be done for popular education; but yet so much has been done, and so many arrangements, once smiled at as "pretty in theory," have become commonplace facts, that our young readers can scarcely realise the enjoyment then experienced. It was in one of the by-streets of Spitalfields, places where few people penetrate unless they have business there, that we found some eighty or ninety children, from three or four to eight years of age, gathered together, all clean and smiling, though many might be rather ragged, in a building hung round with pictures from sacred history, learning to read with an alacrity never felt before, even in learning to play. The idea of such a school, and almost every particular of the plan pursued, was then a novelty. The chant and march were novelties. The substitution of affection and enjoyment for restraint and punishment were novelties. The gallery, with the questioning, and rapid answers, and all its excitement, were novelties. And though before that time the world had heard of the Lanark Factory School, and ranked it with the beauties of that picturesque locality, yet the growth of similar beauty in the gloom of Spitalfields was a novelty. And the best novelty of all, because containing in himself the promise of many more creations of a similar description, was the simple-minded master, with his soul in the work and his heart in his hand; the loving and the loved; the teacher and the teachable; the happy companion of the children he was guiding to happiness; and through his life, from that time to this, the founder, guide, and missionary of Infant Schools—Mr Wilderspin.

'How much of the plans, since so extensively adopted, originated with Mr Wilderspin, we cannot say, nor does it signify. Whoever invented, he gave the invention life. Whoever philosophised, he realised. His excellence was in action. Children gathered delighted around him, he being quite as much delighted as themselves. Nor has he failed, in the meekness of his wisdom, to speak of the lessons, mental and moral, learned by himself from pupils that, but for him, would have been most benighted, forlorn, rude, and perhaps criminal.

'A circular, signed by two secretaries—one at Hull, and the other at Manchester—has just reached us, which states that "An association, already strong, have resolved to seek Mr Wilderspin in his unrequited and thankless retirement, and offer him, unasked by him, a suitable tribute for his invaluable labours." The association is only discharging and inciting to the discharge of a public duty. We notice the project in the hope of promoting its success. The time will come when services of this description will be acknowledged by public honours and rewards, such as are now appropriated to military achievements. There is evidence of its approach in the responsible recognition of the worth of those services. And while various schemes are afloat, and large sums are subscribed, for benefiting the children of the poor, it is well that the talent, zeal, and disinterestedness should not be left neglected and forgotten which long ago were consecrated to that good cause. The just appreciation of a beneficent work implies grateful regard to those by whom it was originated, and who have carried it on through circumstances often of great discouragement, without "bating one joy of heart or hope." Society cannot afford to neglect its benefactors.'

THE LAST TOAST AT CABOOL.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us!'
Long Engagements, a Tale of the Affghan Rebellion.

'Drink to the hearts that beat for us!' 'Twas thus the soldier cried,
And struggling lights and shades the while passed o'er his brow of pride;
'Drink to those lone and lovely eyes that watch for us to-night—
When morning comes we'll on, brave boys, beneath their cheering light:
Through pathless snows, and piercing winds, and blades more keen than they,
That cynosure of holy love will guide our desperate way!'

Stern fell the night on Khoord Cabool, and well those warriors slept,
Wrapped in their sheet of bloody snow! But one his vigils kept—
One of that gallant, glorious host—one—one—oh, only one!
And as he looked around and saw that he was all alone,
The only living thing except the gorged wolf by his side—
'Alas, the hearts that beat for us!' the dying soldier sighed.

But as he neared the mystic world, a new and wondrous sense
Informed his flitting soul, and far its vision darted thence:
Bright was the hall, and music made the perfumed air more sweet,
And quivering plumes and flashing gems were there, and glancing feet,
And she the lady of his love—the fairest of them all—
The idol of the throng, and queen of that gay festival!

Flushed was her cheek, and bright her smile, and flashed her eye with pride,
As ever and anon she bent her beauteous head aside,
To drink the honeyed tale from lips as graceful as her own:
But in the midst she paused—her thoughts far, far away are flown—
Till sudden with a shuddering start she turned anew to hear,
With beauty's mean and soulless pride the whisper in her ear.

The soldier raised him on his arm, and looked around once more:
A deadlier stillness had come down where all was still before;
The carrion birds had to their homes with heavy pinion hied,
And the gorged wolf, as mute as death, was sleeping by his side.
'Thank God, I am alone, and here!' he said with fainting breath,
And the stern smile that lit his brow was frozen there in death.

FOOTMEN'S CALVES.

It may perhaps be not generally known to all our country readers that one of the greatest essentials with regard to the recommendation of a London footman is not only his height, but the size and form of his legs—veal being at a high price in the 'lackey market' of the metropolis. A friend of the author's, who once lived in one of the leading squares at the 'west end,' had occasion to hire a new footman. The man arrived, but for the first two or three days was absent from his post at the hour of his master's dinner. Upon inquiry being made of the butler why the new footman did not make his appearance, the excuse given was, that 'the man's calves had not yet come home.' 'What!' said the astonished master—'what do you mean?' 'Why, sir,' replied the major-domo, 'the man's legs are not quite so well-formed and large as is consistent with his calling, and he has been obliged to have recourse to those artificial means which are resorted to by great numbers of the fashionable footmen of London—namely, to order a pair of "sham calves;" and I am sorry to say that the man who makes them has disappointed him, from the vast quantity which he has had orders for at this season of the year. However, he will be ready to appear by dinner-time to-morrow.'—*New Sporting Magazine.*

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE WHIP.

There are three great nations which are addicted to the use of the whip as an instrument of punishment—the Chinese, the Russians, and the English; and it may not be uninteresting to trace the different modifications of the custom among them to their source in the national character.

The Chinese have at length begun to show themselves. We have dragged them into day by main force. Our fleet has thrown down their walls of concealment; and our missionaries, landing on the coasts in spite of their enraged functionaries, have planted the gospel in defiance of the law. We find this peculiar people, whose first modern compiler of ancient history flourished about the time of Herodotus, to be nothing more than old children. They have not got beyond the patriarchal regime; and although now comprising one-third part of the human race, their government is the same in theory as that which ruled the tents of the fathers of Israel. We speak, of course, of the grand fundamental Thought, not of the complicated system of legislation by which so mighty a people are kept in order. This 'thought' is composed of paternal duty on the one hand, and filial duty on the other. The emperor for the time being, no matter of what dynasty, is the father of the nation, and the people are his docile and reverent children. The imperial power is represented by the officers of the state, great and small, each under each, and finally by the fathers of families, who are each imperial in his own household. A youth will not sit without permission in his father's presence; the father pays similar respect to the lowest public functionary, and he to a higher, till the chain of reverence terminates with the emperor himself. Yes, terminates; for the emperor is the high priest as well as king. A common Chinese does not presume to communicate directly with the Heavens and the Earth, who are the supreme deities of the nation, but contents himself with paying divine honours to the emperor, whose business it is to mediate for all. Even his ancestors are inferior in spiritual dignity to the emperor, although he worships them likewise, and burns incense before their manes.

The principle of cohesion, therefore, in Chinese society, is that ceremony which regulates the gradation of ranks. The law cannot command respect, which is an act of the mind, but it commands the observance of certain forms implying respect. It regulates the number of obeisances at private as well as public meetings; it measures the depth of a bow or a curtsy; it is supreme over fashion itself. Even a lady dresses according to the statute. No man must dare to notice the varieties in temperature before his superiors. The governor of a province lets its inhabitants know when it is cold enough for a change of costume; and when the signal is given by these functionaries, all China puts on its winter-cap. But the law does not end here; it extends to the spiritual kingdom; and the gods and the genii are arranged with the nicest attention to the distinction of rank. When a mandarin, in travelling, lodges at a temple, he causes the statues of those divinities to be displaced who are of inferior grade to himself.

In all countries, there must be some penalty annexed to the lighter and more common infringements of the law; and in filial China, it will be seen, the most suitable one is a whipping. The rod appears, from the universal practice of mankind, to be the natural instrument for the correction of children, and it is accordingly the instrument chosen by the paternal government of the Chinese to keep the Sons of Han in order. When the emperor is displeased with his ministers, and the offence is not grave enough to require their being sent to Tartary, or condemned to stand sentry at the palace doors, he chastises them with a bamboo. The ministers keep their subordinates in mind of their duty by the same means; the subs transmit the whipping to those under them; and so on, till all China is soundly and continuously flogged. When an English ambassador was incommoded by the crowd of courtiers who gathered round him at the palace, one of the ministers of state, catching up a bamboo, rushed out among them and put them to flight. A magistrate makes his appearance in the streets with a bundle of rods for his insignia of office, and officers go before him to thrash the people out of his way. At a trial, these instruments of punishment are placed in awful array before the bench; and sentence is executed upon the spot, by the offender being laid down upon his face in open court, and receiving the chastisement allotted to him.

But the government of China is not merely patriarchal, but scholastic: the people are at once children and scholars; and in both capacities the rod would seem to be their due. Some of our readers will be surprised to hear that the Chinese are the most universally educated people in the world except one, and that that one is the Japanese. In China, education is one of the chief employments of the state; and the periodical examinations of the schools keep the country in greater excitement than a general election in England. The successful students are sent to Peking, where they are feasted by the emperor in person; they rise, through various gradations, to public employment and public honours; and, according to a provision of the constitution (frequently, however, infringed), they must necessarily form a certain proportion of the great officers of state. The unsuccessful students, we need hardly add, are whipped.

Let us account, by way of parenthesis, for what will appear, after all this, a very extraordinary circumstance

—namely, that Chinese literature, although the most abundant, is not the best in the world. The reason is, that the classics are to the students what a father is to his children, or the emperor to his people. No man must be so disrespectful as to surpass them. Original views would be laughed at as folly, or punished as impiety; and thus Chinese literature has continued to move in one dull circle ever since the time of Confucius. When the present emperor's father, surprised and indignant at the confusion created in the empire by Christianity, desired to see the New Testament, it was translated on purpose, and put into his hands. The imperial critic perused it attentively, and then setting it down with calm contempt, remarked that it was not classical!

But to return. In China, the women are not whipped—a distinction which points to the generally gentle and humane character of the people. It is true their poor toes are bandaged in childhood in a way which fills the house with screams for about six years; but most civilised nations have some analogous practice. The Japanese contort inwards the hips of the women, so as to give them the waddle of a goose; and the English compress their waists to an extent fatal to health, dangerous to life, and absurd and unnatural in appearance.

In fine, the whip among the Chinese may be reckoned a congenial instrument of punishment, to which no idea of disgrace is attached, and which appears wonderfully well calculated to achieve its object, in the preservation of peace and order among the people.

In Russia, the form of government has got beyond the patriarchal; but it is at present in that transition state wherein are exhibited only the coarser features of civilisation. The people are no longer children, but serfs; and the emperor no longer a father, but a master. This is a period that is always pregnant with great changes, for the king and nobles are on different sides, bidding against each other for the suffrages of the people. While the revolution is growing, however, the people are suffering. The exigence of the masters' position renders it impossible for them to take much care of the intellectual cultivation of their inferiors. Few appeals are made but to the coarser parts of their nature. The whip in Russia, here called the knout, is the national instrument of punishment as in China; but instead of being associated with ideas of paternal care, as under a patriarchal government, it has a character of unredeemed brutality. Its lightness or severity depends not upon the law, but the functionaries—a few blows of an instrument designed for temporary chastisement sufficing to destroy life. Women, and those of the highest rank too, and the most delicate nurture, are flogged as mercilessly as men; and every proprietor of land has a whip for his serfs as well as for his cattle.

The Russians, it may be supposed, do not take very kindly to the whip. On the contrary, it is the cause of a great many of the murders that are committed by the labouring upon the higher classes. Some years ago, a servant in Moscow having committed a fault, was flogged, and then sent to his master's country-seat with a letter. As the man trudged along the dreary road with his galled back, it may be supposed he was not entirely at peace with the world; but there was at least rest in the distance, and he was perhaps glad when the red roof of the chateau appeared blazing through the trees. A portion of the contents of the letter, however, directed the bearer to be flogged again on his arrival; which was done. The fellow grew absolutely sulky!—He was insolent! This could not be borne; and he was despatched back again to the town with a missive describing his offence—and flogged as before. Perhaps this quieted him; perhaps he saw the uselessness of taking the thing amiss; or perhaps there was sulkiness in his very silence—rebellion even in the sturdiness with which he bore his agony. It was necessary to try. He was sent back to the chateau, and flogged again! and then, the experiment and the lesson being no doubt complete, he was returned to Moscow for the last time. The man went calmly into his master's presence, delivered his despatches, and drawing from his side a hatchet, usually worn by the Russian peasant, literally hewed him in pieces. He then called his fellow-servants to see what he had done, and gave himself up to justice.

The Russians, notwithstanding the knout, are a very good-humoured people, bearing a sort of European resemblance, physically, to the Tartars, to whom the Chinese bear a still more striking resemblance. The women, we have said, are flogged; and, what is perhaps worse, they do not join freely in the amusements of the men. It is curious to see a group of men dancing gravely on the high-road of a village, and close by, a separate group of females, each being absorbed in the feats of its own sex. As for the upper classes, they affect not to be Russian at all. Their language is usually French, German, or English; they pique themselves upon employing only foreign tradesmen; and they drink vast quantities of Champagne, instead of an excellent mousseux wine of their own from the Caucasus, which costs only a fourth part of the price. But this might be expected. They are ashamed of the uncivilised condition of their countrymen; and this will never be ameliorated till the knout is abolished.

The English are the third and last great nation in our category, and with them we shall be brief, for, in point of fact, the whip is only a national instrument with them as regards those professions that are reckoned par excellence honourable. The whip, indeed, might be supposed to be anti-national; for in some way or other it has fallen, almost spontaneously, into disuse among the body of the people. The military were less influenced by the spirit of the time, partly because soldiers were less educated, and partly because any discontent in their ranks is called sedition, and punishable by the articles of war. The number of lashes was reduced from time to time, but no one ever thought of changing the mode of punishment. Officers knew nothing so effective as the 'cat,' because nothing else was ever tried. They declared that the army could not be held together without it, because the army had, throughout their whole time, been held together with it. Even recently, when the death of a sufferer from the lash, and a simultaneous cry of indignation from the whole people, called for the abolition of a mode of punishment so uncertain, indeed so casual in its severity, and so degrading, and, as it is styled, un-English in itself, the new liberal government resisted, on the plea that old officers (meaning chiefly the Duke of Wellington) were of opinion that it would be unsafe. The interference of the people, however, proves clearly that the military are no longer an isolated body, but have become a portion of themselves; and the plans that are now being adopted for the spread of education among them will of themselves do away with the whip. The thirty years' peace that has followed a twenty years' war, appears as yet to have no chance of interruption, and the soldiers will more and more amalgamate with the people, till, by and by, what remains of the 'cat' will be swept away from the penal code, not as anything actually mischievous, but merely as a portion of the useless lumber of antiquity.

It is curious that, almost at the very moment when the reign of the lash is virtually brought to an end at home, it should be re-established in our Indian army. It was abolished by Lord William Bentinck, one of the most enlightened of the governors-general, expressly on account of its tendency to prevent respectable persons from entering the service; and since then, the average instances of insubordination have certainly not been more numerous than before—probably quite the other way. Some of these, however, occurred during or just after the unhappy Affghan war, and immediately there arose a cry from the 'experienced officers' (inexperienced in every other kind of restraint) for the restoration of the whip. This was listened to compla-

cently by the commander-in-chief, one of the most experienced and illustrious of them all; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of numerous other officers, the measure was carried into effect by the late administration.

The people of England, we are afraid, feel very little interest in their Indian fellow-subjects; and many regard as the type of the nation the effeminate and small-limbed Bengalese, who hire themselves as domestic servants in Calcutta, and receive the blows of the ungentlemanly portion of their masters without a murmur. But the army is recruited almost exclusively in the upper provinces, and consists, generally speaking, of men of high and chivalrous spirit, and physically much superior to their European comrades. With them the grand principles are military honour, and 'fidelity to their salt;' and although the lash may keep them in order, it can only do so, we fear, by debasing their character, and transforming them from gallant soldiers into crouching slaves. Let us hope that the present liberal government will not forget the Indian part of this important question; but, to insure their bestowing upon it the requisite attention, it would be desirable that the subject should be taken up with spirit by the public, and by our fellow-labourers of the press.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

BY MRS CROWE.

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilisation, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions, accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes 'make quick conveyance' with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and life-long incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

In perusing lately some continental *causes célèbres*, we have been struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of their criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage we have reached, and certainly some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which in this country could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

How thoroughly foreign and strange to us was the history of Madame Lafarge! How unlike ours were the modes and habits of life it disclosed, and how vividly one felt that it was the tale of another land! So of the Priest Riembauen, noticed in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, who murdered the woman he had outraged. The details of his crime were as foreign to us as the language he spoke. So of many others we could name: but for the present, we will content ourselves with a case that occurred a few years ago at Leipsic. To what age or class our present story might be properly assigned, we should be somewhat puzzled to determine—the circumstances of the crime being, as far as we know, without precedent, and, we hope, not destined to form one; whilst the boldness of the enterprise on the one hand, and the veil of mystery that still hangs over the motives of the perpetrator on the other, seem to endue it with the mingled hues of the savage and the romantic. This question, however, we will leave our readers to decide for themselves.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 28th of February 1812, that a gentleman presented himself at the door of Mr Schmidt, an affluent merchant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr Schmidt that he was from Hamburgh, where, not finding affairs favourable to his objects, he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, describing himself as especially recommended to Mr Schmidt's good offices, he requested that gentleman's advice with respect to the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted upwards of half an hour, Mr Schmidt opened his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount of one hundred dollars, which the visitor begged leave to inspect. Having done so, he restored it to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place whence he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, deprived of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr Schmidt arose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty—for his head was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs standing about in confusion, and his desk open, and a moment's examination showed him that bills to the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, and his wife, who, having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to whom indignation and despair lent strength, rushed into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bills; but quickly as this was done, it was too late. The house of Frege and Company had already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and, after an illness of some duration, died from the consequences of the wounds in his head, which the surgeons declared had been inflicted with considerable violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon oath the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An idea seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sank to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-omened visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on the day in question a stranger had presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold, and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the

contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumour spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she were going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, 'Hanne! Hanne!' and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the anteroom, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohendorf, 24th January 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the colouring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock-coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general: people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward laying claim to the honour of having already been favoured with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr Kunitz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumour began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she nor any of the witnesses recognised him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman, who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr H—— remembered that a friend of his, called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was minister of Posenna, an eloquent and far-famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning; and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping out of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a deathbed confession, old age having hitherto brought with it no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process: in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered: the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind, more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr Tinius endeavoured to prove an *alibi*, but with very indifferent success; and it goes far to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this

affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his friends —respectable men, generally clergymen—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, destroy that, and swear the other, which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honourable men were in that condition themselves. These letters referred to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid-servant's deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these words, *Deleatur et igni tradatur*; a piece of advice which, strangely enough, he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though, doubtless, not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was: in broad daylight, in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well-known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self-possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking-house, and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favourable; and if booty were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr H——'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlour, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavoured to mask by pretending a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff-box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written *previous* to the occurrence of the events above narrated. 'The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colours will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification in patience, being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to affect me—especially since I observe that it is not *my* honour, but their own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto the death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—"So, my son, shall the Lord fight for thee."'

CHADWICK ON THE ECONOMY OF EDUCATED LABOURERS.

A FEW months ago, in a notice of Mr Chadwick's statements respecting the demoralisation and crime among large assemblages of railway labourers, the necessity for good moral supervision was insisted on as an important means of amelioration. It may, however, be urged that education for the labourer would prove ultimately of more benefit than any temporary superintendence; and Mr Chadwick has been endeavouring to demonstrate to the government, to capitalists, and to the influential classes, as a great fact—apart from all moral or social considerations, which should govern their exertions for the education of the working population—that an uneducated, ill-trained, and ignorant population is comparatively an inefficient and wasteful population. His object is to prove, as a question of political economy, that the mere pecuniary interests of the capitalist are in close coincidence with all social and moral interests, and not in antagonism with them, according to the prevalent opinion of vulgar sentimentalists—an opinion which ignorant or narrow-sighted capitalists and directors of human labour have, by their conduct, too commonly justified. His leading view is thus set forth in the subjoined portions of evidence which he has taken as to the comparative value of educated and uneducated seamen.

Captain Alderley Sleigh, who had served both in the king's and the merchant-seamen's service, gave the following illustrations of the differences. These particulars, though distant, and apparently irrelevant, will be found pregnant with corroborative proof as to the practical influence of the extensive principles of pecuniary responsibility on the habits and condition of the population.

'What,' he was asked, 'are the differences you have observed in their relative value as seamen, between those seamen who have been educated and those who are uneducated; that is, those who have been so far educated as to have so much general intelligence as might be shown by their taking up a book and reading for amusement or instruction when not on duty, and those who had no such capacity or disposition?'

'I have always found the educated seamen the most capable of performing their duty, no matter what that duty might be, whether it were a duty of danger or one of skill, provided their acquired knowledge were regulated by discipline and directed by corresponding intelligence on the part of the officer, insomuch, that were I fitting out a vessel myself, I should always, as I have hitherto done, prefer the educated men; because I should get the greater amount of work from them, and get it better done, and because I should have the most confidence in their fidelity. In short, I would rather work a vessel of six hundred tons, say with eighteen men, provided they were educated, than with twenty-five uneducated. I am now speaking of the mere amount of work to be got from the men, without reference to their morality or general good conduct; but of course their intelligent and moral conduct will be found also to have its pecuniary value in respect to the safety of the vessel. For example—if an illiterate seaman be on the watch, and be placed to look out for land, he will have little or no regard emanating from principle to the consequences of negligence, and will, without making an effort of mental rectitude, indulge himself in sleep; on the contrary, the educated man will be moved by the sense of character, perhaps

also by a perception of what is dependent on his performance of duty, and will be true to it without the necessity of watching him. It is not said the uneducated man is so far ignorant as not to see the danger. He does see it: he can hardly fail to be aware of what must be the consequences to his own person; but either from insensibility to moral character, or from some obtuseness, arising out of ignorance, he does not care for it—he indulges himself recklessly. With him the mate has to be constantly on the watch, and to be a driving taskmaster; while the educated man does his duty with less labour of overlooking and driving. An ignorant man, in doing his work, even if the fate of the ship depends on its correctness, will most frequently do it so as to save himself trouble, it being sufficient for him if it makes an appearance to the eye, whatever it may be in reality.'

Mr Chadwick urges the same reasoning with regard to railway labourers; among whom, he states, 'a large proportion of the fatal accidents is ascribable, not to cupidity, but to mere *ignorant recklessness*;' and cites as 'one prevailing cause of numerous accidents in railway construction, the imperfect mode generally adopted of detaching the horse from the loaded wagon of earth as it approaches the face or "tip of an embankment." One man drives the horse, and another man runs with the wagon, and gets before it, to detach the horse. The constrained attitude, the velocity of seven or eight miles an hour, and the unsafe footing, often upon clay, of the man upon whom the duty devolves, frequently make him fall across the rail, the wagon wheels pass over him, and he is killed or maimed for life. In 1840, Mr Butler Williams, who was acting as assistant engineer on the Great Western Railway, endeavoured to call attention to a very simple contrivance, which was tried there successfully, and adopted. It enabled the driver to detach the wagon without assistance. This contrivance, a movable hasp, connected with the leading rein, cost only ten shillings, and it saved the labour of one man. Yet only in a very small proportion of cases, perhaps not one in ten, was any attention paid to it.' Mr Chadwick reminds employers 'that attention to order, cleanliness, health, and comfort is, as a matter of mere economy, conducive to easier and better production,' and expresses 'a confident opinion that, in general, reckless and ignorant labour is dear labour. That this is so in railway labour, admits of proof by the wide variances between expenditure and estimates, and by comparison with carefully-constructed works.'

In an inquiry before a committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the employment of labourers, we find confirmatory evidence of this view from large contractors. Mr Peto, who employs 10,000 men, amongst whom he is most solicitous to promote temperance, and to secure them good and cheap provisions and comfortable dwellings, providing, at the same time, for schools and religious instruction at his own cost, states, in his evidence respecting the payment of labourers:—'During the last sixteen years I have always paid the men in money, and have found the good effects of it in the moral character of the men, in their steady attention to the work, and my own ability, in consequence, of carrying out works far more creditably to myself, and satisfactory to my employers, than I could have done under any other system.' The same gentleman replies, when asked if his workpeople are less unsteady than those of other employers, that his system checks the disposition to wander:—'I have some men who have been with me fourteen or fifteen years: tramps do not stop long; some of them do not like my regulations, and they go away. At Ely and Peterborough I had 3700 men on that work, and I never permit any beer to be brought on by any publican; but this is the first work I have tried that on. . . . I think,' he continues, 'that no contractor who *thoroughly understood his own interest*, or moral obligation to those he employed, would pursue any other course; I think *his interest* alone would prompt him to that course, if he really understood it. . . . I know, of course, a great many contractors, some of the most respectable men in the country, who would give evidence directly at variance with the evidence I am giving, thinking that they do a common service to the men and to themselves by providing in this way (part payment of wages by tickets); but I say they have never tried the reverse system, fancying that their own interests were involved, and that influencing their judgments, I can easily understand their obliquity of vision.'

The pecuniary loss sustained by the employment of disorderly and uneducated workmen, is demonstrated in the recent report of the government inspector of mines, Mr Tremenheere, who also gives corroborative evidence to the above important conclusions. In the statements respecting the Monmouthshire and Brecon districts, we read the testimony of the manager of the Dowlais works, where 6000 people are employed, and eighteen furnaces kept in blast. 'We have about 700 colliers, and 1000 miners; the former earning from L.1, 1s. to L.1, 5s. per week; the latter from 18s. to L.1. All might earn much more. Some of our men lose four days a-month; others one week out of four. Their idleness and irregularity in working put us to great inconvenience and expense. Our horses are lying idle when the men wont work, and are then overworked towards the end of the month, when the men are labouring fifteen and sixteen hours a-day, to make up for their lost time. We incur a loss, also, in being obliged to stack the coal at great expense. We have offered one penny and twopence a ton extra to induce them to work regularly, but cannot succeed.' Samuel Homfray, Esq. —a magistrate, and resident director of the works of the Tredegar Iron and Coal Company—gives evidence to the same effect; and W. Williams, Esq. of Scatchwood, states:—'The loss of iron, if left a few minutes too long in the furnace, is very considerable. This frequently happens from the inattention of the men when half-stupified with drink, and scarcely knowing what they are about. The iron, when left too long, melts away, and runs to cinder. The drunken habits of the men oblige us also to keep an additional number of labourers, and also of horses, to do the extra work towards the end of the month. There is then a great wear and tear of horses and gear, the work continuing fifteen and sixteen hours a-day; whereas, at the beginning of the month, they are often not working two hours.'

The foregoing contain the substance of the universal complaints of the managers of the works throughout the district, and show satisfactorily that the drunken habits of the men occasion a tax upon the employer's capital to no small amount—probably far beyond what it would cost to maintain the machinery of such secular and religious instruction and superintendence as would afford the best chance of reaching these evils at their source.

Mr Chadwick contends that manufactures or agriculture can only be improved, or rendered productive to the full extent, by a better-trained and educated population: that it is, therefore, well worth while, as an investment of capital, to expend a large sum in the training and education of the population. But the reason why the employers of labour do not of themselves carry out the main improvements which he suggests is, that the employers have, by negligent legislation, been exonerated from a part of the pecuniary consequences of the defective instruments whom they employ. This, he urges, is peculiarly the case with employers of workmen in dangerous occupations. Subject the branch of employment to its own casualties, and you at once give the employer an interest in obtaining discreet and well-educated workpeople; you also give a bounty on the exercise of care by the employer.

With the view to raise the demand for discreet hands, Mr Chadwick proposes to render the employers of labour responsible for the employment of indiscreet hands, and contends that, if the responsibility be made general, it

will become an insurance charge, and that no capitalist will lose by it. He quotes the French law as exemplified in its results on the Paris and Havre railway, where, on the amount of money expended, about L.1,000,000, not more than L.5000, or half per cent., was paid as compensation for casualties. Reckoning the earth-work to have cost half the amount paid in wages, there remains a charge of one per cent. Now as, according to Mr Peto, the average weekly earnings on English railways are 22s., this charge of one per cent. would amount to about 2½d. per week on the value of every labourer lost or maimed.

'To take the case of the Summit-Level Tunnel,' says Mr Chadwick in his evidence before the committee; 'in six years there were thirty-two men killed, and 140 seriously wounded, out of 1000 men employed. Suppose even L.100 paid for compensation for each fatal accident, and L.50 for each case of maiming, the weekly insurance charge for these works would not have been much greater. Suppose L.200 given as compensation for each death, and L.50 for each case of maiming, then the gross expenditure would have been, in six years, L.13,400 on an expenditure of L.343,200 in wages; namely, 1000 men, at 22s. per week each; $3\frac{4}{10}$ths per cent. on the wages, or about 6d. per week each, would have paid the insurance charge for this work of excessive danger, conducted in an excessively dangerous manner. It may be said that the men might themselves insure against these risks. Some would, no doubt; but of the mass, we might as well talk of what prudential steps might be taken by children. Even if the whole class were educated, there is no reason for imposing the labour of separate calculations and cares on the whole number, and incurring the danger of omissions, which proportionately diminish the efficiency of the insurance. Supposing the employers to take the risk, it does not follow that they would lose it; I am confident that they would eventually lose no part of it. There is no doubt that the men are less willing to engage in dangerous than in safe work, an unwillingness which has to be overcome by a provision of higher wages, and which would be diminished by their being sheltered from the chance of being rendered destitute by an accident. No one doubts that if we did not give pensions to our wounded soldiers and sailors, we should have to give a higher price, or to press. What, we may imagine, would be the moral and economical result if the whole amount of some five millions per annum, now paid as army and navy pensions, were all added to the pay of sailors and soldiers, to foster their habits of forethought and self-dependence, allowing them to save, but at the same time allowing them to spend, it as they choose? We are now doing this with a large proportion of the working-classes in the United Kingdom, where full twenty-six millions per annum are spent in gin and British spirits on which duty is paid; that is to say, four or five times the annual poor's rate, or nearly as much in one year, and on one pernicious article of indulgence, as the accumulated savings in the whole of the savings' banks during more than eighteen years that they have been in operation. Risk is, however, an expensive article, and is generally paid for at a high price, commonly for an exaggerated view of the danger; for, recollect, it is not the feelings of the men at work, but of those who have to be induced to come, which governs the price. In respect to some classes of workmen, it may be observed, they have been reluctant to adopt improvements which diminished risk, preferring the payment of shillings for the risk, the insurance charge for which would be in pence. . . . In the course of our inquiries into labour in mines, it was found that, in a class of mines of a certain depth, fatal accidents were very frequent from the breakage of ropes, which were pieced with iron clamps, and patched and pieced again and again, to save the expense of new ropes. When lives were lost by the breakage of the ropes in this class of mines, there was some loss and some trouble to the undertakers. But it was observed that, in another class of much deeper mines, where the breakage of the longer rope imposed a much more serious loss, and the stoppage of more important works, there patched ropes were seldom found; there they were regularly renewed, and fatal accidents of that class were comparatively rare. At present, the contractor intending to adopt the cheapest method of working, underbids him who intends to adopt precautions entailing any considerable expense: by the new plan, the cautious and humane man would save money—the careless one would be ruined. An eminent gas engineer (Mr Clegg) was consulted as to a method of removing gas from a coal mine, so as to render the formation of an explosive mixture impossible. The plan was not adopted, because the expense was thought too much in proportion to the risk to the proprietor; the risk to the men was not reckoned. If the proprietor had been responsible, as I contend he ought to be, for all the many losses occasioned by his works, for the support of the maimed, and of the families of the killed, it would have been good economy to have incurred the expense. And suppose it had added a penny per ton to the price of coal, and suppose it had somewhat lessened the rent of the coal-mine, it would have diminished misery and destitution; it would have saved lives and limbs; it would have lowered poor-rates, and probably rendered mine-work less dangerous; and, by sheltering the men and their families from the destitution caused by accidents, it would have lowered wages without producing the ill effect of lowered wages, for it would diminish the want which wages have to meet, and we should have all the benefit without the sacrifice.'

The concluding portion of Mr Chadwick's evidence involves some important considerations:—'I am anxious,' he continues, 'that the great object should not be lost sight of—imposing the responsibility where there is the means of preventing the danger. Mr Brunel says, "A man who travels by railway must take the ordinary chances, as he would in walking along the streets of a tile falling on his head, or any other accident of that description; and to say that if a man is killed, that therefore his wife and family are to be provided for, is going too far." I might rest the claim to the change of system upon this illustration. There we have two sets of consequences: first the death, and the pains of the bereavement to the wife and family; and next the pecuniary consequences, the loss of support, and the destitution. Now, in addition to the physical and mental pains, to inflict the pecuniary loss and destitution on the suffering family is, it appears to me, going too far in cruelty, not to say in waste of wealth and false economy in the long-run, offering an example, so common in this country, of misdirected pecuniary sympathies. We propose that the one part of the evil—the pecuniary loss—shall be borne by him who has the means of preventing the mischief; namely, the person in charge of the house, who might, by care, have kept the tile fast, and who, by experience of one part of the consequences of the neglect, may have a sufficient motive to take active measures, and incur expenses, to avert the like consequences for the future. Mr Brunel objected to the adoption of the principle of responsibility, as interfering with the temper, boldness, and freedom of action of an Englishman, and will put Englishmen "in leading strings." Now, the complaint is, that they are in strings pulled, at the hazard of life, by irresponsible persons, whom it is necessary to make responsible. To me, it appears that the adoption of the principle will relieve the Englishman from the slavery of fear of events which he has no means of preventing, and which occasion, in England and Wales alone, an annual loss of life equal to a campaign: the average number of deaths by violence, of which the greater proportion is by the so-called street "accidents," is upwards of eleven thousand per annum. He will not only walk the streets, but ride in railway carriages, sail in steamers and packet-boats, and work the more confidently and boldly under the operation of the principle

which guarantees to him all that can possibly be done by those who have the best means to insure his personal safety from the consequences which he has the least means of seeing or averting; and that there is no indulgence, boldness, and freedom of action, at his risk, by those who sustain little or none of the consequences themselves. The economical grounds, which I have submitted to the committee, react upon the moral grounds. I think it will be an advance to teach the working-classes, and the community in general, the pecuniary grounds, as well as others, for respecting and valuing life and skilled labour, and making the uneducated more careful of life, by showing that it is cared for and valued. There are those who hold, as I deem it, an erroneous doctrine in respect to population, who, in the face of increasing capital, and rising wages and comforts, with the increase of population, infer from that increase a continued depression and increase of misery in this country; and that if many were to die, or be killed off, the better it would be for the remainder. The facts, so far as I have been able to observe them, have not yet squared with that doctrine. I believe that every labourer who, over and above his subsistence, produces a surplus, or a return, to make it profitable and worth while to employ him, is of pecuniary value, and his death a loss, economically considered, as much as the destruction of a machine, with its purchase and maintenance; and that the more there are of such labourers, the better for the community, merely economically considered, just as a community is all the better the more it has of productive machines in actual employment. The possession of intelligence and the human faculties of improvement will not, it may be assumed, detract from the economical considerations which justify the proposed responsibility as an insurance charge.'

EXPLOITS OF ONE OF THE STUARTS.

Those conversant with the circumstances of the gallant, rash, and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth's rising, may remember that his pretensions to the British throne were founded on his birth; and that he was the natural son of King Charles II. by Miss Lucy Walters of Haversford, having been born at Rotterdam in 1649, under the name of Croffts. He came to England in 1662, and was created Duke of Orkney, and on the 7th February 1663, Baron of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. Having retired to Holland in the latter end of the reign of King Charles, then at variance with the court, he made his hostile invasion of England on the accession of King James, and was proclaimed king. His army, consisting of about 5000 horse and foot, was defeated by the Earl of Faversham. The duke was arrested, committed to the Tower, and beheaded on the 15th July 1685. His wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, was still alive; but the duke, alleging that this marriage had been forced on him by his father at the age of fifteen, before he was capable of making a proper choice, had, in his mature age, contracted another alliance with Henrietta Maria Wentworth, Baroness of Nettlestead, and avowed that he considered her as his lawful wife before God and man. Before his execution, the duke was, however, refused the sacrament by Drs Tennison and Hooper, unless he should confess the sin and adultery in which he had lived with the Lady Wentworth. By her he had a son, who was deprived of all inheritance, as being illegitimate; but being conveyed to Paris by a Colonel Smyth, an adherent of the Duke of Monmouth, this child was by him educated, and left heir to his fortune. This son was Colonel Wentworth Smyth, who afterwards engaged in the Stuart cause in 1715 and in 1745; a few years after which, when in his seventy-second year, he was beset on a bridge in the Highlands of Scotland by three soldiers of the royalist army, in the expectation of reward, and in the desperate struggle that ensued, he fell over the parapet, and was drowned along with two of them.

This Colonel Wentworth Smyth left a son, Ferdinand, then only in his sixth year, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Robert Needham, a great-granddaughter of the same Duke of Monmouth; she had died, however, three years before, and Ferdinand Smyth Stuart remained an orphan. His double affinity to the Stuarts was probably the cause of the striking likeness which, in after years, he bore to all the portraits of Charles II. His life of strange vicissitude still more strongly marks his participation in the doom of that fated house.

Reared amidst the Grampian Hills at a period when four-fifths of the inhabitants spoke Erse or Gaelic, and called the Lowland dialect Sassenach or Saxon, Ferdinand Smyth Stuart included English as a foreign language amidst the branches of a liberal education bestowed upon him. Removed to Aberdeen, he studied for the medical profession, and attended the lectures of the celebrated Dr Gregory, whom he always emphatically described as 'a blessing sent from Heaven to serve mankind,' and as 'an honour to human nature.' Stimulated by a wish to behold the polar regions, he made his first professional essay as surgeon to a Greenland whaler, and was highly gratified by the experiment. In the spirit of adventure he next made a voyage to America, passed a considerable time in the back settlements amongst the Indians, and finally settling down in Maryland, became a considerable proprietor of lands in Virginia, and the owner of one of the most delightful seats on the picturesque banks of the Potomac. He here exercised successfully the combined occupations of a planter and a physician, until the occurrence of the dispute betwixt the colony and the mother country, when, espousing the home cause, his residence soon became both unpleasant and dangerous. Dr Stuart thereupon abandoned his profession, and in 1774 became captain in the Western Virginia Regiment, in which capacity he particularly distinguished himself in a severe action with the Indians. Signalised, however, as almost the only loyalist for three counties around him, he was, in October 1775, compelled to abandon his home, his family, and fortune. He reached the nearest British post, three hundred and twenty miles from his residence, after encountering numerous dangers, and was appointed captain in the Queen's Royal Regiment of Rangers. Being ordered on a most important and perilous expedition, he succeeded in conducting the enterprise nearly four hundred miles in perfect safety; but on the day after he had relinquished his charge, was captured, and placed in strict confinement.

At the peril of his life, he escaped from a guard of fifty men on the 20th of December, and travelled three hundred miles on foot over the extensive and almost inaccessible range of the Alleghany Mountains, amidst the rigours of winter, nearly destitute of food and clothing, and environed by unparalleled dangers and hardships. When almost beyond the reach of danger, he was, after all, recaptured, and dragged seven hundred miles, fast bound with cords, to be imprisoned in Philadelphia, where he suffered eighteen months' captivity, on bread and water, in irons, in a dungeon. His sufferings were cruelly enhanced by his being forced to march a hundred and fifty miles in irons, at the point of the bayonet, and covered with blood, occasioned by the irons and by broken blisters, in the rear of the Congress when it fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore. Being unable to proceed farther, he was thrown into the hold of a privateer, upon the ballast, which consisted of pig-iron and stones, and kept for three days and nights without clothes or food, and still in irons, the snow falling fast through the hatches. But again effecting his escape, he encountered a fourth series of dangers and hardships in passing two hundred miles by water down the great Bay of Chesapeake, and more than three hundred miles by land, through a hostile country, where he was well known, while a high reward was offered for his seizure. At length he reached the Preston, twenty-one miles off at sea, in a canoe, after being tossed about all night in a storm. His ardent zeal and loyalty at this time induced him to decline a very handsome gra-

tuity offered him, in money, by Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces, on his arrival in New York. After doing duty for some time as captain in the Loyal American Regiment, and also in the afterwards celebrated 42d or Royal Highland Regiment, Dr Stuart, besides a corps of forty-five men in the former regiment, raised a chosen corps of one hundred and eighty-five men, at a very great expense, and this body he commanded, engaged in the most active service, until, of his own choice, he was attached with all his men to the Queen's Rangers.

High and flattering commissions proffered to Stuart during this period of service by the Americans were refused. Indeed his loyalty of spirit was from the first invincible. Before quitting his own house, he defended it against a superior force, till one of his servants was killed and himself dangerously wounded. Even while in the hands of the enemy, he exerted his influence successfully in preventing numbers of British prisoners from entering the American army; and, during his escape, preserved, by his advice and influence, as many as one thousand families of loyalists from utter destruction. In the Danbury expedition, aided by only ten men, he repulsed and drove back, at the point of the bayonet, a hundred and more of the enemy who had greatly harassed the rear of the British army, leaving nineteen dead on the field. At the capture of Philadelphia he discovered eighteen serviceable pieces of cannon concealed in the Delaware; and being attacked by a force numbering six times his own, while serving as a detachment covering the woodcutters near Derby, he not only repulsed them, but killed more of the enemy than the whole number of his own detachment. In the action of Edgehill he particularly distinguished himself against Morgan's riflemen, the very best troops of the enemy, pursuing them to the abattis of Washington's camp. To effect the capture of a partisan officer, he passed, on one occasion, into the country beyond the position occupied by the enemy in force, and accomplished his purpose at noonday. In the battle of Crooked Billet, 1st May 1778, with only sixty-five officers and men of the Queen's Rangers, he totally routed nine hundred of the enemy, leaving two hundred dead on the field, and taking sixty-seven prisoners, with wagons, baggage, &c. At Croswick's Creek, exasperated by seeing Captain Stephenson shot at his side, he attacked the enemy, twenty-five hundred strong, with six pieces of cannon, and, with only eighty men, drove them from the bridge, which they had fortified, and secured the safe passage of the British army. At the battle of Freehold he furnished as signal a proof of his resolution and bravery. After the regiment, which was only three hundred and fifty strong, had for two whole hours sustained, alone and unsupported, the attacks of five thousand of the enemy under General Lee, Stuart, with eighty men as a forlorn-hope, was directed to sustain the attack of the enemy's whole column, with a view to cover and secure the retreat of the rest of the detachment. Not only did he withstand the enemy in a narrow pass in which he had posted his men, but, after a long and severe conflict, repulsed them. Nay, more: in the evening of the very same day, being again detached in command of two companies of men, in order to cover the retreat of some troops who were in danger of being cut off by a very superior force, Stuart, after accomplishing this piece of service, contrived also to kill five and capture twenty-seven of the enemy by means of an ambuscade.

These exploits, were they not well authenticated by statements published both in this country and America prior to the year 1815, might savour somewhat of the style of Baron Munchausen. It is certain, however, that while Stuart actually put in claims to indemnification for 65,000 acres of land, and other losses valued at L.244,346, his services were at one time so far acknowledged, that a pension of L.300, afterwards withdrawn, was granted him. He seems to have irritated, by expressions of contempt, the commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of the royalists, with whose proceedings he affected to make no secret of his disgust, and thus occasioned the withdrawal of his pension: nor was any adequate compensation ever substituted.

Balked in his expectations of reward, he had made up his mind to settle in Jamaica, in prosecution of his profession, and for that purpose embarked with his family on the 26th September 1785. Misfortune, the doom of his race, again, however, tracked his footsteps: within sixteen days after his arrival, a tremendous hurricane destroyed all his property; he was attacked by a dangerous illness, and obliged to return in the greatest distress. To crown this succession of calamities, he was, on his arrival in England, arrested on a false process at Plymouth, thrown into St Thomas's Ward, the prison for debtors for the county of Devon, and there subjected to a course of ill-treatment. Having set forth his case in a memorial to the king, presented at his majesty's first levee in December 1792, it was most graciously received. He was shortly afterwards officially requested by General Delancey to present another memorial to the Treasury. But after doing so, and waiting several months for a reply, he found that his memorial had never been laid before the Board. It was lost! Under the pressure of necessity, he at this juncture accepted the situation of assistant barrack-master at St Domingo, upon an assurance, from very high authority, that his claims on government, so far from being weakened, would be strengthened thereby. Mischance did not forsake him even in this humble capacity. In Admiral Christian's fleet he was wrecked not seldomer than three times in his voyage out in 1795 and 1796, when above five thousand men perished, and not one-sixth of four hundred sail returned to England. He was afterwards at the capture of St Lucia, at Martinique, and in St Domingo at a period when seven thousand six hundred British soldiers, and as many seamen, were carried off in five weeks by the yellow fever. Though not attached to the medical staff at the time, Dr Stuart applied himself to discover a means of alleviating or curing this dreadful disorder, and found out a remedy which perfectly accords with the views of modern medical science. The disease is merely a bilious fever, with the bile rendered acrid and corrosive by the extreme heat. Dr Stuart's cure consequently consisted of five grains tartarised antimony and one tablespoonful of soft sugar, dissolved in fifteen tablespoonfuls of boiling water, of which one is to be taken every fifteen or twenty minutes until it has operated three distinct times, when an immense quantity of acrid thick viscid bile is evacuated, and the patient immediately relieved: toast and water, with nitre, is to be used for constant drink, and one ounce of Glauber salts taken in it on the second or third day after. This treatment, along with bark in port wine during convalescence, completed the recovery.* Dr Stuart's reputation as a physician was not confined to this cure; for, about the year 1787, he discovered a substitute for Peruvian bark in the produce of this country, so that ague and scurvy might be counteracted by a remedy at one-fourth the cost of bark, occurring abundantly at home.

In 1803, Stuart was appointed barrack-master of Billericay, when, the barrack erections being ruinous, some insubordinate militia, instigated by their commanding officer, assaulted him as the cause of the wretchedness of the accommodations, and beat out six of his teeth; for which he prosecuted the commanding officer at an expense of L.100 to himself, although the officer was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine to the

* Medical men acquainted with the yellow fever of the tropics, and with the intertropical variations of climate, have observed in our own country, during the bypast season, a certain modification both of the disease and its cause. We had, up to July, the intense heat at high temperatures of the West India islands, succeeded thereafter by the rainy or wet season, generating the malaria that has subsequently prevailed, and giving rise to the great prevalence of bowel complaint, dysentery, and bilious fever of a remittent character, accompanied even by the yellow tinge of the skin, and as unequivocal symptoms of yellow fever as in these latitudes we could reasonably expect.

king. He was latterly barrack-master at Landguard Fort; an unhealthy situation, where he lost a daughter in April 1813, and a son in February following. Finding the health of his other children likewise in danger, he solicited a change of barracks. Not succeeding in this, he retired from the public service, and settled in London, in Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, where an accident occurred, 20th December 1814, which consummated the fate of one of the nearest descendants of the royal house of Stuart. The carriage of a Mrs Kelly, who was described as the daughter of Mr Dolland, in St Paul's Churchyard, came unexpectedly upon the unfortunate man by suddenly turning the corner of Southampton Street. He was unable to escape in time, and being knocked down by the pole, was trampled upon by the horses. This occurred in the immediate neighbourhood of his own residence, to which he was conveyed alive; but, in spite of the most anxious care and attention, he expired on the 28th of December, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, leaving behind him an amiable but destitute widow, two sons, and a daughter; and this just as he was beginning to be recognised by his friends, and might have succeeded in establishing himself as a physician in the metropolis.

We have not yet spoken of Dr Stuart's literary abilities. He had, however, some pretensions to the name of an author, having published in America two volumes of travels under the name of Smyth. Under the signatures of 'Simplex' and 'F. S. S.' he published six elegies, called 'Destiny and Fortitude,' some poems, and many papers, several of which appeared in the Monthly Magazine. He had also announced his own memoirs, of the interest necessarily attaching to which some faint notion may be formed from the perusal of this hasty sketch; and along with them a 'Genealogical Chart of the Descendants of the Royal House of Stuart, the most Ancient and Illustrious in the World during a period of Two Thousand Years.'

The strange vicissitudes of such a life as Stuart's, operating on a poetical temperament, engendered that morbid superstition which seems more or less to have haunted the minds of every member of the Stuart race. Amongst his other productions, there is a long poem on the fate of this family, characterised by an excess of such feeling. Amongst their disasters he recounts the bloody fate of Queen Mary; and even Darnley (also a Stuart) is included in the fatal category, as well as his father the Earl of Lennox. He then adverts to the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, to that of the queen of Bohemia, to the execution of Charles I., and to the death of Charles II. (which he supposes to have been effected by poison); to the execution of Monmouth, and to the speedy death, from grief, of the Lady Wentworth; with the fate of his own father, and the misfortunes of his own peculiar lot. He asserts at once the honour and misfortunes of the Stuarts in the following lines, which may be reckoned a curiosity of literature:—

Dominion, high command, and splendour gone;
Glory, and wealth, and crowns, and sceptres fled;
Our race reproached for adverse fate alone,
Although our lives with honour we have led.

That Stuarts sought for arbitrary rule—
Perish the thought! as false as ill-designed;
Excepting bigot James, religion's tool,
Whose sanguinary zeal debased his mind.

Too brave, too well-informed for such a part,
Strong were their talents as their judgments sound—
Pure *amor patriæ* possessed each heart;
Their native land their true affections found.

But sycophants in every age abound;
Time-serving reptiles, cringing, mean, and base,
That scandal's brazen trump delight to sound,
For hire against their native royal race.

A race marked out to bear the storms of fate,
Through ages thus oppressed by her to groan,
Crushed by hard fortune's overpowering weight,
'Tis mine with them to join my mournful moan.

'Midst sylvan wrecks, like one tree left, I stand
To storms exposed, by furious tempests torn,
And branches broken by each passing hand,
Distressed, oppressed, unheeded, and forlorn.

The critic might not say that a long poem, of which these are a few of the best stanzas, displayed much beyond the mechanism of verse. Yet, as the undoubted production of a man whose descent is linked, although by illegitimate ties, directly with the sovereign race of our native land—as emanating from one who conceived himself struggling under their doom, and even composed the verses in question under the inspiration of that superstition—they are fraught with an interest beyond their intrinsic merits.

RAILWAY ROMANCE.

One half of the romantic stories of this country are more or less connected with stage-coach travelling; but the railway, with its formal lines and prosaic punctuality, appears to be almost entirely given up to business. This, however, is unjust. The fact is, we are at present only in the transition state between the two modes of getting along, and we hardly know as yet what to make of the new one. The dikes and canals of Holland are as redolent of romance as the loveliest dells in England, where the Dryads might have been supposed to be peeping in wonder through the trees, as the stage swept along the shadowy road; and by and by, when our ideas get time to adapt themselves to the hurry-skurry of the rail, adventures, we have no doubt, will be picked up at every station, and denouements found at every terminus. In the meantime, the following anecdote is given, not as a specimen of the railway romantic, but merely as something to tranquillise the minds of those who are in alarm for the very existence of romance. We freely present it as materials to any tale-writer who is disposed to make much ado about nothing:—

The three parties principally concerned—the heroine and the two heroes—had the same surname, which was a very common one; and the two gentlemen had likewise the same Christian name—call it John—and were therefore distinguished among their intimates by soubriquets. All this, which is of no consequence to the story, we shall merely imitate, for we would not willingly hurt anybody's feelings. The lady was Miss Deborah Jones; more familiarly, Deb Jones; and the two gentlemen—John Jones—were known as Black Jones and White Jones. Deborah was a little Welsh heiress, though residing with her uncle at Liverpool; and Black Jones was a handsome dark man of Gray's Inn, and White Jones a handsome fair man of the Temple, London. It will be felt that the two young men, in the common course of things, were in love with their cousin. How could it be otherwise? Their fortune was all to make, while hers was ready-made to their hand. It would be absurd to let it go out of the family. She was, besides, a pretty enough girl in her way, with a delightful little turned-up Welsh nose, a ripe red cheek, and a merry blue eye. Black Jones, indeed, who was of very moderate size, thought her too little, but he determined that she should wear high-heeled shoes, like himself; and White Jones, who was a remarkably dashing person, considered her somewhat vulgar; but all that, he was sure, would pass away before she was a honey-moon in his society.

Cousin Deb, in the meantime, was much puzzled between the Black and the White; for the cause of the one was espoused by her uncle, and that of the other by her aunt. These two personages she could not think of offending, as, besides her own moderate property, she had considerable expectations from them. But how the question was to terminate, or whether it would terminate at all, she could not imagine; for the two old people, as rich uncles and aunts usually are, were absolute personifications of obstinacy. The whole house, indeed, was kept in hot-water by the argument; and

even James Jones, a dependent relation, who acted as a sort of secretary to the uncle, although the subject did not come legitimately into his department at all, was so much worried by everybody concerned, that he more than once thought of giving up his situation. He was at the same moment the unwilling confidant of the uncle, the aunt, the niece, and the Black and White; bullied by the first, scolded by the second, laughed at by the third, and written to authoritatively by almost every post by the other two. James was a quiet-minded person, intensely sensible of his obligations to the whole family, as well as of the demerits of his own poverty; and perhaps he was not utterly angry with any of them, except Deb, who laughed most wickedly at the patience with which he listened to them all.

Matters went on in this way for we cannot tell how long. The uncle became more crabbed and determined, the aunt more loud and shrill, the two young men more zealous and impatient, Deb more anxious to be married to somebody, and James more sick of the whole business. At length the last-mentioned individual received two notes by the same post, which, as being characteristic of the writers, and likewise as promising to bring the affair to some conclusion or other, we copy:—

'James,' ran the one—'I will stand this no longer. I am not slow, but deliberate; I am not dull, but meditative. I have now taken my resolution, and I *will* marry Deb instanter, or know why I don't. My landlady threatens to lock me out, and my bootmaker to lock me up. Besides, I have a waistcoat at this moment between the tailor's fingers which would win the hand of a duchess. It will be ready to-morrow night; and the next morning I am off to Liverpool by the first train after six. Announce the fact to the governor. Tell him I am stanch. Get all ready. BLACK JONES.'

The other was as follows:—'James—I have lost the rowing-match; everything goes against me; must marry Deb, else all is up. Can't stir to-morrow, for the club sits. Be down the day after by the first train after six. Be sure to put up the bristles of the old lady, for the governor will fight hard. Prepare them both—also the cook—likewise Deb. WHITE JONES.'

This looked like business. James did as he was ordered, and the whole house was presently in a ferment. The uncle saw that the affair could be deferred no longer, and he prepared accordingly for the tug of war. On the coming of her intended being formally announced to the young lady, she inquired demurely whether he really thought Black Jones would be in time for the earliest train? 'He takes so long to dress!' said she with a sigh.

'If he is not in this house,' said the uncle sternly, 'within ten minutes after the arrival of the first train, I wash my hands of him, and you may marry whom you please.'

'And White Jones,' said Deb to her aunt in a bashful whisper; 'if he should meet two dogs fighting on his way to the terminus, do you think he would have the fortitude to pass on before seeing it out?'

'I am sure of it,' replied the old lady; 'but if he is not here as soon as Black Jones, dispose of your hand and *my* fortune as you think proper.'

The two, however, did their best to neutralise this liberal offer; for each of the young men received a note by the following morning's post, warning him of the critical position in which he stood.

The lovers—who occupied the same lodgings—were at breakfast when these missives were delivered.

'You begin to have some doubt,' said White Jones with fierce contempt. 'You shake a little as we come at last to the scratch;' and Black Jones, indeed, looked anything but easy. His eyes avoided those of his friend, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, and at length seizing a pen with one hand, and the bell with the other, he rang and wrote like lightning, and in half a minute had kicked the dirty little boy out with a letter.

'That is to assure them you will be punctual for once in your life!' remarked White Jones. 'I shall not take the trouble of writing at all, for they *know* me.' Presently a friend came in to invite him to a fishing excursion somewhere in Epping Forest; and glad to be able to fill up so advantageously the little that remained of his bachelorhood, he left the room whistling, without observing the knowing wink which passed between the visitor and Black Jones. When they were gone, the latter listened till the sound of their footsteps had died away, and then, beginning with a prudent chuckle, he rose by degrees to a frantic laugh. He danced wildly about the room, poussetted with an arm-chair, and catching up his hat, was about to kick it along the carpet. Changing his mind, however, he smoothed the nap with his arm, and tried it on at the glass.

'That will do!' said he admiringly; 'that's the ticket! And the magnificent new waistcoat besides! I wonder what Deb will say to the waistcoat? Upon my life, I almost wish the poor gull was to be there after all!' He had taken good care, however, to prevent this. Having accidentally learned that an experimental train was to start early in the morning—the forerunner of the one now preparing to make the journey between London and Liverpool in *five* hours instead of *nine*—he had secured a seat; and in order to preclude the possibility of White Jones hearing anything of the matter, he had just despatched him to fish tittlebats in Epping Forest. The latter, on his part, as if warned by some presentiment of evil, took revenge in anticipation; for, in passing through Fleet Street, he called at the tailor's, and countermanded his cousin's waistcoat, by that time nearly finished, for two days.

The next morning White Jones was at the Euston terminus so long before the time, that the policeman, seeing a tall man wandering up and down with a disturbed air, pulling out his watch every minute, and then turning an expectant frightened look towards the gate, gave notice at the telegraph office that some business might be looked for. The suspicious-looking passenger, however, was not 'wanted;' and when at length he actually felt the train in motion, and knew that Black Jones was not with it, he was fain to put his head out of the window to drown his laugh of triumph in the noise of the wheels. In countermanding the waistcoat, he had merely thought to play his cousin a trick, or at least to deprive him of an advantage which could *hardly* be supposed capable of weighing seriously against a figure like his, even in the inconsequential eyes of Deb; but the fact of his disappointment having induced him to break so fateful an appointment, was a proof that the man was an absolute lunatic; and, independently of every personal consideration, he considered it a duty incumbent upon him to marry the heiress out of his way.

In due time Black Jones was himself at the terminus, with the positive certainty of reaching Liverpool by the special train at least three hours before his rival. He did not look, however, like a man in such fortunate circumstances. His face was flushed, his brow contracted, his walk rapid and unsteady. He carried a brown paper parcel under his arm, which ever and anon he partially opened to view its contents. More than once he undid it entirely, and disclosed the skeleton of a superb waistcoat, trimmed with gold and silk embroidery. The edges, the button-holes, the collar, all were unfinished; and the unhappy traveller, as he gazed, seemed to be half-smothered with grief and rage. But the perspiration at length dried upon his brow; the flush on his cheek subsided into a stern paleness; and his lip was even curled by something like a smile, as he took his seat in the carriage. He looked like a man who had adopted some desperate resolution, and who, confident in his own resources and energy, set fortune at defiance.

The great experiment was successful. The special train reached Liverpool in five hours; and Black Jones, bounding out of the carriage before it had quite stopped,

narrowly missed being intercepted by the uncle and aunt. The consternation of these two on finding, as they supposed, that neither of their protégés had arrived by the first train, may be imagined. The experiment had been no secret in the comparatively small field of Liverpool. The train was eagerly expected by every human being, and the news of its arrival carried at once to the remotest districts of the town. The only comfort the old couple had was, that the delinquency was not confined to one of the young men; and they even hoped that they might receive some satisfactory explanation from the lovers in person by the next train. Leaving them, however, to pursue their way slowly homewards—somewhat afraid, it must be confessed, to meet the saucy eye of little Deb—it is our duty to follow the strides of Black Jones.

This gentleman never stopped till he plunged headlong into the establishment of the Stultz of Liverpool, and saw himself in the midst of four-and-twenty tailors. It was in vain for them to stand upon their dignity, and refuse to complete the work of another artist; their customer was peremptory. It was in vain for them, at length, to *promise* to send it home to the gentleman in half an hour at the very latest. Black Jones knew tailors—and tailors knew him! He stood over them, with a stern brow but a quaking heart, till the work was finished; and then, armed cap-a-pie, presented himself at the uncle's house a considerable number of minutes before his rival could possibly be in Liverpool. He was not permitted at once to see the incensed 'governor,' for the choice had now passed out of that gentleman's hands. Several hours, instead of the stipulated ten minutes, had elapsed since the arrival of the first train, and the decision now rested with Deb. He was shown into an anteroom, where he could hear the angry voices of the uncle and aunt in the next apartment.

White Jones, in the meantime, arrived in safety after a comfortable journey of nine hours, and, confident of being able to walk over the field, took his way deliberately to the scene of action. On entering the anteroom, he started back aghast at the apparition of Black Jones! Nay, the very waistcoat was there, complete to the last stitch, and looking as elegant and *recherché* as could well be imagined. Black Jones was admirably well-dressed for a bridal. He was a decidedly handsome little man. The heart of White Jones sank within him.

But White Jones was a tall, martial figure of a man; the very disarrangement of his hair, and the negligence of his cloak, which hung upon one shoulder, looked formidable; and as Black Jones cast up his eyes along the person of his six-foot cousin, he felt little, in spite of the heels of his boots.

While the rivals were glaring at each other in silence, the door of the inner room opened, and James appearing, modestly invited them to enter. The uncle and aunt were seated in awful state, while Deb stood near them in all the glory of white muslin and blonde lace. She turned up her eyes, without turning up her head, as the cousins entered, and continued to busy herself in tearing an unfortunate rosebud, leaf by leaf, although she must have been aware that her own fresh cheek could not have suffered by its rivalry.

'Sir,' said the aunt, breaking in fiercely before her better-half, and addressing *her* protégé, 'why were you not in the special train?'

'I never heard of it. The fact is, all yesterday I was —was——'

'Fishing,' assisted Black Jones.

'And you, sir,' demanded the uncle; 'if you were in the special train, what have you been doing these three hours?'

'The fact is, I thought to do a little honour to Deb; and so I was—was——' Here White Jones pointed with his tongue to the waistcoat, and, crossing his legs, imitated the action of sewing. Even James smiled; but little Deb was as grave as a judge.

'Well, gentlemen,' resumed the uncle, 'I confess I have had my wishes and predilections—but all that is over. Niece Deborah has now the disposal of her own hand, and of any little matters her aunt and I may have to leave behind us. One of you must be unfortunate, but even if he should turn out to be the one I desire most to succeed, I can no longer use any influence in his favour. Come, Deb, speak out!' Deb started.

'I will not pretend to say,' said she, glancing first admiringly at the embroidered waistcoat, and then at the tall figure, 'that I have not made my election. How was it possible to help it? All this fuss about a pair little hand like mine must be at an end one time or another you know; but while it is going on, the house is a perfect bedlam. My uncle and aunt have done nothing but scold one another; my two suitors have done nothing but dance up and down by the railway like madmen; and even poor James has been worried to death. He has been growing thin and pale; he has put all his things up in a carpet-bag, ready to be off, no one—not even himself—knew whither; and it was only last night I caught him sitting alone with his face buried in his hands——'

'Deb! how can you——'

'Hush! you know you were crying. Well, what could I do? At ten minutes after the arrival of the train I was to be my own mistress; but, in case of accidents, I was married ten minutes before, and am now'—making a low curtsy—'Mrs James Jones!'

'The traitor!' cried Black Jones, starting forward; 'I should have distrusted that still water!'

'The hypocrite!' thundered White Jones: 'I had ever a horror of modesty!'

'Gentlemen,' said Mr James Jones, with a kind of quiet dignity which sat very well upon his humility, 'matters are not so bad as you suppose. You desired to marry Deborah, not from the affection she is so capable of inspiring, but from mean and mercenary motives. Now, by our own confession, we were married before her uncle and aunt's promise took effect; so you can still make love to them for their money.'

What the old couple said in reply—whether the Black and White were mollified—whether the two Jones's dined that day at the same table—all such matters we shall leave to the doer-up of these materials. For ourselves, we are quite satisfied with having vindicated the Romance of Railways.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ROSICRUCIANS.

CONCLUDED.

Having entered at sufficient length into the reveries of the fictitious Count de Gabalis—who is but the representative of the real Joseph Francis Borri, who died in the dungeons of Rome in 1670, where he had been imprisoned for many years as an heretic and necromancer—we shall now advert to the many fictions and fancies for which modern poetry has been indebted to the Rosicrucian philosophy. From the time of Dr A'Flurtibo and John Heydon, these notions had been forgotten in England (though Shakspeare and Milton had some acquaintance with them), until Pope, stumbling by chance upon the book of the Abbé de Villars, conceived these elementary people might be introduced with advantage into mock-heroic poetry. Every reader will anticipate that we refer to 'The Rape of the Lock.' 'In this poem,' says Dr Johnson, 'are exhibited in a very high degree the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aerial people never heard of before is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits; loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.' While Johnson, thus criticising

this charming poem, confesses that he never heard of the Sylphs before, Dennis, better-informed, and more ill-natured, objected to the Rape of the Lock that the poet invented nothing, and was not the author of the machinery he introduced. This he probably learned from the dedication of the poem to Mrs Arabella Fermor, as we may infer from the fact, that the poet's modesty underrated his own merit in the performance. He borrowed, it is true, from the Rosicrucians the names of his sprites, but he gave them natures and occupations wholly different from those they were supposed to have by the Count de Gabalis. Perhaps the real share of Pope in the invention of the Sylphs, as they are known to English readers, has never been sufficiently pointed out. Certainly they are a very different race from the Sylphs of the Rosicrucians. The latter passed their time in endeavouring, by their love of man, to gain a portion of man's immortality—in watching over his safety, in opening all the secrets of nature before his inquiring eyes, and in other acts of the highest import. The Sylphs of Pope had far other pursuits. His are

> —'the light militia of the lower sky,
> Which, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
> Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring,'

and have no occupation more dignified. Neither did Pope represent them as a separate race of beings, as he would have done had he invented nothing, as surly Dennis objected, but he represented them as the spirits of departed women. Thus Ariel, in Belinda's dream—

> 'As now your own, our beings were of old,
> And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
> Thence by a soft transition we repair
> From earthly vehicles to those of air.
> Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
> That all her vanities at once are dead;
> Succeeding vanities she still regards,
> And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards;
> Her joy in gilded chariots when alive,
> And love of ombre after death survive.
> For when the fair in all their pride expire,
> To their first elements their souls retire:
> The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
> Mount up, and take a Salamander's name;
> Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
> And sip with Nymphs their elemental tea;
> The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
> In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
> The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
> And sport and flutter in the fields of air.'

Having in this manner accounted for the existence of these elementary sprites, the poet goes on to describe their occupations:—

> 'The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
> These set the head, and those divide the hair;
> Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
> And Betty's praised for labours not her own.'

Again, in the speech of Ariel:—

> 'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
> Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons hear!
> Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
> By laws eternal to the aërial kind:
> Some in the fields of purest ether play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
> Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
> Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
> Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
> Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
> Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
> Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
> Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
> Others on earth o'er human race preside,
> Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
> Of these the chief the care of nations own,
> And guard with arms divine the British throne.
> Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
> Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
> To save the powder from too rude a gale,
> Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
> To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers,
> To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
> A brighter wash; to curl the waving hairs,
> Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
> Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
> To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

While those, in the poem, are the pursuits of the spirits, these are their punishments:—

> 'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
> His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
> Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
> Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
> Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
> Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
> Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
> While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
> Or alum styptics with contracting power
> Shrink his thin essence like a shrivelled flower;
> Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
> The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
> In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
> And tremble at the sea that froths below!'

How different were the sprites of the Rosicrucians, who were not so easily punished by mankind; or rather who despised their power altogether, and would sometimes inflict dire vengeance upon such as proved false to them! The Count de Gabalis tells of a philosopher who loved a Sylphid, and then forsook her for a beautiful woman. One day he was dining with his new mistress, when the outraged Sylphid appeared in the air, and exposing her leg, to show how superior was the beauty which the unwise philosopher had neglected for a woman's, she disappeared, and the next moment struck him dead with a thunderbolt.

So far Pope. But before his age, greater poets than he had been under obligations to the Rosicrucians. Shakspeare and Milton—both well aware of the existence of such a sect, and the latter no doubt acquainted with the controversy they excited in the learned world—had introduced with great success into their works those graceful creations of a vagrant fancy. The beautiful play of 'The Tempest' was written five or six years after the outburst of the Rosicrucian controversy in Germany; and Shakspeare, though he very likely never read any of the arguments *pro* and *con*, seems to have had a vivid impression of the elemental sprites in his mind when he drew the sweet portraiture of Ariel, whom he has made in fact a Sylph, though the name of Sylph is never once mentioned by the great bard. She is not, however, exactly the Sylph of the Rosicrucians, but partly a Nymph, and partly a Fairy. Silvester Jourdan's account of the discovery of the Bermudas, which is supposed to have furnished Shakspeare with some hints for this play, describes only a sort of monster, whom Shakspeare rarefied into Caliban; but no Ariel. Stowe, who mentions in his annals the shipwreck of Sir George Somers upon this isle, speaks of it as being inhabited only with 'witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storms and tempests!' But, as we have before remarked, the Rosicrucians had begun to erect a brighter superstition than the old and hideous one of devils and witches; and Shakspeare, from slight hints heard perhaps in conversation, and not derived from books, caught the first idea of his 'delicate Ariel;' who, at the command of the philosopher Prospero—

> —'could fly
> Or swim, or dive into the fire, or ride
> On the curled clouds;'

and who, bound by the potent spell of the magician—and not only by that, but by his love and kindness—did him in all things worthy service—

> 'Told him no lies, made no mistakings, served
> Without or grudge or grumblings;'

and who

> —'trod the ooze of the salt deep,
> And ran upon the sharp wind of the north,
> And did his business in the veins o' the earth
> When it was baked with frost;'

who played delicious music in Ferdinand's ear, and

'allayed the wind's fury and his passion with its sweet air'—who made music to the 'varlets,' and beat her aërial tabour with her dainty fingers—

'At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
That, calf-like, they her lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns
Which entered their frail skins; and at last left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond the cell;'

and who, when not employed in executing the behests of her sovereign master, sang to herself, describing her mode of life—

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily—
Merrily, merrily.'

Milton, in his delightful 'Masque of Comus,' has many obligations to the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits, which he has ingrafted upon the graceful mythology of Greece. Thus, in the scene of the Masque, the attendant spirit speaks, like the Sylphs of the Count de Gabalis, not like those of Pope, and performs similar functions:—

'Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live ensphered,
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that, by due steps, aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity.
To such my errand is; and but for such
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.'

Again he describes his functions, exactly those of the guardian Sylphs, in which capacity he serves the ladye—

'When any, favoured of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain.'

Sabrina, in the same poem—

'In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of her amber-dropping hair'—

more resembles the Grecian Nereid than the Rosicrucian Undine; but the attendant spirit is in all respects a Sylph, and similar to nothing in the ancient mythology. Like the Sylph—

'He can fly, or he can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.'

The Rosicrucians taught, that by the practice of virtue alone man could hope to hold communion with the spirits of the elements: the attendant spirit in Comus teaches the same doctrine:—

'Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

The literature of England in the seventeenth century is rich in poetry, borrowed directly or indirectly from the Rosicrucians; and the masques of the times of James I. and Charles I. especially abound in it. In more recent times, literature is not slightly indebted to them. It will suffice to mention the charming story of 'Undine,' by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué—'Zanoni,' by Sir E. L. Bulwer—and, more recently, the popular poem of the 'Salamandrine,' by Mr Charles Mackay—to show how rich are the materials afforded to poets and romance writers by the fancies of this curious and now forgotten sect.

THE PATHOLOGY OF CHIMNEYS.

Asthma, a difficulty of smoke-respiration, is a very common complaint among the chimneys of the metropolis. Sometimes the disease is constitutional—something wrong in the body of the chimney; sometimes it is endemic—that is, a certain district will be unfortunately notorious for smoky-chimneyness; sometimes it is epidemic—a universal derangement under the influence of atmospheric causes, particularly north-easterly winds. A constitutional cause may be a morbid obstruction or contraction of the throat; and an endemic, a low-lying situation, such as that of Pimlico. But in sober earnest, the condition of the chimneys of London is a standing disgrace to our philosophical era. I cannot help regarding every new ingenious device with which their heads are adorned as a new stigma upon the condition of practical science in the present day. Is it because of some impenetrable mystery hanging over the movements of smoke, and over the complex machinery of fire-grates and register-stoves, that the intolerable annoyance of a smoky chimney is so common? That instead of goodly and symmetrical arrays of free-breathing chimneys, we have our eyes galled, and our notions of art outraged, by an iron and zinc mechanism, now of the stationary, and now of the revolutionary description? There must be something radically wrong surely in the construction of fire-grates and smoke-flues, when one or two inveterate smokers, as an average out of ten chimneys, is rather under than over the correct estimate. From her majesty's palace at Pimlico or St James's, down to the humblest dwelling of the poorest of her people, the chimneys give abundant evidence that they are the unhappy subjects of a hitherto incurable disorder.

A familiar experiment will illustrate the cause of what is called the downdraught of chimneys, which consists in the passage of a current of air downwards at the sides of the flue, while the heated current from the fire passes up, and escapes into the air; but not entirely, for a portion of smoke becomes entangled in the down-current, and escapes into the apartment where the fire is burning. If a lighted taper is put into a glass globe, to the open mouth of which a gas-chimney is attached, in the course of a little time the taper burns very dimly, and may become quite extinguished. Now, if an aperture is made at the bottom of the globe, or if a slip of card-board is placed longitudinally in the chimney of the apparatus, a current is immediately set up, and the taper burns as in open air. In just such a miserable condition as the taper in the first case, is a fire in many of our apartments. With a natural horror of keen draughts from doors and windows, we leather the sides of the one, and cover the sills of the other with list and sand-bags; and thus, with a thick wool-mat in addition at the threshold, we render the room almost air-tight. The fire having accordingly a great part of its necessary pabulum of air cut off, the down-current comes to supply its place, and to punish us for our short-sightedness. When this is ascertained to be the true cause of the smokiness, there are two remedies which propose themselves for our adoption: either to place a longitudinal partition a certain distance up the flue, which permits the down-current to descend on one side in a channel of its own, while the up-current and smoke ascend on the other; or to supply air to the fireplace from without the room. An eminent builder in the metropolis supplies every fireplace in his houses with a source of air, quite separate from the apartment, by means of air-pipes adapted to each fireplace. The consequence is, that the chimneys in these houses are very generally free from the attacks of the smoke malady, and the rooms possess the additional advantage of being

free from a pent-up air. This is a great step, as the phrase is, in the right direction.

Another frequent cause of the disease lies in the excessive narrowness of the chimney shafts. It is absurd to expect that a flue of ten or twelve inches square—the diameter of many in new houses—is an adequate allowance for the respiration of a fire used uninterruptedly for six or seven weeks without being swept. With a friend of my own, a monthly visitation of all his chimneys, though a circumstance upon which he grew a little restive at first, is now an event to which he resigns himself in passive despair. This is a form of the disease for which no cure can be proposed with the remotest hopes of success, short of taking down the chimney and building a wider one. My advice to any one in my friend's pitiable condition would be—take your pocket-measure, get at the exact dimensions of all your flues, put down with a dreadful accuracy the very sixteenths of the inch, and send the document, with a notice to quit at quarter-day, to your landlord. If he will save his bricks and mortar, don't let him do so at the expense of your peace and furniture. Perhaps better advice would be, to get at all these particulars before entering the house.

The peace of many a sober little domicile is upset, and its chimneys are seized with a violent derangement of function, in consequence of a great giant-like neighbour starting up by its side. The streets of London, especially in what were once suburban districts, are eminent for such perpetrations. We shall see a poor little Tom Thumb of a house, grown gray about the windows, and black upon the roof, blotched and painted with a grimy half-century's smoke, sticking up to a tall gawky edifice, glorying in the decorations of a coating of stucco and some layers of yellowish whitewash. The big neighbour's chimneys draw up rarely, but put out the pipes next door, pouring smuts into the bedrooms and smoke into the drawing-room after an awful fashion. It may almost be called an amusement to observe the shifts the little house is put to to set its chimneys somewhat more on a level with its neighbour's. Sundry mysterious-looking things surmount the poor, old, red chimney-pots, bidding them cheer up, and offering a melancholy but brave resistance to the roaring fires next door. Then other frightful gimcracks ornament the roof, and the view of the place at a distance strongly suggests the idea of a far-off fleet of steamboats, with their funnels looming against the horizon. Then the old tenant gets crusty, and gives notice to quit; immediately upon which more contrivances appear about the chimney-pots—in vain. And then, as a last resource, the contrivances are all taken down, and a huge chimney-stalk is built, running up the tall neighbour's side to its summit. By thus making itself something like a long-stalked tobacco-pipe, the little house at length recovers wind, and is at peace. Such is the true and unfortunate history of events of daily occurrence in the streets of the metropolis.

To the cure or relief of the disease originating from these or other causes, a host of contrivances propose themselves; each of which, as usual, is *the* panacea the world is looking for; the event proving that, in most cases, it is no cure at all. Ingenuity may be said to have almost exhausted itself in the sad attempt to remedy this complaint. Let me pass, in brief review, the various forms of smoke-curing apparatus with which a street-walk in London furnishes me. The simplest of all consists in the well-known revolving bonnets or cowls, with wind-arrows on their summits; which, by the way, were once called Bishops in Scotland; while a friend assures me, that in the west of England he has heard them styled Presbyterians. The philosophy of this contrivance is sufficiently simple: in whatever direction the wind blows, the mouth of the chimney is averted from it. This principle has its development in a thousand devices — some looking like Dutch ovens come up to see the world, some like half-sections of sugar-loaves, some like capital H's, and sundry other pleasing objects. The red chimney-pots, too, have contrivances of a similar intention in the diverging spouts, and cavities, and twists which some of them delight in. A different species is the perforated whirling variety, which seem perpetually whizzing round for the mere fun of the thing, since any good they do is extremely apt to escape detection. They are a lively-looking apparatus; but on squally nights, and when the pivot becomes a little rusty, the musical sounds they give forth can scarcely be considered agreeable. Among the more ingenious of smoke-curers, an invention of recent origin, named the *Archimedean Screw Ventilator*, deserves a place. It consists, as its name implies, of wind-vanes attached to the extremity of a revolving screw. When the wind strikes these vanes, it produces a rapid revolution of the screw, which is thus supposed to *wind up* the smoke or vitiated air from below. Perhaps it serves the proposed end; but whether the positive advantage thus gained is not lost by the obstruction of such apparatus to the free passage of smoke in calm weather, is a point, in my estimation, more than questionable. For the relief of such chimneys as only smoke in windy weather, perhaps this and other forms of external apparatus are best adapted. Another invention, of equal merit, is a chimney-cap of metal, externally grooved in a series of spiral curves up the pipe, which end in a kind of mouthpiece, from whence the smoke issues. The wind, when impelled against this apparatus, is supposed to take somewhat of the direction of the spiral grooves, and thus to form an upward current to assist the emission of the smoke. This kind of smoke-curing contrivance is made both of metal and in cement, and forms, at anyrate, an ornamental, if not a beneficial, addition to the chimney-top.

An apparatus known as *Day's Wind-guard* is one of the most recent inventions in this way. Its mode of working has been demonstrated at different public institutions, and the ironmongers are supplied with little models of the contrivance for exposition to their customers. It consists of an octagonal metallic chimney-cap, having four slits in it, which are protected by projecting pieces or slips of metal. It is found that when a current of air strikes against this contrivance, a draught up the pipe is the immediate result, and this whatever may be the direction of the current; so that the more vehemently the wind blows, the more free and unimpeded will be the respiration of the chimney. Several experiments were publicly made in proof of the efficacy of the instrument, with some curious results. Smoke was produced by the smouldering of some combustible substances, and the end of a small model 'wind-guard' was held near it, and then an artificial breeze, excited by means of a bellows, was directed against the other end of the model. The smoke was, as it were, *sucked* into the apparatus at the one end, and cast out at the other. Even when the model was placed upside down, and the bellows set to work, it drew the smoke, contrary to its specific gravity, in a downward direction. Several improvements have been made upon the 'wind-guard,' in one of which, by means of four little vanes on the top of the apparatus, the smoke apertures in it are some of them closed, and others opened, during violent wind. Other inventions, too, of a similar principle are now before the public, to be in due time, I suppose, elevated to the chimney-top. Mr Day proposes the introduction of his apparatus on a large scale, as an efficient ventilator for large assembly-rooms, theatres, churches, &c. The concert-rooms in Hanover Square are ventilated by this apparatus on a gigantic scale. The Buckingham Palace in Pimlico has to add to the list of its other discomforts that of smoky chimneys; and all those afflicted with this complaint are surmounted either by the 'wind-guard,' or by the apparatus last-named, which, from their refined appearance, in contrast with other smoke-curing deformities, divide the royal patronage between them.

It is a singular fact, that when a current of air strikes a simple, uncomplicated chimney-pipe in certain directions,

it immediately causes a movement of air up the inside, so that an ordinary chimney-pot in a certain measure assists the draught. That the contrary is the case, is a common belief, from the circumstance that, during the prevalence of high winds, many chimneys are found to smoke; the causes of which really are, the eddies and local currents of air produced by the projections of the roof and neighbouring stacks of chimneys. To lay down the fact in precise terms:—If a current of air strikes a chimney-pipe at right angles to the direction of the pipe, an up-current is the consequence; and it is hence found that, when all other remedies fail, a metal pipe some four or five feet long frequently cures the chimney.

While pursuing the subject, in casting one's eye down the long streets of the smoky city, in taking a survey of the roofs and their tormented chimneys, the infinity of other contrivances is so great, that it is scarcely a poetical hyperbole to say our pen starts back from it. Here is patent upon patent, scheme after scheme, each doing its best, no doubt, to obtain the mastery over that simple thing—smoke; and each with a degree of success of a very hopeless amount. There appears to me something intensely ludicrous in these struggles against what seems to be an absurd, but an invincible foe; the very element of whose success against us lies in our not strangling him (I write poetically) in his birth. Many obstacles are in the way no doubt: there are obstacles in the way of every good: but I have little doubt that, had the perverted ingenuity which has misspent itself upon the chimney-pots been directed to the fireplace, we might have now had a different tale to tell. The smoke-nuisance is laughed at as a minor evil by a great practical people like ourselves, who heroically make up our minds to put up with it; but when it is considered as an item in the comfort, cleanliness, and health of a whole nation, it assumes, or should assume, a different position. Should that day ever arrive when, under the influence of some great genius, our atmosphere is no longer smoke-polluted, with what feelings of mingled pity and contempt will our happy people look back upon this fumigenous era! In the meantime—taking advantage of a very favourite, and, in the present instance, an uncommonly judicious way of getting rid of a difficult business—I leave the case in the hands of posterity.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN INDIA.

Whoever looks at India previously to the civilisation introduced in many parts by Great Britain, must perceive a striking contrast between its former and present state. We desire not to enter into any political disquisition, nor to insinuate that either a good or bad policy has been adopted under one set of men or another. Our object is solely to trace the progress of civilisation, and to ascertain what British influence has effected in India. Education is certainly spreading through that part of Hindoostan under our control. A native press (a luxury of novel description in the East) diffuses through every rank of society a knowledge of what occurs in the others. Information, moral, political, and social, is thereby obtained by every caste of natives. Formerly, the upper Asiatic classes were in the habit of concealing their wealth, under an apprehension that the iron grasp of despotism would wrest it from them. Hence the mean and dirty appearance of their houses in Shikarpur and other Mohammedan cities. Dingy brick walls were run up in front of their dwellings, to impress on whoever might view them an idea of poverty in the tenants. The first interior court corresponded with the outside; but should any favoured and unsuspected individual be permitted to penetrate the dwelling, indications of comfort gradually appeared, till at length, on approaching the females' apartments, the utmost luxury and splendour burst on his gaze. Such, we say, was formerly the case. But now that the natives, though heavily taxed, enjoy an equality of law and security of person and property, the upper classes indulge their natural predilections, and openly surround themselves with a blaze of magnificence. They erect superb and spacious mansions, enclose parks, make plantations, and lay out pleasure-grounds and gardens, fragrant with rare and many-coloured flowers. At this moment there are thousands such in Bengal.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small mustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The *ensemble* of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman—Isasabeau de Baviere—whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader!' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers; or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with a knife and scissors, of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he has constantly in his hands. He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *bernous* or cloak. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes his *haick*—a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders. He throws over the haick two bernous of white wool, and upon the two white bernous a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his bernous.—*Five Months' Captivity Among the Arabs.*

THE BRITISH IN PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY.

With the exception of the first American war, and the earlier campaigns of that with revolutionary France, the British army has for ages held a distinguished place in the military annals of Europe; and amongst the qualities to which may fairly be attributed much of its success, is the dread silence of the troops when in presence of the enemy, and indeed on all occasions under arms. Our more lively neighbours have well described it as '*cette affreuse silence.*' A chance stranger thrown into the scene might almost imagine that they were rooted to the ground by the enchantor's spell, so stern and statue-like is their immovability. The heavy floating colours, so unfit, when displayed, to be carried by the hand, are in their cases. Mere show in anyway is unthought of, and every incumbrance is removed. Not a sound is then to be heard, save and except it may be the solitary note of a bugle, intelligible only to the light troops. The drum is hushed; and any other kind of music at such a time would be rejected as most unsuited to the deadly work they are about to be engaged in. The French leader speaks to and regulates his troops by the drum. Its bearer, with a rifle slung at his back, is at his right hand, and the charge is made to its ruffle. Our musicians, and all the non-combatants of every description, are, or ought to be, in the rear, under the orders of the surgeon, for the removal, the conveyance, and the succour of the wounded. Even these last, however hideously mangled, are generally uncomplaining. They silently abide their fate, and yield up their breath, or submit to the operations of cure, with the same equanimity. . . . According to my observations, the most querulous under wounds and sickness have been the Scotch Highlanders. The Irish may be more noisy, but then it is with less plaint.—*Dr Fergusson's Professional Notes.*

BAPTISM AMONG THE GREEKS.

In the fourth century, when the custom of naming children after saints had gone out of fashion, the Greeks labelled a number of lamps with names, and selected the one which burned longest.

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THE AUTHOR IN HIS STUDY.

HEAR THE VOICE OF THE POOR.

'In the recesses of his luxurious saloons, Wealth has heard a voice appalling—the cry of the Poor. This is the greatest fact of our age. The peace of selfish luxury is at an end. It looks around, and finds nothing but the wild sea of distressed humanity, threatening terrible things. How shall Wealth escape this great danger—how still down these stormy menaces? Verily, by opening his heart in time to the claims of the lowly, and remembering that they are his fellow-creatures.'

Tat-tat-tat. *Author.* Well, what is it? *Author's wife.* Excuse me, my dear, but I have just received a circular mentioning that a subscription is to be made for coals to our poor neighbours, as many are starving from cold at this inclement season; and I wish to know what you think of contributing. I suppose we can't get off without giving something.

Author (*angrily*). My dear, how could you interrupt me about such a business? You know it is all ostentation which makes people subscribe to public charities. Nobody shall ever see any charity of mine paraded, I can assure you. You have disturbed me in the very beginning of one of my most eloquent papers. Do, pray, leave me again, my dear, and allow me to lock myself in. [*Exit lady.*

Let me see now—Wealth has heard the outcry of the indignant poor, and from his innermost and most voluptuous retirements. Yes. Well, to resume. 'Let us picture to ourselves the contrast between well-housed affluence and houseless misery. It is a winter night. The cold rain deluges the streets. The lord of thousands, retired to his drawing-room, has fairyland around him. The superbly-furnished and decorated apartment is filled with light. Accomplished daughters regale him with delicious music. The finest productions of the literary intellect of the day are strewed on the tables. Servants are ready to fly at his nod. Ten yards from this scene, on the rain-bleached pavement, shivers a wretch who has no home. He is held disqualified even for the union. Not a friend to smile upon him; not an open door to receive him; he can only stand there and endure, and brood on savage thoughts which the rich little wot of. When men, who in the eye of nature and of religion are equal, stand in circumstances so different, are we to wonder that the heart of the poor man turns to bitterness against his more fortunate fellow, and that he feels as if the law which is not his friend is his enemy?'

Rather effectively put, I think. [*Idles for a few minutes among some papers.*] What is that? Oh, a letter from that stupid fellow Hurst, always boring me for old clothes and half-crowns. A horrid good-for-nothing wretch, who never has kept a situation three weeks in his life, and whose wife is always just a month confined, and has ever since been in the greatest distress for common necessaries. Certainly not a farthing shall he get from me. Can't he work, as I do?

Well, to it again. 'It is the inherent hard-heartedness of the rich which now forms the peculiar danger of the commonwealth. They hear this terrible voice, but they regard it not. Never having known want themselves, they are unable to appreciate its hardships in others. They know not the needs and the wishes of the poor. Many act as the positive oppressors of that class. Hence arises an accumulation of wrath against the affluent generally, which, if not timeously diminished or checked, must ere long burst on them like a pent-up torrent. It is remarkable how different is the conduct of the poor to each other. While the rich man holds off, and does nothing, the wretched neighbour breaks his last crust, and gives away a part.'

Tat-tat-tat. Another interruption. What is the matter now? *Servant.* Sir, here is Mr Boreham come upon business. He says he can't go away without seeing you. [*Door opened: enter a respectable neighbour.*]

Mr Boreham. I have taken the liberty of calling, sir, on account of a matter in which many of us in this town feel a deep interest. You are perhaps aware of the accident that happened last week amongst our fishermen—three men lost, two of them leaving widows with (in all) thirteen children, and one who was the sole stay of a widowed mother. It is a crying case; for these poor people have at this moment not a particle of food in their houses, except what they get from the miserable people of their own sort, all of whom, as you know, are so poor, in consequence of their dissolute habits, that they have too little for themselves. A few of us have commenced a subscription, and I have come to afford you an opportunity of giving your mite. We are getting on very well. There is Sir J. W., a sovereign; Squire T., two guineas; the rector, a sovereign; Lady Bountiful, five pounds; and so on. The smallest sum, however, will be acceptable.

Author. Why, really, Mr Boreham, I have so many claims upon me, that I am obliged to practise great self-denial in the luxury of giving. It is a sad plight that these poor people are in, and I am sincerely sorry for them. But I can't help it. I must draw a line somewhere, sir. Yes, I must draw a line.

Mr B. Why, very little would suffice, sir; say half-a-crown, or a shilling. I am loath to go away without having got something.

Author. Not a doit, sir. I must wish you good morning. [*Mr Boreham having departed,*] What a fool that man must be to come to a literary man for money. Why, doesn't he know we are all as penniless as rats? Besides, I am really tired of these poor men who are always suffering from accidents, leaving never fewer

than six children each. I must see to get on with my paper.

'Amongst the causes of the neglect shown by the rich with respect to the poor, we must reckon their luxurious habits, and the whirl of dissipation and folly in which they live. How can we expect Lord B. to look into the distresses which he might find within two hundred yards of his park gate, when his whole time is spent at Melton? How can we expect Lady H., in Grosvenor Square, to give regard to the cry of wretchedness in St Giles's, when loo has such claims, and Grisi sings and Cerito dances so charmingly? The tendency of constant indulgence in pleasure to deaden the generous feelings, has been remarked by all moralists, and the observation is powerfully illustrated in the condition of the higher ranks at this moment. Selfishness becomes in these circles the presiding deity. Even when they invite *us* to their tables, it is for a selfish reason; namely, to have the pleasure of our conversation, and perhaps to be trumpeted as patrons of literature.'

By the way, this is Thursday; I must not forget to send off a note to Greenwich to order that dinner for Saturday. Let me see: lamb is now in—we shall have lamb. Mine host must also give us some of those delicious French dishes. A guinea-and-a-half dinner let it be—cloth laid for eight. Champagne and sparkling Moselle of course. I must see to get ——, who sings such capital comic songs: we shall treat him—it will be well worth while. They say he is a dreadfully poor fellow—often without a lodging. No matter—he will do very well for one evening. [*Notes labelled and despatched.*] For myself and wife, I shall be in five or six pounds here. But that loan I have asked from Templeman surely cannot fail. *Revenons.*

'Another cause of the neglect of the poor is unquestionably that atrocious spirit of political economy which has pervaded the land for the last thirty years. Seeing in human beings only the mechanism for producing wealth—considering nothing but how that wealth may be produced in greatest abundance, and most completely economised, the students of this pseudo science have distinguished themselves by the dissemination of every cold-hearted maxim regarding the less fortunate portion of the community. Under their frown, the holy tie of matrimony itself has been almost put out of countenance. The blessing of babes—often the poor man's only blessing—has been ridiculed and condemned. Once it was the boast of England that the pauper was as well off as anybody: now this is no longer the case. Unheard-of barbarity! It is now a crime to be poor. Never can England be again the merry England, the good England, it once was, until statistics and political economy shall have become dead and forgotten.'

Tat-tat. *Voice.* A letter by the post. *Author.* Ha! from Templeman, I declare. Oh thou dinner at Greenwich, tremble for thy fate! Let me think, now, if it is likely to contain the money I wanted. A very simple sort of fellow is Templeman; takes all things as they appear, and is easy and good-natured with everybody. He is a member of John Mill's club, indeed, and always tells me he is a political economist; but I never believe him. I know he actually set up his footman in a shop, when the poor fellow left him to marry the housemaid. But, open letter, and let us know the best or the worst. 'My dear ——, I am exceedingly concerned to hear of your present unfortunate circumstances. With your large family, to be provided for solely by your pen, I am not surprised that you occasionally require a little friendly assistance, especially on such an occasion as the present, when, as you tell me, you have three sick children in the house, and your bookseller has failed in the payment of an expected balance. I have the greatest pleasure in enclosing a cheque for the sum you want—twenty pounds; and am, my dear ——, yours sincerely, E. T.' Bravo, Templeman—sound at the core after all! This will do nicely for Greenwich. Once more unto the breach—a concluding paragraph, and that's all.

'One hope alone remains for us—that the cry of the poor will yet penetrate the hearts of the rich. From the highways and byways, from the streets and lanes of our large cities, from every haunt of misery, come the groans of those who suffer. There is a gathering of many murmurs into one voice, which *must* be listened to, if we would see our country and its institutions saved. May the house of Have be wise while it is yet time!'

There now, that will do for one day's work. And now for the bank, to get the cash. [*Walking out, passes an Irishwoman in a ditch, surrounded by a litter of children.*] *Woman.* Och, your honour, help a poor cratur just come over, who has not a bite of bread for her family, and the blessing of God be upon you. Their father has gone to the big house up there, to see if the gintry will give us anything; but sorra a bit do I expict. A single penny, plase your honour, will be a great thing for us. *Author.* Don't torment me, woman, or I shall send the police to you. What brings you over here with your brats? *Woman.* Och, thin, it's just because all are alike poor with us; but you in England have something to give, if you only had hearts to do it. So, you're not to help us, aren't you? Heaven aid the poor in these days, for man has no mind to it! Ech! what do I see? As I live, Pat coming back from the big house with half a loaf under his arm. God be praised, my darlints will have their breakfast! [*Exit literary philanthropist whistling.*]

[The printer queries the use of the word 'author' in the title of this paper, as if our whole profession were aimed at. He mistakes the matter altogether, and, as some other persons may do so, it is as well to mention that the real object is to show that, whereas there is a temptation to the literary man to write philanthropic diatribes against whole classes of his fellow-countrymen, it were as easy for the lion to make reprisals—if the lion wrote books.]

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

THE LUMBERER AND THE SETTLER IN THE BUSH.

Lumber is the general name in America for timber, and it is the business of the lumberer to penetrate into the primeval forests, and occupy himself during one period of the year in hewing down the trees, which at another period he conveys, by the lakes and rivers, to the settlements of men. Such an employment, it may be supposed, has no beneficial effect upon the character. Buried among the woods during the entire winter with his desperate comrades, the lumberer has only one task—chopping; and only two amusements—drinking and smoking. When summer comes, and the rivers, loosed from their chains, begin anew to bound, and rush, and roar, he forms his acquisitions into rafts; and the monotonous labours, and equally monotonous pleasures, of winter, are followed by a course of wild and desperate adventure as he plunges down the rapids. The third phase in his existence is presented by the town, where he drowns the recollection of his toils and dangers in the lowest debauchery, and is perfectly satisfied if his hard-earned dollars last till it is time to betake himself to the woods again.

The lumberer is of great importance to the trade of Canada; and being likewise the pioneer of the settler, he must form one of the prominent figures in any general picture of the country. Sir R. H. Bonnycastle, in his amusing work recently published,* gives some particulars which go at least a certain way towards a portrait; and we propose extracting as much as we think of any interest, and appending to it a similar sketch of the settler in the bush.

'Picture to yourself, child of luxury, sitting on a cushioned sofa, in a room where the velvet carpet renders a footfall noiseless, where art is exhausted to afford comfort, and where even the hurricane cannot disturb

* Canada and the Canadians in 1846. By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Kt., Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Engineers and Militia of Canada West. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

your perusal of this work, a wood reaching without limit, excepting the oceans, either of salt or fresh water, which surround Canada, and where to lose the track is hopeless starvation and death; figure the giant pines towering to the clouds, gloomy and Titan-like, throwing their vast arms to the skyey influences, and making a twilight of mid-day, at whose enormous feet a thicket of bushes, almost as high as your head, prevents your progress without the pioneer axe; or a deep and black swamp for miles together renders it necessary to crawl from one fallen monarch of the wood onwards to the decaying and prostrate bole of another, with an occasional plunge into the mud and water which they bridge; eternal silence reigning, disturbed only by your feeble efforts to advance—and you may form some idea of a red pine land, rocky and uneven, or a cedar swamp, black as night, dark, dismal, and dangerous.

'Here, after you have hewed or crept your toiling way, you see, some yards or some hundred yards, as the forest is close or open, before you, a light-blue curling smoke amongst the dank and lugubrious scene; your hear a dull, distant, heavy, sudden blow, frequent and deadened, followed at long intervals by a tremendous rending, crashing, overwhelming rush; then all is silent, till the voice of the guardian of man is heard growling, snarling, or barking outright, as you advance towards the blue smoke, which has now, by an eddy of the wind, filled a large space between the trees. You stand before the fire, made under three or four sticks set up tentwise, to which a large caldron is hung, bubbling and seething, with a very strong odour of fat pork; a boy, dirty and ill-favoured, with a sharp glittering axe, looks very suspiciously at you, but calls off his wolfish dog, which sneaks away.

'A moment shows you a long hut, formed of logs of wood, with a roof of branches, covered by birch-bark, and by its side, or near the fire, several nondescript sties or pens, apparently for keeping pigs in, formed of branches close to the ground, either like a boat turned upside down, or literally as a pig-sty is formed, as to shape. In the large hut, which is occasionally more luxurious, and made of slabs of wood, or of rough boards, if a saw-mill is within reasonable distance, and there is a passable wood road, or creek, or rivulet, navigable by canoes, you see some barrel or two of pork, and of flour, or biscuit, or whisky, some tools, and some old blankets or skins. Here you are in the lumberer's winter home —I cannot call him woodman; it would disgrace the ancient and ballad-sung craft; for the lumberer is not a gentle woodman, and you need not sing sweetly to him to "spare that tree."

'The larger dwelling is the hall—the common hall—and the pig-sties the sleeping-places. I presume that such a circumstance as pulling off habiliments or ablution seldom occurs: they roll themselves in a blanket or skin, if they have one; and as to water, they are so frequently in it during the summer, that I suppose they wash half the year unintentionally. Fat pork, the fattest of the fat, is the lumberer's luxury; and as he has the universal rifle or fowling-piece, he kills a partridge, a bear, or a deer now and then. Up to their waists in snow in winter, and up to their waists in water in summer and autumn, with all the moving accidents by flood and field—the occasional breaking-up of the raft in a rapid—the difficulty of the winter and spring transport of the heavy logs of squared timber out of the deep and trackless woods—combine to form a portion of the hard and reckless life of a lumberer, whose *morale* is not much better than his *physicale*. And a curious sight is a raft, joined together, not with ropes, but with the limbs and thews of the swamp or blue beech, which is the natural cordage of Canada, and is used for scaffolding and packing. A raft a quarter of a mile long—I hope I do not exaggerate, for it may be half a mile, never having measured one but by the eye—with its little huts of boards, its apologies for flags and streamers, its numerous little masts and sails, its cooking caboose, and its contrivances for anchoring and catching the wind by slanting boards, with the men, who appear on its surface as if they were walking on the lake, is curious enough; but to see it in *drams*, or detached portions, sent down foaming and darting along the timber slides of the Ottawa or the restless and rapid Trent, is still more so; and fearful it is to observe its *conducteur*, who looks in the rapid by no means so much at his ease as the functionary of that name to whom the Paris diligence is intrusted. Numberless accidents happen: the drams are torn to pieces by the violence of the stream; the rafts are broken by storm and tempest; the men get drunk and fall over; and altogether it appears extraordinary that a raft put together at the Trent village for its final voyage to Quebec should ever reach its destination, the transport being at least four hundred and fifty miles—and many go much farther—through an open and ever-agitated fresh-water sea, and amongst the intricate channels of the Thousand Islands, and down the tremendous rapids of the Longue Sault, the Gallope, the Cedars, the Cascades, &c.

'The lumberer's life is truly an unhappy one, for, when he reaches the end of the raft's voyage, whatever money he may have made goes to the fiddle, the female, or the fire-water; and he starts again as poor as at first, living perhaps by a rare chance to the advanced age, for a lumberer, of forty years.'

But there is some hope, we are happy to say, even for the lumberer. On Lake Ontario it is already customary to cut down, or otherwise alter, condemned steamers, and rig them as barques or ships, into which the lumber is shipped, and carried to the St Lawrence. 'One step more, and they will, as soon as the canals are widened, proceed from Lake Superior to London without a raft being ever made.'

The settler in the bush is in a very different position from the lumberer, whom he looks upon as a sort of wild beast. Our author gives an equally striking picture of the former, in the persons of a young friend of his own and his wife, who established themselves in Seymour West, in the Newcastle district, about a hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kingston, and upwards of twenty miles in the bush from the main stream of settlement.

'My young friend commenced in this secluded region —where the outer barbarian was never seen, and seldom heard of, where even the troubles of 1837-8 never showed themselves—his location upon one hundred acres. He had received the very best education which a public institution in England could afford; but circumstances obliged him, at the early age of twenty-five, to turn his thoughts, with a young wife, to "life in the bush," as a sole provision. The partner of his cares, equally well educated, and of an ancient family, by the death of her father, who was high in office in his country's service, was left equally unprovided for. Their first undertaking was to clear an acre or two of the forest, and crop it with grain and potatoes; then to build a log-house. In all this they were assisted by friends and neighbours, as far as the limited means of those friends and neighbours—who were all similarly engaged, and the settlement containing not more than four or five families—would admit of.

'My young friend really set his shoulder to the wheel, and did not call upon Hercules whiningly. He had a fondness for carpenter's work, and having cut down the huge pine-trees on his *lot*—for so a property is called in Canada West—he hewed them, squared them, and dovetailed them: he quarried stone with infinite toil, burnt lime, and in the short space of two years had a decent log-palace, consisting of two large rooms, and a kitchen and cellar, with an excellent chimney, a well, which he dug himself, and a very large framed barn, which he built himself, the only outlay being for nails, shingles to cover his roofs, and boards. These he had to bring with oxen and a wagon from the saw-mills at Percy, many miles off, and by the most hideous road I ever saw, even in Canada. He split his own rails, made

his own fences, and cleared his own forest. This first settlement was commenced in 1840; and when I saw it in 1845, he had nearly thirty acres cleared, and this clearance, and his really good house, let to a settler just arrived. By a freak of fortune, a connexion, who occupied the adjacent farm of two hundred acres, and had had the command of money, died, and his property was left to the young couple. They had now a family growing about them, and, as they were very old friends of mine, they asked me to come and see "life in the bush."

'Farmer Harry, as we will call my young friend, had now three instead of two hundred acres to attend to; but he had a flock of sheep, a pair of oxen, the *span* of horses I brought for him, several cows, much poultry, and a whole drove of pigs, with barns full of wheat, peas, hay, and oats; an excellent garden, a fine little brook full of trout at his door, plenty of meadow, and his harvest just over. To help him, he had a hired man, who drove the oxen and assisted in ploughing; and to bring in his harvest, there were three hired labourers, at two shillings and sixpence a-day each, and their food and beds, with two maid-servants, one to assist in the dairy. Labour, constant and toilsome labour, was still necessary in order to make the farm pay; for there is no market near, and everything is to be bought by barter. Salt, tea, sugar, and all the little luxuries must be had by giving wheat, peas, timber, oats, barley, the fleeces of the sheep, salted pork, or any other exchangeable property; and thus constant care and constant supervision of the employed, as well as constant personal labour, are requisite in Canada on a farm for very many years before its owner can sit down and say, "I will now take mine ease." The female part of the family must spin, weave, make homespun cloth, candles, salt the pork, make butter for sale, and even sell poultry and eggs whenever required; in short, they must, however delicately brought up, turn their hands to everything, to keep the house warm. The labour of bringing home logs for fuel in winter is not one of the least in a farm, and then these logs have to be sawed and split into convenient lengths for the fireplaces and stoves.

'But all this may be achieved, if done cheerfully; and to show that it can, I will add that, amidst all this labour, my young friend was building himself a dam, where the beavers, in times when that politic and hard-working little trowel-tailed race owned his property, had seen the value of collecting the waters of the brook. He was repairing their decayed labours, for the purpose of washing his sheep, of getting a good fish-pond, and of keeping a bath always full for the comfort of his family. What a change in ten years! The forest, which had been silent and untrodden since the beavers first heard afar off the sound of the white men's axes, was now converted into a smiling region, in which a prattling brook ran meandering at the foot of gently-swelling hill-sides, on which the snowy sheep were browsing and the cattle lowing.'

We have said that the work from which these pictures are taken is entertaining; but it is something more: it is honest. And the author himself is amusingly sensible of this fact, and boasts that the opinions of such casual observers are much more worth having than those of literary men and women who roam about the world for the express purpose of giving their opinion. The assertion is obviously wrong in theory, but somehow or other it is right in fact. Perhaps the reason is, that the word 'literary' has in our day a signification which did not originally belong to it. Everybody is now literary who has written a novel or contributed a copy of verses to the annuals; and, being literary, he may start across the Atlantic any day he chooses, *approfondir* the Americans at a glance, and enlighten the world with his opinions. But the truth is, the works of 'literary' men and women on this subject are not illustrations of the country and the people, but merely of their own idiosyncrasies. How can it be *otherwise?* Is experience in tales or sonnets sufficient to make up for the hard reading, hard writing, hard thinking, which once distinguished a literary man? If a clever man or woman, destitute of the knowledge which can only come through study and experience, select an arduous and complicated subject, the result may be a readable, nay, an interesting or a charming book; but no person of common sense will take it for anything more valuable than a specimen of the style and manner of the gifted author.

THE COUNTESS OF BELVIDERE.

It is not many months ago since the readers of this Journal were presented with a more particular account of the extraordinary abduction and imprisonment of Lady Grange than had heretofore been given to the public. We are now enabled to lay before them another morceau of private history of a somewhat similar kind, serving as a further illustration of the manners of the same period. The parties were Robert Rochfort, first Earl of Belvidere, and the Honourable Mary Molesworth, eldest daughter, by a first marriage, of Richard, third Viscount Molesworth. This lady, by an act of unheard-of tyranny, was confined by her husband for no less than thirty years, from which she was released only by his demise in 1774.

The father of Miss Molesworth was an officer of distinguished bravery. He was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramillies; and at subsequent periods, after having attained to the rank of lieutenant-general, and retired from more active service, was appointed to many high and important official situations in Ireland. For many years he was commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in that country, and resided with his family in the capital.

It was at this period that his eldest daughter, Mary, first attracted the regards of Mr Rochfort, a gentleman of very ancient and honourable family in the county Westmeath. This person is described as a man of considerable talent and abilities—elegant and expensive in his tastes, and with highly-polished, courtier-like manners, but at the same time haughty and vindictive in temper, and selfish, unprincipled, and dissipated in conduct. At the period referred to he was eight-and-twenty, a widower, and childless, his first wife having died a few months after marriage. He possessed high interest at the English court; a circumstance which doubtless recommended him to Lord Molesworth, who, besides being captivated by his prepossessing exterior, had sufficient worldly policy to encourage the addresses of one for whom he naturally anticipated honours and advancement. Mr Rochfort was indeed at this time considered one of the brightest ornaments of the court; and so highly was he esteemed by the reigning monarch, George II., that about this period he was created Baron Bellefield, and afterwards a viscount. Several years subsequently, his majesty raised him to the dignity of Earl of Belvidere; and as by this title he is best known, as such we shall henceforth designate him, without attending to the exact date of the creation.

To the talent and address which gained this nobleman the royal favour, he united a strikingly handsome and commanding exterior. There is a full-length portrait of him yet extant, which the writer has often seen. It appears to have been taken at a rather more advanced period of life than that of which we are now speaking, for he is there represented no longer the smiling courtier, basking in the sunshine of royalty, and sailing in the full tide of worldly prosperity, but as one on whom the hand of Time had begun to do its work—the effects of which are always so prematurely visible on those who are either the victims of turbulent passions, or of the more suppressed irritability consequent on a morbidly repining temperament.

Robert, first Earl of Belvidere, is here represented in his parliamentary robes—a tall, dark, handsome-looking man, but with a gloomy, stern, saturnine expression of countenance. His appearance was probably very dif-

ferent at an earlier period, when he must have seen fit to adopt, during his suit to Miss Molesworth, some semblance of that softness of demeanour and amiability of temper to which he was in reality a stranger. She was at this time only sixteen, attractive in person, and adorned with the accomplishments suited to her rank and sex. Her disposition was quiet and gentle: she exhibited no inclination to levity, but was domestic in her tastes and habits, and of rather a thoughtful and contemplative mind.

In reviewing the qualities of the man whom her mistaken parents would force on her acceptance, she saw much that would adorn a court circle, but little that promised to render domestic life happy. His attentions to herself could not render her insensible to his haughty demeanour towards others; while, doubtless aware of his unfortunate habits, she in silent sadness foresaw how irksome would be the ties between them—in fine, how little of happiness, how much of misery, was to be anticipated from the union.

Miss Molesworth, however, was but sixteen—too young to venture on much opposition to a marriage which all around her were endeavouring to promote. In a spirit of sorrowful foreboding, she at length gave a reluctant consent, and this ill-fated union took place August 1, 1736. Just before its celebration, it is said that she sat for her picture; and the idea being suggested of her adopting some peculiar costume, she was induced to select that by which, in the shape of the *coiffure* more especially, we recognise the portraits of another captive, her namesake—the hapless Mary of Scotland.

From an early period after marriage, this lady was destined to find her sad forebodings realised in the coldness and neglect of her husband, who was surrounded by flatterers, some of whom, from selfish motives, had been originally opposed to his entering the married state at all, and who were therefore continually on the watch to prejudice Lord Belvidere against his young wife. One there was more especially who, from the first, had been her deadliest foe, and to whom, it is said, the countess owed all her misfortunes. This artful and unprincipled person had formerly held powerful influence over the affections of the earl, and now dreaded naturally the influence of the youthful and virtuous wife.

The year after her marriage, Lady Belvidere disappointed the anxious hopes of her husband for an heir, by giving birth to a daughter; but as this event was succeeded, in due course, by that of a son—a fine and promising child—we may suppose that, for a time at least, it served to revive some feelings of affection towards the mother. The event, we are told, was celebrated in a style of princely magnificence, and the infant christened by the names of George-Augustus, after the reigning monarch, who stood godfather by proxy, and up to the period of his death, more than twenty years after, continued the firm friend of its unworthy father.

For the first few years after their marriage, Lord and Lady Belvidere resided for the most part at Gaulston, a mansion belonging to the former in the county Westmeath; and here, in course of time, two other sons were born to them. This residence was a large, ancient, and gloomy structure of the days of Edward III. It had belonged to the Chief Baron Rochfort, and is alluded to by Dean Swift. The painful associations afterwards connected with it, induced the second and last Earl of Belvidere to dispose of the mansion, which was purchased by the late Lord Kilmaine; and an elegant and modern house has long since been raised on the site of the old one.

It may well be supposed that the retirement of the country and sober routine of domestic life had few attractions for Lord Belvidere, and the result was long and frequent absences on his part, either spent amidst the brilliant circle of George II., or else at the Irish court; for we are speaking of a time prior to the union, when Dublin held its annual parliament, and was the residence of the aristocracy of Ireland. Fortunately for the countess, she preferred the quiet unexciting scenes of domestic life. She was a fond and attentive mother; her chief happiness was in the care and society of her children, and whilst with them she endeavoured to forget the growing estrangement of their father.

Of the children to whom allusion has been made, her three sons were as yet but in their infancy. The daughter, however, was beginning to be of an age to render her companionable to the parent. This child (afterwards Countess of Lanesborough), at a very early period, gave promise of that amiability of temper, sprightliness, and extreme beauty of person for which she was afterwards distinguished in the world.

Meanwhile, as time went on, the visits of the earl to his wife and family became less frequent; and when they did take place, there was a settled gloom on his brow, a searching severity of manner, which could not escape Lady Belvidere, and caused in her mind the direst forebodings. As we have already said, she was not without enemies, and to the most unprincipled of these—she who had ever been her cruellest foe—did the countess at once, and justly, attribute the suspicious looks and savage tones of her lord. Just eight years after this ill-fated union had taken place did the long-threatening storm burst forth, and the lady was charged with infidelity to her husband—the partner of her alleged guilt being one whose near affinity to him might be supposed to have set at rest all suspicion. The account from which we derive our information states that she at first expressed both surprise and indignation, but afterwards proceeds to add that, to the astonishment of her friends, Lady Belvidere, driven to desperation, was induced, though perfectly innocent, to make an acknowledgment of guilt, with the view of strengthening the grounds for a divorce, and thus ridding her of a husband whom it was now impossible not to hate. Of any real infidelity, she at after periods most repeatedly protested her innocence, and she made a declaration to the same effect, by a solemn oath, on her deathbed upwards of thirty years after.

The other party named was a married man. He is represented as highly exemplary in conduct, an affectionate father, and most attached husband. Between him and his amiable partner any feeling of jealousy was unknown. Happy in themselves and in their children, both entertained a sincere pity for the young and interesting, but neglected wife of Lord Belvidere, with whose profligate character and mode of life they were better acquainted than were the world in general. Their country residence closely adjoined Gaulston, and, united alike by the ties of relationship and regard, a constant intercourse was naturally kept up between them and its fair mistress. From them she was accustomed to meet the ready smile of welcome, to hear the kindly tone of sympathy. It is natural, therefore, to suppose that in their cheerful home Lady Belvidere found a solace for her ills, which doubtless brought with it the temptation to dwell upon her wrongs and lament her sufferings.

The result of the charge made against her was a trial. The principal witness was the artful and unprincipled woman already alluded to; and so well-concocted was the conspiracy, that damages to the amount of L.20,000 were awarded to the earl; upon which the ill-fated defendant, unable to meet so large a demand, fled the country. The history of his subsequent life is told in a few words. After residing in banishment for many years—his Irish property neglected, and no alleviation to his sufferings except in the society of his attached wife and family, who mostly shared his exile—he was unfortunately induced, after a lengthened interval, to return with them to Ireland, trusting that the effects of time had softened the stony heart of the earl. But he was mistaken; the seeds of jealousy had taken too deep root there to be ever eradicated. Lord Belvidere caused him to be arrested, and he lived and died in confinement, protesting to the last his entire innocence of the foul charge laid against him.

Lady Belvidere, far from having the wish granted

which would have divorced her from the earl, was reserved by him for a very different fate.

His nominal residence had hitherto been at Gaulston, an old and inconvenient structure, which afforded little scope for the exercise of that superior taste for which this proud nobleman was distinguished. Beyond its fine gardens, on which much cost and labour had been bestowed, the place had no recommendations for him, and he therefore, at this period, came to the determination of abandoning it as a residence for ever. Lord Belvidere accordingly removed his establishment, and took up his abode a few miles distant, at a very beautiful mansion, which still goes by his title, and is well known to all the lovers of the picturesque in that neighbourhood. This mansion, the building of which was then hardly completed, immediately adjoins the noble house and demesne called Rochefort, which, until lately, that it has passed into other hands, was long distinguished as the residence of a collateral branch of this family, by whom the county Westmeath was represented in parliament for very many years. The name of Rochfort is now almost extinct in that neighbourhood; but it is not a forgotten one, and is always spoken of with respect and esteem. Between these two mansions there exists an artificial ruin of an abbey, so true to reality, and so exquisitely designed, as to excite the admiration of all who view it. The tradition of this ruin having arisen out of a family feud is generally known, and that it was built by one brother to exclude from his sight the residence of the other; but few are aware that with Robert, Earl of Belvidere, originated this design, and that he even went to an enormous expense in getting over from Italy a celebrated Florentine architect of that day, named Barradotté, to superintend the erection of the ruin. This circumstance, and the domestic differences between himself and a younger brother, which gave rise to it, took place at a much later epoch than that of which we are now treating, and when his lordship was in the decline of life; but it is so characteristic, and goes so far to confirm the singular and systematic manner in which his vindictive nature showed itself, as to render the fact worthy of notice.

In making an arrangement for quitting his old residence at Gaulston, he had a twofold design in view. He was thereby enabled to occupy the mansion more congenial to his taste, and at the same time to convert the other into an asylum for Lady Belvidere, sufficiently near at hand to enable him to keep a constant surveillance over her proceedings. In this plan he was at no loss to find coadjutors; for the landed property, and consequently the interest, of the earl were very great in the surrounding neighbourhood, where it is said he reigned with arbitrary sway, his words and actions being in fact considered as laws.

Here, then, in a manner as unexpected to herself as it was unprecedented in the annals of domestic tyranny, was the hapless subject of our memoir confined, deprived of all social intercourse with her friends, and denied that liberty permitted to the meanest of her fellow-creatures. In all other respects there was every attention paid to her wants and wishes. She had a reasonable number of domestics at her control, and the use of a carriage, though her drives were limited to the grounds, which were, however, extensive. Her wardrobe was amply supplied with the best and richest of clothes suitable to her rank, and every source of occupation and amusement was allowed her. Of these latter, it is said that drawing was her favourite pursuit; and we have reason to suppose that she excelled in it. Her pictures were landscapes, some taken from nature, and all on gloomy subjects, in character with the depressed state of her mind.

As it is mentioned that there was no prohibition at this time against writing materials, it may be conjectured that the countess was not debarred from epistolary intercourse with her friends; and the question naturally presents itself, how did it happen that her own family *could so little* concern themselves with her situation as to take no means to remedy it? To this we have nothing to say, beyond reminding our readers of the proverbial remark, that it is often a dangerous, always a thankless step, to interfere between man and wife. We have seen, besides, from the first, the powerful influence which Lord Belvidere had obtained over the mind of his father-in-law, to whom he now doubtless represented the conduct of the lady in such a light as might lead her parent to believe that as long as his daughter was not debarred from the comforts of life, and resources suitable to her station, seclusion was better than affording her a chance of bringing further disgrace on the family. To this surmise we may add, that the countess had, not long after her ill-fated union, been deprived by death of the parent whose maternal influence might have alleviated her sufferings and altered her lot. Lord Molesworth had, shortly afterwards, formed a second marriage, and by that event was now become the father of a large and increasing family. Such domestic changes often produce change of feeling. However it might be in this instance, certain it is that no steps were taken by the family of Lady Belvidere for her liberation.

In this state of retirement there was yet one source of consolation allowed her. It consisted in the visits of her children, who were permitted from time to time to see their mother, and at all periods evinced for her a tenderness and sympathy which showed that, in that relationship at least, she was affectionate and exemplary. At the time when the edict was first put in force which cut her off from society, the countess had not seen her five-and-twentieth birthday; and now, as year after year passed on, the bloom of life wearing away, and bringing no hope of change, so far from producing submission to her hard fate, the desire for emancipation became each day stronger. For the reasons before given—that of her being freely allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper—it is natural to suppose she may have often addressed herself to the earl; but if she did, it was of little avail; whilst all personal intercourse he uniformly avoided, although a frequent visitor to the beautiful grounds and gardens of Gaulston.

One day, however, fortune seemed inclined to favour this victim of domestic tyranny, for Lord Belvidere unexpectedly entered one of the gardens without the customary precautions which preceded his approach. He was accompanied by a friend, a person who, it seems, was unhappily inimical to the countess; but she, either unaware of this circumstance, or altogether regardless of it, in the desire for an interview with her husband, rushed forward and threw herself on her knees before him. Her high spirit, it is said, would not permit her to ask forgiveness for an imaginary crime, but in few and hurried words she spoke of the hardship of her lot, intreated for its amelioration, and implored that she might no longer be debarred from all intercourse with her fellow-beings. For a moment even the hard heart of the earl seemed softened and overcome, as he thus beheld at his feet his suppliant wife, the mother of his children. He listened irresolutely to her earnest impassioned tones—he looked on those features once radiant with youth and beauty, now faded and care-worn—but the struggle was a short one, for his friend, perceiving his irresolution, and therefore not allowing time for a reply, turned to him with an upbraiding look, and only repeating the words, 'Remember your honour, my lord,' at once drew him off from the spot. From that time the mind of Lord Belvidere seemed more than ever prejudiced against his hapless wife, and we may therefore conclude that every means was used that art could suggest or malice enforce to keep alive his jealousy, and render the separation eternal. From this period the walks of the countess were limited to a certain portion of the demesne, and a person was appointed to accompany her at such times. Not satisfied with this, the earl hit upon the ingeniously inhuman device of having a bell, which her attendant carried, with strict orders to ring it

whenever his lordship was about the grounds, and as a known signal to ward off all persons from approaching her. It may readily be conceived that if anything was wanting to exasperate the countess, and make her equal to any scheme, however desperate, it was this.

It was after twelve years of captivity that the lady, by means of her faithful domestics, contrived and effected an escape. The particulars we have no means of ascertaining, but it is known that the intelligence was communicated to her husband, who, naturally conjecturing that the parental roof was that which she would seek, by a rapid journey succeeded in forestalling her intention. Some hours before the arrival in Dublin of his lady, Lord Belvidere had reached the mansion of her father, who at that time occupied a house on the south side of Merrion Square. Here he contrived to work so powerfully upon the feelings of Lord Molesworth, that the latter determined not to expose himself to the importunities of his daughter. We may imagine, then, what must have been her feelings when told by the servant that he had strict orders not to admit her. In an agony of disappointment at this cruelly unexpected repulse—which certainly no conduct on her part could justify—Lady Belvidere was for a while speechless, and utterly unable to determine what steps to take or where to fly. In these modern days of rail-carriages and steam-vessels the matter would have been different. A few hours would have transported her to another country, where, for a time at least, she might without difficulty have eluded her enemies, and in all likelihood have eventually ameliorated her lot; for there seems to have been hitherto no deficiency of pecuniary means—at anyrate of those possessions the sale of which could have procured them. But at the period we speak of it was widely different; and in the moment of indecision—thinking of no danger but the chance of recapture, and probably unaware that Lord Belvidere was actually the inmate of her father's house—the countess was unhappily led to take a step which sealed her fate with her husband for ever. She ordered the coachman to drive directly to Sackville Street. Here resided the wife and family of the man whom his lordship had pursued with such unrelenting severity. From them she well knew she would receive the kind welcome and succour which her sufferings needed. It was a natural step for her to take, and, under the circumstances of the case—that is, considering the absence of the master—could hardly be called a blameable one.

Whether Lady Belvidere was even permitted to see her relatives, we know not. Her course was tracked after quitting Lord Molesworth's house, and we may suppose with what jealous rage the earl beheld her suing for admittance at that of his supposed rival. Suffice it to say, the lady was seized, and, we believe, in less than twenty-four hours after bidding, as she hoped, an eternal adieu to Gaulston, was once more the tenant of that gloomy mansion. But far different was her lot now. Deprived of those comforts which before were permitted, of the domestics whose sympathy and attentions had first served to alleviate, and who then, in compassion, had tried to change her lot—denied the satisfaction of seeing her children, and bereft of almost all those sources of amusement and occupation which had hitherto tended to beguile her hours, though incapable of banishing her sorrows—Lady Belvidere was now only allowed the common necessaries of life, and was surrounded by a new set of attendants, harsh and unfeeling, incapable of sympathising with her misfortunes, and constantly on the watch lest she should elude their vigilance. The bell was once more put into requisition, and everything else that was calculated to imbitter her lot. It is stated that her hair, in the course of one night, turned completely white immediately after her unsuccessful elopement. When we proceed to state that no less a period than eighteen years was thus passed, it is hard, at this time of day, to believe that such proceedings could possibly have been tolerated in a civilised country, and less than a century ago. It is equally surprising that reason did not altogether give way under such barbarity. Indeed there was a general but erroneous idea that the intellects of the countess had become deranged—a notion which her husband, in all likelihood, endeavoured to foster.

How these long sad years were passed, we have no exact accounts to tell us: here there is a chasm, chiefly left to the imagination to fill up. Some few interesting particulars have, however, reached us. Our informant on this point was an old and valued servant, who lived and died in the Rochfort family. This poor man had spent the early period of his life in the service of the captive Countess of Belvidere. He was the only one of her faithful and attached domestics who was suffered to remain at the time of her second imprisonment, and we should have excepted him in alluding to the harsh and unfeeling menials by whom she was then surrounded. He acted in the capacity of footman, and remained to witness her release. When arrived at a very advanced age, so that memory was beginning to fail, especially when more recent occurrences were in question, if any reference or inquiry was made to him of those connected with his injured lady, the intellect would at once revive, and he would dwell on the long-gone-by theme with energy and feeling. He would relate how, when employed in such offices as brought him to the presence of the poor countess, she would ask particulars of her children, of what was going on in the country, &c. The former, however, was the usual theme with the bereaved mother, and to none but to this attached servant did she venture to speak of them. Many a time, he said, when employed in the arrangement of her fire, would Lady Belvidere purposely retard his operations to talk over severally these dear children, and deplore the want of liberty which banished her from them and from all the world. There was an old picture-gallery at Gaulston where she would often walk, and, according to our informant, stand gazing at the pictures, 'as if conversing with them.'

At length that release arrived which she had quite ceased to hope for. In November 1774 died Robert, Earl of Belvidere, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, regretted by few, and so deeply involved in debt, as to leave but a broken fortune to his heir. No sooner had the latter seen that the funeral obsequies of the earl were properly attended to, than, accompanied by his brothers, he repaired to Gaulston, to set at liberty the lady whose cruel treatment they had ever mourned with deep but unavailing regret. We may suppose what a change eighteen years had wrought in the appearance of both parties; in that of Lady Belvidere, we are told, it was almost appalling. Not only had her features become prematurely old and haggard, but she had acquired a wild, scared, unearthly look, whilst the tones of her voice, which hardly exceeded a whisper, were harsh, agitated, and uneven. In the style of her dress the countess had never changed the fashion for thirty years—that in which she was now attired forming a portion of what had been ordered for her wardrobe at the period when her imprisonment had first commenced. It is stated that she was so powerfully overcome, as to be for a while speechless. At last, in fearful accents, she faltered out, '*Is the tyrant dead?*'

Her sons, when they had last parted from their mother, were mere youths, the eldest scarcely eighteen. He was now a handsome man in the prime of life. Between him and his brothers there was so strong a family likeness in figure and features, that the countess could not distinguish them, and had to ask which of those before her was now Earl of Belvidere. We have no further particulars of this extraordinary and affecting re-union, though the result, as may be anticipated, was her removal from Gaulston. Her son, Lord Belvidere, having at this time just entered the married state, was about to proceed with his wife to Italy; and thinking the change of scene might be serviceable to the countess, he pro-

posed that she should accompany them thither. But this kind and well-meant suggestion, to which his parent was induced to accede, failed in its object. The excitement of a journey to one who had so long been inured to solitude, occasioned a sensation so strange and altogether overpowering, as rendered travelling extremely irksome to her. It was accordingly arranged that, whilst the earl and his young wife proceeded for a few months to Italy, Lady Belvidere was to remain at a convent in France; and here, in an account formerly given to the world, it is erroneously stated that she died, having first embraced the Romish faith.

After spending the winter at Florence, the earl returned for his mother. They proceeded to London, where she remained a twelvemonth at the house of a lady of rank, a friend of her family, who had apartments at Kensington Palace. But it would seem that the state to which Lady Belvidere had been brought was such as to have produced so much nervousness and painful sensitiveness, as now made her rather seek solitude, and shun all human intercourse, except with the few to whom she was immediately related. The strange story of her former life naturally gained publicity, and underwent many different versions, some less charitable than others as respected the countess, whilst the singularity of her appearance and deportment attracted curiosity. Her situation, therefore, though doubtless now accompanied with all that kindness and attention could do, nevertheless brought with it painful and increasing disquietude to Lady Belvidere, who about this period was visited with a heavy domestic affliction, in the death of one of those affectionate sons who had so lately rescued her from captivity. This was the Honourable Richard Rochfort, colonel in the 9th Dragoons, her second son and third child, who died in the prime of life.

The remainder of this lady's story is shortly told. Finding her situation irksome, she wrote to Lord Belvidere, expressing a wish to return to Ireland. The earl then occupied a house in Great Denmark Street, at that time considered a fashionable locality in Dublin. Here she remained for a considerable period. Afterwards she resided with her affectionate daughter and son-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, who lived near the Irish capital. They had a large and growing-up family, and with them the subject of this memoir finished her days in peace and happiness. She survived her husband but a few years; and on her deathbed, after partaking of the communion, Lady Belvidere confirmed, with the most solemn oath, her perfect innocence of the crime for which she was made to suffer so lengthened and unprecedented a captivity.

THE POPULATION OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

If population observed one direct law of increase, independent of all modifying circumstances, the earth would have been filled to overflowing long before the present period of its history; for, according to the most moderate calculations in this way, the numbers of a people would nearly double every thirty years, as indeed is the case in some communities under favourable circumstances. Many causes, however, tend to check the regular increasing ratio of the human species, as well as that of every other kind of animal on the face of the earth. Amongst these, as respects man, are diseases, and especially pestilences, deficiency of food, wars, a rude and savage state of society, and the salutary restraints of an advanced civilisation. The history of human society, too, presents continual changes of the increase and decrease of particular nations, so that it becomes a matter of great difficulty to draw a comparison between the populousness of ancient and modern times. In no species of facts are ancient historians more contradictory or inaccurate than in regard to numbers; or rather perhaps their works, in their successive transcriptions, have suffered more in this particular than in the verbal narrative.

That Babylon, Nineveh, and Thebes, mighty cities of old, contained great numbers of inhabitants, is a matter beyond dispute, but no data remain to enable us to form even a conjecture of their respective populations. Many populous cities existed also in Asia Minor, the sites of which are now only indicated by solitary ruins. The great nations and powerful empires of those times and those localities disappear amid the dim vistas of ancient history, till again offsets from them become conspicuous on the opposite shores of Europe, and we begin to have some more definite knowledge of the statistics of the Grecian and Roman cities. The statements of the various historians are, it is true, somewhat contradictory; but we think, on the whole, it will be found from those records that the ideas sometimes entertained of the great populousness of ancient times as compared with the present have been very much exaggerated.

Athens, with the exception of Syracuse, was the largest city of Greece. Thucydides mentions that its extent within the walls was eighteen miles, besides the sea-coast on one side. There was, however, according to Xenophon, much waste ground within the walls, which seem, indeed, to have contained within their boundary four distinct cities. Many of the houses, too, must have stood apart, with considerable space between them; for the total number within this large area amounted to but 10,000. According to Athenæus, there were in Athens 21,000 citizens and 10,000 strangers; that is to be understood, according to the usual practice of enumeration, full-grown men, capable of bearing arms: if we multiply this by four, we shall have the probable number of the free population as 124,000. Besides these, there were the ordinary number of slaves —a class of population common to most nations of antiquity. A medium estimate of them and their families might amount to 160,000, making, on the whole, a population for Athens of 284,000. This does not much more than equal the population of several of our largest manufacturing towns. In the number of houses, and excluding the slaves, Athens in its prime was, in fact, inferior in size to the Scotch metropolis.

According to Pliny, Seleucia, the seat of the Greek empire in the East, was reported to contain 600,000 people. Strabo makes Carthage contain 700,000. Rhodes, when besieged by Demetrius, contained 6000 citizens capable of bearing arms. Thebes contained 6000 citizens. When Philip of Macedon was declared head of the Greek confederacy, he summoned a congress of all the states except that of Lacedemon, which refused to concur, and he found the force of the whole to amount to 200,000 infantry, and 15,000 cavalry.

The free population of ancient Greece, with the exception of Laconia, has been estimated at 860,000, the slaves at 430,000; making a total of 1,290,000, or about half the present population of Scotland. Nor could it be expected to be otherwise. Greece is not a large, nor a particularly fertile country. The art of agriculture had not then arrived at great perfection; and commerce, though practised by some of the states, and particularly by the Athenians, was yet of very limited extent.

What wealth existed appears to have been very equally divided among the citizens. We learn this from various circumstances. When Xenophon returned from his famous expedition with Cyrus, he hired himself and his soldiers into the service of a Thracian prince; and the articles of his agreement were, that each soldier should receive a *daric* (about L.1, 12s. 3½d.) a-month, each captain two darics, and he himself, as general, four. When Demosthenes and Æschines were sent ambassadors to Philip of Macedon, their allowance was only a drachma (about eightpence) a-day to each, or not more than the pay of a common foot-soldier. A citizen of Greece was thought to be left in easy circumstances with ten slaves employed in manufactures; and the possession of sixty slaves excited the cupidity of the thirty tyrants, who proscribed Lysias and his brother on that account alone. Demosthenes was left very rich by his father, and this wealth consisted of sixty-two slaves. His workhouse

of twenty cabinet-makers was esteemed a very considerable manufactory. The high rate of interest, the lowest being twelve per cent., and the great profits on trade, evidently show that capital had not accumulated, and that trade could not have been very extensive. Lysias mentions that a hundred per cent. profit was made on a cargo which cost two talents, and which was only sent from Athens to the Adriatic. Demosthenes blames his tutors for not employing his money during his minority to like advantage, 'by which means, in eleven years it ought to have been tripled.'

Rome, the great centre of population in ancient Italy, has been variously estimated as to extent. Dionysius Halicarnassus makes the walls of the city nearly of the same compass as those of Athens; but then the suburbs were more extensive. The houses of the poorer classes were also high, consisting of several storeys, and crowded together, while those of the nobility were large, and occupied more space. The palace of Nero is described as of enormous dimensions. The number of citizens who received public corn in the reign of Augustus were 200,000. This donation was intended for the poorer classes, and perhaps generally accepted only by them; yet we find that the higher ranks thought it no degradation also to claim their share. The next question undecided is—did every individual, or only every family, thus receive a share? According to the best authorities, every man of full age was entitled to claim. Suppose that a fourth of full age of the higher classes is added to the 200,000 claimants, we have thus a full-grown male population of 250,000, which, multiplied by four, gives the probable amount of free citizens at 1,000,000. To this is to be added a proportion of slaves, perhaps not less than half a million. And thus we would have ancient Rome, including its extensive environs, much about the size of modern London.

Herodian tells us that the cities of Alexandria and Antioch were very little inferior to Rome; and Diodorus Siculus in his time computes Alexandria to contain 300,000 free people. This, however, is exclusive of slaves, the amount of whom is not enumerated. Suppose that there were an equal number of slaves, this would make the population 600,000, and would show that our previous estimate of Rome was too high.

David Hume, writing more than a century ago, when the population of the countries alluded to was not one-half of what it now is, makes the following remark:—'Choose Dover or Calais for a centre, draw a circle of two hundred miles' radius, you comprehend London, Paris, the Netherlands, the United Provinces, and some of the best-cultivated parts of France and England. It may safely, I think, be affirmed that no spot of ground can be found in antiquity, of equal extent, which contained near so many great and populous cities, and was so stocked with riches and inhabitants.'

Of the numerous nations that inhabited the north and west of Europe in ancient times—the subdivisions of the great Teutonic and Celtic races—no accurate census can now be established. Certain it is, however, that their apparent numbers, as indicated by great migratory and irruptive hordes, are vastly exaggerated. A nation of warriors, moving at once into a hostile country, even amounting to 50,000 or 100,000 men, must have caused a great sensation; and such warlike irruptions often took place among the northern nations. Cæsar gives a particular account of the forces which were raised in Belgium to oppose his progress, and states them at 208,000. It is true these were not the whole able to bear arms, for he tells us that the Bellovaci could have brought 100,000, instead of 60,000, which they engaged for: adding this additional number to the whole, the fighting men of the Belgian states would have amounted to 248,000, and consequently the whole inhabitants to less than a million and a quarter. If we suppose ancient Belgium about a fourth of Gaul, that country might then have contained five millions—a population quite insignificant compared to the present inhabitants of the same region. Indeed a considerable part of Germany and France must, in remote ages, have been covered with dense forests, though no doubt the most favourable portions were even then cleared and partially cultivated. It is the same with regard to Britain. The whole interior of this country, according to Herodian, was marshy and forest ground, while the coast alone was cultivated and well-peopled.

No nation in a rude and savage state seems to make much progress in numbers. The precarious means of subsistence is one great bar to this, but more especially war, which seems inherent in every savage breast—that kind of incessant and deadly warfare which, at the same time that it cuts off human life, also totally precludes all other industrial means of fostering and ameliorating existence. We have a striking example of this in the aboriginal American tribes as compared with the Anglo-American colonists; the ratio of increase among the latter has been immense compared to the once stationary and now retrograde numbers of the former.

On the whole, then, though the great tide of human population has flowed and ebbed as to certain localities on the globe—leaving whole regions once swarming with active inhabitants now all but desolate, while other portions, again, are being crowded with increasing numbers—still the aggregate mass of human beings appears evidently to be on the increase. That this increase, however, has not been uniformly progressive in all ages, seems also evident; or, in other words, the accompanying checks on population have so nearly balanced the tendency to multiply, that the number of the human race over the whole earth has increased, and is increasing, in a very slow ratio.

The chief localities where the tide of population has retrograded appear to be the western portion of Asia, from the Caucasus eastward to the Euphrates, including the ancient kingdoms of Nineveh and Babylon; the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine; the northern part of Africa, from Egypt westward along the shores of the Mediterranean, and south-eastward to Nubia and along the borders of the Red Sea. It is probable, too, that that part of Europe from Macedonia southwards throughout the Greek archipelago may have been more populous in ancient than in modern times. We know nothing of the ancient condition of America; but from the state of population of Mexico and Peru at the time of the Spanish conquest, we may presume that, as regards its aboriginal inhabitants, that portion of the new world has also greatly degenerated.

The numerous tribes of Eastern Asia must, at a very early period, have concentrated into civilised communities; and thus the ancient population of India, China, Siam, and Japan may have been very considerable. From the comparatively uniform and stable nature of these communities, however, the presumption is, that their population has been, though slowly, yet gradually progressive.

A SPECIMEN OF DRUNKEN VILLAGES.

Villages have an innocent character amongst poets and other fictionists. And certainly, on entering most villages, one finds everything looking very quiet and decent—cottage-fires blinking cheerfully through little windows, trig maidens tripping from the well with their pails, cats calmly crossing streets as if unconscious of the existence of dogs, groups of male natives chatting innocently at corners with their hands in their pockets continually. Yet it is all but a fair outside. There is no trusting to that air of rigid propriety which most villages are accustomed to bear. Could any one see behind the vizor, he would generally find things far from being what they should be. We have, for our part, so strong a belief to this effect, that we scarcely ever enter a village without falling into a speculation about the occult delinquencies of the place; bethinking us what drinkings, what quarrellings, what irregularities of all kinds go on even in the demurest houses, and what a fearful summation the statistics of sin may

present in the hands of the minister at the end of the year.

The besetting sin of all villages not consisting merely of farm labourers is drink. A village, after the manner of Boniface, eats its ale, drinks its ale, sleeps upon its ale, and, well may we add, all its ail is ale. In Scotland, for ale read whisky, and the whole case is perfect. The village never believes that it drinks much, or is the worse of liquor in anyway. It rather has an idea that it walks through life with a remarkable degree of abstinence—that it starves itself in drink rather than otherwise. The remotest idea of excess never enters its head, even while *that* is aching from the effects of it; and were any one to tell it that it was a drunken village, it would bristle up, all virtuous indignation, and deny the fact flatly. Yet the village is a drunken village for all that. All villages, with the exceptions specified, and perhaps some others, are so.

There is a remarkable specimen of a drunken village in the neighbourhood of our own city; namely, the fishing village of Newhaven. A curious primitive place it is, and one of the native seats of those singularly-dressed fishwomen whom strangers are accustomed to remark on the streets of Edinburgh, which they daily perambulate, selling their fish from huge baskets carried on their backs. The men work as fishers and pilots, the women carry fish to town, and thus a good deal of money is made amongst them. Nevertheless, it is an eminently mean-looking and filthy village; so very much so, indeed, that one had better, for the sake of his shoes and his olfactory sense, avoid passing through it. The explanation is—drink.

It appears from a document drawn up by one of the people themselves—one, however, who has a desire of better things, and wishes to reform his neighbours—that there are *thirty-three public-houses* in Newhaven, being one for every sixty persons in the village. If children are left out of sight, as they ought to be, it will be observed what a small number of the productive labourers of the place undertake to support a family for the supplying of themselves with liquor. Although strangers, no doubt, consume not a little liquor in the place, perhaps it would not be too much to say that every dozen families in Newhaven maintains a public-house out of their earnings. The worthy fisherman who is endeavouring to effect a reformation says—'Suppose that each public-house draws on an average 15s. a-day, in a year this will amount to L.9033, 15s. Suppose that one-third of the population, or 660, spend on strong drinks 6d. per day, in a year this will amount to L.6022, 10s.' He adds—'One wholesale spirit-merchant confesses that he draws from the public-houses of Newhaven L.100 per week. There are three or four others who supply them with strong drinks. Suppose that among these another L.100 is taken. In a year, L.200 per week amounts to L.10,400. Take the average of those sums as the truth, and we have, as the annual sum spent on intoxicating drinks in Newhaven, L.8485, 8s. 4d., or, in round numbers, L.8500. These calculations are purposely made at low rates. Any one who knows the customs of the place, and the high rents and licenses charged for public-houses, will perceive that much higher sums might have been fixed on.' [True indeed.]

'Let us now,' he continues, 'calculate what good might be done with the L.8500 thus foolishly squandered.

Clothing for 600 men and women, at L.3 each,	L.1800
Clothes for the rest of the population of the village; namely, the young, 1400, at 30s. each,	2100
House rents for 400 families, at L.5,	2000
Education for 300 children, at 12s.,	180
Sittings in the house of God for 1000, or half of the population, at 5s.,	250
Say that there are 30 couples married every year, allow each couple L.20 for providing and furniture, this would amount to,	600
L.5 a-year to each of 100 poor persons,	500
Ten boats might be built yearly, at L.25 each,	250
For the repair of old boats,	220
Three missionaries to the heathen, at L.200 each,	600
	L.8500'

After all this, we have only to add, as a crowner, a passage from the notice of Newhaven in the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland:'—'This Newhaven colony is *pre-eminent over others* for its *sober, industrious, and peaceable habits.*' Quite so: this is what Newhaven thinks of itself no doubt. And yet, as we see, it annually drinks up, at the very lowest computation, some eight or nine thousand pounds' worth of whisky!

PRESENCE OF THE PAST.

When sweeping one day in a steamer along the shores of the magnificent Clyde, our attention was arrested with unusual force by a very common natural phenomenon. The margin of the river, with its undulating line of trees, cottages, and villas, glided rapidly past, and was lost almost instantaneously to our view; while the parallel at some distance beyond—of trees, cottages, and villas—journeyed in the same direction with ourselves, following pace by pace our headlong flight, and 'haunting us like a passion.'

The nearer parallel, thought we, is the Present, and the more distant, the Past. The one flies—the other follows; the one is temporary—the other perpetual. The things and beings, the actions and sufferings, the sentiments and sensations of the hour, glide away from us as soon as they are seen, touched, or felt; but when thus lost, as it were, in the material part, the spiritual remains, and the deeds of a day return to haunt us for years and cycles in the phantoms of the past. How vain is it to say, 'It is past—think no more of it!' It is only then thought begins. The present has fled, but the past remains. The present may have moved or stilled, excited smiles and laughter, or drawn blood and tears; but its action is temporary—the excitement dies away, the quiet is broken anew, the mirth is fled, the sorrow is comforted, the wounds are healed. The past, on the other hand, is perpetual. Its forms being unsubstantial, can never be destroyed; and addressing themselves immediately to the soul, without the agency of the senses, they can never be invisible. They enter into our moral being; they are the pabulum of our minds; they form and fix our characters; and, by means of a natural reaction of the inner upon the outer being, they mould even the expression of our physiognomies.

Such power could not exist in the ephemeral things of the present. The brow is not wrinkled, or the heart indurated, or the spirit broken, in a day or a year. Neither does the eye become habitually bright, or the mind habitually cheerful, from such fleeting influence. Wherever you see indications of thought, whether happy or melancholy, you may be assured the individual is in the hands, either for good or bad, of the spirits of the past.

We say of a hardened felon that a long course of crime has made him callous. What long course of crime? How many grave offences has he perpetrated?—two—three—half-a-dozen? What time did each occupy?—a minute—an hour—a day? Over what space were they distributed?—thirty—forty—fifty years? It is manifest that these were not enough, of themselves, to produce such a result. The man is obviously the victim of the past. It has haunted him from his first crime; he has lived among its guilty shadows; there has been no vacant space between crime and crime; he has never ceased for one instant to be a felon; and death can now have no terrors for him, since it is only a plunge into that world he already knows so well—the horrible past.

But the past operates for good as well as for evil. The works of the generous and merciful follow them,

disposing anew to other similar works; and thus they live in an atmosphere, as it were, of goodness, which repels low thoughts and paltry cares, and keeps their hearts fresh and sound amidst the poison of the world.

All men are more or less affected by the past, but its influence is usually in strict proportion to the intelligence of the individual. A lover, for instance, who quarrels with his mistress, and on finding her obdurate, attaches himself instantaneously to a new one, is commonly a man who eats, drinks, and sleeps well, and who has the character in the world of a respectable person, but who is not gifted with more intelligence than is necessary to enable him to play his part decently in society, and earn a laudatory inscription upon his tombstone. It sometimes happens, however, that this equanimity of mind (for so is the quality styled in him) receives the name of philosophy; and this is in the case of persons of undeniable talent otherwise, who are exempted from the visitations of the past, either by a special enactment, or by a form of mental disease unknown to the physicians.

It is a common promise which the conscience makes in sanctioning a folly or a crime—'It is only for this once—I will do so no more.' It will 'wink, and it is done.' Done! The doing is but the beginning. If nothing were to follow, there would be no harm in folly, and no chastisement for crime. But although the deed is over in the transitory present, it is not so in the permanent past. There is no such thing as getting rid of it. Under such circumstances, the weak-minded fly for refuge to the present. They repeat the deed, or any other that will fill up the passing moment, again and again; forgetting that they are only strengthening the hands of the enemy, and multiplying the spectres of the past. This is following the wisdom of our ancestors, implied in the proverb, 'A hair of the dog that bit you;' which, in the old-world days of hard drinking, counselled the debauchee to drown in the bowl the horrors bequeathed to him by the bowl of the night before—that is to say, to lay up a store of horrors of the same kind enough to last him for a week to come.

Surely it is the best way to look our enemy manfully in the face. If the past afflict you, grin and bear it; but do not have the folly to arm it with scorpions instead of whips. The main purpose of this homily, however, is to demonstrate the present existence of the past, and hold it up both as a warning and an invitation. While the past is a spectre to the bad, it is a 'phantom of delight' to the good. It is the inspirer of the painter, and the muse of the poet; for even the most ethereal images of genius are constructed of its fragments—cast, mingled, and moulded anew. It is the goddess of that haunted grotto where Numa learned the oracles of wisdom from the lips of Love—

> 'Here didst thou dwell in this enchanted cover,
> Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
> For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover.
> The purple midnight veiled that mystic meeting
> With her most starry canopy; and seating
> Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
> This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
> Of an enamoured goddess, and the cell
> Haunted by holy Love, the earliest oracle!'

But we must not abstain, for the sake of a paradox, from saying that the Past, after all, is but the child of the Present; and that, in the fulness of time, it will be absorbed, as well as the Future, in the existence of its great parent. The relations of things will then not merely be changed, but reversed; for the present will take its character from the past, just as the past now does from the present. That will be when our voyage down the river of life is ended, when stability takes the place of motion, and the illusions of the senses are dissipated for ever.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Not least among the advantages of a large and well-stored library is that which, apart from the contents of the books, is found in the discussion of their external characteristics—the examination of their mechanical features; an occupation which never fails to induce a patient and loving spirit, as, through volume after volume, we trace the gradual progress of book-making down to our own time from the days of Guttenberg, Faust, and Schœffer; or, as they have been named, 'The Grand Typographical Triumvirate.' The multifarious works which have appeared on this subject may be taken as conclusive evidence of the charm which this species of labour has for some minds. Next to handling and commenting on the books themselves, is reading what others have said of them; and it has occurred to us, in our gleanings from shelf to shelf, that a mingling of heart-warm commentary with details of fact would prove neither profitless nor uninteresting. Schiller wrote, in his lofty language—

> 'New shape and voice—the immaterial thought
> Takes from the invented speaking page sublime
> The ark which Mind has for its refuge wrought,
> Its floating archive down the floods of time!'

In one respect the booksellers, before the invention of printing, had a great advantage over those of later days: they could always regulate the supply by the demand, without fear of overstocking themselves. Commencing with a small number of copies, they were enabled, in the event of an increase of purchasers, to furnish any additional quantity by the labours of their copyists. And even in cases where volumes were left on their hands, the parchment might still be used for another work, as the writing could be readily effaced from its surface. This practice offered great facilities for the correction or removal of a mistaken word. Cicero, in one of his letters, begs Atticus to employ three of his copyists to efface a word in the Ligarian oration; and in another passage not less remarkable, says, 'You read my treatise, for which I am grateful; I shall be still more so if, not only in your copy, but in the others, you will replace the name of Eupolis by that of Aristophanes.'

Seneca says of books—'Those are friends, no one of whom ever denies himself to him who calls upon him, no one takes leave of his visitor till he has rendered him happier and more pleased with himself. The conversation of no one of these is dangerous; neither is the respect to be paid to him attended with expense. You may take what you will from them. What happiness, what a glorious old age, awaits him who has placed himself under the protection of such friends! He will have those whom he may consult on the most important and the most trifling matters, whose advice he may daily ask concerning himself, from whom he may hear the truth without insult, praise without adulation, and to whose similitude he may conform himself.'

The profession of bookseller was not at first distinct from that of copyist; the writer sold the works which he had transcribed, as in the present day printers are occasionally booksellers. Hence the word *librarius*, which designated the copyist, was afterwards applied to the venders of books. 'In the same way,' says Vossius in his 'Commentary upon Catullus,' 'that among the Greeks the writer (*bibliographus*), the binder (*bibliopegus*), the vender (*bibliopola*), were but one and the same person; and in the same way at Rome these three occupations were united in the hands of him whom they called *librarius*.'*

The reverend author of 'Philobiblion,' Lord Chancellor Richard de Bury, bishop of Durham, may be instanced as an example of an ardent and insatiable lover of books. His position gave him ample opportunity for the gratification of his literary passion, as we learn where he writes—'While we performed the duties of chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant king of England, Edward III. (whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve!), after first inquiring into the things that concerned his court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favour, for freely searching

* In France, a bookseller is called a *libraire*.

the hiding-places of books; for the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that anybody could more easily obtain our favour by quartos than by money. . . . Books, heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous; lay lifeless; covered, indeed, with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen were now seen reposing in dust and ashes—given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these, nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.'

The learned bibliophile goes on to relate that, in his 'tedious embassies, and in perilous times,' he carried about with him 'that fondness for books which many waters could not extinguish; for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wormwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinths of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. . . . What a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads, trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable works from dirt and dust.'

Bacon compares books and ships, and says, if the latter are to be commended, 'how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions the one of the other.' And we read in Beaumont and Fletcher—

> 'That place that does contain
> My books, the best companions, is to me
> A glorious court, where hourly I converse
> With the old sages and philosophers.'

It appears that the booksellers of antiquity, in common with those of the middle ages and of the present time, were accustomed to affix their names to the works they published; from which it has often happened that in ancient manuscripts the bookseller's name has been taken for that of the author. According to Eckhard, the 'Vitæ Excellentium Imperatorum,' generally regarded as the work of Cornelius Nepos, was for many years attributed to a bookseller of the time of the Emperor Theodosius, Æmilius Probus, under whose name the book had been subsequently printed.

The most ancient mention of a trade in books among the Greeks is found in Xenophon, who relates that the Thracians, inhabiting the shores of the Black Sea, set apart a portion of the coast for the pillage of wrecked vessels. 'They find,' he says, 'upon this shore great quantity of beds, coffers, books, and other movables, which the mariners carry in chests.' And we have the authority of Diogenes Laertius for believing that not only were there booksellers at Athens in the time of Zeno the Stoic, 300 years before Christ, but that even thus early a species of literary meetings were held. Such, at least, is the inference from a passage in the 'Life of Zeno' by the author just cited. 'Zeno, at the age of thirty, came to Athens, where he seated himself near the shop of a bookseller, who was reading aloud the second book of "Xenophon's Commentaries." Struck with the recital, he inquired where such men could be found. Crates happening to pass at this moment, the bookseller pointed him out to Zeno, saying, "You have only to follow him." From which time he became a disciple of Crates.'

The titles of books were often printed, in large characters, on the fronts of the shops where they were exposed for sale. The third epigram of the first book of Martial appears to have been intended to be thus exhibited. Its title is, 'To the Reader, on the Place where the Author's Books are Sold.'

'*Thou who* desirest to have my books everywhere with thee, and wishest to make them the companions of thy distant journey, buy those which the parchment holds between two short covers. Leave the thick volumes to libraries. However, that thou mayst know where they are sold, and that thou mayst not go running over the whole city, I will serve thee as guide. Go, find Secundus, the freedman of the learned Lucensis, behind the temple of Peace and the market of Pallas.'

The earliest recognised specimen of printing in the Greek character is the grammar by Constantine Lascaris, 'Grammatica Græca Græcé,' &c. printed at Milan in 1476. The volume consists of seventy-two leaves, of which the first two contain a preface in Greek, with a Latin translation by Demetrius Cretensis, the editor.

The first Greek book printed in France was published at Paris by the celebrated printer Gilles Gourmond, in 1507, and was soon followed by others. It was a quarto, entitled 'Biblos e Gnoma Gurike,' containing the Greek alphabet, the sayings of the Seven Sages, a short treatise on envy, the golden verses of Pythagoras, the moral poem of Phocylides, the verses of the Erythræan sybil upon the last judgment, and a dissertation upon the difference of voices.

Printing in Greek was introduced into England in 1543; the first specimen was an edition of the 'Homilies' of St Chrysostom. Up to the year 1599, the printers in Scotland possessed neither Greek nor Hebrew types; the spaces intended to be occupied by words in either of those languages were left blank in the books, and filled in afterwards by hand.

Italic types derive their origin from the *cursive* characters employed in the chancery at Rome, and their name from the country in which they were first used. They have been sometimes designated 'Venetian letters,' because the first punches from which they were struck were made at Venice; and 'Aldine letters,' from having been invented by Aldus Manutius.

In 1567, types in the Saxon character were cast for the first time in England, by J. Daye, for the editions of 'Asserius Menevensis,' 'Aelfric's Easter Homily,' and the 'Gospels.' The introduction of Chinese types into Europe is due to the learned Kircher, who superintended the casting of them in 1663. The most ancient specimen of Scottish printing is a collection entitled, 'The Porteous of Noblenes, Translatit out of Ffrenche in Scottis, Edinburgh, 1508.' A license had been granted by James IV. to Walter Chapman and Andrew Millar, merchants of that city, to establish a press in 1507. It was some years later before the 'noble art' reached Ireland. The first printing in Dublin was in 1531; and in 1631, one hundred years after, the first Latin work, 'Gotteschalci et Prædestinationæ Controversiæ,' by James Usher, was printed in that country.

But the history of books is as endless as their tendency. Feltham says that 'idle books are the licensed follies of the age. . . . The comparison was very apt, in the excellent Plutarch, that we ought to regard books as we would do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most.' According to the author of Hudibras—

> 'The sottish world without distinction looks
> On all that passes on the account of books.'

Not so, however, the student, or he who loves to converse with the mute oracles. In the words of Zimmerman—'Reading brings us, in our most leisure hours, to the conversation of men of the most enlightened genius, and presents us with all their discoveries. We enjoy, in the same moment, the company of the learned and the ignorant; of the wise man and the blockhead; and we are taught how to avoid the foibles of the human mind, without having any share in their bad effects.' Seneca again tells us—'The mind is nourished at a cheap rate: neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise.'

We may range at will over the whole typographical domain, explore its intricacies, or pass lightly from one sunny spot to another, saying with Pope—

> 'Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;
> As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
> And house with Montaigne now, and now with Locke.'

Or, contemplating the multifarious rows of books, piled high from floor to ceiling, we may feel, with Crabbe, that

> ——'they give
> New views to life, and teach us how to live;
> They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
> Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:

Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.'

Printing with movable types was first introduced into Strasburg by John Mentell, or Mentelin. Letters of nobility were granted to him in 1466 by the Emperor Frederick III., and, owing probably to his profession of illuminator, he was admitted the following year of the corporation of painters. He died in 1478, and was buried in the cathedral of Strasburg, where a monument was afterwards erected to his memory. It bears the following inscription, surmounted by a sculptured printing-press:—'I repose here, John Mentelin, who, by the grace of God, was the first to invent in Strasburg the characters of printing, by means of which a man will write more in a day than formerly in a year.'

The first work by Mentell bearing a date is the voluminous 'Speculum' of Vincent de Beauvais, in ten volumes folio. The publication extended over a period of three years, from 1473 to 1476. Even at that time it appears to have been the custom to circulate advertising catalogues. At the beginning of the present century, two small Latin prospectuses were discovered containing a list of the works printed by Mentell. The first of the two is now in the Royal Library at Paris, an octavo leaf, printed on one side. 'All those who wish to buy the Epistles of St Augustin, bishop of Hipponium, in which they will find not only all the graces of elocution, but further, the explanation of the most difficult passages of the Holy Scriptures, &c. are requested to come to this shop (*hospicium*), where they will find them, as well as the following works.' Among the authors indicated are Virgil, Terence, Josephus, and Valerius Maximus. The second catalogue was found pasted inside the cover of a book in the Royal Library at Munich. The style is nearly the same as that of the preceding:—'Let him who desires to purchase the present and other books come to the shop mentioned below; he will find a bookseller who will hasten to sell them to him.' Four Latin treatises are then enumerated.

Such are a few stray gleanings in the boundless fields of bibliography and literature. The pleasure experienced in the search for rare facts, and for what poets and philosophers have written concerning books, is not less than that derived from their perusal, so beautifully expressed in the following lines from a volume of Westall's Milton:—

'In the dim room, upon the sofa lulled,
Wild books strewed round as thick as wild flowers culled;
How oft has Spenser's vast and varied lay
Changed Pain's fierce imps to Paladin and Fay!
Or Falstaff's wit, or Milton's solemn strain,
Cheered this weak frame and flagging sense again.
Oh books—oh blessings—could the yellow ore
That countless sparkles in the Lydian's store
Vie with the wealth ye lately flung round me!
That even forgetfulness of agony,
With which beneath the garden's cooling breeze
(July's hot face still flashing through the trees)
Slow stole the fever of disease away,
While, bent o'er Tasso's sunbeam-written lay,
His own Armida in that bower of bliss
Shot to my heart a renovating kiss;
Till with Rinaldo I rushed forth afar,
Where loud on Zion burst the Red Cross War.'

A GUANO LOCALITY.

BY A VISITOR.

The southern coasts of Africa are almost entirely destitute of harbours or shelter for shipping—the only safe and commodious one is situated on the south-west coast, in latitude 33 degrees 8 minutes south, and about seventy miles northwards from Cape Town. It is known as Saldanha Bay, and is within Cape Colony; but, until the last two years, it had been scarcely visited at all, except by voyagers who had occasion to make such repairs as require a vessel to be hove down, and for this purpose it affords much greater facilities than the comparatively troubled waters of Table Bay. Last year some attention was called to this bay by the visit of a large number of vessels, for the purpose of obtaining the guano which abounded upon some of its islets; and since that period, about 40,000 tons have been removed from these barren and desert shores to fertilise our own land. From north to south, the bay has an extent of about twenty-five miles, and its breadth may be about seven. There are three small islands near its entrance bearing the names of Jutten, Malagas, and Marcus islands. Between Jutten island and the main shore is a wide passage, deep enough for vessels of almost any burden. Malagas island was covered with guano several feet in depth, and the captains of numerous vessels that were sent out to search the coast for the supposed nitrate of soda were glad to come here and take home cargoes of guano. The anchorage under this island is not very good, and the surf is heavy, so that most of the vessels lay in Hoetjes Bay, where they were completely sheltered. Nearly a hundred vessels were there at one time taking in guano. The colonial government, which levied a duty of L.1 per ton upon all guano removed, erected a temporary stage, to the end of which, the guano having been previously dried in the sun, was wheeled in barrows, and discharged into the boats.

Many boatmen and labourers from Cape Town, as well as those brought by the ships, and parties of the crews, lived in tents upon this island for a considerable time, digging, drying, and carrying the guano, so that quite a little town was formed. The butchers of Cape Town sent men to slaughter the cattle and sheep which the farmers of the interior drove down in large quantities as supplies for the ships. Saldanha Bay then presented a scene of life and animation, contrasted to its state before and since. No one can walk among its barren sand-hills, where no sound is audible but that of the ocean, without feeling the most oppressive loneliness. Shooting parties were often formed to chase the antelopes and baboons, which at one time abounded in the neighbourhood, but soon retired before the guns of the sportsmen. The baboons are about four feet in height, and of a fierce disposition, and, from their agility in scrambling among the rocks, are not easily shot. The writer was the spectator upon one occasion of a young baboon, which had been slightly wounded by a musket-ball, seizing a good-sized dog, and ripping it open with his powerful teeth. Having thus rid himself of one of his pursuers, he retreated among some rocks, and could not afterwards be found. There are also hares and rabbits, and other varieties of small game.

Ostriches, too, inhabit this sandy district, but, owing to their extraordinary fleetness, seldom fall a prey to man, who is obliged to content himself with their eggs, which are found laid upon the sand to hatch. One egg makes a very respectable meal for two persons, the contents being reckoned about equal to twenty-five hens' eggs. There are plenty of sea-fowl—penguins, duikers, shags, gannets, &c.—whose presence has rendered the soil of the islets so valuable. There are also many varieties of noxious snakes, of which the cobra di capella and the puff adder are the worst. Now that the vessels have left the place, it has reassumed its former solitariness, and the game is returning as before. A friend of the writer, when on a visit to the spot one day, killed an ox for the consumption of his crew, and hung it upon a triangle in front of the tent in which he slept ashore. He was awakened in the middle of the night by an unusual noise, and on looking cautiously out underneath the tent, he perceived a large leopard (called by the colonists a tiger) fixed on the carcase, and tearing away the flesh with his teeth and claws. Being without arms of any description, he naturally felt some alarm at first; but as he was not inclined to put up with a total loss of the meat, he threw a large stone at the beast, which immediately had the effect of making it decamp.

On Marcus island eggs are laid in great quantities by duikers and other sea-birds. An old man who obtains a livelihood by collecting them, and sending them by the boatmen to Cape Town, is the sole inhabitant. The northern part of the bay is separated from the southern, which is called the lagoon or river, by the two islands Schapen and Meeuwen, which are also great egg-depositories. Schapen, which is the largest

of the two, is nearly a mile in diameter. It has a small spring of fresh water upon it close to the sea, and it abounds with rabbits. The lagoon extends about eight miles to the south-east, and at its extremity are some flats, where good salt may be obtained. In many places it is shallow, and full of sand-banks; but there is a narrow channel, varying from two to four fathoms in depth, coming in on the east side of Schapen island, and running a considerable distance inland, where the stream, from the tide, is contracted, and runs with a velocity of three or four miles an hour. In the dry summer season the south-east winds frequently blow with much violence, and drift the sand of the sea-shore into dunes, which cover and destroy the bushes, sometimes for more than a mile inland; but if there were any inhabitants, this might be remedied without great difficulty by planting trees along the shore to windward. In many places on the east part of the bay water may be found within a few feet of the surface. That from a well about fifteen feet deep was good, and was used to supply the shipping by the government resident, who has the superintendence of the bay, and the care of the government land. The supposed deficiency of water is without foundation, at least as compared with the colony generally; and there is no doubt that a sufficient supply may be had at any time, on any part of the shore, by boring to a moderate depth. To the east the rocks are chiefly granitic; in Hoetjes Bay there is a large quantity of limestone, and masses of ironstone are frequently found. The bay contains a plentiful supply of good fish, very few, however, resembling the European species; and thousands of divers and other sea-birds may be seen pursuing and diving for them. A few years ago a fishery was set on foot, but it was ultimately given up for want of a sufficient market. A single store, at which most common articles may be obtained, a cottage or two close to the shore, and two or three farm-houses a few miles inland, are all the habitations within many miles of this capacious bay. One of these farms, about seven miles from the sea, is called Witte Kliss, from a large white stone on the hill above it, which, owing to its elevated position, is a conspicuous object from most parts of the offing. Here is a powerful spring of water, very slightly brackish. The proprietor is a Dutch boor, and owner of the land for some miles along the north side of the bay. He cultivates scarcely anything, leaving it in its natural state, and allowing his cattle to feed on it. Most of the land around is a light sandy soil covered with brush, with very little grass in summer, as there is not sufficient moisture in this dry climate.

With respect to what has been the chief product of this place—the guano—it has generally been supposed to be the droppings of sea-birds accumulated in large quantities. This opinion may be correct as to that which comes from the coast of Peru, but it is not strictly so of African guano. Both that which was procured at Saldanha Bay, and that at Ichaboe, some way farther along the same coast, was largely mixed with other substances. Some captain not inaptly compared it to 'a mixture of bad snuff and rotten kittens.' A few years since, the seals and other marine animals along this coast were seized with a fatal epidemic, which caused them to crawl upon the rocks, and die in myriads. In this part rain seldom or ever falls; and the dead bodies, after undergoing partial decomposition, became dried in the sun, and were overlaid by the deposits of the birds. This was the manner in which the guano was formed into beds of such depth. In digging into it, the remains of fur seals were found in abundance. The preservation and accumulation of these animal deposits is caused by the climate, rain—as in Egypt in a similar latitude north—seldom falling to wash them away. There is also a great similarity between the climate of the African and Peruvian coasts in the want of rain; and it has been conjectured, not without probability, that there may be a field for guano enterprise under the same parallel of latitude on the little-explored coasts of New Holland. Many of the guano speculations were extremely lucrative. The guano cost nothing but L.1 a-ton to the colonial government for license to remove it, and the labour of loading, and it sold in England for prices averaging from L.6 to L.8 per ton. The ships sent out were generally old, and hardly fit for any other service.

AN IMPORTATION.

We have just received a somewhat unexpected present from the United States—a reprint of the first part of 'Chambers's Information for the People,' purporting to be published by C. B. Zeiber and Co., Philadelphia. Over the republication of this work in America we of course possess no control, nor shall we reap any advantage from it, if successful. This, however, is not the point.

The original edition of the Information for the People, published by us in Edinburgh, was issued at 12s. 9d.: the imitative edition, now issued in Philadelphia, we observe is to cost 18s. 9d.; being an addition of 6s. to the price, or an advance of 30 per cent., without the slightest countervailing advantage as to paper and print. Were we permitted to land our goods in the United States free of the custom-house duty, which is 30 per cent., we should be enabled to sell the book in question at precisely the same price in New York or Philadelphia as we charge it in London—the cost of transit across the Atlantic being too small on large quantities to make any difference worth speaking of. This custom-house duty on books the Americans levy on the plea of protecting native industry; and the duty on low-priced books, such as ours, has the effect pretty nearly of an entire prohibition: the trade is so hampered, that it is not worth carrying it on. What is, practically, the consequence? The American publishers, having no fear of competition before their eyes, lay 30 per cent. on our productions. In all probability 20,000 copies of the Information for the People will be sold in the States, and thus 20,000 persons will each have to pay 6s. more for a copy of that work than they need have done had we been suffered to supply them. Or, to put the proposition in another shape: the country at large will be called on to contribute L.6000 in order to support Messrs Zeiber and Company's monopoly. This L.6000 may be a very good thing for these publishers, but is there any imperative necessity for taxing the whole nation for their special advantage? Would the nation not be better off if each of the 20,000 persons so taxed was to keep his 6s. in his pocket to pay for other things—necessaries or luxuries—which he might require?

Another equally instructive example may be taken. The Americans have for years reprinted the present Journal for circulation in the United States; the charge made for each copy being equal to twopence-halfpenny, or a penny more than the price of the original. The impression, we are told, is 5000 copies, and therefore purchasers may be said to be mulcted of 5000 pence, or L.20 weekly, merely to support the establishment of a New York printer.

In these small affairs we have a fine example of the manner in which protective duties usually operate—a nation at large taxed to benefit one or two individuals! Slightly altering the language of Junius, we may truly say that '*protection* is the madness of many for the gain of a few.' Possibly the people of the United States imagine that they are doing a very commendable thing in excluding our works, and the works of other British writers, from their market, in order to foster native

printing; but let them clearly understand that the practice, however patriotic-looking in theory, is not less to our loss than it is to their own pecuniary detriment.

It thus appears that, irrespective of any law of international copyright, British publishers could beat all and sundry as to price in the American market, provided the American and British legislatures would remove the duties which press on production and sale. Our paper is subjected to an excise duty of three-halfpence per pound weight, which seriously impairs any prospective advantage from literary enterprise; and this should be removed. The American import duty of 30 per cent. ought, in reason, also to be abolished. It is gratifying to know that the latter duty is at least soon to be lowered to 10 per cent., according to the lately revised tariff. That the reduction, partial as it is, will tend to open the American ports to English books, is evidenced by the fact of several booksellers from the States having already made arrangements to get supplies from London and Edinburgh. One bookseller in Baltimore, with special reference to the revised tariff, arranged, a few weeks ago, to take from us in future a quantity of our Journal weekly, besides sundry other works. Here, then, may be said to be the commencement of a new trade. Until the 30 per cent. is lowered to 10, not a sheet of our Journal will reach Baltimore; and so far the duty as it stands is a barrier to importation, as well as to the general circulation of the work in America. The lowering to 10 per cent., as has been shown, will do something; but not till the whole duty is removed will there be a large and wholesome intercourse; and till then, the American publishers will possess, to a certain degree, a monopoly adverse alike to the interests of the people of the United States, and to the proprietors of the works which are there reprinted.

Since writing the foregoing, the post has brought us from Paris the prospectus of a translation of the work referred to, to be entitled, 'INSTRUCTION POUR LE PEUPLE.' This work, it appears, is to extend, like our own, to a hundred sheets or treatises; but the price is to be 25 centimes, or 2½d. each, instead of 1½d.; the cost of the entire book in French, therefore, will be L.1, 0s. 10d., or nearly double what is charged by us for the original. It is not without gratification that we allude to this fact. Patentees and proprietors of copyrights usually ask monopoly prices. In the present instance the reverse is the case. The original edition of the work, copyright as it is, is greatly cheaper than either of its imitations; and fiscal arrangements alone interpose to prevent our giving foreign nations the benefit of this cheapness.

A NEW PLANET—BEAUTIFUL DISCOVERY.

[From the Scotsman.]

ASTRONOMY has gained another triumph, by the discovery of a new planet, under circumstances which will render it for ever memorable, as one of the most brilliant achievements of modern science. Theory in M. Leverrier's hands has for once outstripped observation. It has enabled him to exercise a power which can only be compared to divination—not only to point out the spot in the heavens where a planet hitherto unknown would be found, but to weigh its mass, number the years of its revolution, and tell the dimensions of its orbit, before the eye of the astronomer had singled it out from the millions of stars which people the firmament.

All who have dipped into the elements of astronomy, know that the planets disturb each other's motions by their mutual attractions. Jupiter and Saturn afford the best example of the perturbations arising from this sort of action and reaction, which produces a cycle of small changes in their orbits, only completed in eight hundred and fifty years. The forces exerted by the one planet on the other may accelerate its motion, or may retard it; may lengthen the major axis, or may shorten it; and in other respects slightly alter the form or the position of its orbit. No permanent derangement of the system, however, results from this cause; for in eight hundred and fifty years the changes in the one direction compensate those in the other. During half that period, for instance, the forces tend to increase the major axis of Jupiter's orbit, and diminish that of Saturn's; and during the other half they tend to increase the major axis of Saturn's orbit, and diminish that of Jupiter's. In the one period the planet's angular motion is less than its average rate; in the other it is greater. These inequalities are, indeed, extremely minute, but modern astronomy can appreciate and measure them. Given the position, mass, and periodic times of two planets, the astronomer is able (though it is no easy task) to calculate the perturbations which either will produce on the other. But the problem which is the counterpart of this—given the perturbations, to find the position, mass, and periodic time of an unknown disturbing body—is one of such infinite difficulty, that certainly few astronomers believed it to admit of a satisfactory solution. It must be kept in mind that the inequalities of motion, which are the effect of the disturbing force, are always exceedingly small; and that, in the case of Uranus, the recorded observations are less numerous and less ancient than for the other planets. Now, this is the problem which M. Leverrier undertook to resolve, and has resolved with triumphant success.

Uranus is the remotest planet of our system hitherto known. Its distance from the sun is nineteen times as great as that of the earth. Its motions must have been affected by Jupiter and Saturn; but they presented irregularities which the attraction of these planets could not explain. It was natural to refer these irregularities to some body without the system, since those within it could not account for them. But where was this body? what were its dimensions, and what its course in the heavens? In L'Institut Journal for 9th September, we have the mode of investigation described by which M. Leverrier attempted to solve these questions, but it is too technical to be given here. Suffice it to say, that he arrived at his results partly by direct methods, partly by a tentative process which gave him successive approximations. The former were founded on a few scattered observations made by Flamsteed, Mayer, Bradley, and Lemonnier, from 1690 to 1771, and on the regular series which commenced in 1781, after Uranus was discovered, and have been continued to the present day. The four astronomers named had seen the planet without knowing it to be such, and had noted its place. The elements of the unknown body, deduced from these investigations, were first published, we think, in the month of June. . . . Freed from decimals, the principal elements stand thus:—Period of revolution, 217½ years; mean distance from the sun, 33 times the distance of the earth from the sun; greatest distance from the sun, 36 times the distance of the earth from the sun [3,200,000,000 miles]. Mass, 38 times greater than that of the earth. He says it should be found about five degrees eastward of the star *delta* in Capricorn.

This publication of the elements probably induced many astronomers to search the portion of the heavens indicated; and, on the 23d of September, M. Galle of Berlin announced the appearance of the illustrious stranger, and very near the place assigned to it. The following is the letter of Dr Brünnow of the Berlin Observatory to Mr Hind, London:—

'*Berlin, Sept.* 25.

'My dear Sir—M. Leverrier's planet was discovered here on the 23d of September by M. Galle. It is a star of the eighth magnitude, but with a diameter of two or three seconds. Here are its places:—

	R.A.	South Declination.
Sept. 23,.....	328° 19′ 16″	13° 24′ 8″
Sept. 24,.....	328 18 14	13 24 29

The planet is now retrograde, its motion amounting daily to four seconds of time. BRUNNOW.'

'This discovery,' Mr Hind says, 'may be justly considered one of the greatest triumphs of theoretical astronomy.' He adds, in a postscript, that the planet has been observed in Mr Bishop's Observatory in the Regent's Park. 'It appears bright,' he says, 'and with a power of 320 I can see the disc'—that is, it presents a 'visible breadth,' while the brightest stars continue mere points, however great be the magnifying power of the telescope. Uranus subtends an angle of four seconds; and on the supposition that the new planet follows the general law in respect of density, Leverrier infers that it should subtend an angle rather exceeding three seconds, and show a disc in a good telescope. Mr

Brünnow says it has a diameter of two or three seconds. This grand discovery has nearly doubled the bounds of the solar system. Sir John Herschel states, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, that Mr Adams, a young mathematician, had been engaged in a similar investigation, and had arrived at conclusions nearly coinciding with Leverrier's.

At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Leverrier presented a fifth and final memoir on the new planet, which M. Arago proposes to be called Neptune. M. Leverrier has since been raised to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour, and M. Galle to that of Chevalier of the same order. Mr Lassell of Liverpool has announced his discovery of a satellite, and suspicion of a ring in connexion with the new planet.

The following jeu d'esprit on this subject appears in the *Athenæum* under the title of ASTRONOMICAL POLICE REPORT:—

An ill-looking kind of body, who declined to give any name, was brought before the Academy of Sciences, charged with having assaulted a gentleman of the name of Uranus in the public highway. The prosecutor was a youngish-looking person, wrapped up in two or three greatcoats, and looked chillier than anything imaginable, except the prisoner, whose teeth absolutely shook all the time.

Policeman Leverrier stated that he saw the prosecutor walking along the pavement, and sometimes turning sideways, and sometimes running up to the railings and jerking about in a strange way. Calculated that somebody must be pulling his coat, or otherwise assaulting him. It was so dark, that he could not see; but thought, if he watched the direction in which the next odd move was made, he might find out something. When the time came, he set Brünnow, a constable in another division of the same force, to watch where he told him; and Brünnow caught the prisoner lurking about in the very spot, trying to look as if he was minding his own business. Had suspected for a long time that somebody was lurking about in the neighbourhood. Brünnow was then called, and deposed to his catching the prisoner as described.

M. Arago.—Was the prosecutor sober?

Leverrier.—Lord! yes, your worship; no man who had a drop in him ever looks so cold as he did.

M. Arago.—Did you see the assault?

Leverrier.—I can't say I did; but I told Brünnow exactly how he'd be crouched down—just as he was.

M. Arago (to Brünnow).—Did *you* see the assault?

Brünnow.—No, your worship; but I caught the prisoner.

M. Arago.—How do you know there was any assault at all?

Leverrier.—I reckoned it couldn't be otherwise, when I saw the prosecutor making those odd turns on the pavement.

M. Arago.—You reckon and you calculate! Why, you'll tell me next that you policemen may sit at home and find out all that's going on in the streets by arithmetic. Did you ever bring a case of this kind before me till now?

Leverrier.—Why, you see, your worship, the police are growing cleverer and cleverer every day. We can't help it—it grows upon us.

M. Arago.—You're getting too clever for me. What does the prosecutor know about the matter?

The prosecutor said all he knew was that he was pulled behind by somebody several times. On being further examined, he said that he had seen the prisoner often, but did not know his name, nor how he got his living; but had understood he was called Neptune. He himself had paid rates and taxes a good many years now. Had a family of six—two of whom got their own living.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said that it was a quarrel. He had pushed the prosecutor, and the prosecutor had pushed him. They had known each other a long time, and were always quarrelling—he did not know why. It was their nature, he supposed. He further said that the prosecutor had given a false account of himself—that he went about under different names. Sometimes he was called Uranus, sometimes Herschel, and sometimes Georgium Sidus, and he had no character for regularity in the neighbourhood. Indeed he was sometimes not to be seen for a long time at once.

The prosecutor, on being asked, admitted, after a little hesitation, that he had pushed and pulled the prisoner too. In the altercation which followed, it was found very difficult to make out which began: and the worthy magistrate seemed to think they must have begun together.

M. Arago.—Prisoner, have you any family?

The prisoner declined answering that question at present. He said he thought the police might as well reckon it out whether he had or not.

M. Arago said he didn't much differ from that opinion. He then addressed both prosecutor and prisoner, and told them that if they couldn't settle their differences without quarrelling in the streets, he should certainly commit them both next time. In the meantime, he called upon both to enter into their own recognisances; and directed the police to have an eye upon both, observing that the prisoner would be likely to want it a long time, and the prosecutor would not be a hair the worse for it.

DAY-DAWN.

THE first low fluttering breath of wakening day
Stirs the wide air. Thin clouds of pearly haze
Float slowly o'er the sky, to meet the rays
Of the unrisen sun—whose faint beams play
Among the drooping stars, kissing away
Their waning eyes to slumber. From the gaze,
Like snow-wreath at approach of vernal days,
The moon's pale circlet melts into the gray.
Glad ocean quivers to the gentle gleams
Of rosy light, that touch his glorious brow,
And murmurs joy with all his thousand streams.
And earth's fair face is mantling with a glow,
Like youthful beauty's, in its changeful hue,
When slumbers, rich with dreams, are bidding her adieu.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

ADIEU my youth! Without one sigh adieu!
Deceits, enchantments, struggles, longings, dreams,
Delusions, follies—(no light load mescems!)—
Take all! Cast to the winds thy retinue.
The mind, swollen out with mists which hide from view
A host of daring thoughts that scorn the wise—
And wandering love, fresh arrows, as he flies,
Infixing still—and hatreds fierce, though few!
An eve serene and still, my soul, sore tried
With earthly warfare, courts. My youth adieu!
But not adieu for ever. Yet again,
I trust to meet—to dwell in thee—not vain,
And frail, and fallen, as now, but born anew,
Stainless, redeemed, immortal, glorified!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LADIES.

The French ladies are certainly very artificial in all their movements, owing to the training which they undergo from infancy. Everything is done for *effect*, from the first curling of their infantine locks to the day of marriage—if matrimony be their destiny—attitude and appearance are continually studied. Their education is extremely artificial; and the instances of accomplished minds incomparably more rare than among our English ladies, who are, after all, superior to women in every other part of the world. Unfortunately for their fame, the French do not often meet in the provincial parts of France the bright examples of intellectual culture, of high polish and fascinating address, which distinguish so large a portion of the wives and daughters of Great Britain. When such individuals do appear among the motley crew of British travellers or residents in France, their true elegance of bearing and graces of character are duly estimated by the French gentry, who have a quick perception of what is noble and *distingué*. From the habit of appearing early at school exhibitions, French ladies acquire generally an unembarrassed manner, and never betray the *mauvaise honte* which a timid English girl so frequently evinces when brought into notice; and yet there is something far more interesting in the diffidence of the latter, even if it be accompanied with a little *gaucherie* at first, than in the confident look and unconcern of the girl who can bear the gaze of many strangers without confusion, and exhibit her talents without any nervous apprehension or distrust in her power of pleasing.—*Hairby's Normandy.*

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TWO DAYS IN MANCHESTER.

I MIGHT, with greater propriety, call them Two Rainy Days in Manchester, for the rain fell pretty nearly without intermission, forming, with the smoke of the many chimneys, that damp bluish kind of atmosphere which seems indigenous to large manufacturing towns. And yet, somehow, I did not mind this aërial peculiarity. I had been invited to attend a series of meetings indicative of vigorous social progress, and with buoyant spirits I looked on the rain, and the smoke, and the wet streets as very unimportant matters. How true that it is the *spirituelle*, not the *physique*, from which the mind draws its true pleasures and consolations!

What a day was the 21st of October to visit parks! But cabs are omnipotent. One of these obliging conveniences carried me with the greatest alacrity from point to point, through long lines of street, down and up lanes, and along open pieces of road in sundry directions, so as to afford me what I had long wished to have—a look of the now somewhat famous parks of Manchester. Although one should no more visit fields than buy fowls in a rainy day, I think that, on the whole, I obtained a tolerably accurate notion of these places of public resort; perhaps better than could have been procured in more favourable weather; for I learned from eyesight that, even during the rain, these parks are resorted to by workmen during their leisure time. It is certainly something to know that mechanics, glad of recreation, will play at nine-pins under an ungenial sky, in preference to indulging in what would seem the more seasonable attractions of the tap.

My first visit was to the Peel Park. This is situated in Salford, within the western environs, on the banks of the Irwell, and is the nearest of the three parks to the centre of the town. In this direction factories are not thickly set down, and the air is therefore purer, as well as the district more open, than is the case in other quarters. Driving along the street towards the outskirts of the town, we find the entrance to the park, the approach on the right-hand side with its porter's lodge, resembling the gate of a gentleman's grounds. Formerly, the place—Lark Hill—was private property, and a large brick mansion-house stands within the enclosure, on the edge of a bank which overlooks the lower division of the park. The grounds extend altogether to thirty-two acres, which cost L.10,375—something like the original value of the house, which is included in the bargain. By an arrangement with a coterminous proprietor, the park may hereafter receive an addition of fifty-five acres. In its present dimensions, however, it offers considerable space for walking and out-door sports. Broad gravelled promenades wend round and across the grounds; here and there are clumps of trees and shrubs; adjoining the Irwell are several cleared and levelled spaces for bowls and other games; and elsewhere are poles and other gymnastic apparatus. The central part is mostly a flat green expanse, suitable for the gambols of children; and along the borders, at intervals, are flowers, and some interesting exotic plants. Not the least of the beauties of the park is its diversity of surface. The upper part, near the entrance, is seventy feet higher than the lawn beyond; and from the walk on the woody eminence an agreeable view is obtained of the distant country, and also of the Irwell, which makes one of its most remarkable bends round a grassy meadow opposite the grounds. When the trees and shrubs in the parterres are more fully grown, the charm of the prospect will of course be considerably enhanced. Bad as the day was when I visited the park, there were, as I have hinted, two or three parties of workmen pursuing games on the spaces near the river; and some children, making a wondrously successful effort to be merry, were most energetically playing about the swings, the poles, and the see-saws. The spectacle of recreation in circumstances so unpropitious, suggested an evident want in these otherwise complete pleasure-grounds—I mean some kind of shelter, beneath which those who resort to the park might find refuge during showery weather; and if to this shelter were added a reading-room on a humble and easily-supported scale, I should consider that a great purpose of public utility had been fulfilled. Yet, at the outset, one should not grumble over deficiencies, or expect too much to be done. Time will develop and also supply what is wanted; the thing advancing to perfection according to the degree of estimation in which it is held by the working-classes and their families.

From the Peel Park we drove to the Queen's Park, the ride taking us through Manchester in a north-easterly direction, and finally bringing us to the second milestone on the Rochdale road. At this distance the town is left behind, and we may be said to be in the country, with views of green fields and trees in different directions; although, as I imagined, rather far from town, it appears that the park is advantageously situated for the nearer and more densely-peopled suburbs, to whose toiling and pent-up inhabitants it offers a convenient resort. The Rochdale road bounds the whole east side of the park; and entering by the nearest gateway, I found that the ground sloped thence by easy gradations towards a species of ravine on the west. Like the park I had previously visited, this had formerly been a gentleman's pleasure-ground, the well-built stone mansion still remaining within the enclosures. The general appearance was less raw than that of the Peel Park. Previous to its conversion to public uses, the park was ornamented with well-grown timber, and the walks and shrubberies had attained a

mature and agreeable aspect. The ground also possesses much natural beauty. From the banks, which decline from the higher eminence, there are extensive prospects over the valley of the Irk, which flows obscurely in the gorge on the further boundary. The drives and walks, which go round or diagonally cross the park, disclose numerous pretty spots, decorated as flower-gardens, or embellished with ponds and rills of water. Seats are placed at convenient distances; and on one side are the same kind of cleared spaces for bowls and gymnasia as are observable in the Peel Park. A May-pole is erected on the lawn in front of the house; while in this, as in the other parks, there are separate play-grounds for girls, where skipping-ropes, battledore, and swings may be freely enjoyed.

I need hardly say that I was much pleased with the beauty of this well-laid-out pleasure-ground, which includes a space of thirty acres, and, with the mansion-house—Hardham Hall—cost L.7250.

The Philips Park, which completes the trio, formed the last object of pilgrimage, and involved another long ride through the town. The distance is said to be nearly two miles east of the Exchange; but, nevertheless, within the environs of the park is a population of at least fifty thousand, chiefly of the classes most needing the advantages of a public place of the kind. The approach is somewhat awkward, and will require amendment; but when once gained, the park is found to be more bold and varied in surface than the others, consisting of high knolls, with much broken ground, and a pretty little natural amphitheatre sloping down to the river Medlock. The greater part of the area is laid out as an open pleasaunce, divided by two foot-paths into three spaces, and these again intersected by a rivulet, which is here and there collected into ponds, and crossed by rustic bridges. In their previous condition the grounds had few trees, and consequently the surface will exhibit a somewhat bare aspect until the young plantations come up. In the lower division, or amphitheatre, are situated the usual gymnasia and spots for out-door games. The entire extent of the Philips Park is thirty-one acres, and the cost, including a few buildings, was L.7300.

Another park, I understand, has been projected, at a suitable distance from the others, but its purchase remains in abeyance for lack of funds. What has been achieved, however, does infinite credit to Manchester and its inhabitants. The scheme of establishing public parks for the free resort of the community was set on foot in June 1844, and in August 1846 the grounds I have spoken of were opened, and handed over in trust to the civic corporations of Manchester and Salford. Never before was such munificence displayed for any public or philanthropic object. Five individuals or firms contributed a thousand pounds each, the list being headed by Sir Robert Peel; and five thousand pounds were contributed by other ten parties. Twenty-two thousand pounds were contributed by general subscription, making a total of L.32,000 gathered in this way; and this sum, increased by a grant of L.3000 from a fund sanctioned by parliament, enabled the committee of management to make the requisite purchases and outlays.

I am almost sorry that this noble effort was in any respect indebted to funds at the disposal of government; so much more creditable is it to help ourselves than to seek assistance from others; and least of all did Manchester, with its wealth and its intelligence, need any such aid. If there be any excuse, it consists in the many useful institutions which the town ungrudgingly supports—the many things it has lately done in the way of physical and social improvement. It was no doubt a sort of jubilee of the feelings that attracted me to this vast hive of industry; yet I had reason to perceive that good deeds are no mere holiday parade of the men of Manchester. Lancashire, altogether, is a remarkable section of England, and deserves to be better known and spoken of than has hitherto been its fate. With manufacturing industry is usually associated the idea of narrow intellect and grovelling habits; but a few days' residence in Manchester would dispel all such fancies. In this and the surrounding district there is a larger demand for literature and objects of taste than in any part of England out of the metropolis. The race of cotton lords, who avouched being guiltless of having ever read a book, are either gone, like the non-reading squires of ancient date, or are becoming daily more scarce. The middle-aged and young minds of Manchester are fortunately of a different stamp; and as a taste for improvement proceeds in an increasing ratio, it may be said that few youths would now be seen addicting themselves to the exploded indulgences of their fathers.

A very considerable impetus to public improvement appears to have been given by the establishment of a mayoralty and town-council on the usual plan. Long was the introduction of such a civic administration matter for vexatious dispute; but now, I believe, every one is satisfied. The corporation has done wonders. Formerly, the town was a confused jumble of narrow streets and antique lanes, with little to admire in architecture. The clearing up has been prodigious. Various new streets are opened, others are in contemplation, and handsome stone edifices are everywhere starting into existence. Any one can see that much remains to be done for sanitary improvement; yet how gratifying to observe the steps already in progress to render the town not only commodious, but healthy. Nor are the means adopted to effect beneficial improvements less commendable. The civic corporation, by manufacturing gas for the town, and supplying it at a moderate price, realises a profit of L.30,000 annually, the greater part of which sum is devoted to the renovation of the public thoroughfares and buildings.

In Liverpool I had the satisfaction of seeing a suite of baths and wash-houses for the humbler orders in full operation, and now found that Manchester was not behind in this movement. After visiting the public parks, I went to the bath establishment, which occupies a large building near Arkwright's old mill, and in the midst of a population to whom it cannot but prove peculiarly serviceable. The concern, though new, is already popular and well supported. We found twenty women at as many tubs, besides several occupied in drying clothes and other duties. The establishment *pays*, as does that at Liverpool; and I have no doubt that these are but the beginning of hundreds of similar concerns elsewhere.

Twenty-second of October. Still rain — rain! and looking from the windows of the Albion, I could not but pity the poor hacks, with dripping tails and downcast countenances, as they stood waiting with meek patience calls for their services. It was a day for cabs, and numbers were in requisition to carry strangers like myself hither and thither to the different meetings. First on the list was an assemblage at the early hour of nine, for the twofold object of breakfast and a skirmish of speaking, preliminary to the great oratorical battue

in the evening. To this I adjourned, and soon found myself in the midst of a number of gentlemen, all friends of the cause of social advancement, among whom I recognised the tall form of the archbishop of Dublin.

Nearly fifty gentlemen sat down to breakfast; the chair being occupied by Mr Mark Philips, member of parliament for the town, and in honour of whom one of the public parks has been named. Mr Philips is a jolly English gentleman—frank in language and manners, and a good specimen, I should suppose, of the accomplished Lancashire manufacturer. In an intelligent and good-humoured speech after the breakfast things had been removed, he explained the special object of the meeting, which was a desire on the part of the directors of the Athenæum to bring together the various gentlemen who had come to attend their annual festival, and make them acquainted with each other. It was also desirable that all should be acquainted with the nature and prospects of the institution to which he referred. The Athenæum was designed as a comprehensive means for intellectual and moral improvement—a solace amidst the toils and drudgeries of life. This large institution, as it was specially intended for, was also solely supported by, the people; nor was he aware that the support and countenance of royalty or of government could intrinsically make it a more valuable or more worthy establishment. 'The men of Manchester had been taught to rely mainly on themselves and on their own efforts, and it had struck him that no other town in the kingdom could afford more ample illustration of the success of that principle than the town of Manchester itself. They did not expect to be complimented by the strangers who might visit them, and whom curiosity might prompt to come to Manchester, on the architectural beauty of the town, on the width of the streets, or on the conducting of the sewerage, and of their other municipal regulations. But this he had the pleasure of communicating, that there was a great progress making in all these matters; and they were becoming sensibly alive to the importance of conducting the public affairs of a great community of this kind, not merely with reference to the benefit and the convenience of the inhabitants, but with reference to the health of the great community. While they were attending to the external comforts of the people, he hoped it would not be considered, by those who visited their institutions, that they were neglecting the cultivation of their minds. He believed that the Manchester Athenæum would prove one of the greatest benefits to the town; and he had only to say that, as it was supported entirely by their own means, without any external aid, it was a most gratifying proof of what could be done by combination, by good feeling, and with a good object in view.' These sentiments were of course greatly applauded.

Mr James Edwards, chairman of the Board of Directors, now read a report of the state of affairs, from which I gathered the following gratifying particulars:—

The Manchester Athenæum was a great association, chiefly young men engaged in commercial pursuits. As in some measure supplementary to a mechanics' institution which already existed, and was in a flourishing condition, it afforded the means of rational improvement and recreation to a large and miscellaneous body of individuals at an inconsiderable expense. To Manchester there came many young men, without friends, without introductions, without any means of spending leisure hours agreeably and harmlessly, and for these the Athenæum was specially intended, and to them it proved of the greatest value. The institution, which now occupied a commodious building, opened for its use in 1839, had encountered various difficulties; but all these it had got successfully over by energetic and economical management, a lowering of fees of admission, and the munificent liberality of friends. At the termination of 1843, the first year of the low rate of admission (twenty-five shillings annually), the number of subscribing members was 1373, being an increase of 146 over the numbers at any period since its establishment. Culture of the mind, and harmless recreation during leisure hours, are the chief objects of the association; and these are promoted by a reading or news-room, a library, and popular lectures. 'The library,' continued Mr Edwards, 'has now upwards of 13,000 volumes, and it is a most gratifying fact, that the demand for standard works of a high order has been gradually increasing during the last three years to a very great extent, whilst, during the same period, works of a lighter character have been, comparatively speaking, very little sought after. This is a pleasing fact, and one that must cause all the friends of the institution to rejoice that so decided an improvement is taking place in the minds of the young men of Manchester. The deliveries of books from the library exceed five hundred daily.

'The delivery of lectures being a new feature in this town, it was found exceedingly difficult to engage lecturers who would command even a fair audience, excepting upon music, which is a subject exceedingly popular; and I consider that I am not saying too much in praise of the town of Manchester, when I assert that music is more studied, more highly appreciated, and better understood by its inhabitants, than in any other town in the United Kingdom. Lectures are delivered twice each week during the winter months, by eminent men, on various topics: for upwards of two years the attendances have been very numerous; and I feel warranted in stating that this branch of the institution is now more highly appreciated than at any period since its existence.

'The news-room is supplied with one hundred and seventy [copies of] daily, and many weekly newspapers, of all shades of political and religious opinions, including the leading foreign journals. There are tables appropriated to periodical literature, and provided with upwards of one hundred copies of various quarterly, monthly, and other reviews and magazines, comprising the best periodical literature of the day. The books, which are admitted monthly, are allowed to remain upon these tables fourteen days, to give all an opportunity of seeing them prior to their being placed upon the shelves of the library for circulation.

'The Gymnastic Club is a branch of the institution that may be considered one of its principal supports, as it numbers amongst its members some of the steadiest adherents to the Athenæum. During the summer months the exercises are carried on in a field about a mile from the institution, where the healthful recreation of cricket, archery, quoits, and other out-door amusements are enjoyed; and in the winter season the room appropriated to gymnastic exercises is nightly crowded.

'The Essay and Discussion Society has existed since very soon after the opening of the Athenæum, and has been a very prominent feature of the institution. Its meetings are held once a fortnight during the winter season, when an essay is read by one of the members, and afterwards a discussion takes place. Such meetings must have a very beneficial effect upon the members, as it is a stimulus to them to store their minds with valuable knowledge, to enable them to take part in these discussions; and it may be the instrument in bringing forward some of its members to advocate the interests of their fellow-creatures on public occasions, which probably might not have been the case had they not been members of the Athenæum Essay and Discussion Society. The attendances on all occasions are very numerous, including a sprinkling of the fair sex, and it is confidently anticipated that each succeeding meeting will add to its strength, and make it an advocate of intellectual and moral energy, as well as a means of mutual improvement.' To these statements it should be added, that the Athenæum is open to young women as well as young men; but they confine themselves to the use of the library and attendance on the lectures.

Of the complimentary, though not uninteresting, speeches which followed the delivery of the report, nothing need be said. It was noon before the affair broke

up, and then it was time to hurry off to a public meeting in the town-hall. This meeting was not connected with the Athenæum: it was an effort to rouse general feeling on the establishment of schools of refuge and industry for beggar children, on the plan so admirably carried out by Sheriff Watson and other authorities in Aberdeen. Taking a deep interest in this social question—feeling almost impressed with the conviction that such schools must cut up crime at its roots, and very materially alter the face of society—I was desirous of aiding, however feebly, in the establishment of an Industrial School on a proper footing in Manchester, and consequently attended on the present occasion. From what I had heard and seen in London, as well as Liverpool, the English people did not appear to be well-instructed on the nature of this species of institution. The general idea seems to be that of getting up Ragged Schools—a bad designation, applied to evening or Sunday schools on the ordinary plan—for a few hours of gratuitous instruction, and no more. The true kind of school wanted in large towns is one to which children shall be marched by the police on being found begging in the streets—begging uniformly leading to pilfering, and the higher class of crimes. And being so captured, they shall be treated kindly, fed, instructed, and put to some kind of light employment; the whole, however, being sent home at night to their parents. Supposing the English likely to set up schools of this useful kind, the danger consists in their making them too fine, too attractive, thereby injuring the regular educational establishments, and indiscriminately pauperising parents. Views of this kind I endeavoured to impress on the large and respectable audience, and I should hope that schools on the Aberdeen model, and no others, will soon be put in active operation in Manchester. Mr Watkins, the mayor, who occupied the chair, and other influential gentlemen at the meeting, seemed at least earnestly disposed to commence and support a school of this nature; the want of such an institution, as may be supposed, being greatly felt.

Little time elapsed between the termination of this interesting meeting and the evening assemblage or soirée in the Free-Trade Hall. This was much the grandest affair of all—a holiday show; and, like all shows, was not perhaps without its fair share of claptrap and make-believe. Yet it will not do to be too wise and too critical in such matters. If a great end—the popularising and maintenance of a useful institution—be attainable only by a festive exhibition once a-year, why not be festive? Merriment and show are good in their way; excesses only are reprehensible. The first glimpse I had of the well-filled area of the Free-Trade Hall, looking down on the gay assemblage from the amphitheatre or platform at one end, convinced me that I had never before seen anything half so imposing or magnificent. People who have not seen the hall can have little idea of its dimensions. With a brilliantly-lighted roof, supported on two rows of slender pillars, its floor extends 136 feet in length by 105 feet in breadth, but including platform and galleries, it covers an area of 1889 square yards. The whole space was on this occasion filled by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, the number of persons present being considerably above five thousand. Vast, however, as was the meeting, all were commodiously seated, and nowhere was there anything like crowding.

The proceedings of the evening commenced by Lord Morpeth taking the chair at a little after seven o'clock; his seat being somewhat elevated above the others on the platform. As the newspapers of the day have, weeks ago, dispersed ample reports of the speeches of his lordship and those who succeeded him, all I require to say is, that the sentiments, which were of a cheering yet admonitory nature, founded on good wishes for the continued success of the Athenæum, appeared to give universal satisfaction. I never saw an assemblage so much disposed to be pleased or to be indulgent; a circumstance worth mentioning, for I am sure not a third of the audience could hear the greater part of what was said—the platform appearances could, to the greater number, be little better than a pantomime. The chairman's final and good-humoured recommendation, to be very merry, was the signal for breaking up. In a few minutes the seats were removed, the floor cleared, and to the lively strains of the orchestra five hundred couples were set a-jigging—a multitude orderly in their disorder—a scene brilliant as any ever described in the pages of eastern romance.

The ball, however, was in duplicate. While the Free-Trade Hall absorbed one moiety of the company, the other adjourned to the theatre, which, connected by temporary erections and corridors, was also fitted up for dancing, and exhibited an equally gay assemblage. Of the vast quantities of refreshments prepared for and used on the occasion, I cannot venture to speak, neither can I do justice to the music or the hilarity which generally prevailed. Let it only be known to those who had the misfortune not to be present, that the soirée, in all its departments, went off with all possible *éclat*, and contributed, as on previous occasions, to insure the popularity of the Athenæum.

Twenty-third of October. The sun shines out in his wonted splendour. How provoking! The rain is gone, and I must follow. It was saddening to break away from so many new and kind friends; and I believe I only escaped by promising to give them ere long 'Another Day in Manchester.'

CARY WHARTON.

A BACKWOOD SKETCH.*

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Cary, or, more properly, Caroline Wharton, was the beauty of Matagorda, which, considering that there were, out of some four hundred inhabitants, little more than ten per cent. women, is paying her but a limited compliment; but, both relatively and in reality, she was beautiful, with all the grace and winning ways of a young and accomplished American girl, who did not set up to rival Parisian ladies in her costume, nor despise everything which was not imported from Europe. Cary Wharton was, therefore, charming, and an heiress, besides, to the magnificent estates of the major her father, who owned half the township. With all these varied advantages, it is therefore not wonderful that at one time most of the unmarried men in the place were candidates for the favour of her hand, and that she owned as many subjects as there were susceptible hearts within fifty miles, which in Texas is no very considerable round. So vast a body of suitors argues always one of two things: great insensibility on the part of the lady, or much of coquetry. To this serious fault, we may say in many instances crime, Cary Wharton would have pleaded 'not guilty,' but the unanimous verdict of maid, man, or matron jury would have been 'guilty.'

Yes; with all her great and manifold graces, the heiress of Burensville—so was her father's estate called—united the opposite quality of allowing any number of men to dangle at her side, giving preference to none, and seeming encouragement to all. The southerners are proverbially gay, and fond of balls, parties, pic-nics, &c.; nor were the Matagordians at all slow in keeping up the national character. It was on these occasions that Cary's numerous followers were made publicly manifest, and that she seemed to shine in all her glory; though we should be only using a word some few shades too strong if we said in all her shame! The affection which leads ultimately to union through life with one of another sex, which places woman in the prospective light of wife and mother, is a sacred thing; and

* This sketch is founded on facts which occurred about four years since at Matagorda, in Texas. The circumstances are well known in that country.

making it one of the amusements of the passing hour, is deserving of severer condemnation than we are inclined at present to venture on. With Cary the result was natural, and in accordance with all rule. After two years' residence in Matagorda, she found herself reduced to two admirers—the rest having wearied of the pursuit, some from fear of disappointment, others from utter hopelessness. Paul Dalton and Edward Knox were the two rivals who contended for her hand; the former an officer in the republican navy, the latter a young lawyer with very excellent prospects. Two more opposite characters are rarely placed in juxtaposition. Dalton, quick, ardent, and impetuous, full of courage, and even daring, fond of doing things which nobody else ever thought of attempting, presented the most perfect contrast to the quiet, unassuming, but clever and devoted lawyer, whose anxiety to succeed in his profession was only equalled by his desire to share his success with Cary. Both were disappointed with the then state of Texas, and determined that, as soon as their love-suit was brought to an end, they would return to the more congenial sphere of action presented by the northern states, where talent and industry is always rewarded. Both had sought the lady's favour for some time; Paul by loud and merry talk of himself and his deeds, by endeavouring on all occasions to prove himself a brave, gallant, and smart fellow; Edward, in a more quiet manner, by gentle and unobtrusive attentions, by sending books and papers for the heiress to read, and, in short, by all those nameless nothings which constitute a lover's art.

Which had succeeded in gaining Cary's favour, or if, indeed, either of them was to consider himself more fortunate than the other, was still doubtful, and indeed might have long remained so, but for the course of events which took various turns on a certain 4th of July of glorious memory. This anniversary, sacred to every American, was at Matagorda to be celebrated by a review in the day, and a ball at night, according to the received usage. Cary, of course, was to be a prominent character, and accordingly, at an early hour, crossed from the opposite side of the bay where her father dwelt, and entering a rude vehicle, drawn by two as rude ponies of the prairies, proceeded to view the military display. By her side was Paul Dalton, mounted on a showy horse, while Edward Knox took up a position at the head of a volunteer company which he commanded. Now this was an occasion which rarely occurred, as the rivals were generally in presence together, and Paul was as much elated as Edward was vexed. Indeed, but that Cary Wharton gave him no encouragement to dismount and seat himself beside her, there is no doubt the gallant son of Neptune would have ventured a declaration on the strength of the opportunity; but in vain he looked beseechingly at the seat, complained of the badness of his saddle, of the restiveness of his nag: Cary heard him unmoved. Edward, meanwhile, several times excited the ire of Major Wharton, the commander, by his unusual blunders—he on all other occasions the pink of volunteer officers; while the Stooping Hawk, a young Indian chief, much attached to the young lawyer, could not forbear schooling him upon the point.

At length the review was over, and Edward, released from his irksome duties, entered into a brief conversation with the Stooping Hawk, to whom he freely explained the cause of his mistakes. The Indian smiled, half in pity, half in contempt; and bidding him dangle no longer after a pale-faced girl, but speak his mind at once, said, in parting, 'Talk to the gray-beard; ask him for the young lily; he has a tongue, and knows what he wants. The rose of the whites is very beautiful, but she has two faces.'

'Hawk!' replied Edward somewhat sharply, 'I cannot hear you talk thus; Cary is a sacred subject with me.'

'Good!' exclaimed the chief coldly; 'white man hot; but if White Rose not two faces, why have two lovers? Two-face girl make bad squaw.'

Edward Knox turned away, being too sensible of the truth of what the young chief said to dispute the matter with him. But a few minutes brought him to the presence of Cary Wharton, in the contemplation of whose speaking eyes and lovely features, in listening to whose jocund laugh and quiet sensible remarks on the events of the day, he quite forgot for a while that she could, as the Indian said, have 'two faces.' Edward knew well that a girl is not to blame because many wooers come; but the fault was, she encouraged two, which was deceiving both. The party at dinner, which took place at the Lone Star Hotel, the vast barn of which had been fitted up as a ball-room, consisted of Major and Cary Wharton, with the two rivals. The conversation was general and varied, though both lovers were intently thinking on one important question—who was first to dance with Cary. Neither liked to ask so soon, and yet both feared the propitious moment might slip by. At length, when a pause in the dialogue left an opening, Paul Dalton, following his usual somewhat reckless method, said, 'I say, Knox, a picayune for your thoughts. You are thinking of asking Miss Wharton's hand; so am I. Well, I'll toss you for the first dance.'

'Sir!' said Cary, evidently much outraged, while Major Wharton, who was rather thick-headed, allowed the idea to enter his head that he ought to kick the offender out of the room. Before, however, it had effected a lodgment, his daughter had quietly settled the matter. 'Sir,' said she, 'I think I have had quite enough of you all day, and I mean, therefore, myself to ask Mr Knox to open the ball with me.'

Paul bit his lip, and looked offended, while a rich smile of pleasure illumined the face of Edward. 'Go thy ways for a canting, sneaking lawyer,' muttered Paul in his wrath, as Edward escorted Miss Cary to the door; 'you may dance if you will, but Paul Dalton shall win the bride, and that ere a week be over.' And complacently looking back to Cary's kind manner all day, he made up his mind to have a decision that evening.

The ball was opened by Cary and Edward, who, emboldened by the preference which his fair partner had shown at the dinner-table, ventured to speak much plainer than he had ever done before his hopes, his wishes, his feelings. He was met, as usual, by playful disbelief in his protestations, by declarations of being perfectly heart-whole, and even by the faintest implied suggestion that how could he, considering another—and here Cary blushed, and did not conclude the sentence. For Edward, this was enough. He was manly straightforwardness and truth himself, and he fully understood that Miss Wharton was engaged, and at once determined to cease all further pursuit where his case was hopeless. The Stooping Hawk, who stood near the door gazing curiously at the scene, saw the deep dejection with which he quitted her side, and remarked it to him. Drawing his Indian friend away from the festivities, Edward explained all, and added that with Cary Wharton he had done for ever. The Indian, between a grunt and a laugh, hoped it was so; and they parted, Edward Knox to seek his quiet home, the chief to return to his village, which was situated about two miles from Matagorda.

Paul Dalton was now in his glory. Certain encouraging words on the part of Cary in the morning reverted strongly to his memory, while the precipitate retreat of his rival tended further to encourage him. He could not but feel that Edward had been dismissed; and if so, what stood between him and happiness? Accordingly, he danced with his fair partner with high glee, spoke to the major, and received his free permission to propose; and in order to facilitate the operation, was allowed the inestimable felicity of seeing Miss Wharton home when the ball was over. As the major was heartily tired, this was no great favour after all. In no country are women rated so high as in America, and accordingly in no country are they left so much to protect themselves. There was nothing whatever out of the way in a young man like Dalton seeing a young lady home, even though

it was past midnight, and accordingly no remark was made when they left the ball-room, and—certainly to Cary's surprise—prepared to perform the journey in Dalton's canoe.

It was a beautiful night. Not a ripple moved the surface of the bay, which shone in translucent splendour beneath the light of the waning moon. Miss Wharton felt the influence of the hour, and was silent; perhaps she knew from Paul's manner that her fate was nearer being decided than she before expected; perhaps she thought with regret of Edward Knox. They entered the graceful boat, and Dalton bent to the oars with zest, until they reached the very centre of the bay; he then paused, and allowed the boat to drift slowly out to sea. Cary trembled; her little heart went pit-a-pat; for she could no more, in that mighty temple of God, with myriad starry eyes shining down upon her, have equivocated as she had done in the ball-room, amid the factitious glare of oil-lamps, than she could have changed her whole nature.

She was not mistaken. Paul Dalton had chosen this singular time and place for his declaration, and he made it in terms of warm and ardent devotion. He was firmly and calmly rejected, in tones which left him not a doubt of the speaker's sincerity. For some minutes he was silent, then he spoke—and let every trifler with a man's heart remember his words. 'Miss Wharton, a man is ever hopeful. When he is not discouraged openly and straightforwardly by a woman, he will always have hope. He always should have hope, if he thinks well of her sex. No woman can say with truth that a lover's declaration came on her unexpectedly. It never did. No woman ever received the offer of a man's hand, with hope on his part, who had not encouraged him. Miss Wharton, for more than a year you have kept me in a fond, a delusive dream. I have lived but in the hope of your love, and now you *must* marry me.' Astonished, confounded at this change in her lover's tone, Cary answered pettishly that she was not to be schooled. Dalton, who was lividly pale, replied, 'In life or in death we shall be united;' and he quietly drew forth the plug from the bottom of the boat, which served to drain it when on shore, and the canoe began to fill with water. 'You have ten minutes to decide. Swear solemnly to be mine, and I will return the plug; refuse, and the boat will fill with water, and both be drowned.' Now it was that Cary felt her folly. That she had for more than a year, without ever intending to accept him, led Dalton into hope, she knew well. She had therefore but to trust to his mercy; she could not deny his accusation. She had, however, no time for speech; for at that instant a huge Indian canoe, filled with warriors, shot alongside, and, ere either could resist, made them prisoners.

Both were petrified with astonishment, and Dalton with rage; for his mad hope of depriving others of any chance of wedding her who had refused him was thus frustrated; and it is believed by all who knew him that he fully intended to have carried his threat into execution. The Indians spoke not, but impelling their boat with energy, soon reached the shore, some miles above the residence of Major Wharton, who, ignorant of the events occurring, was sleeping off the fatigues of the day. The spot chosen for landing was a thick wood, where a huge deserted shanty served as an extempore camp. In this, in separate rooms, Cary and Paul were confined until morning. Neither slept. Miss Wharton revolving in her mind her wonderful escape from death, and the singularity of her capture by the Indians, while Dalton brooded moodily over the probable triumph of his rival, whose friend, the Stooping Hawk, he felt quite sure had prevented the completion of his dreadful purpose. Paul Dalton was, therefore, utterly miserable; his evil passions, awakened by the folly of Cary, having now full sway. If she at once, in the early stage of their acquaintance, had let him see his attentions were vain, so foul a thought as that of suicide and murder would never have crossed his mind.

Morning dawned, and with its earliest summons Cary and Paul were led forth into the presence of the Stooping Hawk, his band of painted warriors, and a minister of the gospel, who stood a puzzled and perplexed spectator. Paul looked around him in surprise, while Cary, who, as she thought, saw through it all, stood indignant and disgusted.

'Father,' said the Indian chief mildly, 'these two pale-faces wish to be married. You are a medicine-man of the whites; unite them.'

'I protest against the whole proceeding. Cannot it be done in a regular way? Am I to be dragged out of my bed——'

Several of the Indians laid their hands on their shining knives, and the priest was silent.

'It is useless,' cried Cary; 'I will never consent—never. Paul Dalton, this is unworthy of you.'

'I declare, Miss Wharton, that I am as ignorant as you of what this means.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the Indian firmly; 'talk no good. Father, begin. White girl no speak truth. She love Paul Dalton. Indian hear her say so.'

'Can this—is this true?' cried Paul.

'I say again,' said Cary proudly, 'that no power on earth shall compel me to marry Paul Dalton.'

'Why?' inquired the Indian.

As Cary replied not, he continued, 'Red man master here, and he say white couple shall be married. White Lily choose. Marry Paul Dalton, or go to the wigwam of the Indian chief. White Lily make good squaw.'

'I am in your power, Indian,' said Cary; 'do as you will.'

'White Lily speak truth—would she refuse to marry Edward Knox?'

Miss Wharton started, her eyes flashed indignantly, and advancing towards the Indian, she cried, 'I see it all. Mr Edward Knox has employed you to wring from me some declaration in his favour. Tell him he has taken wrong means——'

'Edward Knox all truth—he speak for himself—he know nothing of what Indian do. All Indian plan.'

The tone of the chief admitted of no doubt, and Cary Wharton saw at once the true object of the red-skin. Drawing him aside, she said, 'Stooping Hawk will believe the White Lily. She has learned much in one night. She sees his object clearly. The Indian is Edward's friend, but he will be the White Lily's also. Promise never to breathe one word of what has passed to-night to living soul, to take Cary home to her father, and if Edward Knox ever asks the hand of Cary Wharton, she will not say no;' and Cary, blushing, bowed her little head; then continued, 'but, Indian, he must not know this. Cary must at least have the pleasure of telling him herself.'

The delighted chief, who loved Edward as a brother, promised everything she asked, and even to secure the silence of others; and then giving her a skiff and two red-skin boatmen, despatched her at once to her father's house, which she reached long before any one was up.

Paul and the minister having been solemnly cautioned by Stooping Hawk to keep silence, were then liberated, and the chief, delighted with his errand, hastened towards the abode of Edward Knox. He was up, and at breakfast, pale and downcast, but calm, as he brought to his mind many sources of consolation. He loved Cary Wharton sincerely, but not selfishly. His was a manly, generous love, which sought the happiness of its object more than its own. He remembered, too, that he had a widowed mother and orphan sisters, who were far away, and who would be delighted at his return; who would welcome him with joy, and make a jubilee in York county, Massachusets, at his taking possession of his father's home and business-connexion, which he had left, deluded by the *ignis-fatuus* of Texas. He resolved, therefore, to depart, and at once. At this period of his cogitations the Indian entered. The greeting was cordial, and then Edward explained his plans. The

Indian grunted, but made no opposition. He then said, 'Go—say good-by, White Lily.'

'No,' faltered Edward; 'I would rather not.'

'White man mad. Indian say go. Perhaps White Lily change her mind.'

There was something like a tone of confidence in the Indian's manner which made Edward's heart leap. He looked inquiringly at him, but his face was stolidity itself. Upon the hint, however, he acted, and to his great surprise the Stooping Hawk accompanied him on his visit.

It was afternoon ere they reached the picturesque mansion of Burensville, and as they wound their way down a hillock in front of its door, Edward saw Cary walking alone in a grove beside the house, which could be reached from that side. In a few minutes he was by her side. Cary had seen them approach, and conceiving, from the Indian's presence, that the young man came in triumph to accept her acknowledged love, she stood proudly and haughtily awaiting his coming. He saw this, and his whole manner was even more despondent and deferential than usual. Cary felt that the Indian had not betrayed her.

'I come, Miss Wharton,' said Edward, 'to bid you good-by. I am weary of Texas, and wish to return at once to the United States. The charm which has bound me here so long was last night rudely broken.'

'Edward Knox,' said Cary, with an affectation of solemnity, 'I have a great mind, in revenge for being called rude, to say Good-by, God bless you. But,' added the arch girl, blushing, and gently bowing her head, 'I will say, Don't go, Edward. If you do, you will leave one sad heart behind.'

'Cary,' cried the young man, 'may I——'

'Don't interrupt, sir. It is of no use my disguising from myself that you love me; and that you are not indifferent to me, I am afraid yonder red-skin can prove too clearly for me to deny it.'

'Cary,' again cried the lawyer, who was so overcome, as to be anything but fit for a cross-examination, 'to what do I owe this happiness?'

'To Heaven, Edward, if it be happiness, which in one night has changed me, and made of a giddy girl a woman. Listen.' And in a few rapid sentences she told her night's adventures, to which Edward Knox listened with gravity and pain, until his friend Stooping Hawk was introduced, when he could not forbear a smile.

'At what do you laugh, *dear* Edward?' said Cary Wharton.

'At the Indian, dear Cary. He loves me as a brother; and I am quite sure intended, for my advantage, to wring from you an acknowledgment of affection to be used against you. Well, I must confess, though it was a strange proceeding, we have both much to thank him for.'

That day Edward Knox dined with Cary and her father, and after dinner 'popped the question' to the major, who, though he had an indistinct recollection of having promised his daughter to some one else the night before, yet, as Cary was on the present suitor's side, he shook his future son-in-law's hand, and expressed himself highly delighted. About a month after, Major Wharton and Mr and Mrs Edward Knox started for York town, Massachusets, having sold all they had in Texas, and Edward realised the picture of his reception on his return. Nor was he any the less welcome because he brought with him a wife. He at once, from his wealth and talents, took a high position; and we have no doubt, whenever a vacancy occurs, will be returned to Congress, there to make his eloquence and sound sense available. The Stooping Hawk returned to Upper Texas, where Edward has promised to visit him often, when he can find time for a shooting excursion. With regard to the rival, we should not have given publicity to this narrative but from reading the following lines in the official record of the battle of Palo Alto—'Killed before the enemy, Captain Paul Dalton, volunteer.'

It will be seen that Cary Wharton suffered not in the end for her fault. But her escape was narrow; and but for one of those Providential occurrences which happen at times, her punishment would have indeed been terrible. The brightest charm of woman is truth and candour, and coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.

THE CLIMATE OF EUROPE.

The continent of Europe, extending from the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude to the north pole, partakes of considerable diversity of climate; yet, on the whole, it may be brought under those general rules which apply to countries not tropical, but which lie chiefly within the temperate, and partly within the frigid zones. It is interesting to trace these general rules as illustrative of the harmonious adaptations of nature, and instructive to apply them as elucidations of the actual phenomena of particular districts.

The great agencies in the modifications of climate are solar heat and aqueous vapour. Within the tropics these agencies are most powerful, because there the sun's rays fall more directly and more copiously than on any other portions of the earth's surface. Hence, within the torrid zone the mean annual temperature is higher, and the fall of rain greater, than in any other part of the globe; and, as a general rule, it will be found that the degrees of temperature and the quantity of rain decrease from the equator to the pole. Under this general rule, however, there are other modifying circumstances which considerably influence certain localities—such as the elevation of the land above the sea level, the existence of mountain ranges with pointed summits, the proximity of the ocean, and the latitude as regards the eastern and western sides of the land.

In Europe, the mean annual temperature, as a general rule, decreases as we pass from the southern provinces to the northern. Thus in Naples the annual temperature is 63 degrees 5 minutes; Rome, 60 degrees 44 minutes; Paris, 51 degrees 44 minutes; Vienna, 50 degrees 5 minutes; London, 50 degrees; Warsaw, 48 degrees 6 minutes; Upsala, 41 degrees 9 minutes; Moscow, 40 degrees 1 minute; and St Petersburg, 38 degrees 8 minutes. But here another modification occurs. In consequence of the soft and mild nature of the winds which come along the Atlantic Ocean, the whole western coasts of Europe have a milder climate than the eastern portions of the continent or than the central. In the centre of Europe, and on the eastern side, the extremes of climate are greatly felt, the winters being exceedingly cold, while the summers are proportionally hot. Thus the winter of Britain is not colder than that of Milan, though the summer heat is much less intense. The average heat of the month of August in Dublin is about 60 degrees, while in Hungary it is 71 degrees. The insular situation of Britain, surrounded on all sides by an ocean of medium temperature, has this beneficial effect, that while the annual temperature is not lower than portions of the continent of Europe in corresponding latitude, the winter cold or summer heats are not in extremes.

The average summer heat of the southern parts of Europe is from 70 to 75 degrees, while the winter's cold of St Petersburg is 17 degrees. The average temperature of Great Britain is about 48½ degrees. The extreme summer heat rarely exceeds 80 degrees, and more commonly is about 70 degrees, while the winter temperature seldom falls more than a few degrees below the freezing-point of water.

Along with the decrease of temperature, which takes place as we proceed northwards, there is also a decrease of the fall of rain. At the equator the annual fall of rain amounts to 95 inches; in Italy the yearly fall is 45 inches; in the north of Germany it is 22½ inches; and at St Petersburg only 17 inches. The greatest quantity of rain falls along the western coasts of Europe, from the circumstances already alluded to—that the

south and west winds, having an elevated temperature in their progress over the Atlantic, absorb a large proportion of moisture, which moisture is deposited on coming in contact with the land and the cold northern currents which sweep over the north and north-east of Europe. Hence the amount of rain diminishes in the direction from the coasts to the interior of the continent, and becomes least in the north-eastern portions of it. High mountain ranges, with pointed summits, have the effect of increasing the precipitation of rain. This is exemplified in Norway, where the mountains are high, and situated on the western coast; in the great Alpine range, in the centre of Europe; and in the mountainous districts of Britain, where the excess of rain is much greater than in the plains. The same effect does not take place in elevated table-lands. Thus, though the annual average of rain on the west coasts of Spain and Portugal is considerable, on the plateau or table-land of Castile it is as low as 10 inches.

A circumstance worthy of observation is, that in those countries where the greatest amount of rain falls, there are fewest rainy days. In such places the rain is heavy while it lasts, which may be either for a few hours, or a day, or during a stated periodical period, but then the sky clears up, and is serene and untroubled for the rest of the time; whereas in those situations where the whole annual fall of rain may be small, yet there is a drizzling foggy atmosphere kept up almost daily. This latter circumstance, by obscuring the sun's rays, has a considerable effect on the temperature also. The number of rainy days increases as we proceed northwards. Thus at Gibraltar there are only 68 rainy days in the year; in the south of France there are 76; in the peninsula of the Apennines, 89; in the plains of Lombardy, 96; and in Hungary, 112. On the east side of Ireland it rains on 208 days in the year; in the Netherlands on 170; and throughout England, France, and the north of Germany, about 155 days. On the other hand, in the north-east of Europe, in Russia and Siberia, there are months together during the winter season when not a drop of rain falls, nor is a cloud seen to obscure the serene and clear atmosphere. The prevailing winds on the south-west and western parts of Europe blow from the south and south-west, and this accounts for the almost continued precipitations of moisture in those localities; for did a north-east wind always prevail, coming as it does from a long tract of cold and dry continent, it would never rain. Before the south winds, however, reach the north and north-east of Europe, they have parted with their moisture; and thus these tracts of country are, for the greater part of the year, deprived of rain.

In Europe, as well as in other parts of the globe, there are certain seasons of the year in which a greater quantity of rain falls than in others. Thus, if in a certain district during one of the four quarters of the year a third part of the annual quantity of rain falls, while the remaining two-thirds are divided over the other three periods indiscriminately, we then call the period in which a third part falls the rainy season. In this way the continent of Europe may be divided into three rain provinces: 1st, the province of the winter rains, comprehending part of the southern portions of Europe, from the south-west shores of Portugal along the Mediterranean, embracing Sicily, the southern parts of Italy, Greece, and the Grecian Archipelago; 2d, the province of the autumn rains, comprehending Lapland, part of Sweden, Norway, Britain, South of France, Portugal, Spain, the Alps and Apennine regions, and Hungary; 3d, the province of the summer rains, embracing the interior and central part of the continent, the north of France, Sweden, Germany, Prussia, Poland, and Russia.

The locality in Europe in which the greatest quantity of rain falls is probably Coimbra, in the valley of the Mondego in Portugal. It lies on the western declivity of a mountain range 7500 feet in height, remarkable for the serrated formation of the summit. The observations there made embrace only two years, and there are doubts about their accuracy; but the annual fall is computed at 225 inches, or, making some deductions, probably 135 inches. In Bergen in Norway, the annual fall is from 82½ to 88½ inches. In a valley of the eastern Alps, at an elevation of 1000 feet, the quantity is from 96 to 106 inches. The fall of rain in Britain varies greatly with the locality. On the eastern coasts generally, the average fall is from 22 to 25 inches; on the western side of the island from 36 to 50 and 60 inches and upwards. The greatest fall of rain takes place in the mountains of Cumberland. During the year 1845, the average fall, as computed in seven stations in the lake district, amounted to 80·382 inches; and the number of rainy days were from 193 to 211.

As might be anticipated from the foregoing statements, the number of snowy days in Europe observes a progressive increase from the south to the north of the continent. Thus, during each winter, Palermo has 2½ snowy days; Rome, 1½; Florence, 1⅓; Nice, less than ½; Venice, 5½; Milan, 10; Paris, 12; Carlsruhe, 26; Copenhagen, 30; and St Petersburg, 171. In the latter place snow begins to fall in October, and the last snow occurs about the middle of April. In the valleys of southern Europe, where the winter temperature ranges between 47 and 52 degrees, snow can rarely occur, or remain for any time. In the level country around Rome it is very rare, though the summits of the neighbouring mountains, which have an elevation of 2000 to 3000 feet, are frequently whitened with snow. On the chain of the Apennines snow is more plentiful, and lies longer. In Lisbon it occasionally snows, while on the coast of Algarve this phenomenon is unknown. In Gibraltar snow is rare, and ice is never seen thicker than a Spanish dollar. Malta is never visited by snow. During the latter end of winter and early spring, however, many of these localities in the south of Europe are visited by a dry chill north-east wind, which is exceedingly unpleasant and ungenial, particularly to invalids.

As the animal and vegetable kingdoms depend greatly on climate as an element of their vigorous existence, it will be found that those portions of Europe which are most favoured by the genial and moist breezes of the south and west are, with some few exceptions, depending upon elevation and soil, the most fertile and the best adapted for animal existence; while, on the contrary, the central portion of the continent, extending to the north and east, which is more under the influence of the northern winds, is more arid and less productive. Yet nature never leaves any region without its appropriate plants and animals; and when we speak of the salubrity and productiveness of a country, it is in reference to the wants of civilised man alone.

It would appear that the climate most congenial to health is that where, along with a mean annual temperature, not too low, there are the least extremes of heat or cold, or of atmospheric dryness. Thus a country with a mild winter and spring, where the summer may be by no means very warm, is preferable to one with a cold winter and a hot summer; while as little change as possible between the temperature of the night and that of the day is also desirable; nay, it is even supposed that a climate varying almost daily or weekly, though only within the range of a few degrees, is preferable to those countries where a high temperature prevails for some months, and then suddenly changes to a very low one. In the former, the constitution becomes inured to small changes, even though frequent; while in the latter, a greater demand is made upon the vital energies, and the accessory changes of clothing and domestic arrangements are more in extremes. Hence it is that, for invalids, a climate such as Madeira is pitched upon as a model, where the temperature and atmospheric moisture remain pretty stationary throughout the year, and where there is little change between the temperature of night and day. A considerable degree of moisture in the atmosphere appears also to be more favourable for the healthy

existence both of plants and animals than an arid condition. Hence the salubrity of Cornwall, Devonshire, and the west coast of England generally, over the drier but colder east coast, and the same with regard to the west coast of Scotland. To the invalid, in particular, a choice of climate, based on a knowledge of its meteorological qualities, must often be of the greatest consequence.

As man, perhaps of all other living beings, is, both from his physical constitution and his artificial modes of life, most dependent upon climate, so it is pleasing to find that he has the power of modifying it to a considerable extent. There can be no doubt that the climate of Europe has, both generally and locally, been greatly ameliorated by the labours of man. The clearing of forests, the draining of swamps and lakes, and the almost universal culture of the soil, have all tended to open up the surface to the influence of the sun, and to drain off the superfluous moisture. Hence an elevation of the temperature, and a diminution of excessive moisture, both as summer rain and winter snow. And this amelioration, too, appears to be progressive with progress in civilisation. After the clearing of woods and the tillage of the surface had been complete, the late invention of tile-draining, by which the water is carried off from the subsoil, bids fair to produce a farther and marked effect on the climate of Britain.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Mr Henry Colman, a citizen of the state of New York, and a distinguished friend of agricultural improvement, has been lately making a pretty extensive tour through the British islands, for the purpose of personally inquiring into the condition of our husbandry and general rural management, with a view to carrying home information which may be useful to his countrymen. We are glad of the visits of such men as Mr Colman. Intelligent, candid, and with an eye only to what is publicly useful, he has produced a volume of reports not only interesting to Americans, but valuable to readers on this side of the Atlantic.* As comparatively few among us can have an opportunity of seeing this remarkable production, we propose to afford it the publicity of our pages.

Mr Colman set sail for England in April 1843, and ever since his arrival he has been touring through the country. Although accustomed to tolerably good agriculture and orderly arrangements in the state of New York, which has now been generally settled for two centuries, he was greatly impressed with the tidy and advanced appearance of things in England, albeit there were some matters which required considerable improvement. The evidences of wealth and liberal outlay of money gave him most surprise. 'An American landing in Liverpool is at once struck with the amount of labour everywhere expended; the docks, and the public buildings, and the lofty and magnificent warehouses, astonish him by the substantial and permanent character of their structure. The railways, likewise, with their deep excavations, their bridges of solid masonry, their splendid viaducts, their immense tunnels, extending in some cases more than two miles in length, and their depôts and station-houses covering acres of ground with their iron pillars and their roofs, also of iron, exhibiting a sort of tracery or network of the strongest as well as most beautiful description, indicate a most profuse expenditure of labour, and are evidently made to endure. He is still more overpowered with amazement when, coming to London, he passes up or down the river Thames, and contemplates the several great bridges—among the most splendid objects which are to be seen in England, two of which are of iron and three of stone—spanning this great thoroughfare of commerce with their beautiful arches, and made as if, as far as human presumption can go, they would bid defiance to the decay and ravages of time. If to this he adds (as, indeed, how can he help doing it?) a visit to the Thames Tunnel—a secure, a dry, a brilliant, and even a gay passage under the bed of the stream, where the tides of the ocean daily roll their waves, and the mighty barks of commerce and war float in all their majesty and pride over his head, exhibiting the perfection of engineering, and a strength of construction and finish which leaves not a doubt of its security and endurance—he perceives an expense of labour which disdains all the limited calculations of a young and comparatively poor country. He remarks a thoroughness of workmanship which is most admirable, and which indicates a boldness and bravery of enterprise, taking into its calculations not merely years, but centuries to come. We have in America a common saying in respect to many things which we undertake, that "this will do for the present," which does not seem to me to be known in England; and we have a variety of cheap, insubstantial, slight-o'-hand ways of doing many things, sometimes vulgarly denominated "make shifts to do," which we ascribe to what we call Yankee cleverness, of which certainly no signs are to be seen here. The walls enclosing many of the noblemen's parks in England, which comprehend hundreds, and in some cases thousands of acres, are brick walls, of ten and twelve feet in height, running for miles and miles. The walls round many of the farms in Scotland, called there "dikes," made of the stone of the country, and laid in lime, and capped with flat stones resting vertically upon their edges, are finished pieces of masonry. The improvements at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, Nottinghamshire, in his arrangements for draining and irrigating, at his pleasure, from three to five hundred acres of land, without doubt one of the most skilful and magnificent agricultural improvements ever made, are executed in the most finished and permanent manner; the embankments, the channels, the sluices, the dams, the gates, being constructed, in all cases where it would be most useful and proper, of stone or iron. These are only samples of the style in which things are done here. The important operations of embanking and of draining, especially under the new system of draining and subsoiling, are executed most thoroughly. The farm-houses and farm buildings are of brick or stone, and all calculated to endure.'

Going on in this strain, he alludes to the amount of private wealth realised by the indomitable industry of the people. 'Under a law of the present government here, levying a tax upon every man's income when it exceeds one hundred and fifty pounds sterling a-year, persons liable to taxation are required to make a just return of their income under a heavy penalty. A confectioner in London returned, as his annual income, the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or six times as much as the salary of the president of the United States; which showed at least how skilful he was in compounding some of the sweets of life. A nobleman, it is said, has contracted with a master builder to erect for him, in London, four thousand—not forty—not four hundred—but four thousand houses of a good size for occupation. In some of the best parts of London, acres of land, vast squares, are occupied with large and elegant dwelling-houses, paying heavy rents, in long rows, blocks, and crescents, and all belonging to some single individual. One nobleman, whose magnificent estate was left to him by his father, incumbered with a debt of some hundred thousand pounds, by *limiting*, as it is termed here, his own annual expenditure to thirty thousand pounds, has well-nigh extinguished this debt, and in all human probability will soon have his patrimonial estate free of incumbrance. The incomes of some of the rich men in the country amount to twenty, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand pounds sterling, even three hundred thousand pounds annually. It is very difficult for New England men even to conceive of such wealth. A farmer in Lincolnshire told me that the crop of wheat grown upon his farm one year was eighteen thousand bushels. These facts, which have been stated to me by gentlemen in whose veracity I have entire confidence, and who certainly are incapable of attempt-

* European Agriculture and Rural Economy, by Henry Colman. Vol. I. Boston: Phelps. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1846.

ing any "tricks upon travellers," show the enormous masses of wealth which are here accumulated.'

Accustomed to see rough enclosures dotted over with stumps, the tourist was delighted with the smooth lawns and trim level fields of England; but in the midst of this rural loveliness what dreary wastes and other signs of prodigality appeared. This surprised him very much; for the English have evidently in all things an eye to economical management; there being, however, a singular exception as respects reclamation of wastes, and the extirpation of needless tracts of bush, called preserves. 'There are, occasionally, immense tracts of unenclosed commons, and heaths, and moors, where there is no cultivation, where nothing grows, and, in some cases, little can ever be made to grow; or which, otherwise, are abandoned to the growth of furze or gorse for the protection of the game, and for the pleasures of the chase. These are called preserves, and are leased to sportsmen occasionally; or rather the right to kill game upon them is leased, at a rate which we should deem a high rent even for purposes of cultivation. An eminent agriculturist has shown that in England and Scotland there are full 10,000,000 acres in heath and moor, all susceptible of being brought into productive cultivation. These lands of course remain as they are by voluntary neglect or design.' And, we would add, a very wicked neglect or design—the means of raising food for human creatures being recklessly sacrificed in order to feed and shelter broods of worthless feathered animals.

The smallness of many of the fields, and the wasteful manner in which they are encroached upon by broad hedges, ditches, and stripes of weeds, also somewhat astonish this American. 'In parts of England, the fields are generally small, and of all shapes, often not exceeding four or five acres. It is reported of a farmer in Devonshire that he lately cultivated one hundred acres of wheat in fifty different fields. There must have been here a great waste of land and labour. The loss, likewise, from the fences being a shelter to weeds, and a harbour to vermin, could not be inconsiderable. The statement of an intelligent practical farmer in Staffordshire on the highly-improved estate of Lord Hatherton, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, is well worth recording. Speaking of the farm called the Yew Tree Farm, he says, "The turnip field is sixty-five acres; it was, two years back, at the time I entered upon the farm, in eight enclosures. I have taken up 1914 yards of fence, and intend dividing it into three fields; it will take 300 yards of new fence. The field in which I was subsoiling is forty-two acres; it was in six enclosures. I took up 1264 yards of fence: if I divide this field, it will take 300 yards of new fence. The land Lord Hatherton mentioned on my Deanery Farm was originally in twenty-seven enclosures—ninety-one acres. I took up 4427 yards of fence; it will now lie in five fields, and will take 1016 yards of new fence. I cannot," he adds, "really say what land is gained by the different operations; but some of the fences were from three to four yards or more wide, that the plough never touched; my new fences are upon the level, without ditches. In the whole of the old fences there was a great number of ash-trees, which are all stocked up, as well as a good part of the oak, only leaving a few for ornament and shelter. I think the greatest gain in land will be from getting rid of the trees."'

The necessity for getting rid of trees as well as hedgerows may be acknowledged, yet we would recommend every proper precaution in this species of clearance. Trees and hedges are required for shelter, as well as for rural beauty; and we would emphatically condemn the short-sighted and mean policy which inconsiderately divests the land of these its appropriate coverings. Our American seems to entertain similar feelings on this subject. He speaks with delight of the extensive parks which are to be seen in many parts of the country, and which constitute a truly magnificent feature in English scenery. 'These parks are the open grounds which surround the houses of the rich and noble in the country. By open, I do not mean entirely free from trees, because many of them are exceedingly well stocked with trees, sometimes standing single, at other times in clumps, sometimes in belts, sometimes in rows, and squares, and circular plantations; and more often scattered, as if they were carelessly thrown down broadcast. The ground under them is kept in grass, and depastured by cattle, sheep, and deer, and affords often the richest herbage. With some exceptions, a plough is never suffered to disturb these grounds; and in the neighbourhood of the house, which is generally placed in the centre of them, the portion which is separated from the rest, as I have observed, by an invisible or sunken fence just now described, for the cultivation of ornamental trees and shrubs, is kept so closely and evenly shorn, that to walk upon it seems more like treading upon velvet than upon grass. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful; and I never before knew the force of that striking expression of the prince of poets, Milton, of "walking on the smooth-shaven lawn;" for it seems to be cut with a razor rather than with a scythe; and after a gentle shower, it really appears as if the field had had its face washed, and its hair combed with a fine-tooth comb. It is brought to this perfection by being kept often mown; and I have stood by with perfect admiration to see a swarth mowed evenly and perfectly, where the grass to be cut was scarcely more than an inch high.

'These parks which I have described abound, as observed, with trees of extraordinary age and size. They are not like the trees of our original forests, growing up to a great height, and, on account of the crowded state of the neighbourhood, throwing out few lateral branches; but what they want in height they gain in breadth; and, if I may be excused for a hard word, in umbrageousness. I measured one in Lord Bagot's celebrated park in Staffordshire; and going round the outside of the branches, keeping within the droppings, the circuit was a hundred yards. In these ancient parks, oaks and beeches are the predominant trees, with occasional chestnuts and elms. In very many cases I saw the beauty and force of that first line in the pastorals of Virgil, where he addresses Tityrus as "playing upon his lute under *the spreading shade of a beech-tree.*" These trees are looked upon with great veneration; in many cases they are numbered; to some a label is affixed to them, giving their age; sometimes a stone monument is erected, saying when and by whom this forest or this clump was planted; and commonly some record is kept of them as a part of the family history. I respect this trait in the character of the English, and I sympathise with them in their veneration for old trees. They are the growth often of centuries, and the monuments of years gone by. They were the companions of our fathers, who, it may be, were nourished by their fruit, and reposed under their shade. Perhaps they were planted by the very hands of those from whom we have descended, and whose far-sighted and comprehensive beneficence embraced a distant posterity. How many revolutions and vicissitudes in the fortunes of men have they surveyed and survived! They have been pelted by many a storm; the hoarse and swift wind has often growled and whistled among their branches; the lightnings and tempest have many a time bent their limbs and scathed their trunks—but they, like the good and the truly great in seasons of trial, have stood firm and retained their integrity. They have seen one generation of men treading upon the heels of another, and rapidly passing away; wars have burst forth in volcanic explosions, and have gone out; revolutions have made their changes, and the wheel again returned to its starting-point; governments and princes have flourished and faded; and the current of human destiny has flowed on. their roots, bearing onwards to the traveller's bourne one family and one people after another—but they still stand, green in their old age, as the mute yet eloquent historians of departed years. Why should we not look upon them with reverence! I cannot quite enter into the enthusiasm of an excellent friend, who used to say that the cutting down of an old tree ought to be made a capital offence at law; yet I deem it almost sacrilegious to destroy them, excepting where necessity demands it, and I would always advise that an old tree, standing

a conspicuous station either for use or ornament, should be at least once more wintered and summered before the sentence of death which may be passed upon it is carried into execution. The trees in the park of the palace of Hampton Court are many of them—the horse-chestnut and the lime—of great age and eminent beauty; several straight lines of them forming, for a long distance, the approach to the palace. On a clear bright day, at the season of their flowering, I passed through this magnificent avenue with inexpressible delight. I passed through them again late in the autumn, when the frost had marred their beauty, and the autumnal gales had stripped off their leaves; but they were still venerable in the simple majesty of their gigantic and spreading forms. I could not help reflecting, with grateful emotion, on that beneficent Power which shall presently breathe upon these apparently lifeless statues, and clothe them with the glittering foliage of spring, and the rich and splendid glories of summer. So be it with those of us who have got far on into the autumn, or stand shivering in the winter of life!'

The tourist, as might be expected, was also charmed with the almost universal taste for flower cultivation and embellishment. The neat flower-plots before the doors of villas and cottages are the marvel of every foreigner. 'Even the labourer's humble cottage—too seldom, I am compelled to admit, anything but a picturesque object—will occasionally have its flowering shrubs adorning its doorway, and the ivy hanging its beautiful tresses over its window, forming, as it were, a mirror set in a frame of the richest green. The village of Marr in Yorkshire, not far from Doncaster, and the village of Edensor in Derbyshire, near Chatsworth, and the village of Lord Brownlow in Lincolnshire, the best-built and by far the handsomest villages I have yet seen in England, to cottages of an excellent and picturesque construction, monuments of the liberality of their proprietors, add these beautiful rural embellishments of vines, and shrubs, and flowers, and at first blush, compel a reflecting mind to admit the moral influences of such arrangements upon the character and manners of their inhabitants. Churches and ruins, likewise, are often seen spread over with the richest mantlings of ivy; and, among many others, the venerable and magnificent remains of Hardwicke Hall, for example, are covered, I may say, in the season of its flowering, with a gorgeous robe of it, matting its sides with indescribable luxuriance, climbing its lofty battlements, and fringing its empty windows and broken arches as though nature would make the pall of death exquisitely beautiful and splendid, that she might conceal the hideousness of decay, and shut from the sight of frail mortals these affecting monuments of the vanity of human grandeur and pride. I have said and written a great deal to my countrymen about the cultivation of flowers, ornamental gardening, and rural embellishments; and I would read them a homily on the subject every day of every remaining year of my life, if I thought it would have the effect which I desire, of inducing them to make this matter of particular attention and care. When a man asks me what is the use of shrubs and flowers, my first impulse always is to look under his hat and see the length of his ears. I am heartily sick of measuring everything by a standard of mere utility and profit; and as heartily do I pity the man who can see no good in life but in pecuniary gain, or in the mere animal indulgences of eating and drinking.'

Of the landed proprietors Mr Colman is disposed to think well; and mentions, as evidences of their liberality, that they are satisfied with a return of from two and a-half to three per cent. on their investments. Here he has committed a slight but natural mistake. Landlords, generally, are contented with these comparatively small returns, because, in the circumstances, they can seldom get more. Besides, capitalists invest money in land for another kind of return than rents. Land gives territorial distinction and political power; and for the latter alone, many persons seem not disinclined to forego all direct pecuniary advantages. In this, indeed, lies the true cause of the high price of land in Great Britain—the reason why a few comparatively unproductive farms are valued at fifty times the price of an equally large and much richer tract of land in the United States.

To us the most interesting part of Mr Colman's book is that in which he describes the condition of the farm labourers; but as his details on this subject are extensive and varied, we must necessarily postpone them, along with some other matters, till another occasion.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARGENTINE.*

A VOLUME lies before us which may be said to be in some respects a literary curiosity. If analysed, it would be found to contain—first, the adventures of a poor little destitute boy of New York, who became eventually a colonel in the army of the Argentine Republic; second, a sketch of political occurrences there during that period; and third, some brief notices—partly given in a chapter at the end, and partly scattered throughout the work—of the state of manners in that portion of South America.

The historical department we shall have little to do with, and for more than one good reason. Though full of interest, and indeed of a species of romantic excitement, it is not sufficiently intelligible to the general reader to be useful. It is intended to illustrate the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia and Uruguay; but the author plunges suddenly into a detail of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, forgetting that a majority of his readers have only a very confused notion even of the geographical localities of his story, and hardly any at all of their previous position and the train of circumstances which originated the states in question.

The adventures of the author, Colonel King, we cannot so briefly pass over. They form one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography extant; and we shall take some trouble in sifting them from the general details, so as to present a continuous narrative.

'In the year 1817, at the age of fourteen years, I left my native city (New York) in company with a man named Barker, and, without a dollar in my purse, took passage for Norfolk, Virginia. Arrived there, both of our trunks were left as hostage for our passage, and we together strolled into the town. By the sale of a pocket-knife we obtained food, and parted for the day, each seeking some means of employment. On the following day we met, and Barker informed me that he had engaged himself as a school teacher in the country. He had obtained money sufficient to redeem his trunk, which having obtained, we parted; and I stood alone a stranger, without employment, or the means even to purchase a morsel of food. I at length took quarters at the Bell Tavern, where I remained a short time, when, strolling one day along the wharfs, I found a vessel about to sail, bound for Baltimore, and without ceremony took passage to that city. On my arrival at Baltimore I took up my quarters at the house of a Mr Pitcher, hoping speedily to obtain employment, or at least to make myself sufficiently useful to render an equivalent for my board; but at the end of two weeks I was no better off, and my host, with my consent, obtained shipping papers, and placed me on board the brig Wycoona. The landlord received my advance money, and gave me, as an outfit for the voyage, *two shirts* in addition to the wardrobe then on my back.

'Where the vessel was bound to I neither knew nor inquired; it was all one to me. I had foolishly left my home, and was too proud to return.'

The vessel turns out to be a privateer in the service of the Buenos Ayrean government; and on anchoring at the capital, the youth was set on shore as a useless hand, and wandered into the city with no other worldly riches than his wardrobe tied up in a little bundle. He traversed the streets, gazing eagerly about him, till the name of Flusk on the sign-board of a tavern appeared to look something like English, and he went in. The person at

* Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic; embracing the author's Personal Adventures, with the Civil and Military History of the Country. By Colonel J. Anthony King. London: Longman. 1846.

the bar, taking him for a beggar, told him he had nothing for him; but the poor lad was determined to see Mr Flusk, and Mr Flusk turned out to be a good-natured Irishman, with whom he boarded for several weeks. This time he spent in a vain search for employment, till Mr Flusk himself stepped in to his assistance, and 'got him a master' (M. Coquelet), a Frenchman, who kept a fancy and perfumery store.

'I soon found myself in good quarters. My master was kind to me, and, by assiduity, I soon won his confidence and esteem. With his wife too, who was an amiable lady, I soon became a great favourite; and it is to this family that I am indebted for all that afterwards befell me, whether for good or for ill, during a long series of terrible and bloody years. At this house I first saw a certain officer, of high rank in the service of the republic, who occasionally visited the family of my employer, and from whom I received many little tokens of kindness.

'I remained with Coquelet several months: the necessities of my destitution had all been supplied; my obligations to my friend Flusk were satisfied; and with this relief from anxiety and ease of circumstances came a restless desire for change. I suffered with ennui from confinement to my shop, which seemed to me more as a prison-house than an asylum; and although sincerely gratified for the many manifestations of kindness which I had received from the family, I spoke often and freely to madame of my desire for more active employment. This was at length communicated by the lady to the officer above-mentioned, with a request that he would, if possible, assist me in the attainment of my wish. This officer had already shown me evidences of a "liking;" and immediately after this announcement had been made to him, he sent for me, and said, "My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?"

'Almost choking with joy, I replied, "Senor, nothing would delight me more."

"Very well," said he; "I will see if I can obtain a flag for you."

'A flag! thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission, and with the rank of bandero, at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise; and two or three days after this interview, the supreme director, Pursedon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, "Go now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune."'

On receiving soon after at Santa Fé, from General Ramarez, a commission as ensign in his own corps, the following significant colloquy took place:—

'"Anglo-American, the recommendations that you bring have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot?"

"General," I replied, "let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty."

"It is very well," said he; "you are now going to fight against General Artegas."

"Artegas?" said I.

"Yes; the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners."

"Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners," I replied.

"True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?"

"I have been told that he sews them in raw hides, and leaves them in the sun to perish."

"You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle."'

The ensign was soon after present at a battle—his first battle—against General Artegas; and 'a sickening sensation for a few moments held possession of his faculties, and the blood seemed chilling about his heart.' But this did not prevent him from playing his part so well, that, after the action, he was complimented by his commander; and in due time the friendless, homeless, moneyless, hungry wanderer of the streets of Buenos Ayres re-entered the city a successful soldier.

'Anxious to see my old friends again, I obtained leave of absence for three days, and immediately called at the house of Coquelet. But I shall not attempt to describe the expressions of astonishment and delight with which I was greeted by madame as I entered the shop, wearing the uniform of an adjutant in the republican army. Flinging both hands above her head, and with eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, she shook my hand with great glee, praised my uniform, talked of my promotion, declared I should be governor yet, and finally insisted that I should spend my whole "leave" at her house. This, however, could not be done; and after taking breakfast with them, I sallied forth to make my obeisance to Flusk and others who, like them, had known me in less propitious times.'

The next battle he was engaged in was against Carrera, and was unsuccessful. He was beaten, and sustained with courage the horrors of a most disastrous flight, which was stopped by a new and more ruthless enemy in front. They fought as long as it seemed possible, and then sent a flag of truce with an offer of capitulation. The officer bearing it was shot without ceremony before their eyes, and, goaded to desperation, they fought again. Most of them were now cut to pieces in the conflict; some were murdered after it was over; and our adventurer, having his ribs fractured by the butt end of a musket, was taken prisoner with about twenty of his comrades, and carried off, his captors assuring them that they would 'shoot them by and by.'

All on a sudden their conductors found themselves prisoners in turn. They had blundered into a division of the antagonist army, and King was again at liberty. Being disabled by his wounds, he set out with a small party for Cordova, but on the route they were attacked by a strong party of the enemy in a coral, or cattle-yard, of a farm-house. Most of the defenders were massacred, but a few, after being compelled to march on foot after the victors for some distance, were set at liberty. The majority of these proceeded on their journey, but King and one of his comrades were tempted to return to the cattle-yard to see if anything had been left that could be made useful. 'Among the rubbish, half burned, he found a blanket, and a hat almost rimless; and I found a remnant of scorched calico, of which we made coverings for our bodies. Crasey also found a box containing a magic lantern, which had belonged to his own stock of valuables, whereupon he uttered an exclamation of joy. "Here is a prize worth its weight in gold," said he; "with this we can pay our way, and be independent, if we ever come where there are any people."

'We had found among the ruins a remnant of salt beef, from which we made a supper, and tying the remainder in a rag, determined to spend the night where we were. On the next morning we commenced our journey westward, and somewhat at random. As we approached the town of San Luis, a slight shudder came irrepressibly over my frame: we were traversing the very road by which Ramarez had, a short time before, led us to the disastrous onslaught in our last campaign. How different were my sensations from those with which I approached the city of Buenos Ayres the second time! My first visit to this place was in a moment of pride and panoply; now I drew towards it with a calico rag about my person, scarcely sufficient to cover my nakedness, and with a sense of reluctance that would have better become a thief on his way to the justice. I thought, by way of consolation, of the necessary and natural "ups and downs" of life; but, after all my philosophy, I could not resist the conclusion that I was getting my share of the "downs" in a lump. I was, however, but a novice as yet.

'On our arrival, we entered the town with the humility of mendicants. We applied at a house in the suburbs, within a few roods of the place where I received my first wound, and told our story of distress, which obtained for us a little cast-off clothing and food. Clad in more becoming habiliments, I agreed to join Crasey in the exhibition of his magic lantern—partly from necessity, but mostly as a means of concealing my true character—until I should know better what course to pursue, and whether

it would be safe to make myself known to Colonel Ortis. We accordingly took lodgings, and announced our exhibition to take place on the next evening. The time arrived; and Crasey, having borrowed a sheet for the purpose, placed it against the wall of a room, and while he made a display of his fantastic figures, I was stationed at the door of entrance to receive *un medio chelin entrado*, or sixpence, as the price of admission. Our audience quite equalled our expectations; and from the receipts of the evening we realised a profit of about three dollars. The next evening we again exhibited, with like success; but at this exhibition came Colonel Ortis himself, who, notwithstanding my disguise, recognised me. "What!" he exclaimed, "my old friend!" then checking himself, he added in an under-tone—"Call at my house when your exhibition is over;" and without saying more, he passed into the apartment.'

He was recommended to leave the town instantly; and he and his companion Crasey set out, as poor as ever, on a journey over the Andes, and in two months arrived at the town of San Juan. Here King, with his usual fortune, was thrown into a dungeon without being told of what he was accused. 'My heart, late so buoyant with hope, fell with the heaviness of lead; for I well knew that in these cells were confined none but prisoners of state, few of whom ever quitted their incarceration but to meet an execution in the prison-yard. Thus confined, the prisoner awaits in solitude the decision of a despot. From day to day, from hour to hour, perhaps for months, he may remain; and when at length an officer enters the prison-house, holding a sealed packet in his hand, and invites the prisoner forth, none know its contents until the parties have reached the yard. Here the packet is opened: if it direct his release, he is set at liberty; if it command his death, he is immediately shot. I was at once placed in a cell, *entro porto* (or between two doors). My cell being about four feet wide by twelve in length, with a small grating at the top of the wall over one of the doors, through which I could see in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras, and a corresponding grating at the opposite end, from which I could see only the tops of the orange-trees in a neighbouring garden, with their golden fruit flashing in the sunlight.' In three months he was liberated on condition of transferring his services to the state of Alto Peru, and immediately a magical change took place in his fortunes. The scene is the town of Tucuman, which he had reached on his way. 'Having now the means, I lost no time in procuring a uniform becoming my rank, and immediately found myself in a position which gave room for the enjoyment of social pleasure; the first, indeed, that I had known during a period of about six years, which I had now spent in the republics of South America. Our evenings were passed at balls and conversational parties, and I entered into the spirit of their enjoyments with all the eagerness of one who had been long severed from the cheering influences of civil life. Surrounded with beauty, fashion, and luxury, and with the most distinguished and wealthy for my companions, I went on through the torrent of gaiety with a bewildering sense of happiness, and, for the first time since I had taken arms, looked forward with a feeling of discontent to the moment when I should receive orders to renew our march.' This did not last long. The scene changes. 'Soured in temper with my sickness, hardships, and ill-usages, I felt little of the spirit of kindness for any one, and less desire to associate with any of my kind. I had as yet met with nothing but reverses and toil; and in all my sufferings from year to year, not the sound of a single sympathetic voice had fallen upon my spirit to check or soften its growing asperities. No compensation had I ever received, and my clothing was little better than rags. I became moody and taciturn, and often, in my most sombre moods, I drew my garro (cap) over my brow, and wrapped myself closely in my own miserable thoughts. I sat beneath a porch of the shanty that furnished quarters for my relief, when I perceived a Spanish gentleman on the road, moving with his splendid horse-trappings, servants, and two heavy trunks carried by mules, towards Humaguaca. He had somehow passed my outer picket unobserved, and rode by me with a careless glance.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, "you look on me with contempt; but you little think that you must ride back again!"

'At a quarter of a mile he was hailed by my inside picket, and his passport being unsigned by me, he was brought back again. I appeared not to notice him as he returned, and heard him ask the guard—"Who is your commandanté?"

"That is he, senor, upon the porch."

"That!"

'The don raised his hat, and approached me bowing. "Senor Commandanté," said he, "will you oblige me by giving a passport?" at the same time handing me the paper.

"Sit down, senor," said I, pointing to a bench that stood near, and glancing at the passport, which I found correct. "Now, senor," said I, "if you will tell me what you thought of me as you rode past, I will sign your passport."

'He hesitated.

"Speak out, senor; I think I know your thoughts. Speak truly."

"To tell the truth, then," he replied, "I thought you were a beggar."

'I endorsed his passport, and he went on.' Matters get worse and worse. A great battle is fought, and lost; and in his flight our adventurer and his comrades fall into the hands of a body of Indians, ornamented by a button passed through the lower lip. 'We found here a people numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the colour of their clime; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company.' A quarrel occurs with the innocent and happy savages through the villany of one of the civilised men; but the refugees find it easy to escape by simply marching off after dusk, the superstition of the Indians forbidding them to interfere at an hour when the dreaded Spirit of the night has charge of the world.

They arrive at Oran ragged and dirty, and the officers are invited by the governor to a ball. 'With a very awkward grace we followed his excellenza to an apartment of magnificence, where glittering forms of beauty flitted across our vision, causing a contrast with the scenes from which we had just emerged that was to me even painful. As I entered the room, a lady, with the form of a sylph, left her seat and came hastily towards me with a sweet smile, saying playfully, "Cavallero, I'll wash your shirt."

'I now perceived it to be the Dona Cacinta R——, who had recognised me, and I replied in the same strain, "Senora, 'tis but half a one!"' Matters, however, begin to mend. He receives his commission as colonel, and is in command of seven hundred men, when he takes it into his head to visit a neighbouring town. Here he is felled to the ground by a brawny friar for not observing the procession of the Host in time to get out of its way; and on the same day he is arrested for the crime, and lies in a dungeon for three months. At the end of that period the friar calls on him, and offers him his liberty if he will become a Catholic. He declines. 'Then only *say* you are a Catholic.' He is still obdurate. 'You will not say the word?' 'No.' 'Then I will;' and he is speedily at liberty. He returns to Oran, and finds the governor deposed, his regiment disbanded, and himself a total stranger. Friendless, penniless, and alone, the adventurer betakes himself again to the road, in the hope of finding his way once more to Buenos Ayres. He is lodged and fed at a town on the road by the charity of an old woman; and, selling his sword, he proceeds on the

strength of its produce (a few shillings), till at a village he makes the acquaintance of a gentleman whose son had served with him in the field, and had been slain—or rather murdered—by the enemy. From this place he proceeds to Cordova, with only one arrest and imprisonment on his way; and on arriving there, an incident occurs which changes his whole fortune. 'During my present stay in Cordova I became acquainted with, and married, the Dona Juana—a connexion of Governor Bustes—of good family, finished accomplishments, and the most perfect gentleness and amiability of disposition. By this marriage I became instantly transported from a state little removed from absolute poverty to one of luxury and wealth.' After this he meets with another incarceration, and narrowly escapes with his life; but thenceforward the narrative is almost entirely historical; and in 1841 (his wife having previously died) he finally returned to the United States, after a course of adventure as singular and various as perhaps exists on record. His revelations of the atrocities committed in the course of the broils in which he was engaged, impart a fresh horror of war and all its abettors.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH COMMERCIAL TERMS.

A CONSIDERABLE proficiency in French will often leave one ignorant of many words and phrases which meet the eye and ear on visiting France. The reason is, that in French as well as in English dictionaries a great variety of terms in daily use do not make their appearance. 'A Manual of Commercial Terms in English and French,' by Mr Spiers, a teacher of our language in Paris, has just been issued,* with the view of remedying this acknowledged deficiency of ordinary dictionaries. We observe in the work a vast variety of terms, the knowledge of which to the traveller in France, or to the reader of French newspapers, will prove of considerable service. Let us offer a few examples.

D'Occasion. This is a puzzling word in many French shop-windows: it signifies second-hand, or a good opportunity for bargains.

Caisse d'épargne; savings' bank, but literally a box for savings.

Joueur à la baisse. Literally a player or speculator on a fall; and the only term the French have for a *bear* on 'Change. For a *bull* or speculator on a rise, they have *haussier*, from hausser, to rise.

Jouet, a toy; but a dealer in toys is called *Bimbelotier*, from bimbelot, a child's plaything. This word suggests the French for doll, which is *poupée* (whence puppet). It is doubtful whether our word doll is an abbreviation of idol, or from the old French word *dol*—trumpery: the question is worthy of archæological investigation.

Cafetier, coffeehouse-keeper. The French language excels in this short mode of defining professions; for example—*maroquinier*, morocco-tanner; *magissier*, leather-dresser; *diamantaire*, diamond-cutter; *forblantier*, tinsmith; *cloutier*, nail-maker; *papetier*, paper-maker. In some cases, however, the English professional terms are shorter; for instance, *tobacconist*, marchand de tabac—which looks very droll over the door of a petty shop. The power of putting the adjective before the substantive also gives the English tongue a great advantage; as insurance-clerk, *commis chargé des assurances*; steamboat, *batteau á vapeur*; cotton-broker, *courtier pour les cotons*; eight-day clock, *horloge qui marche huit jours.*

Arrhes, earnest-money. This is a word well known to travellers in France, it being customary and useful as a measure of precaution to pay, on booking, only a part of the sum demanded for a place in the diligence, the remainder being settled on arrival at the destination. The Scotch word *arles* has precisely the same meaning.

The word *arrhes* reminds us of a French word which, strangely enough, is not in the 'Manual,' this is *bulletin*, the ticket given by diligence offices, on which the amount of arrhes is marked. It is important for all travellers to seek and receive a bulletin, whether they pay the whole or part of their fare; for not having this they are at the mercy of the conducteur, and may be left behind at any mid-way station without recourse.

Gants de fil d'Ecosse, thread gloves. *Toile à torchon d'Ecosse*, Oznaburg. This introduction of *d'Ecosse* into the names of thread and tissue articles is common in the shop-windows of Paris. We never knew that Scotland produced so many crack articles till we visited France.

Maison meublé, a house with the principal movables. Another phrase is, however, as commonly in use—*Maison garni*, a house entirely furnished. *Appartement garni* is seen universally.

Porcelaine, china. It seems somewhat stupid in the English to have given the name of the country to the pottery brought from it.

Failli, a bankrupt; *Faillite*, bankruptcy. Our word bankrupt, as is well known, is from the Italian *banco rotto*, a broken board; it having been the practice in Italy to break the benches of those money-changers who became insolvent. The spelling of bankrupt is modern, the Latin *ruptus*, broken, being substituted for the Italian rotto. According to Shakspeare—

> ——'dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but *bankerout* the wits;'

from which it may be inferred that bankerout was the old orthography. The French employ *banqueroute*, but only in a bad sense, as banqueroute frauduleuse. Possibly this was the true original application of banco rotto.

Sel Anglais, Epsom salts. Those who wish to buy sel de cuisine will of course avoid asking for sel Anglais.

Savon, soap. Last time we were in Paris the walls were covered with a huge placard about *Savon ponce*. Everywhere the eye turned it met this universal savon ponce. What was savon ponce? Savon ponce was soap made with an intermixture of sand, which, like the strigel of the ancients, was to act mechanically on the skin—a kind of blending of brush and soap in one article—mechanics and chemistry in harmonious combination; a capital thing no doubt for the hands of chimney-sweepers and locomotive engine-drivers, but not altogether suitable for skins of lesser delicacy. Savon ponce, however, had a great run for a length of time among the Parisians; the madness, I am told, has latterly worn off, possibly along with the skins of the too-easily gulled purchasers. Mr Spiers gives the names of twenty-six kinds of savon in his Manual, and yet savon ponce is not amongst them.

Pharmacien, a dealer in medicines. The English, without reason, apply the term chemist to a person of this profession; and the Scotch, as unreasonably, call a druggist's shop a laboratory.

Acquitté, paid; put at the bottom of bills.

Plombé, leaded. When a traveller arrives on the frontiers of France, a custom-house officer, after examining his luggage, asks if he wishes it plombé; that is, fastened up with lead, on which a seal is impressed. If not plombé, the luggage is liable to be inspected by other officers at the entrance to different towns; but if plombé, it goes free through the country. It has been one of the much-complained-of annoyances that mail packages from India to England must undergo the formality of being plombé on entering France.

Roulage, carrying by wagon (from *roue*, a wheel). There is also a term, *Roulage accéléré*, quick wagon carriage; but the thing signified exists only in the imagination.

Carvi, caraway. The Scotch say carvy.

* Whittaker and Co., London. 1846.

Une fois, deux fois, trois fois, adjugé, going, going, going, gone (at auctions).

Note, bill of reckoning at a hotel.

We need not pursue examples; the Manual, though in some respects deficient, will prove exceedingly useful to the traveller as well as the corresponding clerk of the English counting-house.

WAR SCENES.

[This paper is from the pen of a veteran soldier who has spent his life amid such scenes and incidents as he attempts to depict. We give it not so much for literary reasons, as for the interest which attaches to it as the views of a soldier on the subject of war.]

Those who have seen the most of war—those even who have won their honours on the most brilliant battle-fields—are generally foremost in making efforts for the preservation of peace. They have witnessed so many of the dire effects of war, so much misery, affliction, and demoralisation, that, unless in the defence of their country against the attacks of a foreign foe, they would neither willingly again draw the sword themselves, nor sanction its being unsheathed by others.

It has fallen to my lot to witness many scenes of warfare; and I intreat those who may have visions of glory, conquest, and so forth, to bear with me whilst I endeavour to convince them, by a brief retrospect, and by the reflections naturally arising therefrom, that nothing can counterbalance the unspeakable advantages of peace. What sounds are those which fill the air? The drums and trumpets of a division of an army approaching a town, in a country which is the theatre of war. They are national and friendly troops; but their arrival does not produce any pleasurable feeling in the breasts of the inhabitants. They are worn out. Yesterday the town was occupied by a brigade of the enemy's forces, which had only marched out in the morning; and although it was a disciplined force, it had left disastrous traces behind it. In every house numbers of officers and privates had been billeted; the authorities had been peremptorily called upon to supply rations and forage for the brigade; not a corner nor a nook in the greater part of the houses had been left unexplored; and the sacredness of domestic quietude had been infringed upon. The townspeople had scarcely made a perceptible progress in the restoration of their dwellings to something approaching to their usual state, and were just preparing to seek some repose, and were congratulating one another on the prospect of a quiet night, when their ears were assailed by martial sounds. And now their homes are again crowded with military; fresh demands are made for supplies; fresh anxieties, alarms, and toils fall upon them. This sad state of things lasts throughout the war. There are neither homes, nor domestic peace, nor security. The spirit of the people at length becomes broken, and family ties are rent asunder by the strong temptations to which the youthful members are exposed by a continual succession of authorised intruders—many of whom are intriguing and immoral, as may easily be supposed when the heterogeneous materials of which even the best-regulated armies are composed are taken into consideration. If open towns or villages are thus exposed, how dreadful is the condition of a fortified place when besieged by a powerful army, and defended by a competent and determined garrison! For weeks and weeks the showers of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries pour into, and burst over, the devoted town without intermission. Alarm and dismay are stamped upon every countenance; women and children are huddled together under ground, or in places where there may be a chance of shelter; many are crushed to death by the ruins of their falling dwellings; heaps of slain incumber the streets; great numbers of houses are on fire; the starving people crawl about the perilous streets in search of aliment of the most revolting description; they are parched with thirst, and there is no water; a horrible contagious fever breaks out; the livid corpses are piled up in the streets, for the survivors are too weak to bury them; and the soldiers, decimated by the enemy's fire or by disease, can render no assistance, for they are at their posts in the batteries. At length a breach is made in the walls, the assault commences, and the forlorn-hope is led by gallant officers. Down, down are many brave fellows hurled into the ditch; those who follow them share the same fate in great numbers; but others scramble over the dead bodies of their comrades; the defenders are slaughtered or driven back, and the place is taken by storm. Alas for human nature! Cruelty and the most revolting scenes of depravity are perpetrated, perhaps during two or three awful days and nights, by an unbridled soldiery, amidst flames and explosions! The shrieks of the victims are unheeded, and the officers in vain exert themselves to stay the frightful torrent of human infamy. At last the savage turmoil ceases, and an awful silence ensues—the silence of exhausted vice, intemperance, and death! And wherefore this letting loose of all the bad passions, this agony, these frightful deaths? Perhaps for a matter in dispute between two potentates, who are awaiting the result in their luxurious palaces afar off—a dispute for which the harmless people care not one straw. Peradventure a crown is claimed by one branch of a royal house, and is possessed by another; or the case may be that a portion of territory belonging to a neighbouring state (a territory snatched ages ago from the aborigines) is coveted in order to *round* a district, or with the view of creating popularity for the head of a republic, so as to insure his re-election. But is it not monstrous and humiliating that the people should be thus tortured, and stricken to the earth, and exposed to these demoniac assaults, on account of such personal cavils and ambition?

Come with me to the battle-field. What fury! what carnage! The cries and groans of the wounded and dying are unheeded; and those whose hearts have been at all times, in their private capacities, open to appeals, however feeble, from their suffering fellow-creatures, now, in the excitement of the moment, rush upon, or gallop over, enemies or comrades indiscriminately. Many, in the very height of their fell onslaught, are in their turn laid low by bullet, lance, or sword, and lift up their imploring hands on the approach of other hosts who are overthrowing every obstacle to their advance or retreat.

The battle is won. The hostile forces are vanquished, and their artillery captured; a dynasty has been changed; a so-called 'balance of power' established; or a political principle vindicated. Grandiloquent proclamations and manifestoes are now published; rejoicings take place in cities, towns, and villages; and promises are made which, it is almost certain, will never be realised. It is more than probable that the remedy will be worse than the disease; that, whether from hollow professions, or the frustration of honest intentions by after-intrigues, the ostensible object for which so much suffering and slaughter were incurred will be cast entirely into the background.

Let us now visit one of the field hospitals, whither the wounded are conveyed during and after a battle. Here, in a hamlet half in ruins, from having been the scene of various conflicts in the course of the military operations, lie some of the victims of war. The military surgeons are doing all that skill and humanity can accomplish to alleviate this accumulation of human suffering. One amputates a shattered limb; another probes a wound with scientific and gentle hand; whilst many a poor, prostrate creature, severely wounded, casts his imploring eyes towards the over-occupied surgeons, hoping that his case may be the next to be attended to. On a sack filled with straw lies a fine young man; there is blood upon his clothing; a musket bullet has lodged in his shoulder. He speaks not, but his lips are distended, and display a fine set of teeth clenched together: this gives a grinning yet anguished expression to his countenance. Poor fellow! his eyeballs seem starting from their sockets with almost speaking anxiety. Poor fellow! he has been stricken with lock-jaw; he will in all probability die a lingering death from starvation. No food, no liquid can pass his lips; the portals of aliment are

closed; and it is to be feared that no human skill can reopen them.

From the hospital it is but a few steps to the dead-house, where the bodies of those whose wounds have produced fatal effects are deposited for a few hours previously to receiving sepulture. In a corner of the hovel lie the mutilated remains of several gallant men. What a fine head crowns that trunk!—for it is but a trunk. This man must have been a soldier of some years' standing; his head is rather bald, and the hair on his temples is thin and grizzled. The expression of his countenance, even in death, is noble and placid; his head is pillowed on the shoulder of a pale youth, whose strength had not been sufficient to resist the wasting effects of his wounds. What can compensate the widow of the stalwart veteran, or the mother of the young man who had not yet attained his full strength, for their bereavements?

Hard by lies the body of a man whose face had been frightfully gashed by a sabre-cut, and one of whose arms had been amputated; mortification ensued, and he died, without pain, after much previous suffering. Bandaged limbs and heads—awful disfigurements from gun-shot wounds or from gashes in the face—these are the marks of the sufferings of those whose corpses add to the horrible heap.

I will not pursue this sad theme any farther. I have sketched a very faint outline only of what I have witnessed on the dread theatre of war. Its evils, however, do not cease with the enormous amount of physical suffering which it occasions: the demoralisation consequent upon war is beyond description. By degrees, and from repeated temptations, backed by bad examples, many a virtuously-disposed individual becomes habitually immoral in conversation and practice. A wandering and unsettled course of life begets a reckless state of mind; there is no *home* feeling, no magnet to attract, as is the case on occasional absences from the domestic circle on business or for recreation. The soldier becomes, by degrees, indifferent to aught but contrivances for securing his own personal conveniences on the march or in quarters: where good principles have begun to take root on a soil perhaps naturally prone to moral weakness, they almost inevitably perish under the influence of the contaminated atmosphere of the camp in time of war: and crimes which would never have suggested themselves to the mind, or been possible in the ordinary course of life, are committed without reflection and without remorse.

Cupidity, too, is fostered to a great extent in war time. The supplies for large armies in the field must be obtained at any cost: it is necessary to have recourse to intermediary persons in order to procure them; and the door is opened to peculations and malversations of all kinds, which are practised and connived at, and ramified indefinitely. At the termination of a war, some parties may have accumulated large fortunes, whilst others, who have been living in reckless luxury far beyond their original sphere or legitimate means, are suddenly reduced to a mere pittance, and the artificial wants they have acquired lead them, perhaps, to the committal of dishonourable deeds in order to supply them. The country is exhausted and burdened with liabilities which it takes years and years of heavy taxation of the people to liquidate; and it is very likely that just as the nation is beginning to recover itself—when new paths for prosperity are being discovered, and fresh sources for the employment of the industrious and scientific classes are becoming developed—at this fair and auspicious moment, when the fruits of a long peace are just within the people's reach, another political convulsion casts them again on the brink of the dreadful gulf of war.

I say that, inasmuch as that great power—steam—has brought into rapid and continued intercourse far-distant nations which, in our grandsires' days, were almost unknown to each other—that intercourse being calculated to humanise the people, and to foster the elements of peace—so, amidst the wondrous changes in every division of the world and of society which have been accomplished in our day, it would be well if a high court of arbitration were established for the settlement of conflicting political points, and thus prevent bloodshed and the perpe of crime for the attainment of objects which are the slightest importance to the masses who are the supports of the social fabric.

THE REAL AND IDEAL.

I saw her as she once did seem—
A form that haunts the poet's dream;
A ray from high, a moment felt,
With power to gladden and to melt;
A white cloud wandering in the sky,
So filled with heavenly light, the eye
Forgets that from our own dark earth
That thing of glory had its birth.

Sweet sister! even so didst thou
Appear—and so I see thee now:
Thy calm eyes, and thy silky hair,
Thy cheek so pure, and pale, and fair,
That when my soul thus dwells on thee,
I almost doubt if thou couldst be
(So heavenly bright, so meekly mild),
A fading flower, an earthly child!

Again I saw her, and though years
Had passed that filled my eyes with tears,
I knew that form, where Womanhood
Her summer bloom had gently strewed:
And on her fair arm one did lean,
With love confiding and serene,
On whose gray hairs she fixed her eyes
In playful, and yet pensive guise.

And as he folded to his breast
His darling child, and praised and blessed,
For very joy the old man wept:
Oh what an icy chilness crept
Throughout my veins, when that fair scene
I knew was but what might have been—
The blasted hope, the withered bloom,
That sleeps within her early tomb!

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.

It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a sill Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attach and were its habits more closely observed, the tame would be found to be by no means wanting in general ness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and alwa been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with a of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, o or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their sen hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute pendently of which they appear to act in so organise cautious a manner when feeding or roosting, as to d danger. Many a time has my utmost caution been avail in attempting to approach these birds; either s less step on a piece of gravel, or an eddy of wind, ho light, or letting them perceive the smallest portion person, has rendered useless whole hours of manœuvr *Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

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NATURAL ANTIQUITIES.

We all more or less experience the desire of realising the far Past. Few are insensible to the pleasure of seeing distant ages reproduced, either in the books of the antiquary or the pages of the novelist. So earnest and eager is this feeling, that we usually lament that, through neglect and the effects of time, pictures of ancient events, manners, and strains of private and public thinking, are now so imperfectly presented to us. Some may almost be said to pine for an exact reproduction of antique things and doings, never ceasing to deplore that it is unattainable. I remember when, amongst the impossible things which youth will long for, one of the predominant in my own case was, for the power of living even one day in the period of our great civil war. *That*, I felt, would have been a joy superior to all which the imagination could conceive.

Vain the wish, of course. Our knowledge of antiquities, as antiquities are usually considered, must be as accident has determined. But there is a question —Do we assign a comprehensive enough character to archæology, as the science of antiquities is called? Commonly, when we examine a remote era, we look solely for points in which it differed from our own—as in dress, style of architecture, warlike customs, forms of religion. We catch at a Roman shield as furiously as ever Dacian hewed at it, and probably feel a deeper interest in a point of mediæval church faith than the priests could then succeed in impressing on their living auditories. These things alone do we feel to be true antiquities: the external, accidental, and transient—what the caprice, ignorance, clumsiness in expedient, and defectiveness of social power dictated—are exclusively in our regard. But for any such purpose as the resuscitation of an age, as it really was, before our living eyes, it may be said to be equally necessary to keep in view what is constant and indestructible; namely, the human nature itself, and the outward facts of the world with which it is placed in relation. There is, in short, a doctrine of Natural Antiquities which is almost as greatly to the purpose as anything else.

Walking not long ago with one of my own children, and finding him lay hold of me, as is his custom, by the forefinger, the reflection occurred to me, 'how natural is this position!' Little children must have thus walked by their fathers' sides since ever our kind existed. The obvious conveniency makes the fact as clear as if we had a register all along telling us once an age, 'Little boys still hold their fathers by the forefinger as they walk together.' Here, then, is a genuine picture of a feature of domestic life of ancient ages brought up to our view at once. So also must parents, in remote ages, have found little ones gathering and clutching about their knees, and climbing up for kisses, as they do now. Since every parent finds this done now-a-days, and remembers acting in the same way by his parents in his own childhood, we need no historical evidence to prove its antiquity; yet there is a satisfaction in finding that, just as Burns the other day describes the Scottish cottager seated by his fireside at eve, with

> 'The lisping infant prattling on his knee'—

just as another English poet speaks of the rustic sire, and the young ones that

> —'climb his knee, the envied kiss to share,'

so does Virgil, half way back to the beginning of history, record as amongst the pleasant circumstances of an Italian cottage pair—

> 'Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati.'
> ['Meanwhile their darling children hang around their kisses.']

In the same beautiful scene, the Mantuan bard introduces 'sanctique patres'—'revered old fathers;' the very same image which Scott gave us, thirty years ago, in the Sandyknowe picture in *Marmion*—

> —'The thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
> Wise without learning, plain and good.'

We thus are needlessly informed that the hoary grandfather has had his seat at the cottage fireside since ever there was such a thing as a cottage fire. We may see, at this day, under almost every humble roof in Ireland, the very same image of quiet old age which might have been seen in the days of the patriarchs. It is an antiquity unchanging, and never to be changed while our species lasts.

It may be fairly presumed that this principle is always the more true the more nearly we approach the fundamental simplicities of nature. The human being is occasionally capable of being unkind to a parent, but the female is hardly ever so to her offspring, or to the infantine generally. Hence, when we see the down look of the mother upon the babe on her bosom or in her lap, we may be more than usually assured that we behold a touch of nature's grace that was in all time, as far as our species is concerned, and evermore will be. Not more true is this posture and this inimitable smile of her who bore her first babe last night, than it is of the very mothers whose blessed lot it was to be the first to exemplify it on our world. Can any common kind of proof be necessary? Oh no. Yet here, too, let us by all means have glimpses of the babe-regarding mothers of different ages. It is not much less, then, than three thousand years since an Ionic Greek, by name Homer, described Andromache taking back her infant from the arms of Hector—

> '*Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,*
> Hushed to repose, and *with a smile* surveyed.'

It was possibly five hundred years still earlier that a Hebrew, describing a woman's conduct towards the offspring of a daughter-in-law whom she loved, said—'Naomi took the child, and *laid it in her bosom*, and became nurse to it.' Oh, never was the day in man's era when gentle woman did not take mute unthanking, and yet most grateful babyhood upon her bosom, exactly as these old writers describe!

Ancient writers, while chiefly occupied with the accidental and transient, yet occasionally exhibit traits of the natural feelings which show that these have never been changed. A necessitous friend will, at the present day, obtain our assistance once or twice, without any grudge, but if he comes too often, we tire of benefaction. Now, Hesiod, who is ranked as one of the very earliest Greek writers, remarks this circumstance. A farmer in Norfolk or East Lothian would not very readily lend a plough and couple of horses to a neighbour when he had immediate use for them himself. Such, according to old Hesiod, was the feeling of the agriculturists of his day also. The over-fed man is found amongst us to be ill to please, even at the most luxuriously-furnished tables. What is this but the *mala copia* of Horace?—

> 'When the tired glutton labours through the treat,
> He'll find no relish in the sweetest meat;
> He calls for something bitter, something sour,
> And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.'

The vivid power of hope has been sung in charming strains by one of the sweetest of modern bards. We all daily feel that it 'springs eternal in the breast.' Ovid had occasion, sixty generations ago, to describe the same delightful visitant. 'The physician may forsake his patient,' says the poet of Rome, 'but hope remains with him.' It is at this day the support of the fowler and the angler in their sports: so it was when Tibullus thus wrote—

> 'Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces.'

Every peculiarity of the human constitution is an antiquity. Hippocrates's description of a fever is applicable now; and the light and short sleep of the aged is remarked by Euripides. All that results, too, from natural circumstances and wants is the same in all ages. When we sit under the tonsor, having nothing else to do, we fall into chat. The barber's shop thus becomes a centre of light talk or gossip. Now it was so in the time of Aristophanes just as it is now. A London rogue expresses much of his meaning by winks; 'a naughty person winketh with his eyes,' says Solomon in the Proverbs.

The appearances of external nature may in like manner be said to be a kind of antiquities. The sun came forth in the morning like a bridegroom to the patriarchs, as to us. When we see that magnificent spectacle, our visual sense takes in the very same objects which met the eyes of the earliest men; nay, which were presented before men lived to see them. Spring is described by Virgil in terms which would still exactly apply—

> —'Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
> Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.'
>
> ['And now the fields all teem, and every tree,
> Now bloom the groves, now smiles the beauteous year.']

But we know with not less certainty that the same renewal and repair of nature took place, in all its circumstances, at this season, innumerable ages before the Bucolics were written. The budding tree we saw in our garden last April was the type of all such objects throughout the present era of natural arrangements. Though the builder's accounts for the Pyramids were to be found to-morrow, they could not be a more satisfactory piece of archæology, while in comparison of date they would be as things of yesterday. The meanest flower that blows has the same character. That one, 'sweet, modest, crimson-tipped,' which Burns apostrophised—we see it in the hands of admiring childhood whenever we choose to walk out to a Scotch burn-side. It was the delight of our fathers in their childish days too. William Wallace, six centuries ago, 'pu'ed the gowans fine' at Elderslie, as children would be seen doing there at this very day. It was the same when the Romans came among the Attacotti—the same before man's foot had yet intruded into this island. Keep away from the garden and the hothouse, all nature is but an antiquarian museum; singular only in this, that it has few doubtful readings, and no memorials of which the purpose is forgotten.

As already hinted, we are only disposed to consider that an object for antiquarianism which brings the men of past ages, and their modes of thinking and acting, before us. We therefore see a tooth of the holoptychius, or a shell of the mountain limestone, and know that it is thousands of thousands of years old, without having any feeling of this kind about it. Yet though natural objects present us with no trace of the handiwork of the ancients, many of them are necessarily liable to be associated with our race. All which we know to have existed of old under the contemplation of men, may well bring the men before our minds. To look on the moon, for example, and reflect that it is the same object which Pompey beheld the night before Pharsalia, does in some measure realise Pompey to us. Walking in a pleasant valley beside a lake, in weather which invites us to sleep in grottos or arbours, and hearing cattle lowing, we may be said to bring Virgil before our eyes, for these things *he* saw often, and has well described.* It may at the same time be acknowledged that we have a more powerfully appealing kind of natural antiquities in the human dispositions and habits, and all the little circumstances necessarily attending human life.

A child sitting on our knee, or clasping us round the neck—the look of gentle affection from the partner of our home—the whole scenery of the fireside, from the gray-haired sire or venerable grandam to the clambering infant, from the active bustle of the morning to the smiling quiet of the evening—the gestures and looks by which the passions are instinctively demonstrated—the appearances produced on us by cold or heat, by activity and by indolence—these are all natural antiquities of what I may call the first class. Seeing these, it becomes little better than folly to delight in an ancient Egyptian wig, or a picture of an old woman spinning brought from Thebes, for here we have the very fathers of our race, the true *prisca gens mortalium*, brought up before us.

RIVER PERILS.

Various books have been written upon the perils of the sea, but we are inclined to think that the perils of rivers would form a subject of more universal interest. The sea is known to comparatively few, and indeed a great portion of the people, even of these islands, live and die without having ever seen it. But the river is bound up with the memories, affections, and sympathies of us all. The burn or rivulet, the stream, the torrent, all have the legends of the heart and the imagination; and one-half of the inventions of romance and the dreams of poetry have there either their scene or their source. We may smile at the superstition of the eastern nations, but we all unconsciously deify our own rivers. We take to our hearts the Thames or the Severn, the Shannon, the Forth, or the Clyde. We compare them with the streams of other countries; and although candidly allowing their inferiority in some unimportant respects, such as volume, beauty, or rapidity, as the case may be, we assert with heat their pre-eminence in some other quality—only essential, perhaps, in our own recollections and associations.

This train of ideas has been set in motion by a short passage in a very little book.† It is a description by Mr Miller of a phenomenon which occurs in the Trent.

---

* ——— 'At latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,
Non absint.'

† The Boy's Summer Book.

'There are not many rivers up which the tide, or heygre, as it is called in the country, comes; and those who never before beheld such a sight would be struck with fear and astonishment. Fancy yourself in a boat on a broad, calm river, in a still summer's evening, borne gently along by the current, and scarcely a ripple on the smooth surface of the water, saving what is made by the swallow as it every now and then dips down. Away you go, laughing and chatting, and leaving the boat to its own lazy motion, just gliding along as it likes past the old town, beyond the last wharf, below the white mill; away and away, between winding banks, where willows are ever waving; between sweet meadows, where flocks bleat and herds low; leaving one village on the right hand, and another on the left, and still moving along with a kind of dreamy, idle motion, just as the water wills it, just as the boat chooses to drop down; when, hark! hush! what sound is that which comes like the first roaring of a storm through the forest? Although it is yet above a mile off, you hear that low sullen roar, deepening every moment as it draws closer. Louder and louder—nearer and nearer it approaches. Then you hear a distant shout of human voices; sailor calling to sailor, ship answering to ship; onward and onward the alarm is sounded, repeated by the boat above you, as you send downward the cry of "Ware heygre!" which is taken up and echoed by every boat upon the river for miles away. Steady, boys! "swape" her head half round, so that her nose shall just plough the high hill of water which is coming down thundering upon us. How awful it looked!—a huge wall of water swelling within twenty feet of us, as if some huge monster, large as the hills, had suddenly risen from the deep river-bed, and that was the swell he made before heaving his gigantic and hideous head above the surface of the river! Fear not, my boys; we pardon your looking a little pale, as this is the first time you have been out on such an adventure. Steady, steady! we shall be upset if you all rush to the opposite side of the boat, and she will be turned bottom upwards in a moment. Be firm; fear not, move not! Hold on by the "thofts" and side as firmly as you like; but, at the peril of your lives, move not! It comes! Bang! dash!—up in the air, and down with a plunge that almost makes us dizzy. Steady, round with her head—and we are off like an arrow from a bow—half-filled with water, it is true, and drenched to the very skin; but ours is a good, strong, deep boat, made for the stormy sea service; and we have an old rusty saucepan at the bottom, ready to bale her out with. So hurrah, my boys! for now we have nothing to fear. What a pace we go! Jove! it is like dashing down the Falls of the Niagara! There never was a vessel in the world went quicker through half a mile of water than we have done. What a grand sight!—was it not? The very trees on the bank seemed to be flying in the air, so rapidly did we dart past them; and as for the houses, every window seemed to dance by in long lines of light!'

While musing on this vivid description; our thoughts are carried to a kindred phenomenon we have often witnessed in the Seine, where the river begins to narrow at Caudebec. The *barre*, as it is there called, is the water of the sea rushing up, mountain-high, as the phrase is, and carrying all before it. A curious circumstance once occurred near Caudebec, showing the tremendous strength of the torrent. There was an island called Belcinne, opposite the town, on which stood a convent celebrated both for the poverty and piety of the monks; and this island, with all its buildings and inhabitants, was ingulphed one day by the barre, and utterly disappeared. The superstition of the time of course attached a legend to the circumstance, which was described as having happened for no other purpose than to give a salutary lesson to the great feudal lord of the place; but the inventions of men sink into insignificance when compared with the wonders of nature, as you shall hear.

Centuries passed away, and the little island of the Seine was only remembered in tradition. Nay, as manners changed, and old opinions became shaken, some people even doubted whether it ever had any existence at all, except in the legends of the monks; when lo and behold, Belcinne rose suddenly up one day from the bottom of the Seine like an apparition of the past! This was in the year 1641; and the inhabitants of Caudebec could hardly believe their eyes when they saw in the river before them, hardly a stone's-cast from the bank, that traditional island, with its convent walls, which were now not even a memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.' The sequel is thus described by the writer of the present notice in a pictorial description of the beautiful river in question:—'It did not remain long the object of their gaze. The waters of the Seine, as if conscious of the presence or approach of some terrible phenomenon, shuddered visibly. A low moaning sound was heard along the river, and presently a white line appeared in the distance, extending from shore to shore. The noise increased, till it resembled first the bellowing of a herd of wild beasts, and then the roar of a cataract. The white line appeared to be a wave of boiling foam rushing against the stream, and revolving, as it rushed, on its own axis. Sometimes it broke on the prow of a vessel steering down to the sea, and sometimes it lifted her up, and dashed her headlong upon a sandbank, formed at the instant, as if for her destruction. Occasionally it overflowed the terrace-banks of the Seine, sweeping away cattle, huts, and men at one blow; but immediately recalling its forces, it held on its wild career, shouting the louder as it flew, and increasing in magnitude, till it resembled a hill of foam. On reaching Quillebœuf, nearly opposite Lillebonne, straitened by the immense sandbanks which there almost choke up the river, its fury seemed to attain its climax. This was only in appearance, however. Carrying everything before it, it continued its deadly force, more calm, but not less fatal, along the narrow stream, till, rolling past Caudebec, and swallowing up the island of Belcinne, with its convent walls, at a mouthful, it appeared to spend its rage, and gradually subside in the distance.'*

The barre occurs every month, with greater or less force, at a certain period of the tide, and not unfrequently does mischief, notwithstanding the regularity of its appearance. The celebrated St Pierre, author of the Studies of Nature, when once voyaging up the Seine, was so astonished to see himself pursued by a hill of foam, that he stood up in the boat to gaze at it; and the consequence was, that the leap his vessel gave when she was overtaken by the enemy sent him headlong into the river, and he narrowly escaped being drowned.

We were once in danger not less than that of St Pierre, when crossing the Severn at a considerable distance from the sea. The tide was out, and we had rather extensive sands to cross before reaching the narrow channel of the river near the opposite bank. A man working on the shore warned us that there was danger; and we might the rather have believed him, that we had ourselves heard of carriages, horses, and human beings falling a prey at the same place to the sudden influx of the sea. But we had calculated the time of the tide, and, moreover, had taken it into our wise heads that the man had some concern in the little inn close by, where he doubtless wanted us to remain for the night, as the evening was close at hand. In short, we were stubborn; and, like most stubborn people, had good cause to repent our folly.

For some distance the sand was firm, and we trudged sturdily on; but by degrees it began to slip more and more under our feet. This we knew was a symptom of the returning tide, and we began to think, in some alarm, that we might have made a miscalculation. The man on the shore, however, had given up his work to

* Wanderings by the Seine.

gaze after us; and this, instead of determining our return, had the effect of urging us onward till it would have been more dangerous to return than to proceed. The sand, in the meantime, slipped more and more. We could not rest our feet for an instant, without their sinking. Pools of water were formed, as it seemed to us, before our eyes; and several times we were up to the knee in the treacherous and triumphant element. The channel was now at hand—it was gained. But what of that? The ferry-boat was lying alone and empty on the opposite bank. It was obvious that the hour was past when passengers were expected, for no human being was visible near the cottage. We called—we shouted—we screamed; and we could hear faintly in the distance the voice of the man whose warning we had neglected trying to add to the din.

Hitherto we had been comparatively easy, for we had something to do. The toil of pressing on with a determinate landmark before us had filled our mind, and left little room for apprehension; but now that we could advance no farther, that no exertion of ours could bring us one foot nearer the firm land, it was indeed awful to stand, or rather dance, upon these shifting sands, to feel our footing more insecure every instant, and to hear in imagination the roar of the coming tide. We were at length seen from the shore; and the frantic haste of the ferrymen, as they rushed towards their boat, proved, if nothing else had done so, that the moment was critical. But in spite of their haste, we blamed them for their tardiness. Never were hands so useless, or feet so slow! Never did boat creep through the water so drowsily! But at length they were within reach—we were dragged on board—and in a few moments were once more safe on shore! Our alarm had not been without foundation; for in a very few minutes no sand was visible from bank to bank—all was one hissing, bursting, boiling sea.

There are other rivers in England as dangerous as the Severn. We all remember the anecdote related in Dr Currie's Life of Burns of the traveller who was overtaken by the tide of the Solway. He lashed himself to a pole, whence his cries were heard throughout the night; but the hopes which had nerved the arm and pitched the voice of the poor wretch were fallacious. His position could not be ascertained in the darkness; the river rose above his head; and the returning light showed his dead body hanging over the sand.

The frequency of accidents may seem surprising in the case of such regularly-recurring phenomena as the rise and fall of rivers; but the same 'tempting of Providence,' as it is called, takes place in every situation in which human nature is placed. A soldier, for instance, goes into battle with the absolute certainty upon his mind that it will cost the lives of a particular number of hundreds or thousands of men; but he has rarely any suspicion that he himself is to be one of the victims. We always fancy that there is something special in our own case which will shield us from harm; and indeed a recent writer, in speculating upon the subject, has gone so far as to hazard the opinion that no man, under any circumstances whatever, believes himself to be about to die. He may take leave of his friends, and lay down his head upon the pillow; the executioner may adjust the rope about his neck; the waters of a river, 'in the deep waste and middle of the night,' may gurgle in his throat and hiss in his ears—but still there is a secret, lurking hope at the bottom of his heart, which flies only with the last breath of life.

The imprudences of men as individuals, are perpetually renewed in their proceedings as aggregate bodies. A village that has been destroyed by the eruption of a volcano is rebuilt on the same spot, as soon as the lava is hard enough to render it practicable. When the inundations of a river have subsided, the inhabitants return to reconstruct their dwellings in the same places whence they had been driven by the rise of the water. In some countries this recklessness arises from the apathy of a religious fatalism. In Bengal, when its banks are flooded by the Ganges, it is common to see the peasantry calmly smoking on the tops of their huts, which rise like islets out of the waste of waters. If it is the will of the gods that the river is to recede before their frail habitation, built of mud and reeds, crumbles beneath them, it will do so: if not, they must perish—and very often, accordingly, both house and master disappear from the face of the earth before the eyes of the passing boatmen, with no other sound than the gurgle of the water as it devours its unresisting prey.

The vagaries of rivers, however, are not confined to the waylaying of an incautious traveller, or the destruction of a hut or a village. Their 'treasure-caves and cells' are filled with the paraphernalia of kings, and whole cities sleep in their tremendous embraces. Nor are the consequences of their permanent recession less terrible. A considerable portion of the valley of the Nile has become a desert, not from the inundations of the stream, but from the disappearance of its fertilising branches. From this cause Memphis sleeps in her grave of sand, with the Pyramids for her monument; and from the river to the Libyan mountains all is solitude and desolation.

The Indus, in like manner, has obliterated the historical footsteps of Alexander the Great as completely as the returning tide effaces the print of a child's gambols upon the sand. Medals are found, to attest his march along the banks, but the towns and cities have disappeared; and here, as in the valley of the Nile, nothing more than names remain, to serve as subjects for the controversies of the learned. This applies to the lower Indus, after the five rivers of the Punjab have united in one vast stream; but even before this junction, we are assured by Lieutenant Wood, in his journey to the Oxus, that the waters in some places, during the season of inundation, are so broad, that 'from a boat in their centre no land can be discovered, save the islands upon the surface, and the mountains upon the western shore!'

The appearance of the river in such places is faintly imaged by that of the Shannon in Ireland, where the voyager threads his way among small green islands, some hardly seen above the surface, and some closing the horizon from view with their waving hay or corn. But in India everything is on a great scale. The boatman wanders for hours out of sight of the mainland, bewildered and lost among the multitude of island-fields, with no sound in his ear to diversify that of the dip of his paddle except the moaning call of the plover. But suddenly a voice salutes him, as if from the deep, and he sweeps past a human being alone in this terrible solitude, and busy in detaching the edible roots of the bulrush, as the speck of land on which he leans is melting away under the action of the current. A larger island, however, is now neared, although little more than level with the water's edge; and from the luxuriant vegetation which covers it, there comes a confused hubbub of sounds, composed of the shouts of men, the screams of women, the yells of children, and the lowing of cattle. A family from the mainland had migrated to this oasis in the watery wilderness in search of pasture for their cattle and bulrushes for themselves. The moment had now come, however, when the island was to be submerged by the rising of the river; and although, like ourselves in our non-adventure in the Severn, they had made their calculations, they are almost too late. The men and women dismantle their reed-built huts in an instant, placing the materials on a raft, while the youths scamper off to collect the cattle. But how is the colony to be conveyed? Where be their luggage-boats and transports? The raft suffices for the inanimate objects; and as for themselves—plunge goes a buffalo into the water, and plunge goes the pilot-herdsman after him, seated on a bundle of dried grass, and holding fast by the animal's tail. The rest of the herd follow the lead, helter-skelter, driven in by the long lances of the young men. These, as well as the older folks, male and

female, fling themselves upon inflated hides, and follow the mad cortége; while the children, propped upon dried gourds, dance like bubbles in their wake. That this is a river peril may well be supposed; but custom renders the natives callous. The passing voyager enjoys the fun, and claps his hands at their headlong hurry and mishaps; while the flying colony, who are on their way to the next island, reply with Indian Billingsgate, till the two parties, on that seemingly shoreless sea, are out of sight and hearing of each other.

It is not possible to exhaust a subject like this. It would lead us from continent to continent, and from country to country, throughout the whole habitable globe, and the whole world's history. Nothing that romance has invented, nothing that poetry has dreamed, can equal in beauty and sublimity, in interest and excitement, even the every-day history of a river. Yes: but of a river whose phenomena, although always in accordance with the wonderful regularity of nature, are yet sufficiently uncertain in the eyes of man to give scope for his blunders, and offer temptation to his imprudence. There are as few streams in nature as there are characters among the human kind to whom the words of the poet can be applied—

> 'Though deep, yet clear, though tranquil, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

GOSSIP AND MISCHIEF.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

> 'Ye wise, secure with bars of brass
> The double doors through which we pass;
> For once escaped, back to our cell
> No art of man can us compel!'
> *Mrs Barbauld's 'Enigma on Words.'*

A word once let fall cannot be brought back by a chariot and six horses.—*Chinese Proverb.*

It was in a pleasant drawing-room, opening on to a lawn and flower-garden, that on a pleasant summer evening some eight or ten friends were assembled to drink tea. There were two maiden ladies of uncertain ages, but very certain fortunes; and Mr and Mrs Jessop—he the chief apothecary of Broomfield, expecting every moment to be 'called out' to relieve some ill that flesh is heir to, and rather fearful of losing his importance should no such catastrophe happen; and yet in his heart knowing very well that he should enjoy a quiet evening and unbroken rubber of whist amazingly. Then there was a retired officer, a middle-aged bachelor, who tortured a flute, and drew from it excruciating shrieks, which, however, he called an accompaniment to the piano. In short, it was just one of those sociable meetings of every-day sort of people which, in a sociable place like Broomfield, are occurring somewhere or other every night in the year. Mr Webster, the host, was the principal attorney of the place, a good sort of man, and strictly honourable in his profession; and his wife was a little bustling body, fond and proud of her husband, and prodigiously jealous of new-comers, who might take away his clients. Indeed so very much interested was she in all things that could aggrandise his fortune, that she was rather distrustful of those happy acquaintances who kept out of law, and could find nothing in which Mr Webster might help them.

Dora Leigh, the youngest of the party, was on intimate terms with all. She was a kind-hearted girl, of one or two-and-twenty, free from care, and full of health and spirits. With deep blue eyes, regular features, and a profusion of rich golden hair, she was almost pretty enough to have set up for a 'belle;' indeed, now that her most intimate friend *the* beauty of Broomfield had become Mrs Fowler, there were many who were inclined to promote Dora by a sort of brevet rank, until some magnificent candidate should come forward to eclipse her. She had gained, too, some little consequence from officiating as bridesmaid to the *ci-devant* Grace Smythe; and from being, as her intimate associate, most certainly lifted into a higher sphere than that in which she had moved before; for the portionless beauty had married as the world calls 'well;' that is to say, a man of large fortune, and of good family. But she had married well in a much better sense, Mr Fowler being a high-minded man, and full of generous feelings. He was considerably older than his wife, she being about Dora's age, and he just forty; but a disparity of this sort often proves of very little consequence, when characters and tastes are congenial. Perhaps, with a peculiarly sensitive nature like that of Mr Fowler, it had the effect of making him more devoted, more attentive, more thoughtful and watchful over her happiness than a younger husband might have proved; for he felt a sort of gratitude to her for bestowing her young and warm affections on him in preference to some more outwardly attractive rivals. But necessary as it is, this has been a long digression from Mrs Webster's tea-party, where, to own the truth, a sort of gossip was going on, which now and then passed the boundary-line, and merged into scandal.

'A fine house, you know, don't make happiness,' said one of the party; 'and I cannot but think Grace Smythe must have liked some of her younger admirers better than that serious-looking middle-aged man. By the way, I wonder she don't make him dye his hair: I could not but notice at church last Sunday how gray he has grown.'

Dora laughed. The idea of Mr Fowler, the very personification, in her eyes, of truth and intelligence, dyeing his hair, presented itself to her mind as irresistibly ludicrous.

'Why do you laugh?' said one of the maiden ladies, pulling her cap forward by an instinct which thus betrayed the secret she was anxious to keep.

'I was thinking,' replied Dora, 'that if Mr Fowler should stand for Broomfield at the next election, as there is some talk of his doing, and meanwhile were to dye his hair, what a jest it would be in the mouths of his opponents. And as for Grace liking her younger admirers better than Mr Fowler, she would have married one of them if she had.'

'Ah, if she could; but perhaps though they fluttered about her, they did not propose.'

'Indeed but they did; some of them, *I know*,' replied Dora warmly; 'though Grace was much too generous to boast of such things. Besides, she would have had many more offers if she had been heartless enough to lead her admirers on for the mere triumph of refusing them. It is not because people don't talk of their lovers that they have them not; and Grace was one who never made a boast of her conquests.'

'And much to her credit,' chimed in the bachelor major.

Dora's emphatic 'I know' had impressed her hearers with the conviction that she was entirely in Mrs Fowler's confidence. This was quite true; they had been like sisters from childhood, and had shared with each other the thousand-and-one secrets and mysteries which young girls for the most part create out of the most harmless nothings. In a recent instance, however, this confidence had assumed a graver and less innocent character; for Grace had had the weakness or fondness to betray to her friend a circumstance which her husband had related to her, the concealment of which was conducive to the happiness and peace of mind of more than one individual. It is true that its publicity could not affect the lives, property, or character of the living; but it would be attended with very painful results nevertheless.

'It must be very disagreeable,' said Mrs Jessop, still pursuing the discourse about the absent—'it must be very disagreeable to Mrs Fowler, I should think, to have her husband's niece constantly residing with them.'

'My dear,' interposed her spouse, 'no other home would be so proper for Miss Danvers, I think.'

'She is very amiable, I believe?' returned the lady interrogatively, and appealing by a look to Dora, who

found herself referred to as an authority, and was not quite insensible to the consequence she had derived.

'Very amiable indeed,' she replied; 'and as clever as she is kind and good.'

'And rich!' exclaimed another. 'They say she will have twenty thousand pounds when she is of age.'

'Not quite so much as that.' And Dora, unconsciously to herself, spoke with the air of one who could give very exact information if she chose.

'I never could understand why my husband was not allowed to make Mrs Danvers' will,' exclaimed the hostess, who was busy at the tea-table, and had alternated a few interjectional remarks on the Fowlers, with inquiries of her guests touching their predilections for green tea or black. 'Mr Webster has made Mr Fowler's own will, and transacted his most private business. The idea of taking his sister up to London in her weak state of health, not three months before her death, and arranging all her affairs with a London lawyer, seemed to me very ridiculous.'

'People little know what a good reason there was for that proceeding,' said Dora in a low voice to Mrs Jessop, who sat next her.

'Indeed! A secret?' responded the lady in a whisper. 'Well, I have heard as much.'

'Have you really?'

'Oh, long ago—I forget the particulars.'

'Then I must not refresh your memory, though I know all about it,' the thoughtless girl could not forbear adding.

Oh, Dora, Dora! beware the petty pride of boasting that a confidence has been placed in you! You are caught in the net of an artful woman, who laughs in her sleeve to think how easily you are deceived, and who never heard that a word of mystery was attached to Mrs Danvers or her daughter, till your pride of the trust reposed in you betrayed that you were unworthy of it.

'What do you say to a walk in the garden?' exclaimed Mrs Jessop so soon as the tea equipage was removed. The proposition was voted an excellent one. The drawing-room opened to a verandah, whence one step conducted to the refreshing turf and serpentine gravelled paths. Naturally, the party divided into twos and threes; some to talk politics, some (of the ladies) to descant on that self-supplying, inexhaustible theme—domestic management; one relating how and why she had given her housemaid warning, and another declaring her cook had got quite the upper hand, believing her mistress would put up with anything, because her 'master' said (oh, rare excellence!) her simple roasts and broils were perfection. One or two of the party perhaps noticed the gorgeous August sunset spreading across the sky its gold and Tyrian dyes, the mighty herald-banner of night and her glittering train. And doubtless the eyes that were uplifted to this contemplation regarded also things more near, and marked how the convolvuli folded themselves to rest, how the shrubs deepened almost to black, and the roses blushed to darker crimson with the deepening twilight. But the pure, and beautiful, and odorous lily-bell was the last and longest to shed around the daylight's fading rays, till in the deep shadow it seemed, like Truth, a self-sustaining light!

Neither regarding sunset nor summer flowers, however, Mrs Jessop contrived a *tête-à-tête* with Dora Leigh, drawing her, as if by accident, into the least attractive and most secluded of the many paths which meandered through Mr Webster's rather extensive grounds. This done, by the old trick—though old tricks are new to the young and unsuspicious—of appearing to be cognisant of all she wished to know, the artful, unprincipled woman succeeded in her object; and Dora Leigh, almost before she was conscious of her weakness, had betrayed the confidence of her dearest friend!

The cold-hearted, narrow-minded scandal-monger gloated over the intelligence she had thus extracted, just as if the evil or misfortunes of others removed so many of their thorns from her own path; while, day by day, Dora Leigh became more conscious that something was at her heart which robbed it of its serenity—the memory of her fatal error! And this became a haunting Presence, which no sophistry of her own could dispel.

Months had passed away, and the scene was a very different one from Mrs Webster's flower-garden. Dora Leigh was now on a visit to her friend Mrs Fowler, who had requested her society for a month, as the best consolation she could find for the unavoidable absence of her husband, he being on the continent transacting some affairs in which the interests of a political friend were vitally at stake. His niece, Selina Danvers, of course remained at home with Mrs Fowler, who often smiled when she had occasion to play the chaperon to companions so nearly of her own age. A circumstance, however, had occurred which rendered it likely that, so far as Selina was concerned, her matronly duties would soon cease. A very few days after her uncle's departure, Miss Danvers had received an offer of marriage from a gentleman every way worthy of her, and so far as worldly position was concerned, highly eligible for a husband. Handsome, amiable, and intelligent, Arthur Staunton was well calculated to win affection; and the truth was, that Selina was deeply and sincerely attached to him. Moreover, he was heir to a baronetcy, and in present possession of an ample fortune. So very certain was Mrs Fowler of her husband's opinion of him, that she had exercised her matronly authority so far as to sanction his addresses, and permit his frequent, almost daily visits. Of course she had written all these particulars to her husband; and she was delighted to find he approved of her conduct. In one of his letters, however, there occurred these words: 'But rejoiced as I am to hear of such a prospect of happiness for Selina, I wish I had been on the spot; for there is a circumstance which ought to be communicated both to Mr Staunton and his father, and which could be explained verbally far more pleasantly than by letter. *You* know the sad story to which I allude. However, a few weeks' delay can signify but little, though I feel very uneasy until they know the truth.'

'I wish I could show you your uncle's letter,' said Mrs Fowler to Selina, who had waited with throbbing heart and flushed cheeks to gain some glimmering of its contents; 'but there are some secrets in it,' she added with a forced smile. 'However, he will write to you himself by the next post, and tell you how heartily he rejoices in your prospects.' And in due time the letter arrived, and henceforth Selina felt that it was scarcely possible a cloud could come athwart the horizon of her destiny.

No such arrangement had ever been verbally made; but somehow or other it grew into a habit for young Staunton to ride over to Mr Fowler's, a distance of only three miles, every morning, and offer his attendance on the ladies in their walks or drives, and in fact enter into any project which might be in agitation. And no doubt he felt duly grateful to Mrs Fowler for pursuing the charitable and considerate system of pairing off with Dora Leigh whenever opportunity offered, and leaving him to pay exclusive attention, and enjoy mysterious low-toned *tête-à-têtes* with the lady of his love. That these were not very wearying, may be presumed from the fact, that he seemed to grow every day more and more anxious to take her entirely to himself, and earnestly intreated Mrs Fowler to commence preparations for the wedding, instead of waiting, as she insisted on doing, till her husband's return to England.

But on one eventful morning the usual hour of his coming had passed without Arthur making his appearance; and this, moreover, on an occasion when he had actually made an engagement and appointment to be with them. Selina said little, but moved often to the window; while her sense of hearing, quickened even to a degree of fantasy, imagined the sound of his horse's

hoofs half a dozen times. Mrs Fowler looked at her watch more than once, and with mock gravity railed at the inconstancy of lovers; but her raillery was in reality born of that full trust and security which could alone have permitted it. Dora Leigh, on the contrary, said little, but was full of vague apprehensions, which every now and then possessed her, she hardly dared ask herself why.

Presently there was a sound. No fancy now: it was really a horse's gallop; and scarcely had this stopped, when the sonorous peal of the bell proclaimed that it had obeyed some impetuous touch. The next instant the gates were flung open, and hastening towards the house, Arthur threw his reins to the groom, and, all splashed as he was, from choosing a short but bad road, made his way into the presence of the ladies, almost without giving time for a servant's announcement. It was evident at a glance that something terrible had happened, for his countenance bore the expression of intense anguish, and he seemed for a while unable to articulate; and when at last he did speak, in answer to hasty interrogations and exclamations, his words were incoherent. Selina had taken his hand, rather than he having offered his; and, in her anxious questioning, had leaned the other upon his shoulder, and brought her face near to his own. The action seemed to arouse him; and, holding her for a moment at arm's length, he exclaimed, gazing at her as if he would read her very soul—'No, no!—you are in ignorance of the truth. It cannot be that you would have deceived me!'

'Deceived you? Never!' she cried, and perhaps the unwavering light of her clear soft eyes was even more convincing than her words. 'Of what did you suspect me?'

'Perhaps Mr Staunton will give me an interview?' interrupted Mrs Fowler, with as much composure as she could command, for her countenance had assumed a livid hue, and she leant for support on the back of a chair.

Meanwhile Dora Leigh had sunk upon a sofa, and her features seemed almost convulsed with internal agony. But just then no one observed her.

'As you please,' murmured Arthur Staunton, and he followed Mrs Fowler into another room.

'Will you tell me what you mean by deception,' said she after a moment's pause, 'or shall I guess?'

'It will be no guess,' he replied; 'I can see that you know to what I allude.'

'I think I do. But rest assured of two things: first, that Selina is in perfect ignorance of those sad events, a knowledge of which would make her feel shame for the memory of one parent, and pity for that of the other. Only on his deathbed did Captain Danvers confess himself a bigamist; only then did he acknowledge, what the precautionary arrangement of his affairs would almost have announced, that a youthful entanglement with an unworthy object, followed by a secret marriage, had prevented *her* being legally his wife whom he had wronged from his selfish but absorbing passion, but for whom, for twenty years, he had felt increasing love and devotion. This canker-worm at his heart had laid the seeds, there is little doubt, of the disease which carried him off; and his widow—for so I insist on calling her—never rallied from the shock of that bitter, cruel knowledge. Think you it would have been wise or well to afflict their innocent child by apprising her of the ignominy which attaches to her birth?'

'It is true, then?' murmured Arthur, not heeding the last question, and drooping his head upon his hand: 'I had hoped, even against hope, that the whole story was a fabrication.'

'It is true,' returned Mrs Fowler, 'as you would have been informed, with every detail, before now, had my husband been at home—and he will be at home to-morrow to speak for himself. Meanwhile, you may comprehend my reasons for delaying all preparations for the marriage. But stay and I will show you a letter in which he alludes to his intentions'—and fortunately the letter was at hand. 'And now, tell me,' she continued, 'how have you heard this story, which I believed to be a profound secret?'

'A secret! Why, it is the talk of all Broomfield, and with the most gross exaggerations—exaggerations that make out Mr Fowler to have lent the shield of his protection and sanction to his sister's disgrace during long years, in which Selina lived beneath a roof where infamy was her example.'

An exclamation of agony escaped Mrs Fowler's lips, and she clasped her hands as if in some mental appeal to the Most High. Arthur Staunton proceeded—'I may as well tell you the truth. My father, who, with all his high qualities, is of a most impetuous temper, and whose one weakness is inordinate family pride, has forbidden our union under pain of his lasting displeasure, and has already started for London to meet Mr Fowler there. He knows the hotel at which to find him, and I dread to dream even of the consequences of their interview.'

Horror at this story being the 'talk of Broomfield,' now yielded to the terror of that meeting; for Sir William Staunton was in the army, and Mrs Fowler had reason to know that he entertained those impious and ridiculous notions which too often belong to what is falsely called 'the code of honour.' For a little while she was stunned by the anguish of her mind; but presently it seemed strung up to a supernatural power of exertion. She sought Dora Leigh to ask her sympathy, and perhaps even her advice, though utterly unsuspicious that this sorrow had come upon them from her weakness and want of good faith. But with all Dora's faults, meanness and moral cowardice were not among them, and she was prepared to confess her error, even before her changing cheek and trembling form betrayed it.

What a distressing, humiliating scene was that which followed between those two dear friends! And Dora Leigh was most overpowered, because no word of reproach escaped from Mrs Fowler. She felt she could have crawled in the dust before her.

'Dora, I am more to blame than you are,' she exclaimed through her tears, for tears had now come to her relief—'I betrayed the trust of my husband; you have only been false to friendship.'

'Bless you for your mercy!' returned the other; 'but something must be done. I will go up to London directly—this very day—will see Mr Fowler, confess my fault, appease his wrath before he returns home—before you see him.'

'No,' said Mrs Fowler, 'not that; for I will go with you. I had thought of this before: I will take my husband's letter, and at anyrate prove to Sir William there was no intention that he should be deceived. Alas! my husband, if once insulted by suspicion, may be too proud to defend himself.'

During this interview Arthur Staunton had found his way again to Selina's side. He was in a calmer temper, and full of love and trust; but he evaded an answer to her anxious questioning. He would not for worlds have been the one to let in the sorrowful knowledge to her heart. Her dismay was great when she found Mrs Fowler and Dora preparing for their sudden journey; a journey evidently occasioned by the mystery in which she was not permitted to participate. Yet she felt that, whatever it was, she was surrounded by those who loved her; and she strove to find comfort in Mrs Fowler's assurance, that 'her uncle would explain everything to her.'

It was evening: in a private well-lighted drawing-room of one of London's palace-like hotels stood two individuals, for the visitor had refused to be seated, and the other, though under the dominion of aroused passions, was by habit too much of a gentleman to return to his chair. He was also much too gentlemanly to enter upon a noisy vulgar quarrel; and whatever their discourse had been, it had not been heard beyond the room. But a painter who had studied the expression of human emotions would have interpreted the feelings which were at work.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mrs Fowler was announced, followed as we know by Dora Leigh. Her first impulse, after so long a separation, was to rush into her husband's arms, forgetting for a moment, in the joy of seeing him, both her fault and her sorrow. But men are rarely such creatures of impulse as we are; and Mr Fowler was by no means so oblivious. But in extenuation of his harshness, we must remember that his proud sensitive nature was writhing under the knowledge, just received, that she had betrayed his confidence. He stretched forth his arm rigidly to prevent her nearer approach, exclaiming, 'Stay, stay; your unexpected presence here convinces me that explanations are indeed necessary.'

The wretched and rebuked wife slid, as it were, into a chair, for her limbs refused their support. And as she leaned upon its arm, large silent tears of agony coursed down her cheek. They might have been unobserved by her husband, though not by Sir William Staunton, whose impetuous temper had been somewhat relieved by its first outbreak. Perhaps his son could have named a second weakness of character—for certainly some people might have thought his soldierly gallantry and devotion to the gentler sex bordered on one. He had often been heard to say he would rather oppose a charge of cavalry than have to refuse the request of a weeping woman. Dora Leigh had remained standing; and now, with courtier-like civility, Sir William drew forward a chair. She, however, declined to be seated; and approaching Mrs Fowler, took her hand—the hand which grasped her husband's letter—and holding it, as if by that affectionate clasp strength was given and received, commenced, in a clear though trembling voice, the history of the betrayal. She attempted no extenuation of herself; but two men of the world were able, from that very candour, to perceive that her fault had not been deliberate; and that she had been in a great measure the dupe of a heartless gossip. She shed no tears until she spoke of Mrs Fowler, and even then she tried to drive them back as hindrances to her speech. But she grew eloquent from the very intensity of her feelings; and when she thought a *look* of Mr Fowler meant that his wife's conduct was inexcusable, she exclaimed, 'Blame *me*—blame me as much as you will; but forgive and pity her. Remember we have been as with one heart and mind from babyhood—the habit of a life is not to be easily broken. One year ago I should have been wronged—yes, wronged, for friendship has its rights—by her hiding a care from me; and though I know and feel that now she is bound by a higher and dearer duty still, it was a knowledge not to be recognised at once. Mr Fowler, she betrayed your confidence in the early days of her marriage, before she had grown used to do without my sympathy—before she thoroughly knew the duties of a wife. You must forgive her, indeed you must; and not only forgive her, but confide in her if possible more than ever.'

Mr Fowler passed his hand across his eyes; and whether he felt compelled to obey the authority Dora assumed, or that his own heart was pleading, he hardly knew himself. It is enough that he found himself, by some strange magnetism, by the side of his wife, with an arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder.

'And the innocent,' continued Dora, approaching Sir William—'is the innocent Selina alone to suffer?'

He did not answer for a moment; there was a struggle still going on in his heart, but presently he approached Mr Fowler, and holding out his hand, exclaimed, 'Let all our bitter words be forgotten, and let our union defy the malice of the Broomfield gossips.'

A warm and cordial grasp was the best reply. 'And Selina,' murmured Mrs Fowler; 'can we still keep this tragic story from her?'

'I fear not,' replied her husband with a sigh.

'It has been a bitter lesson,' sobbed Dora.

'May all wives profit by it!' said Mrs Fowler, looking fondly and pleadingly at her husband: 'it is but half a marriage without perfect confidence. Trust the wife who loves you better and better every day, who has lost all girlish awe of your superiority, who has learned to pour out her own giddy heart before you: trust her, it was the childish bride who betrayed you. Trust me—trust me for the future: you must promise?'

And notwithstanding the past, he did so promise.

Fears lest the exaggerated story should reach Selina's ears abruptly, induced her best friends to break to her the exact truth; but the shock to her mind was such that it delayed her marriage some months. And perhaps, to the kindly hearts and really generous nature of the two 'culprits,' no punishment could have been so severe as witnessing the sufferings of a dear friend brought on by their thoughtless words.

INTEMPERATE ABUSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Our attention has been directed to a controversy, unpleasant in its features and useless in its tendency, on the subject of temperance, in a provincial print. Certain severe strictures by a correspondent on the alleged intemperance of a particular town appear to have excited the ire of the general inhabitants, and led to an indignant denial of the specific charges, which, without any bad intention, had been somewhat recklessly and imprudently made. The occurrence of this circumstance, unfortunately not new in the history of the temperance movement, induces us to point out the impolicy of all kinds of severity in attempts to remedy either individual or social imperfections.

The whole history of mankind, we believe, affords no instance of a vice or folly of any kind being eradicated by direct and severe attack. The vengeance of the law, and the scolding of the wise and virtuous, are equally powerless in winning from error. This was signally manifested in the case of witchcraft, which, in defiance of every severity and reproof, continued to be believed and pretendedly practised by large masses of people. The superstition, in point of fact, scarcely lessened in virulence so long as it was exposed to legal pains and penalties; and had the laws against witchcraft not been very properly abolished, witches in all probability would have existed till the present day. How valuable this lesson! Certain death by burning at the stake could not put down witchcraft. Preaching, lecturing, scolding—every available indignity which could be heaped on the heads of the poor wretches—were equally powerless. When, however, in the progress of social improvement, it became the practice to laugh at or disregard the pretensions to witchcraft, witches disappeared, and, except among a few illiterate fanatics, were no more heard of.

Similar instances of the value of forbearance in repressing evil habits and crimes could be produced from the experience of modern times. Harshness in the law is now justly believed to defeat the ends for which laws were made. Nor is this a surprising result of human feelings; all undue severity usually raising a sympathy in the fate of even the most abandoned malefactor. We accept it as one of the most pleasing features of the age, that error is no longer exposed to an unreasoning and vengeful condemnation, but is treated with a calm and humane consideration of circumstances.

To this improvement in general feeling we regret to find a too frequent exception in the members of temperance societies. Our allusion to this circumstance, we trust, will not be misunderstood. To the temperance movement we give the most unqualified approbation, and it is only our sincere respect for the cause that induces us to remonstrate on the unnecessary warmth with which it is occasionally advocated by its proselytes. The world, we can assure them, is not to be overcome by calling names, by scolding, or by any other species of intemperance in language; it may be doubtful, indeed, if abuse does not aggravate the evil, by putting the accused on the defensive, and causing them to raise the counter-cry of sour and affected puritanism. Besides, on what principle of justice or reason has any one

violently to attack the habits of a brother, granting that these are not all that they should be? Interference in such matters, unless as a measure of police, is altogether monstrous, and can never obtain the favourable consideration of any but an inferior order of minds.

What, then, would *we* recommend to be done? Persuade and enlighten as much as you please, but let it be done gently. Let all reasonable measures be adopted to limit excess in the number of those establishments whence the means of intemperance are procured. But cease every kind of railing and abuse, whether against habitual tipplers, or those who professionally supply them with liquors. Above all, keep in view that one kind of indulgence may always be best extirpated by the substitution of another. A disease has to be cured: in the language of medicine, *raise a counter-irritant.* The manner in which this may be done will at once suggest itself. Place within the reach of all, the means of harmless and cheerful recreation. What are these means? They consist of reading-rooms, popular lectures, books, concerts, public parks, and salubrious and comfortable houses. Fastidious persons, who find fault with everything, are alarmed lest such aids as these should advance the intellectual without improving the moral qualities of the people. Let them remain quite at their ease in this respect. The principal object to be served by reading-rooms, lectures, and so forth, is the furnishing of harmless for pernicious recreations. The question is not whether people *might* not be better employed if left to themselves, but whether they *will* be. We take a workman just emancipated from his labour in the evening: his home is squalid, or at least confined and dull: he has a craving for some kind of excitement: he meets a companion, and, after a little chat, they adjourn to the public-house, where the brilliancy of the fire, the smiles and gossip of the landlord, and the inspirations of the liquor, make the time pass pleasantly away: in other words, a demand for a necessary degree of excitement has led to a pernicious indulgence. Instead of railing at and dragooning this unfortunate pair of individuals, we propose never alluding to their debauch, of which perhaps they are already somewhat ashamed. We substitute what they have been all along standing in need of, but never have had the sense to express—a means of excitement which, while exhilarating, shall not injure, but probably improve them. Opposite to the public-house, or at least somewhere quite in the way, we establish a reading-room—a table is covered with newspapers, magazines, and books; a cheerful fire blazes in the grate; the place is clean and comfortable, and a dozen respectable men are seated around, each hard at some sort of intellectual feast. There is absolutely virtue in the spectacle: the very thought of whisky in such a place would be almost felt to be a sin. Does any one presume to tell us that this *counter-irritant* would not, in very many cases, draw away and put an end to a foul social disease?

After all, however, great as is our faith in places of public recreation, we incline to think that in a taste for home pleasures lie the means of radically curing intemperance. It has not been by public places of resort of any kind that the higher and middle classes have been improved to their present standard, but by the charms of home, improved dwellings, private reading, and converse. One night lately, we were at a party of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen. After tea there was miscellaneous conversation, people moving about the room at their ease; then there was a little music and dancing; lastly, a slight refection, in which cakes and lemonade predominated. All separated in the best possible spirits: the evening had been spent rationally and most delightfully. There was not a drop of spirits drunk, and yet there was not a teetotaller in the company—the whole thing was but a result of gradually-improved tastes and habits. The same night, as I afterwards learned from the newspapers, there was a party of individuals of a humble class assembled for dancing in a public-house in a neighbouring street. After dancing they fell to drinking; from drinking they proceeded to fighting; and the police being called in, the whole were lodged in the watch-house. This was bad; but do we groan over it as an incurable evil? No such thing. The fighting party only obeyed their tastes and instincts; and give them time and opportunities of improvement, they will by and by conduct themselves like the other party over the way. A century ago, gentlemen and ladies drank, snarled, and fought in taverns. Now, they have no taste for such exploits; they like to sit at home, reading or conversing with their families and friends. Will the working-classes ever be brought to this pitch of refinement? There can be no doubt of it. The mechanic of our own day is superior in many respects to the gentleman of sixty years ago. Education of course has had not a little to do in effecting this change of manners; and when the whole body of the people shall receive the advantages which a broad system of education will confer, they can scarcely fail to exhibit a corresponding advance in their language and ideas. In addition to educational influences, we have now the alliance of women, which the last age had not. Refined female minds, tastes, and habits are operating to advance the whole body politic. Precept may be disregarded; but example, which in this case is fashion, is contagious. Down and down will this spirit of imitation descend, till it leavens the entire mass. Woman's mission, now, for the first time, beginning to be understood, is, however, of too great importance to come in at the conclusion of an article, and we shall leave the subject for treatment on another occasion.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

FRANCE ROBBED OF HER PLANET.

Serious apprehensions are entertained by France that she may be robbed of her planet; a matter which, as immediately concerning the temper of the great nation, also does not very remotely concern the peace of all other and lesser nations. The first alarm on the subject was given by intelligence reaching the Academy that a Sicilian gentleman had seen a planet in the position in which Leverrier's ought to have been, so long ago as 1834. Soon after, it was announced that a Genevan had caught a glimpse of the same stranger in 1836. Finally came letters from England, showing how Mr Adams of Cambridge had pointed out 'the moral (?) certainty' of a planet in that place, long before Leverrier had got sight of it. Professor Airey and Sir John Herschel both state that they received Mr Adams's papers on the subject before hearing anything from Leverrier. Thus it appears that France is considerably disturbed in its claim to this waif or stray of the skies. The consequence has been a dreadful outpouring of wrath through speeches in the Academy and articles in the newspapers, insomuch that even an Englishman's bile has been stirred, and he writes to the *Literary Gazette*, denouncing M. Arago as one whose impudence would claim the invention of printing, of gunpowder, and the discovery of America, if not properly resisted. 'Therefore it is,' says he, 'that I cry in earnest supplication, *Don't let him have the new planet! Don't let him have the new planet!*'

God made the heavens and the earth, and granted man faculties to make a gradual progress in acquainting himself with all the wonders of the system. Every now and then he is permitted to see a little more of the illimitable region of the Eternal's glories, or to master some natural power which may be of service in promoting the grandest ends of humanity. Discovery might be described as a magnificent religion, revealed in bursts of glory, on the receipt of which men's senses might be expected to be wrapt in fresh and deeper adoration of the Supreme. What, in reality, do we find amongst the priests of this religion? Alas! paltry squabbles as to which of them, poor little emmets as they are, is entitled to some kind of personal aggrandisement on account of the things vouchsafed to their knowledge. So it happens

that the public, having heard with devout awe of the discovery of a new planet, and being anxious in all humility to obtain further information about it, must wait while these men have, in the first place, a mean fight over their glasses about their own contemptible interests. How does all this humiliate science, and prepare the children of levity for holding it in scorn! Seen in such a light, the men of science must appear to the common people of the world as connected with the Temple of Nature in much the same way as the door-keepers are with St Paul's—merely collectors of two-pences for a sight.

TRANSIT OF CATTLE.

Steam navigation is acknowledged to have done much for Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and other quarters in the way of cheap and rapid transit of sheep and cattle to market—a speedy and comparatively inexpensive voyage being now often substituted for one of a protracted nature, or for a fatiguing and ruinous journey by land. An additional convenience to the store farmer is in the course of being achieved by railway transit. On this subject we find the following observations in a late number of the *Railway Register*:—Mr Hyde Clark reckons the average loss upon all distances by driving, and consequent saving by conveyance on railway, at 5 lbs. per quarter for bullocks, or 20 lbs.; 2 lbs. per quarter, or 8 lbs. for sheep; and 2½ lbs. per quarter, or 10 lbs. for hogs. This is believed to be a low estimate. Mr H. Handley, M.P., one of the heads of the agricultural interest, calculates the loss on driving from Lincolnshire to London at 8 lbs. in the weight, and 25s. to 30s. in money for sheep. The time for sheep he calculates at eight days for getting up to market, which is equivalent to three or four market days, during which the chances of the market may be much affected. The promoters of the Northern and Eastern Railway, in their prospectus, calculate the loss, on driving a hundred miles, at 40s. for bullocks, and 5s. for sheep. They state the supply of the London market at 150,000 beeves, and 1,500,000 sheep per annum, the saving on which, by railway conveyance, they set down at L.675,000. The saving might be fairly taken at 40 lbs. for bullocks, 8 lbs. for sheep, and 20 lbs. for swine; which would give a gross saving of pounds of animal food on the present number conveyed on railways as follows:—On 220,000 cattle, 8,800,000 lbs. of beef; on 1,250,000 sheep, 10,000,000 lbs. of mutton; on 550,000 swine, 11,000,000 lbs. of pork. This would give a total of 29,800,000 lbs. of animal food, economised even at the present moment in the infancy of the railway system.

GUN SAWDUST.

We lately gave a short account of Schonbein's celebrated gun-cotton, the use of which was so likely to supersede in a great measure the employment of gunpowder for blasting and all the ordinary purposes of firearms. From the following letter, which we find in the *Athenæum*, it would appear that gun-cotton may in its turn be superseded by gun sawdust:—

Leeds, Oct. 28.—The gun-cotton is now a topic of conversation in almost every company—in the nobleman's palace, as well as in the labourer's cottage, it is regarded as a wonderful discovery, the applications of which are as yet almost lost in darkness. The results of my experiments may be comprised in the discovery of a cheaper, but equally explosive, compound—in common sawdust, and indeed in all woody fibrous vegetable material—by immersion from eight to ten minutes in equal measures of nitric acid, specific gravity 1·5, and of common oil of vitriol. A slight increase of the latter increases the rapidity of combustion. I here enclose you a specimen of prepared common sawdust, with which I have discharged a pocket-pistol, loaded with ball, with a force equal to that of gunpowder; indeed, I should say, weight for weight, it will prove the better projectile. I wish you to try yourself with the specimen enclosed. Put it into a pistol, making sure that it is in the breech of the pistol: place on the nipple the percussion cap; and you will find, on discharging it, that the force is equal to that of an equal weight of gunpowder.

GEORGE TURSER.

Since the above fell under our notice, we have seen it mentioned that tow and some other articles may in a similar manner be endowed with the explosive properties of gunpowder.

THE BUCHANITES.

SIXTY years ago, Ayrshire and the adjoining parts in the west of Scotland became the theatre of operations of a remarkable religious sect, known generally by the designation of Buchanites, from the name of their foundress, Mrs Buchan. This woman may be described, in brief, as a pretender pretty much resembling an illustrious successor in the same field of enterprise—Joanna Southcote. Like Joanna, she sprang from a humble condition in life; and also, like her, aspired to divine honours. The history of Mrs Buchan is curious, if not instructive, and we propose, from a small volume before us,* to give it the publicity of which it seems not undeserving.

Mrs Buchan was the daughter of John Simpson, a person who kept a small public-house near Banff, where she was born about the year 1738, and named Elspeth. In early life she underwent many privations as a domestic servant among the farmers of the district; and it was only by the kindness of a relation that she learned to sew and read. Circumstances having induced her father to remove to Greenock, she accompanied him thither, and here, greatly to the dishonour of her biography, she contracted idle and depraved habits, and finally trepanned Robert Buchan, a working potter, into an irregular marriage. Buchan appears to have been an industrious man, disposed to do well; but his wife proved the plague of his existence. Having gone to Banff, he there left her with two or three children, to provide for herself and them as she best could. Mrs Buchan now attempted to support herself by teaching children to sew; but this fit of rational employment soon came to an end. She began to neglect both her family and school, in order to carry out the details of a divine apocalypse, charging her with a heavenly mission. This occurred in 1774.

Subsequent events led to the frequent inquiry, whether Mrs Buchan's fancies were the convictions of a disordered mind, or the dishonest pretensions of settled knavery. The explanations of her biographer make it conclusively apparent that she was the victim of her own frenzied delusions. Some time previous to the period in which she put herself forward as a divine personage, she had been a constant attender at private religious meetings, where the warmth of the devotional exercises, and the frequent discussions of certain passages in Scripture, seem to have shaken her weak and ill-balanced mind, and inspired her with the wildest delusions. The woman was, in reality, mad; and in the present day she would, as a matter of course, have been quietly consigned to an asylum for persons in her unhappy condition. Although escaping this fate, Mrs Buchan did not meet with general sympathy in her profanities: the clergy, who had contributed by their prelections to rouse her enthusiasm, now became her enemies; and popular clamour being at the same time raised against her, she found it necessary to remove to Glasgow in 1781.

In the west of Scotland Mrs Buchan was in a more congenial field; yet she did not immediately make known her aspirations, but contented herself in the meanwhile with running after popular preachers in different parts of the country, and confining herself on all occasions to the use of mystical and Scriptural language. One of the persons to whom she disclosed her revelations was a young man, Andrew Innes, who became her first convert; the second, who occupied a higher position, was the Rev. Hugh White, minister of a dissenting congregation in Irvine, at which place Mrs Buchan took up her residence in 1783. Mr

* The Buchanites from First to Last. By Joseph Train. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1846.

White's adhesion to Mrs Buchan's views gave much satisfaction to many members of the congregation to which he belonged; but others began seriously to find fault with their minister for his conversion to the new-fangled doctrines; and finally, after some investigation, he was dismissed from his living. The adhesion of White to Mrs Buchan's pretensions caused a considerable sensation in the country, for he was reputed a learned and sensible man, and had at one time been a professor of logic in an American university. Among the common people of Ayrshire his conduct was imputed to the effects of diabolical agency; and on sundry occasions Luckie Buchan,* as she was called, was in danger of suffering martyrdom at the hands of the more illiterate of the populace. Escaping to Glasgow, she once more took up her quarters with her unfortunate husband. Here, observes Mr Train, 'she was too much occupied with spiritual concerns to pay any attention to household affairs. She received so many visitors, that her husband was reduced to abject poverty by the extension of her hospitality to crowds of persons who were utter strangers to him.' Having for the second or third time brought her family to ruin, Mrs Buchan accepted an invitation to visit Muthil, in Perthshire, where her crazy exhortations appear to have been in some demand; and this journey she performed chiefly on foot, attended by her faithful Sancho, Andrew Innes. Muthil did not prove a good field, and she returned to Irvine, along with a body of confiding followers. This move was worse and worse. In consequence of the popular commotion, the magistrates were under the necessity of expelling the Buchanites from the town.

What were the precise tenets or ravings for which Luckie Buchan and her followers encountered so much obloquy, is nowhere very clearly stated. We can gather, however, that, in the first place, she professed to enjoy a special and personal connexion with the Deity; second, that she and her believers believed they should not die, but be translated direct to Heaven; third, that her sect should possess a community of goods, and lodge together; and fourth, that the institution of marriage was heretical, or at all events useless to her devout community. It was, we presume, this latter doctrine that principally incurred the wrath of the douce Presbyterians of Ayrshire, and led to the expulsion of the sect from Irvine. This event occurred in May 1784; and now began those rural wanderings which have imparted a species of picturesque interest to the name and history of the Buchanites. On departing from Irvine, Mrs Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, and one or two of her higher class of dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder of the company, to the number of upwards of forty, followed on foot. Among them were several individuals who had been in respectable circumstances, along with their wives and children; and there were likewise a number of young women, of good character, dressed in the simple garb of peasant maids of the Lowlands of Scotland. Allan Cunningham, in speaking of the journey of these remarkable enthusiasts, mentions that 'Our Lady, as they called Mrs Buchan, rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the Garden of Mercy, and with drink from a large cup called the Comforter.' Such, however, is the description of a poet. Andrew Innes, whose papers furnish Mr Train with his principal materials, presents a less encouraging account of the *hegira* of the Buchanites. He describes the company as becoming travel-worn, hungry, and in great straits for lodgings. 'When we could get a few cakes to purchase at a farmhouse, we sat down on a bank of the next stream or rivulet we came to. Our Friend Mother broke the cakes, and gave each a piece; then one of the women followed with a tankard of water, and we handed it round. Thus a piece of oat-cake and a drink of cold water was our common fare: we all shared alike, except Friend Mother, who, after she had divided the bread, *lighted her pipe, and took a smoke of tobacco.*'

Wandering onward by way of Dundonald, Auchinleck, and New Cumnock—exposed to indignities, prying curiosity, and fatigue during the day, and sleeping in barns and hay-lofts at night—the party reached the borders of Nithsdale in Dumfries-shire, where, greatly to their vexation, one of their members, Mr Hunter, town-clerk of Irvine, was seized by a sheriff officer, who had been despatched with a warrant to bring back the fugitive to his business; and 'several other persons, fearing similar consequences, returned with Mr Hunter to settle their affairs also. The existence of the society being thus threatened by so unexpected a deprivation of its most wealthy and zealous members, it was thought prudent by the wanderers to halt at the first resting-place they could find, there to await the return of their friends who had been separated from them. This was at New Cample, a farm in Nithsdale, two miles south of Thornhill [near Closeburn], thirteen miles west of Dumfries, and not more than one and a half miles from the cave where the hunted Covenanters used to conceal themselves to evade pursuit, and which Sir Walter Scott describes as having been occupied by Balfour of Burley.' Being disappointed in the immediate return of Mr Hunter and others, the company felt inclined to settle at New Cample, more especially as Mr Davidson, the farmer, who looked to some advantage from their field labour, put an empty barn at their disposal, and gave them the use of his kitchen. Here, according to Innes, commenced the apostolic life of the community—'all that believed were together, and had all things common.' John Gibson was constituted treasurer, to purchase all that might be required; Janet Grant took care of the clothing; the other women assisted in washing, knitting, and mending stockings; some of the men acted as tailors and shoemakers; and all others found employment suitable to their capacities: idleness was no sin of the Buchanites. While the society generally thus wrought with the hands, it was the peculiar province of Friend Mother and Mr White to work by the head and tongue. Brother Andrew's account of the ménage is beautiful in its simplicity. 'For want of accommodation in the barn, on account of so many visitors, who often kept Friend Mother and Mr White speaking all day, we were obliged to cook our scanty fare in the farmer's kitchen—which ofttimes consisted of potatoes boiled and emptied into a basket, and set on a small table, so that those who were pleased to withdraw from the controversy in the barn might take up one with its skin on, and either dip it in a little salt, or take a bit salt herring to it, or a drop of milk, when that was attainable. But after the first rush of visitors was abated, the barn of course became less crowded; we then cooked there, and got our meals more regular. All sat at the same table, and partook alike of the same food, with the exception of our Friend Mother, who either served those at table herself, or was employed in directing others to do so.' Andrew adds, that the whole slept on beds of heather in the barn; but this arrangement was in time upset, by Mr Davidson requiring the barn for his farm operations; and the society now built a house of a somewhat superior nature, to which they adjourned. 'Buchan Ha',' as the country people deridingly called this new establishment, had a floor for beds, to which the ascent was by a ladder, a kitchen with some deal furniture, and a closet appropriated to Mr White. This functionary seems to have been almost constantly occupied in preaching to crowds of inquiring visitors, and expounding to them how Friend Mother was 'the mysterious woman predicted in the Revelation, in whom the light of God was restored to the world, where it had not been since the ascension of Christ, but where it would now continue till the period of translation to the clouds, to meet the Lord at his second coming.' On the inhabitants of the surrounding district, this and other doctrines of the Buchanites made no impression; and at length, outraged by what they considered a scandalous heresy, a large mob attacked Buchan Ha', and endeavoured, by a most unjustifiable degree of violence, to put the society to flight. This, however, with an equally imprudent and abortive attempt of the Presbytery to quell the heresy, did no permanent damage; the persecution only incited to renewed exertions, and a few respectable converts from

* 'Luckie' is an old familiar Scotch term for mother or mistress.

England were added to the community. By way of silencing the enemy, White compiled and published (1785) a work with the following title:—'The Divine Dictionary, or a Treatise indited by Holy Inspiration, containing the Faith and Practice of the People (by the world) called Buchanites, who are actually waiting for the second coming of our Lord, and who believe that they alone shall be translated into the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall be ever with the Lord. "There appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman." Rev. ch. xii. 5. Written by that society.' This volume, which was a complete jumble of fanatical jargon, might now be ranked as one of the rarest curiosities of literature.

Afraid of tiring our readers, we shall hurry through the concluding scenes of this remarkable drama. Labouring constantly under the impression that the whole were to be raised bodily to heaven, but uncertain as to the time of this apotheosis, they, night and day, looked for a premonitory signal; and with these excited feelings, the hive one night was thrown into an extraordinary commotion. A noise was heard which seemed like a voice from the clouds; all the members instantly started to their feet, shouting a doggerel, which commenced with the words, 'Oh! hasten translation.' There was a universal leaping, dancing, and singing. The farmer, astonished at the hubbub, rapped furiously at the door for admission; and being informed that the end of the world was come, when all except those within the house would be destroyed, he became equally excited, and besought Friend Mother to save him with the rest. Friend Mother, however, had discovered that it was a false alarm, and assured the terrified agriculturist that 'neither he nor any of his friends should suffer damage that night, for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo.' Andrew's account of this scene is graphic. 'As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco pipe, and took a smoke; and as the extraordinary agitation diminished, the people without dispersed quietly. How long the tumult lasted, I was not in a state of mind to collect, but I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewed with watches, gold rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors, as useless in our expected country. We did so because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number: I never saw it more; but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewellery then thrown away, and sold them in Dumfries.'

This manifestation having failed, as it was conjectured, for want of due preparation, Friend Mother inculcated the necessity of fasting forty days. Without hesitation all obeyed the injunction. The door was bolted, and the windows nailed down and screened, letting in light only sufficient to enable the poor devotees to read; cooking was stopped; and the only allowable sustenance was a little meal, or molasses. The sublime expectations which animated the company indisposed them for food. Andrew, however, observes, that 'there was sometimes a desire for a little drink, and as Friend Mother was always stepping about among us, she kept a little treacle, mixed with hot water, and allowed to cool, which she gave to any person who was thirsty; but it was very seldom required, except by a blind woman, who lay in bed most of the time; and as she was very deaf, and could not feed by the eye and ear, as the rest of us did, she therefore required some earthly nourishment.'

This fast was the beginning of troubles. Some were almost starved to death, and reduced to the condition of skeletons; and the too-exemplary Andrew was so far gone, that he could not walk across the floor. The absurdity of this, and some other proceedings which came to light, roused a fresh scandal and commotion in Nithsdale. Two or three members left the body, either by the earnest persuasions or legal interference of friends, and things came to that pass that ruin threatened the fraternity. In this pressing juncture, Luckie Buchan and her coadjutor White were not dismayed: they considered the time of departure from earth had at length arrived, and, accordingly, collecting the remnants of the corps, and animating them with spiritual counsel, all wended their way slowly to the top of Templand Hill, which they ascended before the break of day. A gentleman in the neighbourhood describes as follows the proceedings of the Buchanites on this occasion:—'I mounted my horse, and left Thornhill about sunrise; and as I was passing the farm of Templand, I was very much surprised at the sound of many voices, in full chorus, suddenly reaching my ears. The melodious strain came from the top of Templand Hill; and the silence of the scene, with the loneliness of the place, gave the music such a wildly-impressive and mysterious effect, that I alighted from my horse, and having tied it to a tree, I ascended the hill to ascertain if those sweet strains were really warbled from earthly lips, when I, to my great surprise, recognised several faces that I had seen at Buchan Ha', particularly that of Luckie Buchan herself. She was raised nearly her whole length above the crowd by whom she was surrounded, who stood with their faces towards the rising sun, and their arms extended upwards, as if about to clasp the great luminary as he rose above the horizon. On a sudden the music ceased, and being afraid I had been discovered by some of these enthusiasts, I hurried down the hill-side, mounted my horse, and rode on to Brownhill.' We need hardly add, that the attempt to ascend proved a dead failure, and exposed the Buchanites to the derision of the people. They were seen retracing their steps to their wonted abode, pale, emaciated, and downcast in spirits. Luckie was not unprepared with explanations of this unlooked-for termination of her predictions; but it was remarked that from this day her power over her deluded followers gradually lessened. By a number, particularly those from England, to whom the fast had proved a grievous affliction, she was denounced as an impostor. 'Many of them having placed all their worldly means at the disposal of the society, now actually became common beggars. Ashamed to return to their homes, they went from door to door throughout the greater part of Scotland, depicting, in unmeasured terms, the darker shades of Luckie Buchan's character, and detailing the miseries they had brought upon themselves and their families by listening to her irreligious fooleries.'

Passing over some unpleasant details connected with this secession, we come to the period when the authorities expelled the Buchanites from New Cample, in consequence of their failing to give security that they would not become chargeable to the parish. The removal took place in March 1787, and the body, considerably reduced in number, proceeded to Auchengibert, a wild moorland farm of little value in the parish of Urr and stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The lease of this dismal tract of land they had procured through the interposition of their friend Mr Davidson. The struggle of the small and now poor community of Buchanites for subsistence was keen and miserable; and, contrary to their tenets, they were obliged to labour for wages, the women being somewhat celebrated for their skill in spinning. Straitened circumstances did not improve White's temper, which had been gradually giving way, and on some occasions he came almost to an open rebellion against the rules of the society. Mother Buchan's declining health and death brought matters to a crisis. She died on the 29th of March 1791; even at the last professing her divine attributes, and exhorting the bystanders to continue steadfast in the doctrines which she had taught them. It might be supposed that her decease in the ordinary course of nature would have opened the eyes of her followers to the falsity of her pretensions. Luckie Buchan, however, had the art to keep alive the delusion, at least for a time. She said that her death would only be temporary and provisional. If the faith of her disciples was pure, without alloy, she would return to life at the end of six days; if they remained still faithless, she would not return to take them to heaven till the end of ten years; if they still were unprepared by faith, she would not reappear till the lapse of fifty years, when she would then, at all events, descend from heaven to convince the faithless world of its error.

In consequence of these promises, much care was taken of the body, which, however, never showed any signs of resuscitation. Meanwhile, White betrayed his true character, which, we regret to say, appears to have been that of a designing and mercenary hypocrite. We may best dismiss him by saying that he broke up the association, and, seducing about thirty individuals to follow him, went to the United States of America, where all were dispersed. A small remnant of the community still clung together, and their history forms not the least interesting chapter in Mr Train's narrative. They removed to Larghill, a dreary waste, and there commenced a fresh struggle for existence: their success, under the most unpromising circumstances, enabled them afterwards to buy a patch of land at Crocketford, where they built several houses—how true that, in the face of all obstacles, 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich!'

At Crocketford the Buchanites died out one after the other, leaving the venerable Andrew Innes and his wife Katie among the last surviving fragments of the society. At length all were gone but Andrew, and the burden of years told him that he soon must follow. There was something deeply affecting in the position and character of this the last—as he had been the first—of the Buchanites. Through various difficulties he had been able to preserve the body of Friend Mother, which, in a kind of mummified state, was kept by him in his cottage, and made the object of reverential attention. The 29th of March 1841, the fiftieth anniversary of her decease, was waited for with a pious hope in her resurrection. But alas! the day passed over, and the body of his mistress still resolutely maintained its ghastly repose. This singular enthusiast lingered on earth till the early part of 1846, when death in him also took its victim. By his special request, the long-preserved body of Mrs Buchan was buried with him in the same grave: and thus closes the history of the Buchanites.

In dismissing the subject, we beg to compliment Mr Train, not less on the perspicuity of his narrative, than the good taste with which he has accomplished his somewhat difficult task. We recommend the volume to the careful perusal of those who heedlessly flutter on the boundary between sound religion and the ravings of a disordered imagination.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The chief objects contemplated in Captain Fremont's second expedition were the discovery of a new pass in the more southerly range of the Rocky Mountains, which might serve as a direct line of road for emigrants to the new countries on the Pacific, and an extensive survey of the Oregon, including the basin of the great Salt Lake, and the valley of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, and a return, by way of the Sierra Nevada and the highlands of Upper California, to the settled districts on the eastern side of the mountains. During this long journey, comprehending a period of fourteen months, and a distance of 10,000 miles, many places were explored which had never before been visited by civilised men, the descriptions of which present much that is new and interesting. The privations endured and dangers incurred were far greater than had been experienced in the survey of the preceding year. The most fearful risks were encountered in the passage of the Sierra in the midst of winter, and eventually some of the party fell victims to the hostility of the Indians.

In May 1843 Captain Fremont arrived at the little town of Kansas, on the Missouri frontier, where he met Mr Preuss and a band of thirty-nine *voyageurs*, some of whom had accompanied him in the previous journey. They were all armed with carabines, and, the better to defend themselves from enemies, a howitzer was included in the baggage-train. They followed the valley of the Kansas to the head waters of the Arkansas river, and finding it impossible to cross the mountains in that direction, after several weeks of travel, were compelled to abandon it and take a northward course, when they crossed the range not far from the south pass, which had been their route on the previous year.

Twenty years ago, the immense expanse of western prairies was everywhere covered with countless herds of buffalo; but at the present time these noble animals are only found on a narrow strip of country extending along the eastern base of the mountains from the Platte river to New Mexico. The ordinary destruction of buffalo is prodigious—the American, Hudson's Bay, and other fur companies receive 90,000 robes annually in their trading operations with the Indians. The natives make new lodges or wigwams every year, for the roofs of which buffalo-skins are used; and as there are but four months in the year in which these are in a fit state for dressing, the waste during the other eight months is incalculable. The Camanches, and some kindred tribes, never trade in buffalo-robes; they hunt the animals merely for certain portions of the flesh; all the rest is abandoned with the hide on the prairie. Like the red men, the buffalo are a characteristic of the western country; both will disappear at the advance of civilisation. So alarmed are the Sioux at the rapid decrease, that they have planned a war of extermination on the Crow nation, in whose territories the animals are yet abundant.

A few days' journey on the western slope of the mountains brought the party to a ridge in which occurs the oolitic structure, long wanting to complete the system of North American geology, by a connecting link with the more recent European formations. They were now approaching the great Salt Lake, one of the chief objects of the journey, by the valley of the Bear and Roseaux rivers, over which so much of mystery had long hung, accompanied by exaggerated rumour, that they advanced towards it with eager expectation. 'Hitherto,' says Captain Fremont, 'this lake had been seen only by trappers, who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver streams, caring very little for geography: its islands had never been visited; and none were to be found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers, including those in my own camp, were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool, through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly coloured with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realise.'

The party direct their course to an isolated hill, and, climbing to the top, saw beneath their feet 'the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and as we looked eagerly over the lake, in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object, and a noble *terminus* to this part of our expedition; and to travellers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters had in it something sublime.'

The captain and a few men embarked to visit a distant island, and were exposed to great danger in the transit, as the seams of their India-rubber boat, which were only pasted together, instead of sewn, opened with the action of the water. After much exertion, however, they reached the island, where they remained for the purpose of taking observations until the next day, when they rowed back to their camp, and all broke into a

shout of joy on finding themselves again in shallow water. Five gallons of the water, when boiled, yielded nearly two gallons of salt.

The monotony of travel in the wilderness was frequently relieved by the sight of numerous bands of emigrants journeying on the line of route for the valley of the Columbia. In some instances the exploring party joined company with these little troops, most of whom had some weary tale of sorrow and suffering to tell, confirmed by the occasional sight of a grave on either side of the weary track. Some Shoshonee Indians ride up and invite the captain to visit their village; he followed them with a few others, and relates—'We had approached within something more than a mile of the village, when suddenly a single horseman emerged from it at full speed, followed by another and another in rapid succession, and then party after party poured into the plain, until, when the foremost rider reached us, the whole intervening space was occupied by a mass of horsemen, who came charging down upon us with guns, swords, lances, and bows and arrows. Indians entirely naked, and warriors fully dressed for war, with the long red streamers of their war-bonnets reaching nearly to the ground, all mingled together in the bravery of savage warfare. They had been thrown into a sudden tumult by the appearance of our flag, which, among these people, is regarded as an emblem of hostility. A few words from the chief quieted the excitement; and the whole band, increasing every moment in number, escorted us to their encampment. In a short time we purchased eight horses, for which we gave in exchange blankets, red and blue cloth, beads, knives, tobacco, and the usual other articles of Indian traffic. We obtained from them also a considerable quantity of berries of different kinds, among which service berries were the most abundant; and several kinds of roots and seeds which we could eat with pleasure, as any kind of vegetable food was gratifying to us. I ate here, for the first time, the *kooyah*, or tobacco root (*valeriana edulis*), the principal edible root among the Indians who inhabit the upper waters of the streams on the western side of the mountains. It has a very strong and remarkably peculiar taste and odour, which I can compare to no other vegetable that I am acquainted with; and which to some persons is extremely offensive. It was characterised by Mr Preuss as the most horrid food he had ever put in his mouth; and when, in the evening, one of the chiefs sent his wife to me with a portion she had prepared as a delicacy to regale us, the odour immediately drove him out of the lodge. To others, however, the taste is rather an agreeable one, and I was always afterwards glad when it formed an addition to our scanty meals. It is full of nutriment, and, in its unprepared state, is said by the Indians to have very strong poisonous qualities, of which it is deprived by a peculiar process, being baked in the ground for about two days.'

The party were nearly exhausted with fatigue and hunger when they reached Fort Hall, a station belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. Here the captain dismissed eleven of his men, who feared to encounter the risks of the coming winter; and, continuing his route, towards the end of October obtained his first view of the Columbia, 'the great river on which the course of events for the last half century has been directing attention and conferring fame.' It is described as being 1200 yards in width, with banks which, in common with some other Oregon rivers, are much less fertile than the neighbouring hills. The adventurers followed the course of the stream, and by the middle of November Captain Fremont, with a few men in a canoe, reached Fort Vancouver, thus achieving another of the objects of his journey—the connexion of his survey with that of Commander Wilkes. He speaks highly of his reception by the agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom he was furnished with stores and boats to enable him to return to the main body, who had been left encamped at the *Dalles* of the Columbia.

From this point, having provided provisions and animals for a journey of three months, they started in a south-east direction on the homeward route. After travelling some days through forests rendered still more dreary by the snow, they found themselves unexpectedly on a rocky precipice. 'At our feet, more than a thousand feet below, we looked into a green prairie country, in which a beautiful lake, some twenty miles in length, was spread along the foot of the mountains, its shores bordered with green grass. Just then the sun broke out among the clouds, and illuminated the country below, while around us the storm raged fiercely. Not a particle of ice was to be seen on the lake, or snow on its borders, and all was like summer or spring. The glare of the sun in the valley below brightened up our hearts with sudden pleasure, and we made the woods ring with joyful shouts to those behind; and gradually, as each came up, he stopped to enjoy the unexpected scene.'

The pleasant valley was, however, soon passed over, and the party reached the foot of the Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Hills, the most formidable portion of their journey. For a long time they were unable to obtain a guide among the Indians. One old man, with a loud voice, and energetic signs, assured them they would find 'rock upon rock—rock upon rock: snow upon snow—snow upon snow: even if you get over the snow,' said he, 'you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us, adds Captain Fremont, 'the sign of precipices, and showed us how the feet of the horses would slip, and throw them off the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our Chinook, who comprehended even more readily than ourselves, and believed our situation hopeless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. "I wanted to see the whites," he cried; "I came away from my own people to see the whites, and I wouldn't care to die among them; but here——" and he looked around into the cold night and gloomy forest, and drawing his blanket over his head, began again to lament.'

At last an Indian agreed to guide them to the pass in return for the ample presents offered. Abundant clothing was given to him to enable him to withstand the cold; yet at the end of a few days he slipped away from the encampment after nightfall, and deserted the party. Captain Fremont could only keep up the spirits of the men by reminding them of the perpetual summer valley of the Sacramento on the other side of the mountains. The fatigues encountered in this part of the route were of the severest nature. Such was the depth of the snow, that a party was always kept in advance to level and beat the surface, to render it sufficiently hard for the passage of the animals, many of which perished for want of provender. The voyageurs, however, worked bravely; and at the end of February, after travelling 1000 miles from the Dalles of the Columbia, reached the highest ridge of the range, at an elevation of more than 9000 feet. From this point they were gladdened with the sight of the Bay of San Francisco and the fertile valleys of California. The difficulties of the descent were, however, greater than had been anticipated. The howitzer, and a large portion of the baggage, were abandoned; numerous valuable packs were lost on the backs of the animals that fell over the slippery precipices; and many horses and mules were killed to supply food for the daring adventurers. Some of the men became light-headed, and wandering off into the woods, were not recovered for several days. Mr Preuss, who had strayed from the right track, was missing for nearly a week. He kept himself alive by eating ants, and a few roots, which he dug from the rocky ground, and at length rejoined the party in a state of great weakness and exhaustion.

In a few days they arrived at an American settlement on the Rio de los Americanos. Of 104 animals with which they left the Columbia, only thirty-three remained alive. The agreeable climate, with rest and abundant supplies, soon banished the recollection of privations,

and preparations were made for continuing the journey. By the end of March the party were again in motion. 'Our cavalcade,' writes Captain Fremont, 'made a strange and grotesque appearance, and it was impossible to avoid reflecting upon our position and composition in this remote solitude. Within two degrees of the Pacific Ocean; already far south of the latitude of Monterey, and still forced on south by a desert on one hand and a mountain range on the other; guided by a civilised Indian, attended by two wild ones from the Sierra; a Chinook from the Columbia, and our own mixture of American, French, German, all armed; four or five languages heard at once; above a hundred horses and mules, half wild; American, Spanish, and Indian dresses and equipments intermingled—such was our composition. Our march was a sort of procession. Scouts ahead, and on the flanks; a front and rear division; the pack animals, baggage, and horned cattle in the centre; and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path. In this form we journeyed, looking more as though we belonged to Asia than to the United States of America.'

Difficulties of a directly opposite nature to those through which they had already passed here awaited the travellers: the desert was in full view, 'apparently illimitable. A hot mist lay over it to-day, through which it had a white and glistening appearance; here and there a few dry-looking and isolated ridges rising suddenly upon it.'

After travelling for several days in this dreary region, suffering greatly for want of water, the explorers were surprised by the sudden appearance of two Mexicans, one a youth of eleven years of age, belonging to a small party that had set out some days previously to cross the desert. They had been unexpectedly attacked by a band of one hundred Indians, from whom they had escaped, and ridden eighty miles, when they fell in with Captain Fremont's troop; two of which volunteered to go in pursuit of the Indians, and recover, if possible, the horses they had carried off. Starting on the trail, they came up with the robbers on the following day, who 'received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt-collar, barely missing the neck: our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, with a hideous howl. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of mocassins, indicated the presence or expectation of a considerable party. The boy was released; he had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only bound as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had ridden about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours.' This disinterested and daring exploit, while displaying the power of resolution over mere numbers, recalls some of the extraordinary deeds of the age of chivalry.

The next day they arrived at the camping ground where the party of Mexicans had been attacked. Here, to quote the words of the report, 'the dead silence of the place was ominous; and, galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men: everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow half-faced tent, which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands and both his legs had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows: of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lapdog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the bodies, and was wild with joy at seeing the boy again; he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. "Mi padre! Mi madre!" was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller.'

At one part of the desert the travellers passed over a distance of sixty miles without finding a drop of water. Many of the horses were left behind, completely crippled by the hard and heated soil. The Mexican invariably dismounted and cut off their tails and manes, which are used for making saddle-girths, as the last resource to be derived from the worn-out animals. A few days later, Tabeau, one of the most useful and active of the voyageurs, was waylaid and murdered by the Indians; a loss which threw a gloom over the whole party. The dangers all had passed through had served but to attach them more strongly to each other.

In May, after having made a circuit of nearly four thousand miles, the party reached the southern end of the great Salt Lake, whose northern extremity they had explored so many months previously. Arriving on the banks of the Sevier river, it was found unfordable. 'We made here,' writes the captain, 'little boats, or rather rafts, out of bulrushes, and ferried across. These rafts are easily made, and give a good conveyance over a river. The rushes are bound in bundles, and tied hard; the bundles are tied down upon poles as close as they can be pressed, and fashioned like a boat, in being broader in the middle and pointed at the ends. The rushes being tubular and jointed, are light and strong. The raft swims well, and is shoved along by poles, or pushed and pulled by swimmers, or drawn by ropes. On this occasion we used ropes—one at each end—and rapidly drew our little float backwards and forwards from shore to shore.'

The remainder of the journey presented no incidents particularly worthy of notice; the Rocky Mountains were soon after recrossed; and on the last day of July 1844 the adventurers arrived at Kansas, from which town they had started fourteen months previously. Fuentes, the fugitive Mexican, found employment in St Louis, and Pablo, his little companion, was taken into the family of Senator Benton.

Captain Fremont has been again sent out by the American government to make further explorations in the interesting countries already visited. A glance at the map of North America will show the vast extent of ground passed over, and the still more vast regions that remain to be examined. The days of adventure are not over: there is yet abundant work for discoverers, which promises a rich harvest for science, and a valuable contribution to the sum of human knowledge.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The red pine, near Barrie, and through all the Penetanguishene country, in Western Canada, grows to an enormous size. 'I measured one near Barrie,' says Sir Richard Bonnycastle in his recent work on Canada, 'no less than twenty-six feet in girth, and this was merely a chance one by the wayside. Its height, I think, must have been at least two hundred feet, and it was vigorously healthy. What was its age? It would have made a plank eight feet broad after the bark was stripped off.'

In a paper read before a late meeting of the Statistical Society by Mr Fletcher, it is stated that, during the winter months, eight hundred and ninety tons of coals are used, on

the average, per day, by the metropolitan gas companies, for the manufacture of gas; and that, on the 24th of December, when the day is shortest, seven million cubic feet of gas are consumed in London and the suburbs.

'The skins of all lions killed throughout the regency,' says Captain Kennedy in his 'Journey through Algeria and Tunis,' 'are sent to the bey, who pays a handsome premium upon each. The flesh is eaten; and, contrary to our expectation, we found it excellent, and made a capital supper upon the ends of the ribs stewed with a little salt and red pepper. It tasted like very young beef, and was neither tough nor strong flavoured!'

Many, and probably all white chalk rocks are the produce of microscopic animalcules, which are, for the most part, quite invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, of which more than one million are well preserved in each cubic inch; that is, much more than ten millions in one pound of chalk. The extreme minuteness of these chalk animalcules is strikingly proved by the fact, that, even in the finest levigated whiting, multitudes of them are still present, and may be applied without suffering change to the most varied purposes. Thus, in the chalk coating given to painted chambers, paper, or even glazed visiting-cards, may be seen a pretty mosaic of well-preserved moss-coral animalcules, invisible to the naked eye; and thus our natural vision receives from such a surface the impression of the purest white, little dreaming that it contains the bodies of millions of beings which once enjoyed life—beings of varied and beautiful forms, more or less closely crowded together.

A PORTRAIT.

A large city, in fact, as things now are, is one huge manufactory of foul air—one compact conspiracy against the lungs and lives of its inhabitants. We are doomed to encounter foul air always and everywhere—by day and by night—out of doors and in doors—at every period of our existence—amid the convocations of business, and in the pursuits of pleasure. Out of doors tall chimneys and steam funnels vomit forth dense clouds of smoke; manufactories emit their noxious vapours; sewers pour through their gullyholes offensive gases; the churchyards and the slaughter-houses contribute their quota of animal exhalations; the streets are reeking with putrefying mud, and the banks of our rivers are thick with filthy deposits. Who, when he recollects all these sources of impurity, can wonder at the dark cloud which hangs over our large cities, and the dense fogs which visit us in the winter months? Who can wonder that disease is busy with us, and that pestilence is never absent? The interior of our houses—our shops—our workshops—our factories, is still worse. The foul air from without is purity itself to that which we encounter within. What with overcrowding, the almost total neglect of ventilation, the use of stoves, the barbarous custom of burning gas in the open air of our buildings, without making any provision for carrying off the poisonous products of combustion, aided and abetted by the national horror of draughts and the national indifference to foul air; what with all these sources of impurity and obstacles to improvement, the air from without (often rendered doubly impure by the barbarous cess-pool dug underneath our houses) becomes in the interior of our buildings nothing more nor less than a subtle and deadly poison. The labouring class, and especially those who follow sedentary occupations in-doors, are of course the chief victims of this aërial poison; but no one, from the highest to the lowest, can altogether escape it. We encounter it everywhere—at home in our bedrooms and nurseries, abroad in all our places of resort. We breathe it at private parties, on the invitation of our friends; we purchase it at concerts and theatres; we cannot escape it even at church. Our children are poisoned by it at school; our adults in the prison, the shop, the workshop, the factory; our soldiers in their barracks; our sailors in their ships; our miners in the bowels of the earth. In one word, the chief characteristic of our large towns may be summed up in a short phrase—'Foul air always and everywhere.'—*Dr Guy.*

BIOGRAPHY.

There is no sort of reading more profitable than that of the lives and characters of wise and good men. To find that great lengths have been actually gone in learning and virtue, that high degrees of perfection have been actually attained by men like ourselves, entangled among the infirmities, the temptations, the opposition from wicked men, and the other various evils of life—how does this show us to ourselves as utterly inexcusable, if we do not endeavour to emulate the heights we know have been reached by others of our fellow-creatures! Biography, in short, brings us to the most intimate acquaintance with the real characters of the illustrious dead; shows us what they have been, and consequently what we ourselves may be; sets before us the whole character of a person who has made himself conspicuous either by his virtues or vices; shows us how he came first to take a right or wrong turn; how he afterwards proceeded greater and greater lengths; the prospects which invited him to aspire to higher degrees of glory, or the delusions which misled him from his virtue and his peace; the circumstances which raised him to true greatness, or the rocks on which he split and sunk to infamy. And how can we more effectually, or in a more entertaining manner, learn the important lesson—What we ought to pursue, and what to avoid?—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

THE TOAD-FISH OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

A tenant of most of the shores around Sydney is the toad-fish, which looks like a toad elongated into a fish, with a tough, leathery, scaleless skin, and a bloated body, dark-mottled brown above, and white beneath. It is usually about five inches long, and disproportionately broad, but swims very swiftly, and is, for its size, as bold and voracious as the shark. When I said Mr Meredith *did* not fish with the rod, I might have added that he could not; for the toad-fish, which swarm everywhere, no sooner see anything dropped into the water, than they dart towards it by dozens, and fight among themselves for the honour of swallowing your hook, generally taking the precaution to bite off your line at the same time. This extreme anxiety to be caught might perhaps be pardoned, were the greedy little wretches fit to eat, but they are highly poisonous; and although I should have thought their disgusting appearance sufficient to prevent their being tried, I know one instance at least of their fatal effects—a lady, with whose family I am intimate, died in consequence of eating them. As they thus effectually put a stop to our angling by biting off every hook dropped in the water before any other fish had time to look at it, they especially enjoyed the benefit of the fishing-spear, upon which many hundreds, if not thousands, must have been impaled in succession. This sounds very wantonly cruel, but let no one pronounce it so who is not well acquainted with the toad-fish; from those who are, I fear no reproof. When speared, they directly inflate their leathery skins like a balloon, and eject a stream of liquid from their mouths, with a report as if they had burst. If flung again into the water, however wounded, they instantly swim about, and begin eating; and should one be a little less active than his fellows, they forthwith attack him, and eat him up.—*Mrs Meredith's Notes on New South Wales.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Men of genius, in former times, have often languished in obscurity, not because their merits were neglected, but because they were not understood. This, however, can scarcely happen in the present day, in which all sources of useful information are laid open, and in which unparalleled exertions have been made in the higher classes of society to diffuse improvement, and to promote all objects of inquiry which can benefit or enlighten the public. There are other uses, still greater uses, resulting from the communication of general and popular science. By means of it vulgar errors and common prejudices are constantly diminished. It offers new topics for conversation, and new interests in life. In solitude, it affords subjects for contemplation, and for an active exercise of the understanding; and in cities, it assists the cause of morality and religion, by preventing the increase of gross luxury and indulgence in vicious dissipation. Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.—*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

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TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

I WANTED to see Lord Rosse's telescope. I had heard a good deal about it, and, like everybody else, had a reasonable share of curiosity on the subject. Having, fortunately, a few weeks to spare early in October, I took the opportunity of visiting Ireland, mainly with the design of seeing this remarkable apparatus. The voyage from Liverpool was not particularly bad: in twelve hours we were safely landed at Kingston, and just in time for the railway train which was about to start for Dublin. In half an hour we were at the Gresham, Sackville Street, and comfortably domiciled in Ireland.

I have now been three times in Dublin, and have always gone to the Gresham: the first time from necessity, and the last two times from gratitude. Many years ago, in crossing from Holyhead, I lost my baggage—more correctly, bag; Gresham sympathised with, and was kind to me under my deprivation. Could I do less than always afterwards go to Gresham's, albeit Gresham has years ago retired, and left his hotel to others? Gresham deserved to make a fortune, as is pretty generally the case with those who enjoy this kind of luck. Originally a foundling, picked up on the steps of the Royal Exchange, London—whence, I believe, his adoption of a name—reared first as a boots, and then advanced to the position of waiter, he rose, by persevering industry and unconquerable politeness, to be the proprietor of the largest hotel in Dublin. I remember being very much struck with the magnificence of the concern in 1827, and it is still a good house, though on a somewhat reduced scale.

Dublin is a very delightful city, and any one can kill a week in it in a very satisfactory manner. I made away with pretty nearly two; and of what I saw during that extended period, something may possibly be said some other time. The thing I have at present to talk about is Lord Rosse's telescope, though we must go through some preliminary chat before coming to it. This wonderful machine is a good way from Dublin, as much as seventy-eight miles in a direction towards the centre of Ireland, and, as I can prove, it is quite a feat getting to it. It is situated at Parsonstown, a name which strangers will perhaps find difficult to discover in any ordinary map, seeing that Parsonstown is only a modern designation adopted from the surname of the Rosse family, and that the old authorised name of the place is Birr.

Birr or Parsonstown, it is all one: the question was how we were to get to it. On making all due inquiries, I learned that the best way was to take a railway train to a certain town from thirty to forty miles off, and that there we should certainly get a stage-coach to carry us forward. Very reasonable-looking information this, considering that it was given by a clerk in a coach-office, who might be presumed to know all about it; and, to show our confidence in the wisdom of this Solomon, we—that is, madame and myself—procured tickets for the promised coach.

Next morning, accordingly, we were off. It was as fine a day as any we had seen in Ireland. Supposing that the noble proprietor of the telescope will permit us to look into it, what a capital view of the moon we shall have to-night! This notion put us into remarkably good spirits, and disposed us to look indulgently on the peat mosses and other indigenous embellishments of the scenery as we hurried along on our journey. The railway, too, was really a wonderful work of art—not at all Irish in either construction or management: the gauge was just the thing—half way between the narrow and the broad: what nice carriages; the linings of tabinet: how easy one can sit; room for four on a side: I hope the concern pays; it deserves to be encouraged: with such railways Ireland will yet be a great country. Such benevolent communings lasted all through the cultivated and bog region, and brought us to that great flat expanse of natural sward called the Curragh of Kildare, through which the railway has been remorselessly cut. The Curragh was of course very much admired, not because it forms a first-rate race-course, of which fact a fellow-traveller spoke with national pride, but for its lively green pasture, on which lots of beautiful sheep—white-faced cheviots—were comfortably grazing.

Having passed the Curragh, nothing further attracted our attention till we arrived at our destined station—but where was the coach? Nothing of the wheel genus was visible but a wheelbarrow, and the wheelbarrow was declared to be engaged.

'Where,' said I to the ticket-taking man, 'is the coach to Parsonstown? I don't see it, unless, to be sure, it is that barrow there with the turf basket?'

'Ah, your honour, the coach is gone three hours sin'; that was the wrong train entirely you came by: there will be no coach now till Saturday.'

'Then what a clever person that was who sold me the tickets! Are there no sort of cars anywhere to be had? Where in all the world is the town?'

'Why, sir, there it is up yonder forneut you,' pointing to a collection of mud hovels and houses, about three-quarters of a mile off, at the top of a rising-ground.

During this colloquy a crew of young tatterdemalions, any one of whom would have served as a ready-made scarecrow, were at gaze on the luggage, eager to act the part of porters; and selecting a couple of these obliging gossoons, we trudged on behind them towards the venerable city before us.

The approach by which we ascended is through a suburb of mud-built cottages, the more aristocratic of which possess chimneys and windows; a middle order dispense with the windows; and an inferior grade seem to be satisfied with

having only a door—a common exit for men, women, children, pigs, and smoke. The Celts of Gaul had not a very different order of architecture. On disentangling ourselves from this suburban approach, in which, as travellers, we were objects of considerable interest, we made our debût in the grand Place of the town—a widish kind of street, crowded at the time with country people, carts, cattle, and other materials of a market-day, in which were included several stalls for the sale of men and women's apparel, having all the appearance of an importation from St Giles. Through this gay melange our two faithful gossoons conducted us to the principal hotel in the place, a house with a tolerably brisk exterior, and a seductive promise of cars on the signboard.

Nor was the promise altogether a sham. The bustle of the landlord, a young man, whom I shall introduce as Mr Hyacinthe O'Bralagan, was inspiriting. 'He had a car, which would be at our service in a moment; he would send for it immediately; it had only gone to bring home a cart of turf—well, since he thought of it, he would go and fetch it himself.' And so he did, and the horse was forthwith trotted up to the door, and yoked to a car by a variety of rope and leather fastenings. The faith of an Irishman is boundless. O'Bralagan, in producing this elegant equipage, had doubtless a sincere belief in its powers of locomotion. 'Both horse and car had been over the road fifty times, and they had never yet failed, thank God!' So, taking his word for it, off we set, bag and baggage, madame, by way of precaution against the jolts, holding firmly on by my right arm; while the seat on the other side, to keep the vessel in trim, was occupied by as queer a specimen of the Jehu species as ever 'druv' a kish from a bog. I have been told, for I haven't much personal knowledge of the subject, that there is no fear of Irish horses *reisting*, provided you get them fairly under weigh, and a little warm in harness. The great thing is to set them a-going. I had somewhere heard of the application of a red-hot poker; but on the present occasion there was fortunately no need for this ancient, and, I hope, disused, incentive to locomotion. The blood of the poor hack was a little up, and, to do it justice, it did its very best to get on; the Place was cleared, in not bad style, and at a rough pace we wound our way through the western suburb of the town. Advancing on its journey, however, the animal began to see what was meditated; nothing less than a stage of fifteen or sixteen miles. This was a deception. On being coaxed into the journey, it had laboured under the natural impression that an excursion for turf to the nearest bog was all that was contemplated, whereas it was a regular car affair, with a couple of travellers—a whole day's work, without the slightest prospect of dinner. The more the horse seemed to reflect on this shameful usage, the slower it trotted; and the trot by and by declined into a spasmodic kind of walk.

'Holloa, Paddy! this wont do: we shall never get to our journey's end at this rate.'

'Never fare, yer honour.'

Whish, and down went a thwack on the ribs of the indignant and unfortunate quadruped. Paddy's whip was a cudgel, and with this formidable instrument he proceeded to execute a regular battery of the poor animal. At every second step, and with a jerk of the rein, was uttered the premonitory *whish*, and then down came the cudgel. It was a sorrowful spectacle—a contest of tyranny and suffering.

'I tell you, sirrah, this wont do: we must turn back.' No answer.

Whish—thwack.

'Stop, I say stop; we shant go an inch farther; the horse is utterly incapable of the journey.'

Whish—thwack.

'Stop this instant, I say, or I will make you: I command you to turn back!'

There was no little grumbling at this order, for Paddy was evidently unwilling to relinquish the job; but there being no use in temporising, the machine was turned round, and back we all came to the place of starting, greatly, I have no doubt, to the satisfaction of the horse, but not less to the affected surprise of its proprietor, Mr O'Bralagan.

'What did you mean by sending out such an apology for a horse as this: the creature can scarcely stand!'

'Why, it went five-and-thirty miles yesterday.'

'Well, I shall not dispute the point. Had Mr O'Bralagan no better horse than this?—surely he had!'

'No—yes; that is to say, certainly he had another horse, but it was not a car-horse; it was a hunter, kept for coursing, and he could not possibly send it out to-day, for he intended to take it out with the greyhounds to-morrow.'

This was Mr Hyacinthe O'Bralagan's notion of things. If he had a better horse, he resolved it should not be forthcoming, and that was to me the same thing as his having no horse at all.

'Were there no other horses for hire in the town?'

'Not a leg.'

'When does the train go back to Dublin?'

'Five o'clock.'

'Then get dinner ready, and we shall go and have a look at the town.'

We accordingly proceeded to view the more interesting objects of the town, some of which are of great antiquity, and deserving of a visit on their own account. From the ruins of an old religious house, which for some time engaged our attention, we went to look for a modern chapel, said to be worthy of the inspection of strangers. Sauntering, therefore, through the town in quest of this place of public devotion, we thought we had at length found it out. A building stood a short way back from the street, and in front of it were loitering a number of men and women who had come to market, while others stood half-filling up the doorway. As we approached the edifice, a strange noise seemed to come from the inside: it was a confused sound of voices, over which one, in a higher key, sharply prevailed.

'How ridiculous to take this for a chapel! it is an auction-room: let us go in and see what is going on.'

We accordingly made our way into the house, expecting to enjoy the fun of an Irish auction; and let our surprise be judged, when I mention that it was no more an auction-room than a chapel—it was a county court—bar, bench, and all the rest of the apparatus of justice.

'The judges all ranged, a terrible show,'

consisted of three justices of peace, gentlemen of the neighbourhood, as I understood them to be; and the culprit at the bar, in custody of half-a-dozen armed constabulary, had all the appearance of being a small farmer, a rough blade enough, but a thought more decent in apparel than the bulk of the assembly who looked on this curious array of power.

The case was pretty nearly over when we entered, and therefore we could not gather its precise merits; but it amounted to something like this—the accused party had been found guilty of driving his cow across the railway, and was accordingly liable to punishment under the statute. The discussion now going on respected the degree of punishment, mixed with splenetic remarks on the heinousness of the offence, and the culprit's audacity in challenging the justice of the decision. What a burlesque on the solemnity of justice! All the judges were speaking at once, as if trying to talk each other down. The line of defence or extenuation urged by the poor fellow at the bar struck me as remarkably reasonable; and what an exemplification was it of the prescriptive misusage of Ireland! He did not deny having crossed the railway, but the railway was in the first place to blame. He had always been in the habit of driving his cattle to the fields by a road in this direction, and this path had been blocked up by the railway without his consent. He was, in fact, done out of a road for his cows; and in his opinion it was a very hard case. Instead of being guilty of injuring the railway, the railway had been guilty of injuring him.

Here was exactly a case for the merciful exercise of authority; but Irish justice-of-peace courts are not remarkable for discrimination. The judges were in full cry

on the enormity of the crime. One of them on the left, an oldish little man, with thin white hair, and a very red face, the lower part of which unpleasantly projected, was the loudest in his objurgations, mixing his severity, however, with pretended advice and commiseration.

'You have been found guilty,' said this personage, 'of a very great crime—a very great crime indeed. You had no business, neither you nor your cow, on the railway. Not, mind you, that I am, or ever have been, a friend to railways. I always opposed the railway coming this way; but then that was before the railway was the law of the land. Now that the railway is established by act of parliament, it is a very different thing. It is our duty to respect everything established; and though, as I said, I am no friend to railways as railways, yet when the railways are established railways, and have the law on their side, that gives them quite a new character; it gives them a legal standing; and whatever is legal must be supported by law.'

'I say two years' imprisonment, with hard labour,' broke in another member of the bench; 'here is the statute—"Whereas if any person or persons"'—and he went on reading aloud from a book, while the red-faced man continued his lecture.

'You see it is a very serious affair. Hundreds might have been killed; the consequences might have been fearful. Don't speak to me. I know what you are going to say. No doubt you have lost your ordinary road for your cows; but the statute does not say anything about that. The railway has stopped up the road legally; and all I can say is, that as law can only be met by law, I would advise you to rise an action against the law that has wrongfully, as you think, taken away your road. Don't imagine, however, for one moment that I advise you to go to law. My advice to you is, that having—I mean, that as you think you have—suffered an injury from the railway, you should take advice as to your being advised—that is, legally advised—as to the proper recourse in the premises, by which I mean the taking away of your road. You understand, I don't advise you to do anything; I only advise you to take advice—yes, advice, good legal advice—from some gentleman, such as, for instance, this gentleman here,' pointing to an attorney, as I presumed him to be, sitting below the bench.

This harangue finished, the little red-faced man engaged in a contention about the length of imprisonment for the offence. One of the justices stuck to the statute, and advocated two years; a second thought that two weeks would be sufficient; and the little red-faced man considered that somewhere about a month might answer all the purpose of vindicating the law. Not the least amusing thing about the discussion was its being carried on in an unnecessarily high key—admonitions, accusations, opinions, all being delivered in a loud, angry tone of voice, as if directed to some one over the heads of the audience. The wrangle was maintained long and toughly; so long, that we became uneasy as to the progress of time, and were compelled to leave the court before the question was settled. And this was a court of justice! The whole affair more resembled a scene in Tom and Jerry than the proceedings of a regularly-appointed tribunal.

On retiring from the court-house we went back to the hotel, considering it fully time to have some little experience of Mrs O'Bralagan's cookery. How the dinner was served by a waiter about three-quarters drunk, who had been engaged that morning only on the distinct understanding that he was a teetotaller—how this waiter came into the room every five minutes, thinking, in the conglomeration of his ideas, that the bell had rung; and how, on discovering his mistake, he always went to a large basket standing in a corner of the apartment, and therefrom abstracted a turf, which he placed carefully on the fire; and how at last we had to insist on his discontinuing these acts of attention, as we had no wish to be roasted, or to see the house on fire—how Mr O'Bralagan was very much scandalised with the waiter's eccentricities, and would have dismissed him on the spot, but for the considerate interposition of Mrs O'Bralagan—how Mr Hyacinthe O'Bralagan, who was an obliging fellow in the main, by way of compliment, sat in the room during our meal, and entertained us with a full and particular account of his greyhounds—how Mr O'Bralagan gave it as his well-weighed opinion, that it would be a hard case, very hard indeed, if a man in business like him were not to get one day out of every four for amusement—how Mr O'Bralagan was of belief that every gentleman should keep a good riding-horse—and how it was Mr O'Bralagan's indelibly-fixed impression that the Union had been the ruin of Irish industry—must all be left to the obliging imagination of the reader. A slight stretch further of this accommodating quality will see us leaving Mr O'Bralagan's hospitable mansion, on our return by train to Dublin—discomfited no doubt, but with an undaunted resolution to renew, on Saturday, our Travels in Search of Lord Rosse's Telescope.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MAGPIE.

THE general appearance of the magpie is so well known, that little need be said about it. The bird appears in two varieties in our country, one a little larger than the other, the former building in trees, the latter in bushes. Naturalists, however, enumerate many species as inhabiting different countries. In North America, the variety known here, or one differing in no material point, is found pretty generally spread, but not in great numbers, so that its existence was only detected in recent times. When Lewis and Clark travelled in 1804 to the Rocky Mountains, they parted with the blue jay about the bend of the Missouri; and then for the first time observed magpies, as if the latter animal had been restricted by the former to certain western ground, like the Indians by the Europeans.*

The active lively aspect of the magpie, with its long tail constantly moving up and down, is familiar to all persons who have any acquaintance with the country. So is its party-coloured plumage, the basis of a descriptive term—*pied*—long in common use. Few, however, are sufficiently well acquainted with the magpie, to know that there is not only a striking contrast between the breast and scapular feathers, and those of the rest of the body, but the wings and tail are beautifully glossed with blue, green, and purple, so that the bird, seen close at hand, and in a natural state, is a very fine one.† Sometimes, though rarely, variations occur. Two magpies, entirely of a cream colour, were hatched a few years ago at a farmhouse in Eskdale, Dumfriesshire.‡

The next most prominent peculiarity of the magpie is its chattering voice—'the chattering pie' is proverbial. Mr Waterton says, it 'was notorious two thousand years ago for pertness of character and volubility of tongue. Ovid, who knew more of birds than any man of his time, gives an account of a family of young ladies in Macedonia who were all changed into magpies; and he expressly tells us that they retained their inordinate fondness for gabble long after they had lost the lovely form of woman:

> "Nunc quoque in alitibus, facundia prisca remansit,
> Rauca garrulitas, studiumque immane loquendi."
>
> "And still their tongues went on, though changed to birds,
> In endless clack and vast desire of words."'§

Somewhat more than a hundred years ago, an ingenious Frenchman, named Peter Bougeant, endeavoured to show in a book that beasts have a spiritual soul, which was answered by the French government in a warrant to clap up the author in La Fleche. Let us hear, however, what honest Peter had to say on the magpie, which, as he justly observes, is so great a chatterer. 'It is easy to perceive,' says he, 'that her discourses or songs are varied. She lowers or raises her voice, hastens or protracts the measure, lengthens or shortens her chit-

* Wilson's American Ornithology, 3 vols. 1832.
† Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary, by Rennie, art. Magpie.
‡ Jardine's edition of White's Selborne.
§ Magazine of Natural History, May 1836.

chat; and these evidently are so many separate sentences. Now, following the rule I have laid down, that the knowledge, desires, wants, and of course the expressions of beasts, are confined to what is useful or necessary for their preservation, methinks nothing is more easy than at first, and in general, to understand the meaning of these different phrases. . . . Do but observe what circumstance she is in with regard to her wants, then reflect what you would say yourself in a like situation, and this will be exactly the very thing she says. For instance, if she speaks, eating with a good appetite, she infallibly says at that time what you would say on the like occasion—"This is very good: this does me good." If you offer her something bad, she immediately says, as you would yourself—"This does not please me: this is not good for me." In a word, suppose yourself to be in the several circumstances of one who cannot express anything but his wants, and you will find in your own discourse the interpretation of what a magpie says in those circumstances: "There is nothing more to be had here. Let us go to some other place. I am going; follow me. Don't you hear me? Who is coming there? Have a care, have a care! Let us fly away." You perceive that I could swell this dictionary with many like phrases, especially if I should take in all the expressions suggested by love, jealousy, grief, and joy.'*

The magpie is by nature a very familiar bird; in Norway, where it is kindly treated, it lives in streets and farmyards, and even ventures within houses, exactly as pigeons do amongst us. In our country, its familiarity is seen in its habit of building in trees close to farmhouses, and in hedges and bushes near roads; but the hostility it meets with from husbandmen makes it shy and wary in its demeanour. The fact is undoubted, that it is a voracious bird, devouring great quantities of fruit and grain in certain seasons, though in general it lives upon insects and other little animals, not disdaining carrion when nothing better is to be had. It is said to attack small quadrupeds occasionally, as hares and lambs; poultry also become its prey, and it is a noted destroyer of eggs. Professor Macgillivray describes the ordinary habits in lively terms:—'There,' he says, 'on the old ash that overshadows the farmyard, you may see a pair, one perched on the topmost twig, the other hopping among the branches, uttering an incessant clatter of short hard notes, scarcely resembling anything else in nature, but withal not unpleasant, at least to the lover of birds. How gracefully she of the top twig swings in the breeze! Off she starts, and, directing her flight towards the firwood opposite, proceeds with a steady, moderately rapid, but rather heavy flight, performed by quick beats of her apparently short wings, intermitted for a moment at intervals. Birds with long graduated tails generally fly heavily, or at least have the appearance of doing so: the pheasant, for example, and the magpie. Even the cuckoo, in its ordinary flight, seems to lack speed, although, on occasion, it shoots along with the rapidity of a sparrow-hawk. Chattering by the way, she seems to call her mate after her; but he, intent on something which he has spied below, hops downwards from twig to branch, and descends to the ground. Raising his body as high as possible, and carrying his tail inclined upwards, to avoid contact with the moist grass, he walks a few paces, and spying an earthworm half protruded from its hole, drags it out by a sudden jerk, breaks it in pieces, and swallows it. Now, under the hedge he has found a snail, which he will presently detach from its shell. But something among the bushes has startled him, and lightly he springs upwards, chattering the while, to regain his favourite tree. It is a cat, which, not less frightened than himself, runs off toward the house. The magpie again descends, steps slowly over the green, looking from side to side, stops and listens, advances rapidly by a succession of leaps, and encounters a whole brood of chickens, with their mother at their heels. Were they unprotected, how deliciously would the magpie feast; but alas! it is vain to think of it, for with fury in her eye, bristled plumage, and loud clamour, headlong rushes the hen, overturning two of her younglings, when the enemy suddenly wheels round, avoiding the encounter, and flies off after his mate. There again, you perceive them in the meadow, as they walk about with elevated tails, looking for something eatable, although apparently with little success. By the hedge afar off are two boys with a gun, endeavouring to creep up to a flock of plovers on the other side. But the magpies have observed them; and presently rising, fly directly over the field, chattering vehemently, on which the whole flock takes to wing, and the disappointed sportsmen sheer off in another direction.'*

The bird, he adds, 'generally walks in the same manner as the crows, but occasionally leaps in a sidelong direction. . . . On the appearance of a fox or cat, or other unfriendly animal, it never ceases hovering about it, and alarming the neighbourhood by its cries, until the enemy has slunk away out of sight.'

The nest of the magpie is curious in form—a cup-like basis of sticks mixed with clay, and lined with fibrous roots; over this a dome of twigs securely interlaced; a space being left at the side for the entrance. Though denied by some naturalists, there is reason to believe that the bird leaves a portion of the fabric so weak, that, on an exigency, it could slip out as through a back-door, and so escape.† Albertus Magnus says, 'she not only constructs two passages for her nest, one for entering, and another for going out, but frequently makes two nests on contiguous trees, with the design of misleading plunderers, who may as readily choose the empty nest as the one containing the eggs; on the principle that Dionysius the tyrant had thirty sleeping-rooms.' A curious contrivance of the animal for protection in peculiar circumstances is related by the Rev. Mr Stanley, as having been observed by a gentleman in a remote and barren part of Scotland. 'Observing the magpies hopping round a gooseberry-bush, and flying in and out of it in an extraordinary manner, he noticed the circumstance to the owners of the house in which he was, who informed him that, as there were no trees in the neighbourhood, they had for several years built their nest and brought up their young in that bush. And that foxes, cats, hawks, &c. might not interrupt them, they had barricadoed not only the nest, but the bush itself, all round with briers and thorns, in a formidable manner. The materials in the inside of the nest were soft, warm, and comfortable to the touch, but all round, on the outside, so rough, strong, and firmly entwined with the bush, that, without a hedge-knife, or something of the kind, even a man could not, without much pain and trouble, get at their young; the barrier from the outer to the inner edge being above a foot in breadth. Frogs, mice, worms, or anything living, were plentifully brought to their young. One day, one of the parent birds attacked a rat, but not being able to kill it, one of the young ones came out of the nest and assisted in its destruction, which was not finally accomplished till the other old one, arriving with a dead mouse, also lent its aid. The female was observed to be the most active and thievish, and withal very ungrateful; for although the children about the house had often frightened cats and hawks from the spot, yet she one day seized a chicken, and carried it to the top of the house to eat it, where the hen immediately followed, and having rescued the chicken, brought it safely down in her beak; and it was remarked that the poor little bird, though it made a great noise while the magpie was carrying it up, was quite quiet, and seemed to feel no pain, while its mother was carrying it down. These magpies were supposed to have been the very same pair which had built there for several years, never suffering either the young, when grown up, or anything else, to

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1739, p. 196.

* Macgillivray's British Birds, i. 565.
† Jesse's Country Life, p. 210.

take possession of their bush. The nest they carefully fortified afresh every spring with rough, strong, prickly sticks, which they sometimes drew in with their united forces, if unable to effect the object alone.'*

Over and above all consideration of its predatory habits, country people have a superstitious prejudice against the magpie. They say it knows their future destiny, and bodes ill-luck. To see one, or four, or nine, is held particularly ominous. 'They tell you,' says Mr Waterton, 'that when four of these birds are seen together, it is a sure sign that, ere long, there will be a funeral in the village; and that nine are quite a horrible sight. I have often heard countrymen say that they would rather see any bird than a magpie.'† There is a custom in Scotland, which we have never seen alluded to, of nodding to the magpie on first seeing it, and saying, 'How do you do? how do you do?' by way of averting the dreaded evil fortune. The people of our country say—

> One's sorrow, two's mirth,
> Three's a wedding, four's death—

which partly agrees with the above statement of the case. Sir Humphry Davy has endeavoured to explain that the male magpie, in stormy weather, may go abroad alone for food, leaving his mate in the nest, while in good weather both will venture forth.‡ But the suggestion does not, to our mind, get to the bottom of the mystery. How should four or nine be thought so unlucky?

There is good reason to believe that the magpie was unknown in Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and that it made its first appearance in that country in the latter part of the century before the last, entering by the county of Wexford, where English settlers formed the prevalent population. Tradition says that magpies were driven over to Ireland during a storm.§

The magpie is capable of being tamed, and made the friend and familiar of the family with which it lives. In that case its beauty suffers, as does that of all naturally wild animals which are brought up about a house; but its chatter, its tricks, and ingenuity are a source of much amusement. It can very readily be taught to imitate the human voice. Of one which attained this accomplishment, an anecdote is given in Mr Hone's *Table-Book*. 'A cobbler, who lived on indifferent terms with his wife in Kingsmead Street, Bath, kept a magpie, that learned his favourite ejaculatory exclamation—"What the plague art (*h*)*at*?" Whoever came to his shop, where the bulk of his business was carried on, the magpie was sure to use this exclamation; but the bird was matched by the ghostly, bodily, and tall person of "Hats to dress!" a well-known street perambulator and hat improver, who, with that cry, daily passed the temple of Crispin. The magpie aspirating *at* with *h*, the crier of "Hats to dress" considered it a personal insult, and after long endurance, one morning put the bird into his bag, and walked away with his living plague. When he reached home, poor mag was daintily fed, and became a favourite with the dresser's wife. It chanced, however, that the cobbler, who supplied the *sole* understanding of "Hats to dress," waited on him to be rebeavered for his own understanding. The magpie, hearing his old master's voice, cried out, "What the plague art (*h*)*at*?" "Ha, ha, ha!" said the astonished and delighted cobbler; "come to fetch thee home, thou scapegrace." The hatter and the cobbler drank their explanation over a quart of ale; and with a new, old, hat on his head, the latter trudged through Stall Street, with his magpie in his apron, crying, "What the plague art (*h*)*at*?"'

There is, however, one drawback from the pleasantry of the domesticated magpie—that he is a determined thief. Like the birds of the crow family, to which he is very nearly allied, he is particularly fond of shining articles. Thus he is extremely apt to filch jewellery, and other light articles of value, from the houses which he is permitted to approach. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the operatic drama of *La Gazza Ladra*, founded on the popular story of a serving-girl who narrowly escaped the death of a felon, on the suspicion of having stolen some of her mistress's silver spoons and forks, while the real culprit was a magpie, which secreted the articles in a neighbouring church tower. Mr Jesse tells us that the magpie 'is not only fond of hiding things, but selects particular localities for that purpose. Two magpies, kept in a very extensive kitchen-garden, always hid food they could not eat, and also concealed bones, bits of bread, and even grains of wheat, which they searched for and found amongst the stable manure. One day some men were sent to dig up that part of the garden which had been the favourite hiding-place of the birds. The work had scarcely commenced, when the magpies showed that they were perfectly aware of what was going forward; and also afforded a proof of the retentiveness of their memory, which was not a little extraordinary. They hastened to the spot, and with their beaks cleared the earth, which concealed their hidden treasures, which they conveyed to some distance, returning for the rest. In this way seven or eight bones and pieces of bread were disinterred, although some of them had been buried three or four weeks; thus showing that they perfectly recollected peculiar spots.'

* Familiar History of Birds, i. 252.
† Magazine of Natural History, ix. 225.
‡ Salmonia.
§ Yarrell's British Birds, ii. 116.

TALES OF THE PASSIONS.

ANGER.

The wind blew chilly outside the house, and the fire burnt brightly inside, when a happy-looking group drew round to enjoy the cheerful blaze. The younger portion of the family at least looked very happy, but Dr Davis, the father of the group, appeared more than usually grave and abstracted. 'Why do you look so depressed to-night, dear papa? The wind that is howling outside is nothing to us when we have a comfortable house and a good fire to be grateful for,' said his eldest daughter, a nice-looking girl of about eighteen.

'The truth is, Mary, I can scarcely turn my thoughts from that poor young man, whose remains I this day accompanied to the grave.'

'Oh, papa, I wish you would tell me his history—I always felt very much interested for him.'

'With pleasure, my love. It is one from which we may all take a lesson, though perhaps some of my young auditors would rather hear something merrier. I remember that poor young fellow a fine handsome child. He was the eldest son of a gentleman of fortune, and his birth gave rise to great rejoicing amongst all the friends of his father, Mr Martin. He was about two years old when I made his acquaintance; it was when I first settled here, before I had the honour of knowing any of you. His father and mother were very old friends of mine; and when I went to see them, Mrs Martin produced her son and heir, and introduced him to me with great pride. The young gentleman and I soon became very good friends, and when I called at the house, he invariably made his way into the drawing-room. It was with the most sincere regret I noticed in the child extreme violence of temper. The eldest son, and a great pet, this, his only fault, was left totally uncorrected. I often remonstrated with his mother on spoiling him, and begged of her not to allow him to indulge his passion so completely without control; but she used to say, "Oh, he is such a delightful child, I cannot bear to scold him! He will be good when he gets sense." But Willie, I think, had quite sense enough to perceive that to get into a passion was the sure way to gain his points, and consequently had no notion of giving up a custom that he found so successful. When the maid came for him, he used to beat, or try to kick her. If his mother desired him to go, a stick, which was his constant auxiliary, was

again brought into requisition. I have seen him, at that early age, get into such a rage, that he would throw himself down, and kick his heels on the floor, or toss his playthings about the room until they were broken to pieces. On these occasions Mrs Martin would generally say, "Well, Willie shall do whatever he likes; he shant go if he does not wish it;" and then pet him till she got him into good-humour again. She used to say in his hearing, "He is a good child, but he is very passionate;" as if it were a curious fact that he was passionate, and always must continue so; or, "I am afraid to forbid him such a thing, he will get so angry;" and Willie was quick enough to take advantage of this. His ill temper, though at first it amused his mother, in the end completely overawed her, and she would yield to his wishes rather than witness a fit of passion.

'Willie was the only child for six years, when another son was born. All rejoiced at the event, as they said it would save the eldest from ruin. Unfortunately, however, it had not that effect. Mrs Martin had just learned sufficient experience to turn over a new leaf, not with Willie, but with the new-comer. "Well, I believe you were right, Dr Davis," said she to me, "when you told me I was spoiling darling Willie. I am determined to keep little Arthur in order, as soon as he is old enough to understand anything." I ventured to suggest that it was not too late to reclaim Master William; but she seemed to consider such an undertaking impossible. "I am so fond of him," she used to say, "I cannot bear to correct him." But I believe the truth was, she was so fond of herself, she could not endure to risk the smallest diminution of the child's affection for her. She suffered afterwards even for this weakness, for William always preserved a sort of overbearing manner to his mother. On the contrary, Arthur was always respectful and affectionate to her, as a son should be. Mr Martin never interfered in the concerns of the nursery, except to make Willie do as he was bid, if he attempted to rebel in his presence; and the child, knowing that he must behave himself properly before his father, generally kept out of his way. Willie soon perceived that, however it might be with him, his brother was intended to be a good boy. He was not jealous of him, for he had no cause to be so; neither did he dislike him: I think he was even fond of him; but he found him a most convenient object on whom to vent his ill temper, when nursery-maids no longer came in his way.

'The more I saw of my friend Willie, the more I regretted the treatment he had received. With the one exception of having his temper under no sort of control, he was the nicest boy I ever knew. Generous, open-hearted, and amiably disposed, he was beloved by all about him; and his manners were entirely those of a gentleman. But he was never to be depended upon, for, his anger once excited, he completely forgot himself. I had some hopes that Willie would learn at school the necessity of self-control. His temper must, I am sure, have got him into many scrapes; but, alas! nothing cured him. He had been too long allowed to indulge his passion, and had even found so much benefit in it, that he had not the resolution to begin an improvement then. In fact, he had never been taught how extremely sinful and wicked it was to get into a passion—he had never learned the necessity of praying for grace to overcome himself.

'When William returned home for the vacations, I perceived with regret that there was no improvement in him. Arthur was naturally a very good-tempered boy; and besides, had the advantage of being better taught than his elder brother.

'I have often seen William strike him in anger, and he never attempted to make any return. He was always ready to forgive William when he repented, which he generally did when his anger had cooled. Yet, notwithstanding, I think, though he never got angry himself, Arthur had a way of irritating his brother.

'It is very curious, but I do believe the most good-tempered people are often those who are the most apt to exasperate others. Because a trifle would not annoy them, they think it should not vex others; and thus, without intending it, they try the tempers of those who are more irritable than themselves. I remember sometimes saying to Arthur, "You should not do such a thing to your brother; it vexes him." "But it ought not to vex him," he would say. "You think, my little man, that it ought not to fret him, because it would not annoy you; and you are right in thinking that he should not let himself be annoyed at it; but you see it does vex him, so you should not do it, or you will have to answer for being accessory to his sin."

'Well, years passed quickly by, and my friend William came of age. We had a grand ball to celebrate his majority, and a great dinner to the tenants. Mrs Martin looked the picture of happiness. The young heir appeared to the greatest advantage. Every one was in good humour, every one was trying to please him: there was nothing in the least to disturb him. I remember seeing him open the ball with Miss Eastwood—a very interesting-looking girl, the daughter of a gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood.

'A few months after, Mrs Martin told me, with great delight, that her son was going to be married to Miss Eastwood. She said "she was everything she could wish him to find in a wife: very well educated, amiable, and good-tempered; and that is a very important point after all," she added with a sigh. I had hoped that William was beginning to correct the violence of his temper, but the sad tone of her last words made me fear I was wrong.

'The day was fixed for the wedding, and I was invited to it. I went to call on William, to congratulate him, but, as I entered the parlour, Mrs Martin met me with tears in her eyes. I anxiously inquired if there was anything wrong. "My son's marriage is broken off," said she with considerable agitation; "and I fear his unfortunate temper is the cause." She then proceeded to tell me that, a few days before, William went out hunting with his intended father-in-law. During the day his horse became restive, which in itself irritated him; and a countryman attempting clumsily to assist him, and making the matter worse, William became very angry, and struck the poor man. "You know," she said, "what a dreadful expression William's countenance gets when he is in a passion. Happily, the man was not injured. It was the first time Mr Eastwood had seen William angry; and he witnessed the scene with great regret, and even terror. He began to fear that a man who could thus let his passions overcome him, was not to be depended on; and that his daughter's happiness would be very insecure in such hands. He felt it his duty to make inquiries as to the general character of William's temper; and, alas! he had to learn that such fits of passion were but too frequent. Indeed," she said, "some people are so ill-natured, that I fear he has even heard exaggerated accounts of poor William's defects. Be that as it may, he wrote to my son, saying that he felt it his duty to withdraw his consent from his daughter's marriage; that he did so with the sincerest regret, as he knew it would make both William and Lucy very unhappy; but he felt that the pain it would cause them would be the lesser of two evils, as he feared that he would be unwarrantably risking the happiness of his daughter's whole life were he to intrust it to the keeping of a man whose temper was so uncontrolled. He concluded by impressing upon William very kindly, but very urgently, the necessity of, though late, commencing a reformation, begging of him to remember the awful account he would one day have to render of every angry word and deed of passion; and finally, holding out to him a hope of winning Lucy's hand, some future time, when he had earned it by overcoming his temper."

'Mrs Martin said that when William read this letter he was perfectly infuriated; he walked rapidly up and down the room, tore the letter in pieces, and threw it into the fire. Mrs Martin tried to soothe him, but she felt more than ever her want of influence with him. He left the room; she tried to follow him, fearing to leave him alone in the state of mind he was in; but he slammed the door, and locked it after him. When she was able to get out of the room, she learned that he had left the house,

carrying a small portmanteau. His father and she spent the night in a state of the greatest misery on his account; but the following morning she received a note from him, requesting her to send his servant after him with his luggage, as he was going on the continent. "He has gone away," she said, "without answering Mr Eastwood's letter, or making any explanation to Lucy. The poor girl is inconsolable; and I, oh, I am very wretched! It is all, all my fault." I really felt for her very much, she wept so bitterly.

'Two years passed by. Mrs Martin heard occasionally from her son; at first his letters came very seldom, and the angry tone of them distressed her, but by degrees they improved; at length one came that gave her great pleasure. In it he said he regretted to hear that Lucy had taken his absence so much to heart; at the same time he could not help feeling pleased at her constancy, as he loved her as much as ever. At first, he said, he felt angry with her father for breaking off the marriage, which he thought very unkind; but he now began to perceive that the error lay with himself, and he had resolved, for *her sake*, to commence a thorough amendment of his temper. Alas that he had no better motive! The resolution based only on such a foundation was built upon sand. His letters continued to express the same sentiments. He used to say, "I am getting so meek and quiet, the post-boys may even keep me waiting with impunity. When I feel myself in sufficiently good practice, I shall come home and claim dearest Lucy's hand; I wonder if she will give it to me. No girl ever had such a good-humoured husband as she will have." Mrs Martin smiled in showing it to me. "I hope he will keep his resolution," said she; "Mr Eastwood remarked that he would trust him more if he trusted himself less."

'Shortly after this Mr Martin died. On this occasion Arthur was to his mother all that the best of sons could be. Still the widow, in her affliction, naturally wished for William's return. He came without delay, and I will do him the justice to say that on this occasion he tried every art of kindness and affection to console his mother, and make her loss seem less grievous.

'William now renewed his courtship, and the year of mourning for Mr Martin gave ample time to Lucy's father to judge of William's improvement. He contrived several ways of trying his temper, but William was always on his guard, and kept himself under control. Poor Lucy had been so miserable during his absence, that her father was very glad to find no objection to the marriage any longer. Again the day was fixed; and William, now sure of his prize, became less cautious.

'One day he and his brother were standing on the steps of the hall-door, both in great good-humour, when William's favourite hunter rushed past them; it had escaped from the stable, and the groom was following in great agitation.

'The animal, in trying to escape pursuit, jumped over an invisible paling. Unfortunately its leg caught, and it fell. This was too great a trial of William's temper; his passion rose; he grew first pale, then red; he stamped his foot on the ground, and gave vent to his passion without control. "If Lucy saw you now!" exclaimed Arthur. The taunt was too much at the moment. William turned round and struck him on the ear. The blow in itself was not one seriously to injure him, but it was so sudden, that it made him stagger. Unfortunately he was standing on the very edge of the step, and, horror of horrors! he fell down the flight on his head. His brother tried to catch him, but his fall was the work of a moment. I happened to come up at the time. I never witnessed such a scene, and may I never behold such another! Arthur lay lifeless with his head on the step, and William sat beside him, his eyes glaring, his teeth chattering, and a fixed vacancy in his countenance. "What has happened?" I exclaimed. He made no reply, but pointed to his brother. I took him by the hand, and led him into the house. He made no resistance, but followed me like a child, without speaking one word. The whole household gathered about us as we entered. Leaving poor William to the care of the servants, I hastened to attend to Arthur; but, alas! my efforts for him were unavailing. The fall had been fatal. Happily the poor mother was out, or I do think she would have lost her senses. Her carriage was now seen driving up the avenue, so we carried poor Arthur's lifeless form into the house, that it might not meet her eye. But then the question occurred—who should tell her what had happened in her absence? She had left her sons in health and high spirits, preparing for the approaching wedding. She returned to find one dead—his life sacrificed to the uncontrolled passion of the other.

'The following morning William was in the height of a brain-fever. It was fearful to hear his ravings; ever on one subject—his brother. In all my experience of illness, I never witnessed one so distressing. For some time his life was in imminent danger: his mother watched by his bedside night and day: her misery was truly heartrending to witness. Her remorse for the way in which she had brought up her eldest son, her grief for the loss of Arthur, the manner of his death, and her fear of losing William also—all together seemed an overwhelming weight of misfortune. I think she would have sunk under it but for the excitement of her son's illness, which obliged her to exert herself. In the course of time, and after days of frightful suspense to his mother, William recovered his health, but not his senses. He remained a wretched maniac. At first he used occasionally to be very violent, but finally the insanity calmed down into a melancholy madness—more hopeless, though not so distressing. He never recovered his senses until within a few hours of his death, when he spoke to me quite collectedly, though he seemed to have no recollection of anything that had happened.'

The doctor stopped. He had brought tears to the eyes of his young auditors, and his own were not dry.

'Now tell me, my boy,' said he, after a pause, to his youngest child, 'what is the moral of my story?'

'It is, papa, that we should all learn to control our passions.'

'Yes, my child; but it can only be done by a pious reliance on God's assistance.'

'Tell me, papa, what became of poor Lucy?'

'She is still alive, but I fear gradually wasting away with decline. I do not think she will long survive William, poor fellow.'

'And his mother—what of her?'

'She died, I am happy to say. She suffered dreadfully from reproaches of conscience for the errors she had committed in the education of her son; but she sought consolation where alone it was to be found—in religion—and died quite calmly. It was truly a tragical dispersion of a household. I hope it may be a lesson to us all!'

MENTAL EFFECTS OF LONG VOYAGES.

In a small medical work,* designed for the guidance of landsmen during sea voyages, we find some remarkable observations on the *mental effects* produced by living on board ship. That people should experience sickness, and other unpleasant bodily ills at sea, is to be reasonably expected; but few will be prepared to learn that a lengthened voyage is apt also to disturb the mind, and alter the usual habits of thought. Between the physical and mental system there is, medically speaking, a well-known sympathy—the mind usually suffering along with any serious bodily derangement. At sea, says the author of the work referred to, this sympathetic disorder is peculiarly apparent. 'In the year 1840, a young subaltern proceeded in a freight ship to the East. He was of a plethoric habit, and from the day of his embarkation made up his mind to eat and drink as much as possible, and to take the least possible exercise. The vessel was ninety days in making the passage, and during this period the young officer continued to quarrel with almost every one of his fellow-voyagers; the most

* Hints to Landsmen on Sea Voyages and Sea-Sickness. By Arthur Romer, M. R. C. S. Orr and Co., London.

trivial circumstances giving rise, in many instances, to the most "mighty contests." In fact this young person had lost all control over his temper—a natural consequence of the excited condition of his biliary organs. There is in my recollection a circumstance which fully bears out the hypothesis—that the reckless mode of living indulged in on board ship exercises an extraordinary influence over the mental faculties. A gallant major of the —— regiment once asserted at the cuddy table that one of the queen's frigates, during a strong breeze, went clean over a strange brig, merely carrying away the truck of her mast! Notwithstanding the utter improbability of this story, the major defended his veracity with such pertinacious obstinacy, that upon a person at table saying he doubted the possibility of such an occurrence, he considered himself greatly insulted, and it was not until fourteen days had elapsed that the affair was amicably settled. On another occasion a quarrel arose from the circumstance of a gentleman's forgetting to ask a person who sat next him if he felt disposed to take a tart, and in this case three weeks had elapsed ere the disputants became completely reconciled. I can at once adduce a few more instances of this peculiar state of mental derangement: I have heard, on more than one occasion, the captain of a colonial regiment declare as his opinion—and he would have supported it with his honour—that the tea was made of bilge water; and when the assertion was contradicted in positive terms, he felt extremely indignant. I remember a young subaltern attacking an assistant-surgeon in the most vehement manner, simply because his family had caught the measles from a little girl who was afflicted with the disease in the cabin adjoining his own. This morbid irritability of temper leads those who labour under its influence not only to torture themselves about their own imaginary troubles, but to busy themselves with the affairs and interests of others. In the year 1842 there were twenty-seven passengers on board the ship (bound to the East), six of whom were single ladies, all amiable and accomplished, as single young ladies ought to be. One of these fair damsels, being of a lively disposition, laughed to an immoderate extent, and her laughter excited the extreme displeasure of a Dutch clergyman, who had, during the voyage, devoted a large portion of his time to the care of his body. This honoured personage, in the exercise of his discretion, wrote a long letter to a married lady on board, complaining of the girl's conduct, and begging that a sense of his indignation might be communicated to the unconscious offender, who was at length sentenced to three days' sedentary employment at the remotest end of the cabin table. The affair, however, did not end here—a military doctor on board also took upon himself the responsibility of giving the young lady in question a long and severe lecture upon the impropriety of indulging in her natural disposition to laughter. Finding herself thus attacked, the lady consulted the young friends of her own age and sex; and the result was, that the dire conspiracy was made known to the young gentlemen passengers, who remonstrated with the worthy *doctor* upon the injustice of his proceedings—the young gallants little dreaming, at the moment, that their interference in the matter was quite as unjustifiable as the course adopted by the doctor. The result was, that several quarrels took place; and in many instances it was found extremely difficult to avoid a serious termination. However, as the disputants approached their destination, the joy which the mind experienced effectually overcame the ailments of the body, and at length a general amnesty was declared.'

A curious instance of this cankering of the feelings during long sea voyages occurs in the awkward ill-will which passengers manifest towards each other when arriving at any of the half-way stations to India. The author mentions 'having heard it remarked by several hotel and lodging-house keepers at the Cape, St Helena, and the Mauritius, that the passengers are always in a state of warfare, the ill-feeling existing amongst them being at times perfectly ludicrous. Many of them will not live at the same house with their fellow-passengers. The consequence is, that they are often put to serious inconvenience, and are obliged to content themselves with abiding-places, which, under ordinary circumstances, they would consider unfit for their reception.'

Bilious congestion, arising from over-eating and want of exercise, is mentioned as the proximate cause of these mental disturbances; but we should also ascribe them to the listless idleness and vacuity of thought which usually prevail on board ship. The recommendation of Mr Romer to passengers is to eat and drink in moderation, take regular daily exercise, and keep the internal functions in order. May we be permitted to add—let every ship have a good library on board, from which the means of mental solacement is to be obtained!

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In our previous article, it was mentioned that Mr Henry Colman is an American agriculturist, who had visited the United Kingdom with the view of procuring information on subjects connected with his profession. We have referred to his ideas on the general aspect of England—the beauty of the country, and yet, amidst all its rural loveliness, the too frequent inferiority of its husbandry. Turning from the appearance and management of the soil, he speaks of the persons who reside upon and cultivate it.

To an American, it appears strange that men of capital should be found renting land; and it is still more surprising that such tenants should, in some instances, expend thousands of pounds on manures and grass seeds; yet experience, he says, 'has demonstrated that in these cases the most liberal outlay of capital is the most sure to be followed by successful results.' Such outlays of course only take place when leases for a term of years are granted; and it is generally the want of these that discourages substantial improvement. Our tourist acknowledges that the payment of rents acts as a stimulant to industry—an admission of some value; the proof of the fact, however, on a comparison of the condition of the American and British farmer, being too evident to be disallowed. Mr Colman is pleased with the practice in Scotland of granting leases of nineteen years. 'One would be led to infer that the terms on which landlords live with their tenants, in Scotland, must be honourable and just to both parties, since renewals are common: the same estates have been, in many instances, in the same families for a century, and the expenses incurred in some cases by tenants, in the erection of permanent buildings and other fixtures, are very heavy; showing the confidence of the tenant in his landlord. One farm was pointed out to me where the tenant had recently died, leaving only one child, an infant son. In this case, that the lease might be retained in the family, three of the neighbouring farmers had agreed to take the whole management of the estate until the young man came of age. In such cases, there is very little difference between a lease and a freehold in fee-simple.' The Scotch lease, in point of fact, is a species of inheritance—a thing belonging to the family for such a term of years as makes it worth while to obtain and preserve it. The obligation to pay a pretty smart rent stimulates the farmer to try all proper means to make the land productive; but as the obligation has usually some reference to the price of grain for the time being, he is to a certain extent protected from absolute ruin, while the landlord may be said to participate in his risk. Landlords are sometimes harsh, though, in the main, getting a poor return for their money; nevertheless, observes Mr Colman, 'I believe there is a great deal more abuse of power on the part of farmers towards their labourers, than on the part of landlords towards their tenants. The farmers can protect themselves; the labourers, in general, are without power. Indeed, the more cultivated and improved the education of a man, and the higher the condition which he occupies in society, the stronger are the inducements to a just and honourable conduct, not only in his enlarged mind, but

in the increased value of character to such a man.' Without imputing wilful cruelty on the part of farmers generally towards their dependents, we fear that, in too many instances, they may be convicted of something worse than neglect. It is undeniable that farm-labourers are, as a class, poorly paid, and little sympathised with. 'I will not say they are in a degraded condition,' observes Mr Colman, 'for that would not, in any sense, apply to them, unless where, by their own bad habits, they may have degraded themselves; but they are in a very low condition, and extremely ignorant and servile. They rarely, as with us, live in the house of their employers, but either in cottages on the farm, or in a neighbouring village. They are usually comfortably clad, in this respect contrasting most favourably with the mechanics and manufacturers in the cities and large towns; but they are, in general, very poorly fed. Their wages, compared with the wages of labour in the United States, are very low. The cash wages paid to them seldom equals the cash wages paid to labourers with us, and our labourers, in addition to their wages in money, have their board; but the English labourers are obliged to subsist themselves, with an occasional allowance, in some instances, of beer, in haying or harvesting. The division of labour among them is quite particular—a ploughman being always a ploughman, and almost inseparable from his horses; a ditcher, a ditcher; a shepherd, a shepherd only: the consequence of this is, that what they do they do extremely well. But they appear totally destitute of invention, and have evidently little skill or ingenuity when called upon to apply themselves to a work different from that to which they have been accustomed. Their gait is very slow; and they seem to me to grow old quite early. The former circumstance explained itself to me when I examined and lifted the shoes which they are accustomed to wear, and which, when, in addition to being well charged with iron, they gather the usual amount of clay which adheres to them in heavy soils, furnish at least some reason why, like an Alexandrine verse, "they drag their slow length along." There are occasional instances of extraordinarily good management where they are enabled to accumulate small sums; but in no case, under the best exertions, can they make from the wages of labour anything like a provision for their old age and decay.'

The condition of the rural population in Scotland seemed to the traveller to present some pleasing but also some bad features. The practice of exclusively employing only unmarried men, and lodging them in bothies, or huts, by themselves, meets with just reprehension. 'It is not difficult to infer that, where young men and others are turned into a hovel together, and without any one to look after their lodging or prepare their meals, the style of living cannot have the advantages even of the wigwam of a North American savage; for there, at least, there is a squaw to provide food and look after the premises.' A practice equally vicious, if not identical with that of the bothie system, is the putting unmarried ploughmen to sleep in stable-lofts; and to this Mr Colman does not allude. Will it be credited by Englishmen that Scottish farmers—men of capital and general intelligence, as well as professing Christians—should actually make a practice of sending their servants to sleep among cattle? Yet such is the case; and though it would be difficult to devise a more effectual means of demoralisation, such means are not wanting. Once a-year, during harvest, there may be said to prevail a wide-spread and long-accredited system of breaking down all sense of virtue or decency among the labourers. We here allude to the method of lodging the large bands of reapers, native and Irish, men and women, of whom sometimes as many as two hundred live for a time together. 'I was curious to know,' says Mr Colman, 'how so many people were lodged at night. In some cases they throw themselves down under the stacks, or upon some straw in the sheds, or outbuildings of the farm; but in the case to which I refer above, I was shown into the cattle-stalls and stables, the floors of which were littered with straw; and here the men's coats and the women's caps and bonnets upon the walls, indicated that it was occupied by both parties promiscuously. This was indeed the fact. Each person, as far as possible, was supplied with a blanket, and these were the whole accommodations and the whole support. This was not a singular instance. I am unwilling to make any comments upon such facts as these. They speak for themselves. They are matters of general custom, and seemed to excite no attention. I do not refer to them as matter of reproach to the employers, who were persons of respectable character and condition, and whose families were distinguished for their refinement; but it presents one among many instances in which habit and custom reconcile us to many things which would otherwise offend us, and lead us to view some practices, utterly unjustifiable in themselves, with a degree of complacency or indifference; and as unalterable, because they have been so long established. I believe there is only one part of the United States where anything resembling such a condition of things prevails, or would be permitted; and there only among a class of beings whose claims to humanity seem not very well established in all minds, and whose degradation, on account of their complexion, appears absolutely hopeless. But even here, this indiscriminate consorting is not common; nor would it be permitted by any respectable planter.' We hope these remarks will not be without their due effect on the minds of our agriculturists, who, erring from no deliberate purpose, will be the more inclined to remedy the evils alluded to.

This intelligent and kind-hearted American feels acutely for the ignorance of letters, and consequently mental apathy, manifested by the bulk of the English rural people; and, from experience, combats the false idea that education would be injurious to the labourers. 'Who does not know the difference between a stupid and an intelligent labourer; between a man scarcely raised above the brute which he drives, and a man whose faculties are all awake, and who is constantly upon the alert to discover and adopt the best mode of executing the task which he has undertaken; between a beast altogether the creature of instinct, or a mere machine, moving only as it is impelled, and unable to correct its own errors, and a thinking, knowing, reasoning animal, always searching for the right way, making all his actions subservient to his judgment, and gathering continual accessions of power and facility of action from his own and the experience of others? Every one will admit that the more intelligence, the more skill, the more knowledge a man has, the better is he qualified, other things being equal, for the management of a farm. It holds equally true that the more intelligence, the more skill, the more knowledge a labourer has, the better is he qualified to assist in that management, and to perform the part which belongs to him in the working of the whole machinery.' The American labourer having been educated and taught to depend on himself, to inquire, to reflect, to observe, to experiment, occupies a comparatively high station in the scale, and will push, unassisted, through numberless difficulties. Let the English labourer be exposed to the same educational influences, and no longer will he be quoted as a degraded and helpless being.

Mr Colman makes mention as follows of an interesting attempt on an estate in Germany to adjust the claims of capital with those of labour:—'A German baron, with whom I have the pleasure of a friendly acquaintance, has given me an outline of his arrangement with his labourers, which, as far as it is practicable, deserves much consideration, as, according to his own account, it secures their industry, fidelity, and contentment. No human arrangements are perfect, and no human laws can be framed which the ingenuity of men will not contrive to evade; but as there appears in

this plan every motive to good faith, good faith on both sides would seem to be all that is necessary to its successful operation. First, from the products of the place, the customary rent is paid, and the wages of the labour employed. The surplus remaining is then divided into five equal parts. Two of these parts are claimed by the proprietor for his skill, intelligence, and care, in the superintendence and management of the property; one part is retained as an insurance upon that part of the property which is liable to loss or destruction; one part is devoted to actual improvements upon the place; and one is divided among the labourers themselves, according to the rate of wages which they receive for their work. Whether these proportions are properly adjusted or not, I shall leave to the judgment of my readers. It is obvious that any others might be adopted which should be deemed more just. It is certainly an approach to an equitable arrangement, and my friend assures me that it works well. He says he leaves his estate at any time with a perfect confidence that his interests will be cared for and protected, and that there will be no waste of time, and no squandering of property, and no neglect of duty. Success is, in proportion, as much the interest of the labourers as of the proprietor.'

This gentleman, who has three hundred men in his employment, says the system 'works well; and that every year's experience gives him stronger confidence in its justice and advantages. First, his work is done; secondly, it is done in the best manner in which his labourers are able to execute it, because it is the interest of all that it should be done, and well done. The labourers have a system of rules and fines among themselves, always subject to his approbation, and, after being once approved, always rigidly enforced. They inquire, of their own accord, into the best methods of doing what is to be done; they point out mistakes which have been committed, and improvements which may be made, subject always to his judgment. If men are found unskilful or incompetent in the particular branch of duty assigned them, he is advised of it, and persons more suitable are selected by their judgment who best understand the capacities of their fellow-labourers for the work. They are held jointly responsible for any injury to the property, unless the offending person is found. An individual guilty of any neglect of duty, or any improper conduct, or any violation of the established rules, is mulcted in a pecuniary fine. The names of the offenders are always announced at the close of the year; and these fines go towards a general entertainment and festivity. The proprietor himself hears all complaints; and a labourer, whose bad habits are judged incorrigible, is discharged.'

STORY OF AN EDINBURGH SEDAN-CARRIER.

At the corners of some of the principal streets of Edinburgh there may be seen little groups of message-carriers and sedan-carriers, rather rough-looking fellows in general, as might be expected from the exposure they undergo, but always decently dressed, and universally reputed to be steady and trusty to a remarkable degree. For the most part these men are natives of the Highlands. The services which their forefathers paid to chieftains as gillies and as soldiers, they now are willing to render to the public at large for a regular scale of charges. Thus it happens, in many instances, that an industrious *writer*, of the blood of Maccalainmore or the Siol Tormid, carrying on business in Castle Street or Queen Street, will have his papers carried daily to the Parliament House by a scion of one who bore his ancestor's standard in battle three centuries ago; or that a young beauty, of the house of Maclaughlan or Mackenzie, is borne to the Assembly Rooms in a chair by the descendants of those whose proud charge it was to carry her forefathers through floods or quagmires in the days prior to General Wade. Now-a-days, chair-carrying is a much-reduced business, in consequence of the prevalence of hackney-chaises: only a few old ladies stick by them, much like Caxon's three customers in the Antiquary. Eighty years ago it was different. Edinburgh being then only an assemblage of alleys, and these huddled within narrow space, the chair was almost the sole vehicle for the convenience of evening visiting for both sexes. Still, however, the street-messengers and chairmen, taken together, form a conspicuous feature in the active life of the Edinburgh streets.

It is now a century since a member of this fraternity went through a series of extraordinary adventures, which have given his name a place in history. Ned Burke was a native of North Uist in the Hebrides, the son of a poor man, whose grandfather or great-grandfather had come from Ireland to settle in that island. Ned never learned to read or write, nor was he able to speak a word of English till he was upwards of thirty years of age. After passing several years in the service of various gentlemen, and thus acquiring some knowledge of the world, he became a chairman or sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. In the year 1745 he had again attached himself to a single master; he now served Mr Alexander Macleod, advocate, a near relative of the chief of that name. This gentleman joined the army of Prince Charles, to whom he acted as aid-de-camp. Ned was thus led into what was called the Rebellion.

At the conclusion of the battle of Culloden, when the prince was obliged to leave the field, Ned Burke had the duty assigned to him of conducting his royal highness away, and guiding him through the country. For this he was well qualified, by the knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his services with various Highland gentlemen. He led the prince and his party westward for many miles, till, in the middle of the night, they arrived at Invergarry, a deserted mansion, where they were glad to rest without any suitable accommodations. Here, next day, Charles disguised himself in Ned's coat, that he might the better make his way to the west coast. They proceeded along the glens, and over vast mountains, till at length they reached one of the inlets of the Atlantic, on which they set sail in an open boat. A week from Culloden saw Charles lodged in a cow-house, in the desolate island of Benbecula, with only two or three friends, and poor Ned Burke as his sole attendant. They were buffeted about the Western Islands for some weeks, enduring all kinds of hardships and privations, and under the greatest danger for their lives. At this time Ned had only to go to some station of the enemy, seldom far off, and give information of his master's hiding-place, in order to secure the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which would have made him as great as the demigod his chief; but it does not appear that the faintest idea of such treachery ever entered the mind of this simple child of nature.

In the wretched outcast life which the party led, skulking in creeks of desert islands, exposed to the weather by night and day, often at a loss for the simplest necessaries of life, the prince, as is well known, never lost his good spirits. On the contrary, the cheerfulness with which he submitted to, and endeavoured to make the best of everything, was the wonder of his companions, as well as a great support to them. Ned had the duty of arranging and preparing such victuals as they possessed. That is to say, he prepared them as far as any means of preparation existed in those miserable circumstances. Charles, however, finding Burke not over-neat in his ways of managing food, entered into the business himself, and then they became, as it were, joint cooks. A cake made by the prince with the brains of a cow, was afterwards spoken of by the individuals of the party as an unusually great treat.

On another occasion, Ned, having dressed some fish, regretted there was no butter. 'We'll take the fish till the butter come,' said the prince. Afterwards, remembering there was some butter among their stores, Ned went for it, but found it jammed amongst fragments of bread. He was about to give up the notion of using it, when Charles pointed out to him that the bread, being clean itself, could not make the butter dirty; and then he made sauce with it for the fish.

Burke afterwards related some curious particulars of what occurred when he was in the prince's company. Charles having killed a deer, Ned brought it home, and, making ready some collops, there comes a poor boy, who, without asking questions, put his hand among the meat, which the cook (Edward Burke) seeing, gave him a whip with the back of his hand. The prince, observing this, said, 'Oh, man, you don't remember the Scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe.' The prince then ordered some rags of clothes for the boy, and said he would pay for them; which was done accordingly. The prince added more, saying, 'I cannot see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to support them.' Then he prayed that God might support the poor and needy, &c.* This boy made a bad return for the kindness of the prince. He gave information against him to the militia, but fortunately was disbelieved.

Ned used to play 'antics and monkey tricks,' to divert Charles and his friends in their distresses. His simplicity, and the singular circumstances of the party, enabled the poor fellow to speak to his superiors with the utmost possible freedom, without giving any offence, According to the report of a boatman who was of the party, 'Ned was always the rough man. I have seen him frequently at "Deil speed the leears!" with the the prince, who humoured the joke so well, that they would have *flitten together like twa hail-wives* [scolded like two herb-women], which made the company to laugh and be merry, when otherwise they would have been very dull.'

'One of the soles of Ned's shoes happening to come off, Ned cursed the day upon which he should be forced to go without shoes. The prince, hearing him, called to him and said, "Ned, look at me!" when (said Ned) I saw him holding up one of his feet to me, where there was deil a sole upon the shoe; and then I said, "Oh, my dear! I have nothing more to say. You have stopped my mouth indeed."'

After being for two months under Burke's guidance, the prince was compelled to part with him and the rest of his little party, in order to put himself into the care of Flora Macdonald, who undertook to conduct him, in the disguise of a female servant, to the Isle of Skye. Burke then passed, a solitary fugitive, into his native island of North Uist, where he lived for seven weeks in a hill called Eval, feeding for twenty days upon nothing but dulse (a kind of sea-weed) and shellfish. The extremity of his case was great, for at that time a paper had been read in all the churches, forbidding any one to harbour, or give so much as a meal to any of the rebels, under pain of death. Oliver, a married brother of Ned, did actually, from mere fright, refuse him the least succour; whereupon Ned thought himself entitled to steal one of Oliver's sheep, and make his own use of it. On the other hand, Jacob, an unmarried brother, did all he could in Ned's behalf, encountering every hazard cheerfully ['God bless poor Jacob!' interjects Mr Forbes]. 'One night Ned, being in great misery, went to steal a boat, in order to take the sea; but some fishers being near by, and hearing a noise, came out with a force, thinking this to be an enemy. Ned was obliged to leave the boat, and take to his heels, for he had far rather have been killed or drowned, than to be taken prisoner, because by that time it was well known he had been the prince's servant; and therefore he was afraid, if taken, they would put him to the torture, to make him tell all that he knew, and he could not bear the thoughts of doing hurt to anybody.'

Another relative was so base as give information against Ned; but luckily, like the ungrateful boy, he was not credited. One day he encountered one of the countrymen armed in behalf of the government, who at once recognised him. 'Follow me,' said the man. 'To what place am I to follow you?' 'Farther into the country.' 'Friend,' said Burke, 'have you got any to help you?' 'No;' and then he taxed Ned with having been the prince's servant. Ned answered, 'Many a prettier fellow has been his servant.' After a little more altercation, Ned drew forth a pistol, at which his friend vanished with all possible speed. He afterwards brought a party to the spot; but Burke had meanwhile hidden himself effectually. Soon after this, while concealed in a cave, and when no friend durst be seen with him, a shoemaker's wife came under cloud of night, and brought him a little food.

'A little before this, Ned had gone one day to buy a pair of shoes at Clatachcaranish, when General Campbell, Captain Fergusson, and their whole force, came to the place. Ned was then in a sad perplexity, and did not well know what to do. Spying an old black coat and an old pair of breeches in the house, he put them on, hiding his own clothes under a chest, and went out at the door unconcerned. He stood a while among the men, and conversed easily with them; then, slipping by degrees out amongst them, he got to the hills to his old cave. Jacob Burke and the shoemaker's wife got his clothes (a Highland dress), and brought them to him.'

Tiring at length of this wretched life, Ned went and gave himself up to an old master, Macleod of Talisker, who, receiving him kindly, was the means of his getting to Seaforth's country on the mainland, where he remained with his later master, the aide-de-camp, till the passing of the act of indemnity. He then returned to Edinburgh, and quietly resumed his humble duty as a sedan-carrier.

Probably it never occurred to the simple mind of Ned Burke that he had done anything more than a very plain piece of duty during the summer of 1746. If he formed any idea of a reward, it must have been of the simplest kind. Thus lightly did the honest fellow talk of the prince's obligation to him, when conversing with Mr Forbes—'If the prince do not come and see me soon, good faith, I'll go and see my daughter [alluding to the prince having adopted his name when in the female disguise], and crave her, for she has not yet paid her christening money, and as little has she paid the coat I ga'e her in her greatest need.' Ned's old companion, Donald Macleod, the boatman, spoke in high terms of him to Mr Forbes, as an honest, faithful, trusty fellow. Donald said that, 'in the event of a R——on [restoration], Ned would carry a chair no more, for he was persuaded the prince would settle a hundred pounds a-year upon Ned during life; and he could affirm it for a truth, that not any man whatsoever deserved it better.' 'Honest Ned,' says Mr Forbes, 'is not (by his own confession) much above forty years of age, and is both stout and sturdy for all he has gone through.'

Alas! Burke was not long to survive these perilous adventures. He died in Edinburgh on the 23d November 1751. Mr Forbes inserts in his manuscript the following epitaph for the worthy sedan-carrier:—'To perpetuate the memory of Edward Burke. Born in a humble cottage, and of mean parents, in the island of North Uist; ignorant of the first principles of human learning; doomed to converse with lowly people; and exposed to all the various temptations of poverty. Happy in these disadvantages, since thereby his genuine worth was the more conspicuous! Fidelity and disinterested friendship eclipsed his other virtues. Let the venial tribe behold and admire, and blush, if yet a blush re-

* The writer here transcribes from a report of Burke's adventures with the prince, taken from Ned's own mouth in September 1747, by the Rev. Mr Forbes, Episcopal minister at Leith. What follows is taken from other manuscripts of Mr Forbes, in possession of the writer, and is here printed for the first time.

mains! Learn by his example, oh, ye great! He preferred a good conscience to thirty thousand pounds!'

One cannot but seriously ask if the age of Walpole is not somewhat *redeemed* by its being also the age of NED BURKE the SEDAN-CARRIER.

THE 'DWARF-NATION' IDEA.

THE world has long been haunted with the idea that somewhere in Africa there is a nation of Tom Thumbs. The common report of ancient writers placed their habitat on the shores of the Red Sea; but as European knowledge advanced, it has been shifted by degrees, till now it is fixed on the south of Kuffah, the most southern province of Abyssinia. In the middle ages, when the attention of Europe was absorbed by the further East, the seat of the pigmies was transferred for a time to India. This seemed as likely a domicile as any; for it was recollected that the first Greek visitors had found in the Punjab a people eight feet high, and another with only one eye—the latter, in order to make up for the deficiency, being provided with a pendulous ear, long enough to be used for wiping their faces like a handkerchief. Travellers, accordingly, received well-authenticated accounts of the existence of a nation of dwarfs on the Indian continent, and others, more fortunate, actually *saw* them. Oderic is satisfied with describing them from report; but the less credulous Mandeville only believed his own eyes.

The interest of Europe was of course mightily roused by the confirmation of so ancient a tradition, and it waited with much anxiety for the arrival of a specimen of the diminutive people. And the specimen came. And not one alone, but many. Dwarfs became a staple article of commerce; and if they had only been *living*, they might have been the progenitors of a nation of their size nearer us than Abyssinia. But the dwarfs imported from India were defunct—dried, stuffed, and spiced; Lilliputian mummies, in short, intended to grace the cabinets and museums of the learned and the curious. Perhaps, in process of time, it excited some surprise, as well as discontent, that there was not one living specimen among them. Perhaps the humanity-mongers of that day got up an agitation about the impropriety of killing little men for exportation; but so it was, that the small shrivelled anatomies came to be looked upon with some reserve, till the trade was finally stopped by the following bulletin from the Venetian traveller, Marco Polo:—

'But you must know that those who bring the little men from India practise a great deception. I assure you the figures to which they give the name are manufactured in this island in this following manner:—There is a species of small monkey, with a face resembling the human, which they catch, skin, and shave off the hair, except on the beard and chin; having thus moulded them into a human semblance, they dry and preserve them with camphor and other articles. But it is a gross deception; for neither in India nor in any other country, however savage, are there men so small as these pretended ones.'

This acute old traveller, however, was thought to carry his disbelief too far. It was very well to set people right as to the non-existence of a dwarf nation in India, especially after everybody had become tired of the nasty little anatomies; but to throw discredit upon the whole pigmy race—to turn all history into a fable—was a scepticism nothing less than profane. Marco Polo, therefore, was believed when he related what he knew of his own knowledge, but disbelieved when he dogmatised in other matters; and the ethnologists once more turned their eyes upon Africa, in the hope of finding, in some oasis of its vast wildernesses, a nation of human beings at the most three feet high.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, Ludolph the learned Orientalist appears to confound, in some extraordinary way, the pigmy with the monkey tribe. In his history he calls them dwarfs, but describes them as apes; and yet, in a note on his map of Ethiopia, he states that the king of Zingaro (a territory in Southern Abyssinia) was a monkey. De Lisle, in the following century, restores the human nature of the dwarfs, but edges them out into the wilderness beyond the most southern province of Abyssinia; and in the present century, one of our recent travellers, Major Harris, describes them (from report) with some minuteness in his 'Highlands of Ethiopia.' 'Both sexes,' says he, 'go perfectly naked, and have thick pouting lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. . . . they are ignorant of the use of fire . . . fruits are their principal food; and to obtain these, women as well as men ascend the trees in numbers, and in their quarrels and scrambles not unfrequently throw each other from the branches.... They have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms, possess neither flocks nor herds, are not hunters, do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, reptiles, ants, and honey.'

Mr Johnston, in his travels in Southern Abyssinia, points out the applicability of this description to the *monkey tribe*, and ridicules the idea of expecting to find a new variety of the human race in the deserts of Africa. He concedes, however, that this monkey may be of a family admitting of more complete domestication than usual, and supposes that it may be identical with the house-monkey of the Egyptians, which was accustomed to gather fruit for its masters, and perform other menial offices. But we would remark that the dwarfish size of the supposed pigmy people is against this supposition rather than otherwise; for the Egyptian monkeys, at least as represented in their sculptures, were in general strapping personages, somewhere about eight feet high.

It was not wonderful that Ludolph should have taken little pains to discriminate between men and monkeys; for in his time the notion was current even among the learned, such as Monboddo and Rousseau, that the two were of the same species, and that their moral and physical differences were the result of circumstances. Even Buffon declares, that if our judgment was limited to figure alone, the ape should be regarded as a variety of the human species. Before these great writers, Bontius, the chief Dutch physician of Batavia, described them as wanting nothing of humanity but the faculty of speech. Their females, he assures us, had even a sense of modesty. Linnæus likewise gave an account of a Javan ape which it would be difficult to distinguish from a man. As for Aristotle, he looked upon the pigmy as a connecting link between the human and brute kind, partaking of the nature of both.

The grand difficulty about the African nation of dwarfs is the fact, that not a single specimen has been seen either in Abyssinia or Egypt. The reason given for this is a very lame one—that the little men are so useful as slaves where they are caught, that not one of them is sold out of the country. The same thing might have been alleged of the Indian pigmies we have mentioned, but it was seen that the excuse would not answer; and thus the curiosity of the savans of Europe was obliged to be satisfied with pickled monkeys. But it must be observed that those who deny the existence of a race of little men, by no means dispute that of a nation of slave monkeys. Mr Johnston himself contends that their non-appearance in the neighbouring countries, into which slaves are carried, *proves* them to be merely a more sagacious kind of ape; and he refers to the practice of the ancient Egyptians in calling to their aid such a species of animal-servants. The apes of the Egyptians, however, we repeat, were not of the pigmy kind. They resembled more the famous warriors of Ceylon; and are sometimes represented in the sculptures of Upper Nubia, as they are in the caves of Ellora, in the employment of drawing cars yoked with horses.

It must be admitted, however, that the monkeys of India have either been somewhat exaggerated in the sacred poems, or that their descendants have greatly

degenerated. When they undertook to assist Ram in recovering his wife Seeta from the demon-king of Ceylon, they carried with them sundry fragments of the Himalaya for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the strait to the island; but on learning that Ram had managed the affair without them, they dropped their burdens, and thus formed the Vindya range of mountains, some six or seven hundred miles long. But this, we apprehend, will be too much for the belief even of the believers in modern pigmies, and so we shall say nothing more about it.

Although it is difficult to believe in the existence of a pigmy nation even in Africa, where we see such grotesque varieties of the human form, we trust that, by and by, we shall have some more definite information touching the monkey tribe, who have had the folly to get themselves into slavery through a display of their reason. The gigantic black orang, described in the 'Naturalist's Library,' who attacks the elephant and lion with clubs and stones, and carries off the young negro women to the forest, like Allen-a-Dale, has no resemblance to the civilised monkey of Ethiopia. The latter is more easily identified with the smaller and gentler kind of the same family; but even these, we are sorry to say, get speedily addicted to the bottle when temptation comes in their way. The orang-outang of Borneo, described by Dr Abel, exhibits a greater appearance of consanguinity; but if the learned naturalist intends to draw a general portrait, we must protest against his assertion that the creature is utterly incapable of walking in an erect posture, and that his arms, like the fore-legs of other animals, are requisite to support his body. Mr Earl, a later visitor, saw one in the same island, who walked about habitually on his hind-legs, and only took to all-fours when alarmed. This creature was extremely gentle, completely devoid of monkey mischief; and when playing with children, which he was very fond of doing, 'might be seen running after them with his eyes shut and his arms spread out like a child playing at blind-man's-buff.' Another observed by the same gentleman was only eight months old, and presented, at a little distance, a perfect resemblance to a negro child, more especially when its nurse had tied a napkin before it, and was feeding it with a spoon. It crawled about on all-fours like an infant of the same age, and never appeared so happy as when rolling on the floor, hugging a towel or a piece of cloth.

Dr Abel's orang ate all kinds of food, and drank wine and spirits, although he preferred beer and milk. He neither practised the grimaces and antics of other monkeys, nor possessed their perpetual proneness to mischief. He was grave and melancholy both in aspect and disposition, was sensible of gratitude and friendship, and on board ship was fond of sitting at his cabin-door enjoying his coffee, 'quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sober air that seemed a burlesque on human nature.' Our philosopher, however, had some vanity. He was obviously ashamed of being caught playing with the other monkeys on board with the *abandon* he gave way to with the boys of the ship. These, on the other hand, who were of a smaller species, had not sense enough to make distinctions. They saw no difference between their grand friend, now that he was an inmate of the cabin and the companion of human beings, than when he climbed trees instead of masts, and cracked nuts and jokes with his comrades of the woods. The very first time they set eyes on him, they flew upon him with a vulgar heartiness which greatly disconcerted his new dignity, even while it gratified his simian nature; and after that, he was seen to compound between the two sets of feelings, by treating them with reserve and hauteur in public, and having a desperate game with them in the rigging when the decks were clear.

There is no doubt that it would be highly gratifying to a practical age like this, if we could turn such exuberance of animal energy as is displayed by these creatures to some useful account; and for this reason we confess we are greatly taken with Mr Johnston's idea of a nation of slave-monkeys. But that gentleman, while puffing away the pigmy dream, which was perhaps one of the last lingering superstitions of travel, replaces it with another, of which we admit we can make neither head nor tail. Hear his own words:—

'Nothing can be positively asserted, but I believe myself that we are on the eve of a most interesting ethnological and geographical discovery, that will at once afford a solution to all the strange and improbable accounts which have reached us respecting the inhabitants of Central Africa. What we hear of dwarfs, cannibals, and communities of monkeys, may perhaps prove to be merely a muddled stream of information, conveyed to us through the medium of ignorant and barbarous tribes, but which may have some foundation of an unexpected character, in the existence of a nation in this situation, which, almost physically separated from the rest of the world by impassable deserts and unnavigable rivers, has continued in its original integrity that perfect condition of society which, once general, then almost extinguished, evidently preceded the barbarism from which the present transition state has emerged, and which I believe to be gradually progressing to the re-attainment of the previous excellence of the primeval social institutions.'

This is a strain beyond Rousseau. The arts and sciences, of what we foolishly call civilisation, but which is, in reality, a departure from it, are to be flung to the winds; and mankind, after four thousand years of error, are to return to that blessed state of primeval excellence which is described to be the present position of the nation of monkeys. The story of the pigmy tribe was nothing to this; and we do hope that, when our author stumbles upon his model people in some oasis of the African desert, he will at least send home a few of them, skinned and pickled, for the gratification of our barbarian curiosity.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

A GENTLEMAN of literary and scientific attainments, who has had opportunities of studying the habits of working-men, invites our attention to a scheme of improvement, which he thinks has not yet been generally attempted. After adverting to the establishment of libraries and reading-rooms, he proceeds as follows:—

'There can be no doubt that the diffusion of a taste for literature by these means may greatly contribute to eradicate gross vice and intemperance; but to this many obstacles stand in the way. One of the most serious is the imperfect education of the working-classes, even in the mere elements of reading. They have, in general, spent but a short time at school, and the art, but imperfectly learned there, has subsequently been almost forgotten. To many, reading is as simple as speaking or listening; the eye catches the form of the words as readily as the ear would do their sound. But with the partially-educated the case is very different. They read slowly, and with difficulty; the words must be spelt out by letters and syllables; and so imperfectly are they even then recognised, that they must be pronounced aloud before they can be understood. Many persons have remarked this habit of the half-educated without inquiring into the cause, which, there is little doubt, is that now mentioned. Can it be wondered at that people in such circumstances are not fond of reading? We might rather expect that they should never open a book, than that they should have recourse to them habitually for instruction and amusement. It is only the few in whom the desire of knowledge burns strong, who combat against this difficulty till they succeed in overcoming it. With the great majority, it con-

tinues to render information in print little more than a sealed book, and deprives them almost entirely of the advantages which the great diffusion of cheap literature opens to all classes.

'A better and more extensive system of education will remedy this evil among the rising generation, but can effect little with those already grown up to manhood, and engaged in all the toil and drudgery of life. With them other means must be taken of bringing knowledge to their door, and introducing among them higher thoughts and purer desires. Now, I conceive that this end might be attained by short lectures or addresses on interesting subjects, delivered in a plain and familiar style. Of course these lectures would need to be gratis—open to all without fee or reward. The taste for such things is now dormant, and it must be first awakened before we can expect men to make any sacrifice of their money to gratify it. It would be a great matter could these men be got to attend, and to take an interest in the subject of the lecture. But that they would do this, if not universally at first, at least in gradually-increasing numbers, I entertain no doubt.

'The success of popular lectures in towns where there are enough of persons able to pay for them, gives reason to expect that they would be no less successful among the poorer classes, if brought equally within their reach. The crowds who, on Sunday evenings, flock to church, instead of employing themselves with a book at home, shows how much more willing the majority are to listen than to be at the trouble of reading for themselves. I have little doubt, also, that they profit more by it. The words are given to them with the proper force and emphasis, and sentences are thus fully understood and come home to the heart, which, if read in a book, would have been dark and obscure to nine out of ten of the audience. Any one who has ever listened to a street preacher, and observed the eager attention of the crowd around, will need nothing more to convince him of the superior energy and efficacy of the *spoken word*.

'It is on these grounds that I think much might be done to improve the condition of the labouring-classes, and to raise their character, by a system of oral instruction. Let men be sent to address them at their leisure hours, in a plain and intelligible style, on subjects of general interest to them, and we have no doubt that the good effect on their morals and habits would be speedily seen. They would no longer need to fly to the alehouse to relieve the tedium of an idle hour, and they would be supplied with other subjects of conversation than those in which they now are almost forced to indulge. But we would take a lesson from Knox and the old reformers, and, when speakers were not to be had, employ readers. Let some book or periodical of an amusing and instructive nature be chosen, and a person appointed to read it aloud at a certain convenient time and place, and we have no fear of his not finding an audience. The newspapers of the day would undoubtedly prove the most attractive reading, but many difficulties would stand in the way of adopting them for this purpose. But there is a wide field of other literature well-fitted for this purpose, which needs not be specified here, and which men of all parties might approve. In this manner the thinking powers of the people would be awakened, their desire to improve their condition strengthened, the means of doing this shown to them, and the attractions of gross vice and sensuality weakened and destroyed. Besides this, much information useful to the men in their ordinary employments might be communicated, rendering their labours more pleasant to themselves and more profitable to the public.'

It is hardly necessary to remark that we cordially approve of the plan of gratuitous reading and lecturing, with the view of reaching large masses who habitually shrink from private study; but the difficulty of finding the pecuniary means, must inevitably prevent its execution on anything like a permanent or universal scale, unless the more advanced of the operative classes take upon themselves the duty of reading and lecturing, and of otherwise encouraging a systematic course of mutual instruction. Already, we are glad to say, some excellent Mutual Instruction Societies are in operation.

LITERARY RELICS.

The universal reverence entertained for men of genius causes their residences, and every little thing belonging to them, to be regarded with an unusual degree of interest. Hence it is that relics of them—their autographs, pens, snuff-boxes, and other articles—are so eagerly sought after, and so highly prized. The neighbourhoods in which they dwelt are wandered through with greater delight than others more beautiful or striking, but not so renowned. 'There is a charm,' as Washington Irving observes, 'about the spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty, and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened rather than impaired by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.'

The house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659 still exists at 18 York Street, Westminster. Jeremy Bentham, to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time), inscribed, 'Sacred to Milton, prince of poets.' This habitation, wherein part of 'Paradise Lost' was undoubtedly composed, is now let out to two or three poor families, the ground-floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlour windows the poet could have commanded a fine view of St James's Park, more picturesque then than at present. At Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton, in which he composed 'Paradise Regained.' Though the pear-tree said to have been planted by Cromwell in the garden of Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March 1833, the mulberry-tree planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the pleasant garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student. Some years ago it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shattered it; but its aged boughs are now carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids, it promises to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appears to have undergone no change; in the summer it is laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavour were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragments from this tree are religiously cherished by the poet's numberless admirers. In August 1790, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the desk in the chancel of the church of St Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night-time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the park at Penshurst Castle, Kent, stands a famous oak, said to have been planted at the birth of Sir Philip Sidney.

> 'What genius points to yonder oak?
> What rapture does my soul provoke?
> There let me hang a garland high,
> There let my Muse her accents try;
> Be there my earliest homage paid,
> Be there my latest vigils made;
> For thou wast planted in the earth
> The day that shone on Sidney's birth.'

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs:—'This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esquire, at the request of Ann Thursby, as a growing testimony of their friendship, 1778.'

Henry Kirke White's favourite tree, whereon he had cut 'H. K. W., 1805,' stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but, in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

An English traveller, desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame de Sévigné, purchased for the sum of eighteen thousand francs the staircase of her chateau at Provence.

Sir Isaac Newton's solar dial, which was cut in stone,

and attached to the manor-house of Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, is now placed in the Royal Society's collection.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair which had belonged to Gay the poet was sold by public auction at Barnstaple, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller private drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's 'fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty,' is bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, 'to the friend of mankind, General Washington;' adding, that 'if it were a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it.'

Thorpe's 'Catalogue of Autographs' (1843) includes a letter from a Miss Smith of Arundale, forwarding to the Earl of Buchan 'a chip taken from the coffin of the poet Burns, when his body was removed from his first grave to the mausoleum erected to his memory in St Michael's churchyard, Dumfries.'

The tower of Montbard, in Burgundy, was Buffon's study, and, together with the gardens in which the great naturalist used to recreate himself, is religiously kept up by the inhabitants.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlour still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honourably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, and in disorder; but the celebrated grotto remains, stripped, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and seclusion.

Cowper's house at Olney is still standing in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet: his parlour is occupied as a girl's school. The summer-house in the garden, wherein he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence in the neighbouring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in front.

Goldsmith's cottage at Kilburn, wherein he wrote the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the 'Deserted Village,' was pulled down a few years since, to make way for new buildings.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF 'STRIKE.'

We cannot refrain from uniting in the regret generally expressed by the press respecting certain occurrences which have lately taken place in relation to a strike among a number of workmen at Belfast. The following is the account given by the newspapers of this remarkable and lamentable case of attempted coercion. 'A few days ago, eleven mechanics and iron moulders, in the employment of Messrs Combe and Dunville, of the Falls Foundry, Belfast, were tried at the Belfast quarter-sessions for illegally conspiring and combining to injure Messrs Combe and Co. in their business, by using force, threats, and intimidation to prevent divers persons from working for that firm. The prisoners all pleaded "Not guilty," and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the trial. From the evidence, it appeared that Mr Combe, finding he was receiving a great deal of trouble from a union of workmen established in Belfast, brought over and employed a number of men from Scotland and England. This gave great offence to the union, which forthwith commenced tampering with the newcomers. Some were compelled to join the union by threats of danger to their lives if they refused; and others were met on their arrival by parties appointed for the purpose, who took them to dram-shops, drugged them with whisky, and then put them on board the packet, to be conveyed back to their own country. One of the new hands was told by the conspirators that they could get a man to kill him for sixpence; another of them, "that if he went to work at Messrs Combe and Company's, it might do well enough whilst it was light, but when it was dark he would run a chance of having his brains knocked out." Serious assaults were also committed by members of the union on the obnoxious parties; and ultimately, Messrs Combe and Co. were compelled, in self-defence, to indict the prisoners at the bar. After half an hour's consultation, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty" against all the prisoners, at the same time recommending them to mercy. The individual who had taken the lead in the conspiracy was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and at the expiration of his term, to find bail to keep the peace for three years; the other conspirators were ordered minor periods of imprisonment, and to find bail also. In this case the persons charged have been pronounced guilty by a jury of their own approval—by a jury fraudulently packed to protect them from justice. The case is one of a most monstrous kind. It appears that the sheriff, or his deputy, sent blank summonses, signed, to *a common bailiff*, who filled them up with the names of jurors at his pleasure; that a fellow called Hill, who keeps a low public house, came to him with a set of names which he wished to have introduced; that most of these were not on the sheriff's list, and, besides, that the jury panel had already been made out; that, however, two of the names (that of Hill being one) which were on the list, but low down, were brought up, *erasures having been made;* and all this for the purpose of serving the traversers. This fraud was detected and confessed; and the business of the sessions was abruptly brought to a close.'

We sincerely trust that the trial and its painful exposures will have the effect of producing a new and better feeling between employers and employed in Belfast.

DISTORTION—A WORD TO MOTHERS.

The most common cause of a high shoulder is to be found in the abominable practice of undressing girls' necks as low as the hanging of their clothes will permit. Instead of the shoulder-straps of their dress being, as they should be, fairly above the root of the acromial processes [that is, on the centre of the shoulder], they often—indeed most commonly—either only skirt the extreme end of those processes, and rest on the rounded upper part of the deltoid muscles [resting nearly on the extreme edge of the shoulder], or are actually far down on the arms; in consequence of which, the dress having little or no suspension on the shoulders, is constantly dropping; and the girl, to save her clothes dropping down, or at least to keep them in place, is continually hitching up the shoulder, from which the shoulder-strap most easily slips, and thus the elevating muscles, becoming stronger on that side, pull the shoulder permanently up, and produce a very ugly appearance. But the mischief does not stop here! For though there really be no disease of the spine, yet this constant hitching up of the shoulder causes the head and neck to be thrown to the other side, whilst the chest is thrown out to the same side; and thus a lateral curvature of the spine is produced, and a girl's figure is spoiled, for the simple purpose of uncovering her neck and shoulders as far as possible, which, as well for decency as for the preservation of the child's health, ought to be covered. Many parents have been thus the real cause of their daughter's distortion, if not of more serious consequences; and therefore, in growing girls, who have the least disposition to slip their shoulder out of their dress, most especial care should be taken to prevent the possibility of keeping up this habit by having the dress made so high that it cannot slip down, and then, the sensation of its slipping being lost, the child no longer continues to hitch up her shoulder, and, by a little attention to her proper carriage, the mischief, if not of long standing, may be got rid of.—*Chelius's System of Surgery.*

THE DUTY OF THE HISTORIAN

Is to make us dwell with delight on the scenes of human improvement; to lessen the pleasure too naturally felt in contemplating successful courage or skill, whensoever these are directed towards the injury of mankind; to call forth our scorn of perfidious actions, however successful; our detestation of cruel and bloodthirsty propensities, however powerful the talents by which their indulgence was secured. Instead of holding up to our admiration the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' it is the historian's duty to make us regard with unceasing delight the ease, worth, and happiness of blessed peace: he must remember that

> 'Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war:'

and to celebrate these triumphs, the progress of science and of art, the extension and security of freedom, the improvement of national institutions, the diffusion of general prosperity—exhausting on such pure and wholesome themes all the resources of his philosophy, all the graces of his style, giving honour to whom honour is due, withholding all incentives to misplaced interest and vicious admiration, and not merely by general remarks on men and on events, but by the manner of describing the one,

and recording the other, causing us to entertain the proper sentiments, whether of respect or of interest, or of aversion or of indifference, for the various subjects of the narration. —*Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters.*

PRIOR THE ENGRAVER.

Mr Prior has had few advantages beyond skill and perseverance. Born of humble parentage, his father died when he was very young, and his mother followed him to the grave before the son was old enough to remember much more than the constant tenderness of a mother's love. He was thus left to the care of an aunt, who watched over him with great solicitude, and whose kindness he still remembers with all the tenderness of a grateful heart. His first predilection for drawing was shown by the figures he drew on the walls of his aunt's house, and the rude outlines of trees, churches, and houses on the covers of his copy-books at school. These rude attempts at drawing attracted the attention of the Rev. William Turner of Newcastle-on-Tyne; his aunt was induced by his advice to bind him apprentice to a general engraver and printer in that town of the name of Lambert. Here he cut ciphers on silver spoons, names on dogs' collars, card plates, and invoice heads. His skill increasing, his master intrusted him with the heads of shop bills for tea-dealers—Chinamen on a stranded shore, with honey jars and tea chests, and a ship in the far distance. He had now the good fortune to form the acquaintance of a fellow engraver with a large collection of prints, some of merit, and all of a character beyond what he had as yet seen. Prints became a passion with him from this time, and he at once determined to become something more than a mere engraver of shop bills, and to try his hand in the walks of Vivares and Woollet. He copied prints, drew at home in the few leisure moments allowed him, and advanced before very long from engraving crests and the tops of spoons to works of a high calling, in which he could display the skill he had thus been toiling to acquire. As soon as his apprenticeship was over, he left Newcastle for London, and entered into the employment of the Messrs Finden. Here he acquired a further insight into his art, and succeeded in saving a little money, that he might indulge hereafter his favourite scheme of devoting his time to works of a high class only. The illustrated volumes published by Mr Virtue in Ivy Lane, found him full employment at this time; and as soon as his skill had sufficiently advanced, and his funds were on the increase, he offered the whole of his hard-earned savings to Mr J. M. W. Turner for a drawing to engrave from. He had seen Heidelberg, and, enchanted with the spot, asked Mr Turner for a sketch of the place. The drawing was made in 1838, and the engraving produced in 1846, 'and I considered,' he says, 'my collected time on it to amount to fully, or indeed over, three years. It is difficult to compute every half-hour and hour, but it has been thus long at the least.' Mr Prior's story is an interesting one, almost as much so as the early history of the poet whose name he bears.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

COST OF SLAVE-TRADE SUPPRESSION.

A return was lately presented to the House of Commons of the men and money expended in the crusade against the slave-trade in 1845. The average naval force kept on foot in that year for the suppression of the slave-trade was 56 ships, carrying 886 guns and 9289 men. Of these, 27 ships, with 282 guns, and 3334 men, were employed on the west coast of Africa. There were 4 fourth-rates, 2 fifth-rates, 6 sixth-rates, 28 sloops, 13 steam-vessels, 3 gun-brigs. In a note appended to the return, it is stated that 'although the above number of vessels were furnished with slave-trade instructions, yet they were only employed in cruising against slave vessels, in so far as the other duties of the stations on which they were respectively employed would permit.' The cost, 'so far as relates to the department of the accountant-general of the navy,' of the vessels employed on the west coast of Africa in 1845, was L.291,501; of the vessels not employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa, L.414,953; total, L.706,454. The items of 'wear and tear,' 'stores,' 'coals and machinery,' amounted to L.117,793 for the vessels employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa, and L.128,291 for the others; a total of L.246,084. The return shows that 166 officers and men died, and 104 were invalided on board the vessels employed exclusively on the west coast of Africa; and that 93 died, and 167 were invalided in the others.—*Newspaper paragraph.* [Query: the good done by this expensive naval force?]

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Loveliest of God's creations
Are the flowers that gem the earth;
In life's various relations,
'Mid its scenes of wo and mirth,
They are ever by us valued e'en as things of priceless worth.

Mark the child amid them roving
Full of innocent delight;
Mark the youth and maiden loving,
Giving to each other's sight
Those many-hued interpreters which tell their hidden thoughts aright.

When the marriage vows are spoken,
And the merry bells outring,
What so well fond hopes betoken?
What so fit can friendship bring,
To strew the path wherein the pair are newly entering?

And when lost in blissful trances,
'Neath the honeymoon they rove,
While soft looks and tender glances
Tell of confidence and love,
Flowers seem blessings scattered round them by angelic hands above.

Flowers all beauty and all sweetness!
Out, alas! that they must fade;
Earthly joy hath no completeness;
There's no sunshine without shade;
Like a blighted rose the loved one stricken is, and lowly laid!

When the funeral bell is tolling,
And the landscape looketh drear,
And adown the cheek is rolling
Sorrow's agonising tear,
Faded blossoms, hope's frail emblems, deck the coffin and the bier.

And when time hath gently chidden
Grief to something like repose,
By the voice of memory bidden,
To the tomb the mourner goes,
Pleased he sees it wreathed and covered with the violet and rose.

And amid his weeping, lowly
Bending to the verdant sod,
Thoughts come o'er him calm and holy,
And he blesseth, praiseth God
For the flowers of life that ever twine around his chastening rod.

In the Press.

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JUSTICE AND EXPEDIENCY.

There is an old maxim of classic celebrity, and somewhat ponderous emphasis, about letting justice be done, although the heavens should tumble about our ears. This proverb certainly looks very heroic, and sounds sufficiently grand; but as there is no danger of any such fearful contingency—seeing that it is justice which holds all things together—we beg to substitute for it the following native, and far more truthful production:—'Do what thou oughtest, and come what may.'

This simple proverb, humble as it may appear, contains, in reality, the soul of all high poetry, the essence of all true heroism, the basis of all moral greatness. It is, moreover, the Christian expression of the same great truth which paganism strove to utter. It gives a philosophic precision to what before was a blind impulse. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*—'Be justice done, though the sky fall.' The impulse is in the right direction, but it knows not what it seeks. If such contingency were possible, justice would be but an arbitrary and unscrupulous formula, the iron discipline of a tyrant: it could have no immutable relation to universal good; it would afford no sure refuge for the timid and sympathising heart. But justice has a firmer, a wider, and a holier basis than any mere human impulse. It is founded on the universality of God's love for his creatures. Its purpose is the conservation of all that is good; it can only be destructive to selfishness, and its attendant crimes. Let no man's heart fail him for the consequences of a just action. It cannot be injurious; for it is in harmony with all that is good, with all that is of God. If men could only be convinced that the real interest of each was identical with the common good of all, selfishness and crime, and their consequent misery, would soon be banished from the earth. The great error of human calculation, is to suppose that one individual may be really benefited by another's loss; that life is a mere selfish scramble, a competition of isolated wants. No error can be more debasing than this. It is true that individuals may gratify their selfish desires, and this apparently at the expense of their neighbours. But it should be well considered what is the true nature and value of this selfish gratification.

What is the great object for which mankind were created? Is it that each should pamper his own appetites, regardless of the happiness and wellbeing of others? If so, the final work of creation, the end to which all things minister, is a failure; for throughout God's universe such a scheme of social enjoyment is impossible. Men must learn to restrain their own appetites and desires, for the benefit of each other, *and find a pleasure in so doing*, or universal happiness is not only unrealised, but eternally impossible. Creation will not minister to a purely selfish purpose; it is only in proportion as a man endeavours to promote the happiness of others, that he can really insure his own. It is not sufficient that mankind should club together, each solely for his own particular pleasure or benefit, as some pseudo-philosophers have proposed. Such a bond might serve for an outward and temporary connexion; but even then no dependance could be placed on such a principle; without some higher bond, some unselfish motive, the merest business connexion would soon become broken. So long as a man regards solely his own selfish advancement as the great purpose of life, he will, as a matter of course, seize every safe opportunity of preying upon his fellows. But how much more would this be the case in those intimate relations upon which every one's happiness more immediately depends? How is it possible for selfishness to meet selfishness, in the intimacy of domestic life, without collision? Unless there were to some extent a voluntary surrender of self, and a sympathising regard for the welfare of others, it would evidently be impossible for a family to dwell together. Self-evident as these truths must be, they have often been theoretically denied; and attempts have even been made to establish communities and social relations upon a purely selfish hypothesis. But all such schemes are philosophically absurd. The principles of self-subservience and mutual love, however the selfish may scoff at them, are the only social principles universally possible.

Seeing, then, that universal selfishness is necessarily inconsistent with universal happiness, let us now consider how far individual selfishness and individual happiness can ever be identical. But first—What is happiness? We frequently hear of it, and frequently speak of it: it is the object of universal pursuit; but very vague and contradictory are the ideas connected with it. Each would fain distort happiness, so as to accord with his own desires, instead of striving to train his desires into a condition in which happiness may be possible. But the point in question is not now the true happiness for which man is evidently designed; we simply seek a definition which shall apply to every instance. Happiness, then, expresses that condition of the soul in which every conscious desire is gratified, either in anticipation, or in actual enjoyment. When this is the case, the individual is as happy as his capacity will admit, or as his ideas can imagine. He cannot be rendered happier, except by awakening and gratifying some new desire; but so long as there is a desire hopelessly craving to be gratified, happiness is an impossibility. Such, then, being the essential condition of happiness—the ideal of bliss to which all must aspire—it remains to be seen whether selfishness can, by any possibility, attain it. In order to judge of this, we may first consider to what extent our selfish desires can generally be gratified. And who can be more conscious than the

selfish that everything seems to conspire against them? —that their motives and purposes are perpetually thwarted?—that even when everything appears most favourable, and the cup of enjoyment is already in their grasp, long ere it can reach their lips some bitterness will arise to poison the draught? How, indeed, can it be otherwise? They have set themselves against everything, against the order of the universe; and everything necessarily appears to conspire against them.

But viewing it simply in its own nature, without reference to anything else, can the demands of unmitigated and systematic selfishness ever be fully gratified? Even if circumstances were so arranged that they could be freely indulged, would they yield that full and perfect delight which constitutes happiness? No, assuredly; for the love of self is so insatiable, that it destroys its own capacity of enjoyment. Like ardent spirits to the appetite of the drunkard, indulgence only aggravates the burning thirst it strives to quench. There is a fierce pleasure in the draught; but that very pleasure is a scorpion stinging itself to death. A selfish desire ungratified is essentially painful, even in the hopeful anticipation of its delight; and the stronger the hope, the more eager the desire becomes. It is a torturing fire, craving for the fuel that only adds to its intensity. Such is selfishness in the maturity of its growth; and to such a condition does every selfish indulgence tend.

But how different, how entirely opposite, is all unselfish delight! Here every action, every motive, every impulse, carries its own reward. A selfish spirit is perpetually a source of at least uneasiness every moment except that of actual indulgence; and the more entire the selfishness, the more painful will be the craving experienced: but an unselfish spirit is always delightful, so long as there is a hope of its wide-loving purposes being realised. Selfishness destroys its own power of enjoyment; because the more it is indulged, the more rapacious and impossible its desires become: but kindness and sympathy, the more they are cherished, so much the more do they open the heart to all joyous and hallowed influences, and so much the more attainable must its aspirations necessarily be. In proportion as we find our chief delight in the happiness and wellbeing of each other, and teach our selfhood to yield a willing ministry to this purpose, in the same proportion we place ourselves in harmony with all that is good, and thus in the only condition in which happiness is possible. The case is the same in the moral as in the physical world. So long as we live in harmony with the physical laws of God's universe, we shall secure bodily health and enjoyment: so long as we, and those with whom we are connected, act in harmony with the moral laws which he has ordained for our intercourse with each other, we shall enjoy the gratifications and pleasures arising from our social relations; and so far as we inwardly live in harmony with the highest laws, by striving to love all that is good, and true, and perfect, for its own pure sake, we shall enjoy that internal peace and delight which no outward circumstances can either afford or destroy, and which must constitute the life of all true and perfect happiness. This, then, should be the primary object of every individual—to bring himself, both inwardly and outwardly, into harmony with the divine government; for only by so doing can man fulfil the design of his creation, by becoming, both in will and in action, an image of his Maker.

It has been very generally imagined that the perfection of practical philosophy consists in reducing our desires and wants to their absolute minimum; but this is only partially and occasionally true, as a means to accomplish some all-absorbing purpose. As a general rule of life, it is far from being a true position. In fact, the whole tendency of human progression has borne testimony against it. In spite of the philosophers, the world, in its resistless march of improvement, has gone on adding comfort to comfort; awakening new desires, and discovering new wants; increasing man's capacity for enjoyment; every day affording fresh gratifications, before undesired, because hitherto unthought of. This change in the condition of mankind has formed the subject of many eloquent regrets; men have looked back with wistful eyes to the simple pleasures of their forefathers, dejectedly inquiring whether the world has advanced in happiness in proportion as it has added to the multiplicity of its enjoyments; and because some doubts have hung over this point, they would have hopelessly cut the knot, instead of patiently unravelling it, and thus have destroyed, instead of wisely following, the thread of human destiny. They would have stultified the youth for ever, to save him from abusing the intelligence of manhood. It is well for us that a kind Providence has been more bountiful in giving, than the human heart has been grateful in acknowledging the blessing. Whether mankind have advanced in happiness in any adequate proportion to the means supplied, can be known only to the 'Searcher of hearts.' Doubtless every age has its peculiar liabilities to error: instead, however, of vainly endeavouring to stay the progress of civilisation, let us rather strive to solve the problems which it continually urges upon our attention, in order that we may learn to live usefully and happily, in agreement with our improving condition.

Happiness is not to be attained by reducing the number of our wants, but by ennobling them; that is, by reducing them to order, so that the greatest number and the most excellent may be harmoniously and enduringly gratified. The more a man increases the number of his desires, so long as they may be consistently gratified, the more he enlarges his capacity for happiness. This capacity, as we have already shown, can only exist in an unselfish heart; for such a heart alone beats in unison with Heaven, with all that is good and perfect. Happiness is a necessary result of agreement with the laws of God; because, according to these laws, all creation is framed; and, for the same reason, their violation or infringement must lead to misery.

If we can once feel assured that the laws which govern the mind, and which overrule the action of one mind upon another, are as immutable as those which govern the outward universe, we may readily see that it is as useless to attempt to escape from the one as from the other. What sane person would attempt to move in utter disregard of the laws of gravitation? Who, in commencing any physical undertaking, would frame his plans in direct opposition to the physical laws? And, again, who that had once convinced himself of the existence of such a law, would ever doubt the certainty of its action? Have not all the physical improvements of modern society arisen from the discovery and application of such laws? Philosophers before the time of Bacon experimented according to their own arbitrary fancies; now they endeavour to operate in accordance with the laws of nature—with what difference of result, we all well know. Why, then, should we fear to apply the same principles to the regulation and improvement of our hearts? If we believe that the

same God who designed and created the habitable universe, also framed the human heart, with its wondrous and infinitely-diversified capacity for happiness—why should we fear to trust in the certainty and security of his laws in the one case any more than we do in the other? Such a fear is recreant both from religion and philosophy; for it doubts the divinity, the omnipotence of goodness and of truth.

How utterly truthless, then, must be the position, that any conduct can be just in principle, and yet inexpedient in practice! Justice may indeed often prove an untoward minister to selfishness; it can seldom be 'expedient' as a means to mere isolated indulgence; but it must always be really expedient, for it is the only condition either of complete or of universal happiness. Justice is universal and absolute expediency; and that only can really be individually or partially expedient which harmonises with it, for particulars are merely portions of their respective universals. To deliberately and wilfully set up any arbitrary standard of expediency, so as to supersede the immutable law of justice, is to prefer a narrow, short-sighted, and self-destructive policy to the consistency and security of Infinite Wisdom; it is to prefer the insane gratification of our own selfish conceits to the fullest delight that the human heart is capable of receiving—namely, that of participating in the happiness of all; it is, in fact, to exclaim with Milton's Satan, 'Evil, be thou my good;' or, in other words, 'Self, be thou my god.'

Let us, then, if we would really attain and promote true happiness—and not merely pamper our own corrupt wills—in whatever we undertake, first ask ourselves the searching question—Is it just? And if, after an honest examination, our consciences respond with a clear and unhesitating affirmative, then let each of us, with humble confidence in the God of justice and of humanity, remember the simple words of the proverb—'Do what thou oughtest, and come what may.'

PATERSON AND CO.

A TALE.

Miss Genevieve Paterson was the daughter of a wealthy merchant defunct, and the sister of a wealthy merchant living, both of the well-known firm of Paterson and Co. She possessed a considerable fortune of her own, besides expectations; had once been reckoned a beauty; and was still a very personable woman of some forty years of age. That she remained *Miss* Genevieve Paterson was entirely her own fault. She might have been married over and over again; the common council and the court of aldermen had been opened to her more than once; and it was even said that she had actually refused the better half of the civic throne. Miss Genevieve, in effect, was proud—that was her failing. She had reasonable beauty, tolerable good sense, kindly enough feelings, and ample fortune; but all these advantages were swallowed up by her pride. And this was hardly to be wondered at. Long before Miss Genevieve came into the world, her father had got ashamed of his small beginnings. He would fain have forgotten his talents, industry, honesty, even the blessing of approving Heaven, which had raised him above the mass of his fellow-citizens. He could think of nothing now but his wealth and greatness, present and prospective; and when to these were added a child—though an only child—a daughter, who was both a wit and a beauty, his measure of prosperity was full. He had nothing more to live for, and accordingly he died, and was buried; and there was an end of Paterson, senior—of Paterson and Co.

Miss Genevieve was born in the purple. Her stately walk was never accelerated by any voice more powerful than that of her own inclination; her complexion was never deepened by any glow but that of anger; the very winds of heaven were not permitted to make her nose blue. But of all the admirers of her greatness, all the slaves of her beauty, all the ministers of her pride, the most enthusiastic, the most devoted, the most pernicious was John Singleton. John Singleton was a sort of charity-boy, a species of errand-lad, who had become attached, one knows not how, to the Paterson car. Poor John Singleton! when he first saw the little lady enshrined in the unimaginable finery of his master's drawing-room, how his great eyes, open mouth, and distended ears gaped as if they would have swallowed her! And they did swallow her. She became, from that moment, a part of his existence; she was the soul—the esoteric meaning, as it were—of Paterson and Co. He respected, and in some sort dreaded, his master; but her, who was his master's idol, he worshipped. In the course of years the errand-lad became the clerk. Poor Mr John Singleton! when he took tea sometimes at the very table at which she sat—when the cup and saucer in his hand clattered like a pair of castanets as she spoke to him! Spoke! ay, and kindly too: and sang—oh what a voice, what an ear, what a piano!—and what a heart of his for keeping time, as if she played by electricity with a wire between the instrument and his bosom! In the course of years the clerk became the Co. Poor John Singleton, Esquire! He had seen with his own eyes his young mistress grow from a little girl into a full-blown woman, and from a full-blown woman into an old maid; but to him she was his young mistress still. As for himself, the crow-feet of time were deepening their traces at the corners of his eyes; the light gradual powderings of snow were beginning to tell on his chestnut hair; and the slim figure of the errand-lad had already waxed into the respectable fulness, not yet ungraceful, of the prosperous merchant; for John Singleton, Esquire, was now in his fiftieth year. But his heart was still sound—still true. He loved Miss Genevieve with the love of a partner of the firm—just touched, it may be, but not rendered fantastic, by those lingering dreams of youth which play upon the imagination without affecting the judgment. Love of any other kind he would have considered profanity; that is, if he could have conceived so absurd and monstrous an idea at all.

To Miss Genevieve John Singleton had been a slave, whose humility she admired, as something proper and praiseworthy; and Mr John Singleton an acquaintance, worth any dozen of the rest in matters of obedience and devotion; but John Singleton, Esquire, as a partner of the firm, commanded her respect, and as a personal adherent of her own, through thick and thin, even her friendship. Still, all these characters were inseparably blended in her imagination; and although Miss Genevieve had been known even to shed a tear when mentally contrasting the uniform devotion of John Singleton with some real or imaginary slight inflicted upon her pride, the idea of any warmer attachment between them would have called all the indignant blood of her ancestors (if she had had any) into her face.

Time wore on, however, and Miss Genevieve, although still unquestionably a fine woman, had reached those years when there is no dallying. At this epoch a new wooer presented himself, who, although a widower, was, in point of rank and fortune, as unexceptionable as any of those she had refused in her noon of beauty; and after many doubts, and many misgivings, she at length consented, with the proud decision of her character, to put her still white and smooth, though somewhat chubby palm, into the blood-red hand of a baronet.

Sir Peter Dingle was a tall and portly man, with shaggy brows and a profusion of whity-brown hair, which, at a little distance, gave something almost ferocious to his

appearance; but on nearer approach, the spectator was reassured by a mild blue eye and a well-rounded lip, not to mention an unsteady gait and an irresolute step. Sir Peter, in fact, was understood to have been the victim of domestic tyranny; and many persons thought that his preference of Miss Genevieve arose from her rather tall and full-formed figure, presenting a striking contrast to that of the skinny little vixen from whom death had relieved him twelve months before.

His wooing proceeded without accident. It may be said, indeed, to have been carried on in public, surrounded and regulated by all the punctilios of society; for he and his bride-elect were never known to be alone together till the day on which the proposals were made and accepted; and even then the affair was over in less than a quarter of an hour. The morning, in short, was fixed; the lawyers on both sides were hard at work; and Sir Peter was invited to dinner to meet the lady's friends.

We have said the wooing had proceeded without accident; but this, philosophically speaking, is incorrect. The accidents, however, were separately invisible to the naked eye, and are therefore indescribable by the pen, although, somehow or other, Sir Peter felt more and more anxious as the fateful moment drew near. He tried to love Miss Genevieve, but felt as if he could not take the liberty. He once called her 'Jenny' aloud in his dressing-room, but immediately looked round in alarm, as if he had done something impudent. At the grand dinner, his heart died within him as he contemplated her queen-like figure; and in taking her down stairs, instead of offering his arm, as comfortable people do, he led her at arm's-length by the tip of one of her fingers.

When seated at the table, he was somewhat reassured, for *a* baronet was a great man in that company. One of the guests was continually looking at him furtively, and always withdrawing his eyes suddenly when detected, to fix them on his plate. The same individual appeared to have an unusual appetite. He ate everything, without discrimination or remorse. He refused nothing. He scorned the sequence of dishes, and jumbled every sauce upon his plate that was handed round the table or stood within his reach. He imagined everybody asked him to drink wine, and all sorts of wine—and accepted the invitation frankly. This was John Singleton; but the occasion was a great one for John, and it is hardly surprising if he was not exactly aware of what he was about.

Sir Peter, in the meantime, though gratified by the attention he received, was seated, of course, next his stately bride, and that spoiled everything. She was *exigeante* to a degree he had never witnessed before but in one person; and when at length she rose slowly, and drawing up her figure to its full height, made him a bow, Sir Peter bowed in return so low, that before he had raised his head, the door was opened for her by another. That other was of course John Singleton; and the baronet was annihilated by the look of indignant surprise turned upon him by Miss Genevieve as she swept out of the room.

It cannot be said that he resumed his composure when she was gone, although he breathed more freely. Some terrible idea appeared to haunt his thoughts, which every now and then he would lay hold of, as it were by stratagem, and attempt to drown in the claret. And he was successful by degrees. So many successive duckings at last told upon the troublesome spectre, which now kept clear of the magic circle of the decanters; and after a time, Sir Peter, knowing that it would be imperatively required of him, got up valiantly to pay his lady-love the compliment of presenting himself in the drawing-room the first man of the company.

The baronet was daunted for a moment as the glare of light and beauty broke upon his eyes when the door was opened. The chandeliers seemed unsteady—the floor was a little steep—but, mustering his courage, he walked hardily up to the bride, and attempted to dash into conversation. She was cold—reserved, as if she had not forgotten the matter of the door; but she was likewise beautiful: the claret felt warm at his heart, and the baronet persevered. He at length ventured to squeeze gently her little finger as her hand drooped by her side; and exulting in the fact that it was not withdrawn, he asked her to sing. She wanted pressing. 'Surely,' whispered Sir Peter, who was now beyond fear, 'you will not deny me such a favour? Let me lead you to the instrument, my angel—do, my own—*Jenny!*'

If the unhappy man had dragged her up the room like a milkmaid by the arm, or been guilty of any other monstrous solecism, he might have been pardoned; but the fatal word he had pronounced was the terror of Miss Genevieve's life.

'Sir,' said she, reddening to the roots of the hair, and flashing a lightning glance upon the culprit, 'I would have you to know that I am still Miss Paterson!' She turned away as she spoke, and walked, like a bourgeoise empress, to the other end of the room.

When the rest of the gentlemen entered the room, their first look was directed to the solitary bride, and their second in search of the baronet. There was no baronet.

'Where is Sir Peter, Miss Genevieve?' whispered John Singleton, as he bent over her chair.

'I don't know,' replied she sulkily.

'Then *I* know!' remarked John in a voice of awe.

'Why, what do you know? Speak!'

'You daunted him, miss; I saw it all at the table; and something dreadful, I have no doubt, has happened here. He is gone.'

'Gone! What do you mean?'

'Why, that he *is* gone. All is over; but don't distress yourself. I shall ascertain the worst, and return in an instant.'

During his absence Miss Genevieve sat like a statue—her glassy eyes fixed on vacancy, and her ears watching for some sound of terror from without.

'Well?' said she, almost breathless, as John re-entered the room.

'He *is* gone!' replied John.

'Oh my!' exclaimed Miss Genevieve, clasping her hands, and ready to faint.

'Don't distress yourself, miss, for I will follow him this instant if you bid me!'

'You! Oh, John Singleton!—Oh!' and catching him by the arm, she burst into tears. It was now John's turn to be at the fainting; but surprise kept him up.

'What do you mean, Miss Genevieve?' said he. 'Am I to pursue him or not?'

'Pursue him! Then he is not—gone!'

'But he is, miss: to Dover in the meantime by the night coach, that was just passing; and to Calais, I have no doubt, in the morning, for he was heard to ask a question of the guard about the steamboat.' Miss Genevieve was overwhelmed for an instant; but at length addressing John Singleton in a voice dreadfully calm, she said, 'I will not—cannot—shall not bear it! I will not be the scorn, pity, and ridicule of the town. He *must* come back—he must sue anew for the hand he has thus forsaken. Go, John, follow him; bring him into the room if you have to drag him with cords; add this one more proof of your inestimable friendship, and trust to the gratitude of my whole after-life!'

The next morning the weather was so tempestuous, that there was considerable doubt as to whether the steamboat could leave the harbour of Dover; and only one cabin passenger was so hardy as to enter the vessel till they were actually heaving off the lines by which she was moored to the quay. At that moment another gentleman jumped on board, and commanding them frantically not to sail till he returned from the cabin, was just about to plunge down the companion-ladder, when a sea bursting between the pier and the vessel, the remaining mooring-line snapped, and she drifted out to sea. At this sight John Singleton clasped his hands in despair. 'Once on the shore of France,' said he, 'the wretch is safe; and how can I return to meet the eye of Miss Genevieve without my prisoner?'

The storm increased; and the fugitive baronet, as he lay upon a sofa in the cabin, was so deadly sick, that it

was some time before he could recognise the face which was every now and then raised from the cushion of the opposite sofa, and was always withdrawn suddenly as their eyes met. The association of ideas at length led him to the dinner table of the day before; but in his state of ghastly sickness and confusion of mind, it is no wonder that his impressions were vague and indistinct. How could the omnivorous guest of yesterday be in the Channel with him this morning? It was an absurdity; yet it must be real. What was his purpose? What could he do to him in France? Whose business was it if he, Sir Peter, chose to stand an action for breach of promise rather than undergo another thirty years' slavery? The man was an ass: he was worse. Oh, if he were but well enough! But here another lurch of the vessel made the baronet's very soul die within him, and, sinking back in utter exhaustion, he closed his eyes upon his enemy.

While the baronet was thus alternately glaring with rage and goggling as if in the agonies of death, Mr John Singleton lay enjoying the fugitive's misery, and feeling desperately his own; for John was every whit as sick as the betrayer of Miss Genevieve's affections. A desperate lurch at length occurred, which threw Sir Peter into the middle of the floor, and in the reaction John was stretched by his side. It is lucky they were both at that moment half dead, and that they were compelled to gaze inactively in each other's faces, with their sodden eyes, till they became accustomed to the sight.

The storm continued many hours, and the vessel beat about the French coast, not daring to approach. It was already dusk when she lay at length by the side of the pier—Sir Peter by this time neither knowing nor caring in what country, or if in the habitable globe at all. Mr John Singleton felt better, and he had the baronet carried forthwith into a vehicle; and before the latter returned to entire consciousness, they were rattling along a dark and solitary road.

Sir Peter wondered whither his enemy was taking him. Was he thus hurried up the country to be confined in a prison or a convent? Was his consent to the marriage to be extorted by bread and water? He looked in John's face, but the impassable features gave no reply, and the baronet had not yet heart to speak. He turned his eyes towards the road, and with a languid curiosity, indicative of returning strength, he watched the foreign-looking faces and costumes which gathered about the carriage as they were changing horses. They at length arrived, as he supposed, at their destination. He was lifted out of the vehicle, hurried through a large and handsome hall, whisked up a broad staircase, and all but dragged into a magnificent drawing-room; where he found himself—partly from surprise, partly from fear, and partly from sheer inanition—kneeling at the feet of Miss Genevieve.

The steamboat had been unable to approach the French coast with safety, and after beating off and on all day, had returned to Dover.

Sir Peter threw a feverish look at the door, the windows, the chimney, and then heaved a deep sigh. 'Madam,' said he, 'spare me your reproaches! I was unable to take leave of you last night, because sudden and imperative business called me to a distance. Forgive the unintentional disrespect—restore me to your favour—and withdraw not that lovely hand from one who will prove the most devoted of husbands!'

'You ask this!—you intreat my pardon!—you sue for my hand!'

'I do.'

'And I refuse it! Rise, sir, and take this answer as final. Open the door for the gentleman. Mr John Singleton,' continued Miss Genevieve, leading him within the folding-doors of another room.

'Miss Genevieve!'

'Mr John Singleton!—I promised you for this service the gratitude of my whole life.' She leant heavily upon his arm as she spoke; and John, after having suffered so much, could hardly support her with one arm; so he took two. She leant heavier still. A glance told the rest—which was confirmed in a few days by the small print of the newspapers. When Mr John Singleton left the inner drawing-room that evening, he was heard to mutter, as he descended the stairs three steps at a time—'The errand-lad!—Miss Genevieve!—Paterson and Co.!'

VISIT TO THE GROTTO OF ADELSBERG.

In that part of Austria which lies between Trieste and Vienna, the traveller has occasion to pass through the district of Carniola, celebrated for its picturesque beauty, but still more remarkable for its grotto of Adelsberg. Desirous of visiting and exploring this subterranean cavern, besides seeing some parts of the adjacent country, we started from Trieste at daybreak; but our conveyance being somewhat slow, as is not unusual in southern Europe, we did not reach Adelsberg till early the succeeding morning, the night being passed by us at Prewald, near the mountain in which the famous grotto is situated. At Prewald, we were conducted to an office where the names of visitors are registered, and a small sum paid by each, destined to the repair of the path, which has been constructed with such extreme difficulty in the interior of the cavern. Here we were also provided with guides, whose costume, however well-adapted to the lower world we were about to explore, gave them somewhat of an unearthly appearance amongst ordinary mortals, as it consisted entirely of black oil-skin; and the effect was heightened by the great torches, which they waved continually to and fro, as well as by their wild gestures and loud cries in a jargon perfectly incomprehensible to us, but which, we were told, was a dialect of Slavonian. They each selected one of us to be the exclusive object of their care, and proceeded to march beside us along the steep and stony path which led to the entrance of the grotto. The aperture was in the form of an arched gateway. It opened into the solid rock, at a considerable height on the side of a precipice; and as we stood on a sort of platform, which had been arranged in front, we were called upon to remark one of the first wonders of this curious cave.

From the elevation on which we were placed, we could trace the graceful windings of the Peuka, a river of very considerable size. Through the distant valley we had passed the day before, and on to the mountain's base, it came with its rapid and abundant waters glancing in the morning rays; but there, taking an abrupt turn, it rushed towards the cavern, and suddenly abandoning the sweet sunshine in which it sparkled so gaily, plunged precipitately into a deep black cavity, that yawned to receive it, directly below them by which we were ourselves to enter, and there disappeared at once in the profound abyss. The singular direction thus given, without any apparent cause, to the course of the stream, is not, however, the only surprising circumstance connected with it. We were told, that after being traced to some distance within the grotto, it there became altogether lost to view, and could nowhere be discovered returning again to upper earth. How so large a body of water can be absorbed, or in what deep abyss it is ingulfed, remains unexplained. One only solution to the mystery presents itself, but it seems rather to heighten than diminish the difficulty. At a distance of some twenty miles from Adelsberg, just where a well-beaten country road conducts into the interior, appears a very surprising object. A great river suddenly bursts, in the most extraordinary manner, from the ground—not an infant stream, designing to gather stranger waters to its bosom, and so swell its volume as it flows along, but a complete and abundant river, which speedily forms a channel for itself, and continues to roll on uninterruptedly till it reaches the sea. Now, if this river, named the Timavo, be in reality the imprisoned Peuka returning impetuously to the light of day, it must be supposed that the cavern from which it escapes is of an extent which bewilders the imagination.

The opening by which we were to enter was secured by a huge iron door, round which, at that moment,

were clustered a detachment of Austrian troops, who, like ourselves, were about to visit the grotto, and stood waiting for their officers, not yet arrived from the inn. It was a fortunate circumstance for us, as each man carried a torch, which would enable us to see the cave to singular advantage. Passing through the midst of them, the bolts and bars of the great gate were withdrawn, and closed again with a loud noise, which announced our separation from the living world.

We found ourselves in a small outer cave, whence two sombre passages branched off to the right and left. Our guides now seized us by the hand, in a manner which intimated significantly that we were no longer to be free agents; and when, turning to the left, and plunging with us into the gloom, we felt our feet giving way on the slippery ground, we became most willing to submit passively to their guidance. They dragged us quickly on, seemingly well acquainted with the unseen path: the last glimpse of daylight disappeared; there was a rush of damp cold air over our faces; an intense darkness closed in all around; and our eyes, full of the sunshine we had left, fastened instinctively on the little twinkling lights of the torches carried on before us—our only stars in this new and terrible night. For some time we were hurried on, unable to discern anything, till, at a given moment, our conductors stopped, and bade us look around. We obeyed, and gradually, as we became accustomed to the profound obscurity, a scene was revealed to us indistinctly by the faint torchlight, of which it would not be easy to convey any adequate conception. We seemed to have entered on some vast mysterious realm where 'ancient night,' expelled from the sunny world, had fixed, unmolested, her eternal dominion. The guides, dispersing themselves far and near, endeavoured to give us some idea of the immensity of the cavern. Boundless, indeed, it seemed to be in extent and in height, whilst hundreds of feet below us, we could but just distinguish the roar of the captive river, as it fled through the gloom, its very voice sounding hollow and changed since we last had heard it singing in the sunshine.

When the first feeling of wonder and awe had passed off, we became lost in admiration of the magnificent architecture of this palace of nature, even in the dim twilight by which we looked on it. Around us, on all sides, and seen more distinctly because they were pure white, rose stupendous pillars, formed of stalactites, that towered up into the darkness far above our heads, till they were lost in the vapoury clouds that seemed to overhang us. Their base was in like manner altogether hidden from us, and it was a marvellous thing to think that time alone was the architect of these mighty columns; for we could see hanging in all directions little tiny stalactites, like new-frozen icicles, each having at its point a bright crystal drop of that fluid, containing lime in solution, by which they are formed; and which gradually thickening, is succeeded by another, till, drop by drop, century by century—for assuredly it is the work of ages—those fairy branches grow to be as lofty and massive as the gigantic pillars that seem to support the unseen roof. Nor were these the only ornaments with which the ever-working hand of nature had arrayed this abode of night; for these wonderful stalactites had taken every species of fantastic form—sometimes grand and terrible, sometimes beautiful and delicate, as though modelled by the sculptor's art; and, combined with the huge masses of rock that rose rugged and menacing from the gloom as from a deep dark sea, they produced the most marvellous and startling appearances, offering to the bewildered eye a succession and variety of scenes that baffle all description. Where we ourselves were placed, strange and mysterious shapes were grouped around, and innumerable narrow passages and lofty corridors branched off in all directions into the yet unexplored regions of this most wonderful cave. The road by which we were to proceed crept along among the rocks—now over natural, now over artificial arches, and had evidently been constructed with great difficulty. As we advanced, penetrating further into the depths of this sombre world (with the lights which we began tacitly to think so precious), our eyes were continually mocked with delusive appearances. On one side, we could not but believe that we were gazing down through the dim aisles of some great cathedral, our imagination perfecting the details of the fretted roof and Gothic ornaments; and with the next turn the scene would change, and the rocks shape themselves into the perfect likeness of a miniature landscape, with valleys, and hills, and distant cities—the sunlight only wanting; while, again, some opening corridor would seem to present the symmetrical arrangement of a gallery of statues, each standing on a snow-white pedestal. Of all the forms into which this cavern dew had hardened, by far the most beautiful was that named 'the banner,' and which was indeed exactly like a flag of spotless white, hanging in light folds, each one of which was exquisitely formed, and completed by a border of a yellowish hue. It was strange thus to find the minute perfection which characterises all the works of nature displaying itself in these hidden realms of darkness. We are accustomed to perceive it in the admirable workmanship of every tiny leaf or fragile blossom on the earth; but here, where no eye was ever to behold them, the very colouring of each one of these little stalactites was correct and beautiful, as though touched by an artist's most delicate pencil. When the guide struck on any of the pillars with a small stick, it emitted a strange metallic sound, that was remarkably melodious, and added to the singular effect produced by the various murmurs already floating through those dismal chambers. These were caused principally by the currents of air rushing through the numberless passages, and also by the peculiar manner in which the interminable echoes told upon each other from arch to arch and rock to rock. The perpetual dropping of water throughout the whole vault produced of itself a hollow, ceaseless reverberation, that, I know not why, caused a shuddering sensation; indeed it was no easy matter to avoid fancying that this terrific cavern was inhabited by unearthly beings.

After a short time, we proceeded on our way; but it required some courage, after the first mile or two, to continue to penetrate the never-ending depths; the path was both difficult and dangerous, and but for the energetic assistance of the guides, who almost carried some of us over the rocks, I think we should have abandoned any attempt at further progress. Now it led several hundred feet down the side of a precipice to the very brink of the river, whose roar, gradually swelling on our ear, became almost deafening as we approached, and the torchlight touching its wreaths of foam, showed us how it dashed itself against the terrible rocks that were its prison bars; then toiling up a steep and slippery ascent, till we scarce could hear its murmur, we crossed it, and passed to the other side by a natural arch eighty feet in length.

There are many lateral passages, apparently of vast extent, but quite unexplored, from their difficulty of access; so that it is impossible even to form an idea of the actual limits of the cave, of which the portion already known would seem to be but the threshold. It has been proved that it was known at a very early period, by the discovery not long since of a large gallery, the walls of which were covered with names and inscriptions dating from the year 1213 down to the commencement of the seventeenth century, when, it would appear, the entrance had been closed by an earthquake or other subterranean convulsion. Numerous fossil bones were found within it, and some of animals altogether unknown. One lamentable tragedy seemed to have taken place here. A skeleton, perfectly entire, and incrusted with stalactite, was discovered in a contracted and agonised attitude, with one arm clasped round a pillar for support. Probably this was some unfortunate being whose light had been extinguished

by accident, and who had wandered (how hopelessly!), lost and bewildered, through the interminable labyrinth of his tremendous tomb.

In a deep pool, in the recesses of the cavern, is found that strange fish the Proteus. This curious creature was altogether unknown till it was discovered in this subterranean abyss; and from its singular formation and habits, has become an object of much interest. It is of the genus *anguineus*, said to be about a foot in length, and perfectly blind, as though purposely created to inhabit those regions where no light can ever penetrate. In its natural state it is of a clear flesh colour, but it changes to a deep violet when exposed to the air. No period has as yet been put to the length of time when it can exist without food, though the learned men of France and Germany have been unremitting in their endeavours to starve it by various scientific experiments.

We came to a resting-place, where our pilgrimage was about half accomplished, in a portion of the grotto in size and shape like a large open hall, and which had, in fact, been arranged as such with great care and ingenuity. The floor was dry, and covered with sand; seats were hewn out of the sides; a hollow rock formed an excellent music gallery; and thus, we were told, it was converted into a ball-room, at an annual festival held within the grotto on Whitsuntide, when it is lighted up at an expense of three hundred florins, and an assemblage of six or seven hundred persons gather together to hold their festivities in this strange locality. It must have a singular effect to hear these vaults resounding to the lively music and echoing feet of the dancers; and if the cave is indeed, as the neighbouring peasantry imagine, the work of demons or of gnomes, they might well have laughed to find how human follies and human vanities can penetrate even into the heart of the earth. Whilst we sat there to rest a few minutes, a loud shuffling noise, and a strong light, penetrating far and near, announced the approach of what really seemed to be an invading army of demons: the whole German troop of soldiers came rushing in, waving their torches, and shouting in wonder and delight. It was marvellous to see what ranges of interminable chambers, of which we had not even dreamt, were now revealed to us by this partial illumination; and as they passed on, and entered one by one the narrow passage which conducted onwards, the train of lights had exactly the appearance of a long fiery serpent winding through the cavern depths. We were by this time chilled and wearied; but we persevered in wandering on for a considerable way, till we at last reached the point where all but the very adventurous must cease from further investigation. The last picture which here presents itself, is perhaps the most striking of all. Emerging from a low narrow corridor, we found ourselves in an open space, whose limits were lost in vapoury gloom; and spread out before us, cradled by majestic rocks, lay a beautiful little lake, its deep pure waters still and peaceful as those over which the sunbeams break, and the warm land-breezes sweep. A little boat lay floating on its breast, in which any enterprising person might cross to the other side, and proceed to explore yet farther the mysteries of the cave; but this is very rarely attempted, for the danger and difficulty are extreme, and many dismal stories are told of travellers who have entered the dark vault, and never again been seen, or who have been found dashed to pieces amongst the precipices. As for us, we were in no condition even to wish for the display of farther marvels. We were all much exhausted, as the fatigue had been very great; and our shoes were so entirely destroyed by the sharp stones, that every step we took was one of torture to our bruised and wounded feet. Our return was therefore slow and painful; and so true it is, that the weakness of the mortal frame is a clog to the mind—all our first enthusiasm and excitement were put to flight by our bodily sufferings, and the very objects we had before so much admired, served now only as objects by which to calculate our progress towards the upper world. We were seized with a great horror too, when a rush of wind from a side passage threatened to extinguish our lights. The doom of those to whom such an accident should occur in this mysterious cave would be inevitable; for there would scarcely be a possibility of their ever finding their way out of its inextricable maze.

Great was our joy when there dawned at last within this terrible night a far-off faintly-twinkling ray, which, gradually increasing, grew to be the opening that was to restore us at length to a world of light, of beauty, of living flowers, and fragrant winds, and warm sunshine. So great was the violence of the contrast, that we were at first quite blinded, and felt as though we could never again bear to look upon the earth, clothed in such a flood of glory as the common daylight—*daily* so thanklessly received—now seemed to us. Indeed it was only after a good night's rest at the quiet village that we could realise to ourselves that we had not been under the influence of a midnight dream, during all that strange voyage of discovery to the heart of the earth.

THE OLD SCOTS ACTS.

SCOTLAND, as is well known, possesses a body of laws differing considerably from those of England. At the Union, these laws were insured to the country, and they remain till the present day, with certain modifications and additions of a comparatively recent date. The foundation on which the law of Scotland has been reared is a work entitled the *Regiam Majestatem*, the origin of which has long been a subject of literary controversy. The probability is, that this ancient code of laws was compiled by a learned churchman, at the request of David I., or some other monarch. It embraces the substance of the Pandects of Justinian or old Roman civil law, select portions of the Levitical and canon law, the feudal law, and common law of the kingdom—the whole adjusted to the necessities of the age, and expressed with the most admirable brevity and perspicuity. The *Regiam*, which is altogether a remarkable production,* contained the only written law of the kingdom, until James I. (a contemporary of Henry V. of England) began to superadd the enactments of parliament.

The Scots parliament consisted of about three hundred persons, representing the different estates of the realm—nobles, prelates, and commoners—all assembled in one house, the sittings of which took place at Perth, Stirling, Edinburgh, or any other locality convenient to the sovereign. The first parliament whose enactments assumed a regular and recorded form was, as has been said, in the reign of James I. It sat at Perth, and commenced its onerous duties on the 26th of May 1424; and this, therefore, is the date of the first Scots act. It cannot but be interesting to know what was the nature of the laws enacted by this assembly of notables.

During its sitting, parliament enacted twenty-five laws applicable to the state of the kingdom; and so clearly and briefly is each act narrated, that it puts to shame the unintelligible and long-spun jargon of modern legislation. Could anything be more explicit than the following?—'It is statute and ordained that no man openly rebel against the king's person, under the pain of forfeiture of life, lands, and goods.' Such is the third act of the parliament in question. The seventh act enjoins the capture and punishment of *sorners*, whether on foot or on horseback—the first of many similar laws significant of the ancient state of Scotland. Sorners were a class of mendicants, who entered people's houses, and took by force what was denied as an alms; in some of the acts they are spoken of as 'masterful beggars,' and the terror of the rural districts. From the tenor of the

* Ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! It is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the *Regiam*, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye'll find a spice o't.—*Peter Peebles* in *Redgauntlet*.

eleventh act, it would seem that, even in these early times, there had been disputes about killing salmon in close time. The act forbids this offence, under the penalty of a fine; but he that is convicted a third time 'shall tyne [lose] his life, or then bye it;' by which we understand that the offender shall have the option of being put to death, or of saving his life by paying a ransom to the king. A beneficent law follows: it enjoins the removal of all cruves or yaires [stake-nets, we presume] placed at the mouths of rivers to prevent the free ingress and egress of salmon, also the removal of all such engines in fresh waters every Saturday, and likewise during close time. The object of all this, doubtless, was to favour the breeding of, and angling for, salmon at the proper seasons. The eighteenth act ordains that all men, from twelve years of age, shall 'busk [dress and accoutre] them to be archers;' and that places for archery shall be made 'near to parish kirks, to which, on holy days, men may come, and at the least shoot thrice about.' The twenty-fourth act, enjoining the establishment of inns for travellers, may be copied in its exact wording and spelling. 'It is ordained that in all Burrow Tounes of the Realme, and throuch-fares quhair [where] common passages are, that their be ordained hostillares and receipters, havand stables and chalmers. And that men find them bread and aile, and all uther fude, alsweil to horse as men, for reasonable price, after the chaipes [according to the customary dealings] of the countrie.'

In the second parliament of James I. we observe the first statutory enactment of a law which, we believe, was peculiar to Scotland, and in after times became a source of no little oppression and complaint. This was a law against *leesing makers*—persons who spoke ill, or told lies, of the king, to the engendering of discord between the sovereign and his people; the penalty for the crime, a vague species of sedition, was the loss of life and goods. In the acts of the third parliament, we find a law apparently resulting from the above obligation to establish inns. It begins by narrating how the innkeepers have complained to the king that his lieges, in travelling, do not come to the 'hostellaries' provided for them, but lodge with their acquaintances and friends; whereupon it is ordained that all travellers on foot or horseback shall in future 'lodge in no other place but the hostellaries aforesaid;' and that every person in a burgh, not an innkeeper, who admits travellers or strangers shall forfeit forty shillings. A curious result this of the meddlesome interference of legislatures with private convenience. The sixty-sixth act of the same parliament is more reasonable. It is a law empowering sheriffs to seize all idle and lazily-disposed persons who have no means of living, and set them to work; and failing their continuing at work, to put them in prison. The fifth parliament concludes with an act, for which a parallel, as respects Ireland, has often been craved in modern times. This law enjoins that lords and other landholders shall repair their castles and manor-houses, 'and dwell in them themselves, or one of their friends, for the gracious governal of their lands by good policie, and to expende the fruit of their lands in the countrie where the lands lie.' Strange, to find a law against absenteeship in a Scots act of 1426!

A considerable number of the old acts, like those of England at the same and a much later period, proceed on a total ignorance of the first principles of political economy. Almost every year acts of parliament were passed regulating the wages of craftsmen, the price and mode of sale of victual and other articles, the export of gold and silver coins or bullion; also the forbidding of certain imports and methods of traffic; the interference, we should imagine, from the frequency of repetition, producing only a temporary and insufficient effect. The following may be given in illustration:—

No man, under pain of escheat, to buy any English cloth, or other English goods, from Englishmen.—13, James I., 145.

Sheriffs and bailies to inquire who buys victual and holds it to a dearth; the victual so held to be escheated.—6, James II., 22.

No man to take out of the realm gold, silver, or bullion, under pain of escheat.—8, James II., 34.

No cattle to be sold to Englishmen but for ready gold or silver.—8, James II., 35.

All who have corn unthrashed, within or without barns, shall cause it to be thrashed entirely out before the last day of May next to come.—9, James II., 37.

No victual to be held in girnals [stores], except what is needful for personal or family use for a quarter of a year; and that all above this quantity be sent to market within nine days, under pain of escheat.—9, James II., 39.

For inbringing of victuals, it is ordained that strangers who bring in victual be favourably treated, and thankfully paid.—10, James II., 40.

The current gold coin, native and foreign, is ordained to be 'cryed higher;' such as the Henry nobles to be proclaimed worth twenty-two shillings, &c.—13, James II., 58. This was a vain attempt to keep the coinage from leaving the country.

Magistrates to inquire rigorously into the price, goodness, and fineness of bread, ale, and all other necessary articles daily bought; and where any workman is found taking prices considerably more than the article is worth, he shall suffer escheat of the goods for a first, and be suspended from his craft for a second offence.—5, James IV., 56. What scope for petty tyranny and suffering in this act! And yet such regulations existed with respect to bread till our own day.

No man shall be craftsman and merchant at the same time; he shall renounce either his craft or his merchandise, under pain of escheat.—14, James IV., 107.

Forestallers who buy fish, flesh, or other stuffs before they are offered in open market, or those who sit in the market before the proper time of day, to be imprisoned, and suffer escheat of goods.—4, James V., 21.

The act 5, Mary, 12, regulates the price at which animal food shall be sold: a chicken four pennies, a pig eighteen pennies, &c. [eighteen pennies Scots were equal to three-halfpence sterling].

Merchants and other persons, natives or strangers, are strictly prohibited from exporting from the kingdom any native lint, lint yarn, or linen cloth, under pain of confiscation.—1, William and Mary, 29.

For the encouragement of the linen manufacture, no corpse of any persons whatever shall be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else, except in plain linen, made and spun within the kingdom.—1, James VII., 16. This act was strictly enforced by the 1, William, 32, with this addition, that none presume to bury any one in Scots linen in value above twenty shillings Scots per ell. Elders of parishes to see bodies put into coffins, in order to prevent fraud.

For the encouragement of the native woollen manufacture, the importation of cloths or stuffs of any kind made of wool, or wherein there shall be wool, as also of hats, caps, stockings, gloves, or any other article of wool, is forbidden under severe penalties.—1, William, 8. For still further encouraging this manufacture, the acts above narrated for causing interment in linen are rescinded. It is ordained that no bodies whatever shall be buried in linen under certain penalties; but that all interments shall be only in plain woollen cloth or stuff.—1, Anne, 14.

Another class of acts which appear to have proved equally ineffectual, though somewhat troublesome to the lieges, were those which proposed to regulate the private affairs of families, and the kind of dress which each person might wear. The following are a few examples:—

No man shall wear clothes of silk, or use furs, except knights and lords of two hundred marks at least of yearly rent, and their eldest sons and heirs, without special leave of the king.—9, James I., 119.

No man in burgh to be found in taverns of wine, ale, or beer, after the stroke of nine hours and the ringing

of the bell in the said burgh. Those found, the aldermen and bailies shall put them in the king's prison, under the penalty for neglect of fifty shillings.—13, James I., 144. It would appear from this act that, four centuries ago, as great a degree of anxiety was manifested respecting the intemperance of the people as is expressed in our own day.

The realm being greatly impoverished by sumptuous clothing, it is ordained that no man who lives by merchandise—aldermen, bailies, or other good worthy men excepted—shall wear clothes of silk, nor scarlet gowns, or furrings. And that they make their wives and daughters in like manner be apparelled, corresponding to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches, with little hoods, as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries. Tails to gowns, with furs, allowable only on holidays. And in like manner the barons and other poor gentlemen, with their wives, who have only forty pounds of rent. As to the commons: no labourer nor husbandman shall wear on workdays anything but gray and white clothing, and on holidays light-blue, green, or red; and their wives the same, with curches of their own making, which shall not exceed forty pennies the ell. And that no woman come to kirk nor market with her face muffled or covered, that she may not be kend, under the pain of escheat of the curche. [Here follow exemptions as to clerks and dignitaries.]—14, James II., 70.

All barons and freeholders that are of substance to put their eldest sons and heirs to the schools, from the time they be six or nine years of age, and to remain at the grammar-schools till they be competently founded and have perfect Latin; and thereafter remain three years at the schools of art and jurie [law], so that they may have knowledge and understanding of the laws.—5, James IV., 54.

In consequence of the dearth of victuals, it is ordained that no archbishop, bishop, or earl have at his meals more than eight dishes; no abbot, prior, lord, or dean more than six dishes; no baron or freeholder more than four dishes; and no burgess or substantious man more than three dishes [under severe fines, which are specified].—5, Mary, 25.

All gentlemen, householders, and substantial burgesses are ordained to have a Bible and psalm book in the vulgar language in their houses, under the pain of six pounds of fine. Magistrates to search houses, and apply the fines; a third of each fine to be their own, and two-thirds to go to the poor of the parish.—6, James VI., 72.

There shall be no working, holding markets, gaming nor playing, passing to taverns or alehouses, or selling of meat and drink, or wilfully remaining from the parish kirk, in time of sermon or prayers on the Sabbath, under pain of a fine of twenty shillings.—6, James VI., 70.

To stanch the great excess and superfluity at bridals and other banquets among the mean subjects of the realm who are very unable to sustain the cost, it is ordained that no person under the degree of prelates, earls, lords, barons, landed gentlemen, or others, who are worth two thousand marks of yearly rent, have at their bridals or banquets, or at their tables in daily cheer, any drugs or confections brought from parts beyond seas; and that there shall be no banquets at any upsittings after baptising of bairns, in time coming, under the pain of twenty pounds.—7, James VI., 114.

The act 3, Charles II., 14, regulates the number of persons who shall attend marriages, baptisms, and funerals, also the clothes to be worn on such occasions. 'It is ordained that there shall not be invited to burials any greater number of persons than these following:—To the burial of noblemen, and bishops, and their wives, not above one hundred noblemen and gentlemen; to the burial of a baron of quality, not above sixty; and other landed gentlemen, not above thirty. And that the [hired] mourners at the burials of noblemen, and bishops, and their ladies, do not exceed thirty; at the burials of privy councillors, lords of session, and provosts, not more than twenty-four; and at the burials of landed gentlemen and citizens, twelve.'

The greater number of the Scots acts may be said to refer to matters of the foregoing nature, and, strictly speaking, are more regulations of police than definitions of civil right; a large portion of the remainder consists of regulations with respect to benefices, letting of lands, salmon fishing, practice in legal proceedings, and the annual shows of weapons; also enactments respecting the king's person and authority, and stringent edicts for the suppressing of mendicancy, and the capture of thieves. Any special notice of these laws would, we believe, afford little amusement; and we confine ourselves, therefore, to the picking out of a few more acts, remarkable either for their oddity, or the light they throw on ancient manners.

Because blacksmiths, through ignorance or drunkenness, spoil and lame men's horses, by shoeing them to the quick; it is statute and ordained that whenever a smith shoes a man's horse in the quick, that smith shall find the man a horse to ride upon, and do his labour, till the horse be whole. And if the horse lames through the said shoeing, and will not heal, the smith shall hold the said horse himself, and pay the price of the horse to the man who owes him.—10, James III., 79.

Forasmeikle as there are diverse printers in this realm who daily and continually print books concerning the faith, ballates, sangs, blasphemations, rimes, as well of kirkman as temporal, and others tragedies in Latin and English tongue—it is devised, statute, and ordained, that no printer presume, attempt, or take in hand to print any books, ballads, sangs, blasphemations, rimes, or tragedies in Latin or English, in any time coming, until the same be seen, viewed, and examined by some wise and discreet persons, depute thereto by the ordinaries whatsoever; and thereafter a license had and obtained from our sovereign lady and the lord governor [Earl of Arran] for imprinting of such books, under the pain of confiscation of all the printer's goods, and banishing him of the realm for ever.'—5, Mary, 27. This act was passed in the heat of the Reformation, when the church was exposed to all manner of ribald pasquinades. As an act establishing a censorship which proved unavailing, it is curious in the present age of free printing.

The 5, Mary, 16, is an act to repress swearing and execrations. 'For every such fault committed by a prelate, earl, or lord, the penalty is to be twelve pennies; a baron or beneficed man, four pennies; a landed man, freeholder, vassal, burgess, and small beneficed man, two pennies; and a craftsman, seaman, serving-man, and all others, one penny.' Numerous acts follow, till a late period, against profanity, blasphemy, cursing and beating of parents, and other monstrous offences.

To put down the abominable superstition of witchcraft, used by divers of the lieges of this realm against the law of God, it is ordained that no manner of person or persons, of whatever estate or degree, take in hand, in any times hereafter, to use any manner of witchcrafts, sorcerie, or necromancie, nor give themselves furth to have any such craft or knowledge, thereby abusing the people, under pain of death.—9, Mary, 73.

In case it happen that any landed proprietor be lawfully convicted of theft, or receipt of theft, or stouthreife, in time coming, he shall be deemed guilty of treason, and forfeit life, lands, and goods.—11, James VI., 50.

No person, without the king's license, to fight any single combat, under pain of death and escheat of goods.—16, James VI., 12.

For the restraint of the vile and detestable vice of drunkenness, daily increasing, all persons convicted of this offence to be fined; for the first offence, three pounds, &c.—22, James VI., 20.

The last Scots parliament sat at Edinburgh in the winter of 1706-7, and closed its career without attempt-

revisal or reversal of the enactments which had
rded since the reign of James I. This ne-
o it may be called, has never been repaired by
nance of its successor in the function of law-
—the parliament of the United Kingdom. The
ts laws, in general, remain unaltered by any
enactment. A few are occasionally quoted; but
greater number have been suffered to drop quietly
disuse, and so far they are practically a dead letter.
real active law of the country, gathered from the
Ingham, old acts of parliament, and the usage of the
courts, is embodied in the digests of lawyers—Erskine,
Hume, Stair, &c.—along with statutes of recent enact-
ment.

THE SOLITARY CITY.

MANY years ago I removed from a small country town to the huge Metropolis, several hundred miles distant. I remember the counsels of my parents on the occasion, the wholesome fears they wished to inspire, and the thousand cautions they gave me to walk circumspectly in the crowd; to discriminate nicely in my choice of acquaintances; and to eschew, above all things, the whirling vortex of company, into which an inexperienced person was so liable to be drawn. I cannot help smiling sadly as I reflect on the provincial simplicity of such advices, and the dreary years I passed in London before I could be said to have formed a single acquaintance, or had any temptation put in my way to enter into society at all.

There are, it is true, introductions which operate as an 'open sesame' even there; but these are of a peculiar class, and are only within the reach of a few. To the many, London society presents as hard and stony an exterior as the cave of the Forty Thieves; and they may circle round and round it in search of an opening for years, and try all the conjurations of the cabala in vain. In the desert there are peopled oases, where the stranger may enjoy intercommunion with his kind, but in London every heart is closed against him; an atmosphere of repulsion seems to surround every family; and while his ear is stunned with the myriad noises of a great city, and his eye distracted with its ever-moving crowd, he is, emphatically, alone.

Society in London may be described as consisting of so many circles, the parts of which are extended over spaces of lesser or greater dimensions. People are in no respect acquainted from contiguity. A knows B, who lives six miles off; but, a thousand to one, has no knowledge of his next-door neighbour. Circles so scattered are impenetrable from invisibility; yet, when once entered, they are found, with an external air of repulsiveness, to possess all the kindliness which distinguishes the human family elsewhere. I say when entered; that is, introduced in a regular manner. And there lies the mighty difficulty! The vastness of the place creates suspicion, or at least a certain distance of manner; and nothing is more common than for parties to be on nodding terms for a lifetime, without advancing an inch farther in each others' acquaintanceship. If any one wishes to fly from the world, let him plunge into London, and no wilderness will yield him a more secure retreat.

If the Londoners show a general character of reserve, it cannot be said they have any disposition to pry. Nowhere is respect for individual rights or feelings so markedly evinced. Nobody cares who you are, or what you are, or where you come from, or anything else about you. All that people care for is, that you pay your way, mind yourself, and don't trouble them. Not that there is any positive churlishness, but it is against all rule to be unauthorisedly familiar. This is very observable in the higher class of coffee-rooms and taverns. There, each visitor selects an empty box or table, if he can find one; and if he is not so fortunate, sits as far from his neighbour as he can, or entirely abstracts himself in a newspaper. In the clubs, the case is nearly similar. I know men at this moment who are moving heaven and earth to obtain admission to the Athenæum, in order to become personally acquainted with the stars of literature and art it numbers among its members. They may as well think of becoming personally acquainted, by as summary a process, with the stars of heaven.

I was once sitting in a coffee-house, where there were only two other guests, one an old gentleman, and the other a young one, occupying different boxes. The former was a fine old man, with hair as white as snow, and a remarkably benignant expression of countenance; while the other presented a favourable specimen of the Londoner, and was obviously an intelligent and educated person. The attention of the senior seemed to be attracted by the younger man. He looked at him long and earnestly. Some pleasing recollections appeared to be associated with his appearance; and at last getting up, though with some difficulty or uncertainty, he approached the object of his interest, and seated himself in the same box. The young man looked up, and their eyes met. The old gentleman seemed about to speak; but on the other dropping his eyes again upon his newspaper, he paused. At length he broke the dead silence of the room.

'I think you will understand,' said he, 'and I trust you will pardon the liberty I am about to take.' The young man looked up in surprise, succeeded by an expression of impatience. His eye dropped again upon the newspaper; but presently, as if on consideration, he looked up again, and bent his head chillingly, as much as to say, 'Speak—since you will.'

'I hardly know,' continued the old man with a gentle smile, 'why I address myself to you. But this room is very solitary—very silent. The inarticulate noise of the street puts me in mind of the rush of the wind round a cottage on the moors. It seems to dispose one to kindly feelings and social converse; and although your features are new to me, I feel as if I was acquainted with their expression. I am, in short, a sort of natural physiognomist. That is why I have addressed myself to you; and if you are not specially engaged——' He hesitated, for the young man's expression became more chilling, as his mind seemed to shrink from contact.

'Sir,' said he in a tone of cold decision, 'I wish to read the newspaper.' The old gentleman looked hurt for a moment, but hardly surprised, and he got up slowly, returned to his own box, and the room relapsed into silence as before.

The solitude of London is as profound in the great arteries of trade and population as in the remote no-thoroughfare streets, where grass is seen growing in the interstices of the stones. But although the same in degree, it is different in kind. Each district has its own character of solitariness, and the hermit of Somers-town is a distinct person from the hermit of Thames Street. I am acquainted in my own person, as I have hinted, with the utter desolation in which a young man may live for many years in the crowd and bustle of London; and in a visit to one of the suburbs, I learned that a young woman may be in the same predicament.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when I found myself one day traversing the quiet streets of Pentonville, which looks on with the most profound composure at the traffic of the City Road. Pentonville is not a hermit through disgust of the world, but through listlessness and indifference. It cannot understand the bustle of mankind; it does not know what they are about, and does not care. The dust of the great highway sweeps past, not through it; and it preserves, although it cannot be said to feel or enjoy, a charmed life of its own. Already (for Pentonville keeps early hours) the fragrant scent of tea arose from some of the areas as I passed, and the cries of the milkmaids, bringing their contributions to the afternoon meal, were heard in all directions. Paragon Terrace, as all men know, is retired even in this retirement. It is small, genteel, and eight-roomed; and being one-sided, it

enjoys a rural view in front over brick-fields. It was here my business lay; in fact—why should I disguise it?—I was looking for lodgings.

Being satisfied with the sitting-room proposed for me in one of the houses, I ascended to the highest landing-place of the neat but narrow stair, to look at the bedroom; but when the landlady had already turned the key in the door, an authoritative double-knock at the street door called her down. She turned the key back again, therefore (which is mentioned as a characteristic trait of the London landlady), and left me standing on the landing-place. Presently there came tripping up the stair a nice-looking young woman—it may be hardly out of her teens—bonneted, shawled, and brown-paper-parcelled. She unlocked a door beside me, and was about to go in, when, taking her for the landlady's daughter, I inquired whether her key would unlock the other door. She answered in the negative.

'Are the two rooms alike?'

'Oh no,' said she; 'this is only my room.' Only her room! I could not resist the curiosity I felt to get a peep. It was a mere closet, which was entirely filled by a little bedstead, a little round work-table, and a single chair. In one corner of the room there was a little chimney, with a very little grate, supplied with a homœopathic dose of remarkably small coal. What might be at the other end I could not tell, as the door was prevented from opening to the extent of more than one-third by the bedstead.

'And you live here alone?' said I. The young girl looked as if she did not know whether to shut the door in my face (which would have been London all over) or not; but after a momentary glance, in which she saw in me a lad about her own age, she replied with a smile, 'Not quite alone—Chirrup! chirrup!'

'Chirrup!' replied a dingy canary, in a cage hanging by the window, rousing itself as if from a nap.

'You have not room for many visitors?' observed I.

'I have no occasion for room.'

'What! have you no visitors?'

'No. How should I? I have of course no acquaintances.'

'Why of course?'

'Because I am from the country—and not many years neither.'

'Years!' cried I with a start, for my period was as yet only months. 'Do you mean to tell me that you have been years in London without making a single acquaintance?'

'To be sure I do,' replied she with a pleasant laugh and a look of surprise. 'How should I make acquaintances?'

'Do you not know your landlady, for instance?'

'Yes, to pay her my rent; but what I call an acquaintance is some one to visit and to chat to. I have so many acquaintances in the country! But then I do talk to the milkwoman sometimes, when I run down stairs for my halfpennyworth—and she is such a chat! And when I go to the warehouse for my work, there is a dozen young ladies as well as myself all gabbling away at the same time—ha! ha!'

'But do they not visit you, nor you them? Do you not walk together? Do you never even meet on the street?'

'Never. They have all their own families, or their own friends, or their own acquaintances; and for me, I have only—my own canary! Chirrup! chirrup!'—and the poor young girl went gaily into her room, and shut the door; leaving me—great calf that I was!—with a swelling heart and brimming eyes standing on the landing-place.

This is a specimen of a London hermitess—of a class little known and less noticed. Some fortuitous circumstances may at length bring them an acquaintance; and they may marry a clerk, a shopman, or a journeyman, and become the mothers of a line of Cockneys. But in general they pass a monotonous, though not always an unhappy life, from youth to age, and glide away from the world without leaving a trace on its surface. The young girl I have mentioned became better known to me. We remained landing-place acquaintances for some time, for I took lodgings in the house; but the details of a life without blame and without incident would tell poorly here, and so I shall pass from the solitary of Pentonville.

I may say, however, that on the present occasion she had been put into better spirits than usual by receiving such an abundance of work from the warehouse; that she expected, by next Sunday, to have enough of savings to be able to complete the purchase of a new bonnet. What, then, was Sunday to her? It was a day to walk; to see crowds of people she did not know gliding past with their families; to watch sundry interesting couples 'keeping company,' and wonder with a smile whether she would ever have a wooer; to pat little children on the head, and recall to memory her own brothers and sisters; and finally, to have a large slice of plumpudding as an addition to her frugal dinner. In happy anticipation of these enjoyments, her hours of labour passed on that evening till it was time to sup and go to bed; for although the hour was still early, candles were expensive, while in the morning it was at that season light enough to work, even in London, before seven o'clock. Her supper consisted of more than one good slice of bread, which she rendered savoury by means of cheese—nibbling the latter like an economical mouse. She even thought, in the abundance of her good fortune—smile not as I record the circumstance!—of stepping out for a half-pint of beer. She counted some pence, however, that were piled on the little mantelpiece; she calculated gravely; and then, shaking her head, took down from its shelf the little brown teapot, which she had filled with water after her afternoon meal. 'It has something like the colour!' thought she, as she poured the contents into a cup; and breaking into smiles at the conceit, she drank off a beverage well known to the female solitary of London, and went gaily to bed.

The solitary habits of the Londoners are sometimes productive of a little inconvenience. On one occasion I heard the following dialogue between an artificer of some kind, with a straw basket of tools hanging over his shoulder, and a female voice in a subterranean shop.

'I say, ma'am, please to tell me where Mr Thompson the artist lives somewhere about here?'

'You must go round the corner,' screamed the voice. 'Do you know the lady as sells greens and ginger-beer?'

'No.'

'Then do you know the house as stands all alone, without never a shop for two doors?'

'No!' testily.

'Then do you know the apple-stall the police wont allow there by no manner of means?'

'No!' and the artificer got downright crusty.

'Then you must pass all these till you come to the chandler's with the sign of the tea-canister. Mr Thompson is in the one pair back.'

'Why didn't you say that at first?' said the artificer angrily; 'I lives there!' And hitching his basket on his shoulder, he passed on to find in his own lodging-house the man he had been looking for all over the neighbourhood.

Many such experiences, I daresay, could be presented; and something still more illustrative of London solitude could be told in reference to that difficulty of difficulties—strangers getting into business in London—of making their existence known. In this latter particular we have an explanation of the advertising mania—the eager and enormously expensive struggle by which thousands are daily endeavouring to introduce themselves to notice. All who have read the 'Diary of a Physician,' will possess a vivid idea of the sufferings and melancholy sinking of the heart to which many professional men are exposed at their entrance to metropolitan life. This, however, is taking only a one-

sided view of affairs. There are lights as well as shades in the picture. The apparently impenetrable barrier once broken, where are we to find so boundless a circle of friends—where such cordiality, where such professional encouragement, as in the Solitary City? If in that vast theatre of action all are received with indifference, so is the way to fame and fortune opened indifferently to every comer. London is the only place on earth where national distinctions are disregarded—where men of all parties, sects, and colours exist on a footing of equality. Repulsive, therefore, as the exterior of metropolitan society may be, let us again assure the faint-hearted of its warmth and tenderness within. We may also venture to say that, to our apprehension, there has latterly been somewhat of a thaw in the reserve of London life. It may be fancy, and yet it does not seem unreasonable that the Metropolis should partake of the softening influences of the age. More family acquaintanceships are formed, more visits are paid, more kindly intercommunion of every sort takes place; and in the course of another generation, perhaps, some of the anti-social peculiarities to which we have been adverting may be only matter of tradition.

ISABELLA DE LORMA.

In the Caribbean Sea is situated the small island of Sorreno, so called from having been at one time inhabited by a Spaniard of that name. The interior, although the whole island is not more than eight or nine miles in circumference, is agreeably diversified with hill and valley; and on its sandy shores are ever found great numbers of the finest turtle. One day, about the middle of the seventeenth century, this insignificant, and, as it usually was, uninhabited, island was visited by a buccaneer vessel, which cast anchor in one of its creeks; and its commander, the celebrated desperado Cleveland, leaving his ship, set out alone to explore the solitary domain.

It was almost sunset before he had made the tour of the island, mounting every hill to obtain a completer view; but still the pirate continued to walk on. At last he descried a human figure moving slowly in the middle of a little valley at some distance; and afraid that the burning orb, which he saw declining rapidly towards the sea, would leave him in darkness before he reached the object of his search, he quickened his steps, and strode sturdily down the hill-side. In these latitudes there is no twilight—no gradual departure of the tropic sun.

> 'No pale gradations quench his ray,
> No twilight dews his wrath allay;
> With disk, like battle-target shed,
> He rushes o'er his burning bed,
> Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
> Then sinks at once, and all is night.'

Before this consummation, Cleveland reached a cabin, or Indian hut, made of tussuck grass, in the middle of the valley, and stood face to face with the solitary of Sorreno. This man—discovered by a roving bandit, in an Indian hut, on a desert island, in that far away sea—was the republican general Lambert, one of those stern and desperate men who had been concerned in the trial and condemnation of Charles I. The story he told Cleveland was to the following effect:—

'I have been lured across the Atlantic, and ultimately cooped up in this narrow territory, by the artfulness of a beautiful Spanish maiden, Isabella de Lorma, and, need I say, my own folly. This young lady I first heard of in the Tower of London, when lying there after the Restoration, under sentence of death, for being concerned in the trial of the king. While in prison, I became acquainted with Venables, another of Cromwell's officers. This person was incarcerated in consequence of having unaccountably failed, even with a strong force, to capture St Domingo. Unbosoming himself to me, he mentioned that the expedition under his command, consisting of five thousand men, sailed under sealed orders, to be opened in a certain latitude. Previous to that time he took a vessel with the unlucky Spanish maiden on board; and he fell foolishly in love with her before he knew that his business was to capture her native city of St Domingo, to which she was then returning from the mother country. When the orders were at length opened, he communicated their nature to her; and she, from motives, it was supposed, of patriotic devotion, purchased his departure on the understanding that she was to give him her hand and affections. Having agreed to this dishonourable treaty, it was easy for Venables to find an excuse for retiring with the armament. On departing, he kept the fleet before the wind, passed the Ozama, which is the run of St Domingo, and landed on the coast to the westward of the city. This was in express contravention of the orders of Cromwell, whose plans were precise, and laid out on the best information; but once in that position, Venables had a very sufficient excuse for retiring from the attempt, the deep Jayna lying between the English and their prize, and Mount Nijayo being already bristled over with Spanish arms. He proceeded, with the Spanish girl, to Jamaica, which he captured; and thence returning to England, was immediately sent to prison for trial by the Protector.

'Such,' continued Lambert, 'is the confession which Venables made to me in the Tower. I was deeply interested in the narrative, and resolved, if I had the good fortune to be liberated, to see the artful girl who had produced so remarkable a catastrophe. On receiving a commutation of my sentence of death to perpetual residence in the island of Guernsey, with a brief interval of liberty to visit my friends, I sought out and saw Donna de Lorma, the young Spaniard, whose appearance realised all the dreams of my imagination, all the longings of my heart. The question occurred to me—Did she really love Venables? and at length I ventured to suggest myself as preferable. This was wrong; but what will an unscrupulous passion not suggest? The lady, who perhaps had given up hopes of Venables, transferred her affections to me. My first thought was to get her to follow me to Guernsey, the place of my banishment. To this, however, there was the serious objection, that Venables was to be immediately liberated, and might follow us. Besides, she easily persuaded me that, in St Domingo, in the bosom of her family, and in the luxury of a world resembling the earthly paradise, I should find that repose for which my soul longed, and a more fitting habitation than elsewhere for my blessed Eve.

'Our elopement was soon determined on, and our plans laid and executed so well, that we were out at sea, in a vessel bound for Cadiz, before the cause of the fair Spaniard's disappearance was even suspected. At Cadiz we embarked for Hispaniola; and in fine, along with my protégée, whom it was my proudest hope to make my bride, arrived at our destination. The lady was received with transport by her family, which was one of the wealthiest and most respectable in the place. She mentioned that, in a former voyage homeward from Spain, she had been taken prisoner, and carried to England, and that she owed her deliverance to me. This was all. There was no word of our love and matrimonial engagement, although it had been arranged that I was to be introduced as her betrothed. I was surprised, and presently I became alarmed. Was it possible that I had been made use of merely as the instrument of her deliverance? I demanded to see her, but I never saw her again. That night my chamber was entered by her three brothers, who told me, in a voice of concentrated passion, that their sister had confessed the whole of her adventure. I was stupified. I had been made a dupe—a poor convenience—and was now to be cast away after my utility was past! The Spanish brothers had at first resolved upon my death, but they now merely required that I should instantly re-embark for Europe by the way of Carthagena. It was a relief, a positive enjoyment, to fly from the spot where the traitress had her being; and at midnight,

on the very day of my arrival in St Domingo, I found myself at sea, leaving behind for ever the lessening shores of the Ozama.

'The brothers embarked with me; and understanding not a word of Spanish, and they being the only persons on board who spoke English, I could make no one acquainted with the treachery of which I had been the victim. The strong easterly winds, which blow incessantly within the tropics, made it difficult for them to pursue their southerly course for Carthagena: and this, added to the prevailing currents, drove them towards the Nicaragua coast, amidst the numerous small islands which decorate these tranquil seas. One of these islets, in particular, was pointed out to me by the brothers. This was Sorreno, on which, with a supply of provisions, I was put ashore; and here you have found me.'

Such was the story told to the bucaneer on the desert island, which he had visited on hearing it reported that a new recluse had taken up his abode on the domain of Sorreno. Cleveland, however, though willing to serve the narrator, and far from hinting that his misfortunes might be considered only a fair retribution for his treachery to Venables, could not help giving vent to his indignation at the political crimes of the regicide. Their argument, indeed, on this point ran so high, that the affronted bucaneer at length turned on his heel, and went back to his ship—Lambert assuring him that if ever they met on Christian ground, he would call him to account for his impertinence. The vessel remained for some time in the bay; and Cleveland, in the meantime, made an excursion to the Spanish main, after which he returned to Sorreno, and found Lambert in a disposition somewhat milder than before. He took him, therefore, on board his vessel, and after a short voyage, put him ashore on the coast of Jamaica. From hence Lambert betook himself to his appointed retreat in Guernsey, where he died, after an agreeable and tranquil sojourn.

In concluding this singular narrative, we may say a single word of Venables. On being released from the Tower, he expected that he should now be united to the lady who had accompanied him to England; but lo! she had vanished, as we have related—contrived to dupe another Englishman, and to find in him the means of returning to her friends. We cannot compliment her on her integrity; but neither can we sympathise in the mortification of her infatuated admirers.

HER MAJESTY'S TOBACCO DEPOT, LIVERPOOL.

Two or three years ago, when visiting the London docks, I was favoured with a sight of one of the largest storehouses in the world—the depôt of tobacco under the charge of the custom-house officials. That there should have been another such depôt in Great Britain, I entertained no idea, till, on a late occasion, when I visited Liverpool. There I found a tobacco warehouse connected with the customs, apparently equal in dimensions and importance to that in London, and giving an equally impressive notion of what John Bull, in his folly, habitually puffs into the atmosphere.

Entering by a dingy courtyard adjoining the Queen's Docks, I was conducted into this Liverpool tobacco warehouse. The first sensation on entering is that of an intense acrid odour, which affects not only the nostrils, but the breathing, for the atmosphere is loaded with tobacco effluvia. Somewhat inconvenienced by this feeling, we pass up an aisle or interval between rows of casks, and find ourselves in the centre of the vast apartment. The light, which is admitted by the roof, reveals hogsheads on hogsheads of tobacco, piled up on every side, leaving passages between for the operations of the attendants. The length of the building is five hundred and seventy-five feet, and its breadth two hundred and fifty; the roof being supported on small but strong cast-iron pillars, so as to afford the largest possible accommodation in the space. Great as is this enclosure, it has latterly been found too circumscribed for the storing of the large quantities of tobacco imported into Liverpool, and several additions to the building have recently been made. There is not a particle of architectural ornament about the structure. The exterior shows nothing but a dead wall; one side forms a wall to the dock, and the other is separated from the Mersey by a pleasant parade. Indeed the whole building is nothing but a mighty shed, round which custom-house regulations have thrown an air of isolation.

All the tobacco which comes to the port of Liverpool must, except in special cases, be warehoused in this building. It is here examined by the owners or importers, who select that which is good, and on which they deem it profitable to pay the duty of three shillings per pound. That which is rejected is cast aside and burned. The hogsheads which contain the tobacco are roughly and widely made, but they are very firm and strong, and each contains about twelve or fourteen hundredweight. When one is to be examined, it is brought from a heap, and set upright on the ground. The fastening of the staves at the lower part is unloosed, and the wood-work is then lifted bodily up, leaving the tobacco exposed as a large compact cylindrical mass. A workman then digs into it with an iron crow-bar, and large pieces, like cakes, are removed. These are examined, and a judgment pronounced on their quality. A portion is pulled out as a sample, wrapped neatly up, and marked with certain cabalistic figures known to the initiated. The whole is then firmly pressed together again, and in a few minutes it is placed in the cask, hooped, and removed. Every piece of tobacco that leaves this warehouse must pay duty; and even the samples thus selected, small though they be, are charged, though, if they are again brought back, the amount is returned.

Nearly all the tobacco stored here is from the United States of America, but principally from the state of Virginia. It is all in an unmanufactured state, consisting of the light-brown leaves rolled together and compressed. The warehouse contains the largest quantity towards the beginning of winter, or just after time has been given for the autumn leaves to be gathered, dried, and sent across the Atlantic. On the day of my visit, it was calculated that about twenty thousand casks were in the warehouse; and if we suppose each of them to contain, on an average, twelve hundredweight, we have an aggregate of twenty-six millions eight hundred and eighty thousand pounds of tobacco, realising a revenue to government of nearly four million pounds sterling. Although this, however, must have been the accumulated stock, the *yearly* quantity entered for home consumption in 1842 was 22,309,360 lbs.; increased to this amount from 8,000,000 lbs. imported in 1798. The duty received in the former years was L.3,580,164. The ideas called up by such a mass of tobacco are perfectly staggering. If the material ministered to the necessities of man, the sight of so many millions of pounds would be quite cheering. But to think that the tobacco, piled in such enormous quantities here, is all to vanish in smoke through the medium of the mouths of enlightened Britons, quite overpowers the imagination, and completely baffles the grasp of common sense. The idea of a nation like the British, which is now doing such wonderful work for all humanity and all time, gravely, and as a matter of course, puffing out in smoke, or inhaling in dust every year, more than twenty-two million pounds' weight of tobacco, and finding ways and means to pay between three and four million pounds sterling for the privilege to do so, is really, to say the least of it, very humbling to the pride of the nineteenth century. And yet this is not all. I have merely indicated the quantity on which duty is paid; but Mr Macculloch calculates that one-third of what is consumed in Great Britain is supplied by the smuggler; which will give, as the grand annual total, about thirty-three million and a half pounds' weight! This is only about

a sixteenth part less than the quantity we require every year for home consumption of the more innocent and amiable luxury, tea. Tobacco may, as Arthur Cayley in his Life of Sir Walter Raleigh says, be

> 'Poison that cures; a vapour that affords
> Content more solid than the smile of lords;
> Rest to the weary; to the hungry food;
> The last kind refuge of the wise and good.'

But all the imagination and fancy, wit and humour of poets, will not bate one jot of our sadness at the mighty monument of human frailty exhibited in these great receptacles.

About the centre of the warehouse is built a large furnace, which was crackling and roaring most lustily on the day of my visit, while hot gleams shot out from chinks in the massive iron doors, giving evidence of the fearful fire within. In every establishment there is always something known by a jocular nickname, and the standing joke about this furnace is to call it 'Queen Victoria's Tobacco Pipe.' All the rejected tobacco is burned in this right royal tobacco pipe. Fortunately for the citizens of Liverpool, the tobacco warehouse is at a considerable distance from all dwelling-houses, otherwise the strong fumes arising from the furnace-chimney would prove anything but conducive to health. Behind the furnace is a large circular recess, in which the tobacco ashes are piled up to the extent of several cart-loads. They are found useful in many chemical preparations, and being of a siliceous nature, form a good dentifrice.

At one end of the warehouse there is a division called the Cigar Room. This contains myriads of cigars, neatly and firmly packed in convenient cases. None of these are of course allowed to be taken away without the payment of duty, though, in cases where they are required for ships' stores or exportation, a drawback, or repayment of the duty to the extent of 2s. 7½d. per pound, is made. Besides the foreign cigars, a vast quantity is made at home; but it is clearly understood, from the exposés that have been made from time to time in the London newspapers, that many of the latter are of British growth as well as British manufacture. Not only are dried cabbage leaves, and other materials of the kind, liberally used for the purpose, but in a recent case inquired into by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion-House, it was shown that some cigars are entirely composed of *brown paper*. In this cigar room there are also large heavy packages of the finer sorts of tobacco, known by the names of 'Cavendish,' 'Negrohead,' 'Honey-dew,' &c. This finer sort is obtained from those parts of America where the climate is warmer than in Virginia. Here also are piled numerous packages of a cubical form, one foot thick, containing South American tobacco, the covering consisting of cattle skins, apparently dried in the sun, and stitched firmly together. They were lying round in great numbers, and resembled a mighty pile of brown and variegated hairy trunks. It is curious, indeed, to find here, wrapping tobacco, the skin of some noble animal that may have ranged freely over South American plains, until the desire to 'turn an honest penny' by the sale of its hide tempted a hunter to ensnare it with the fatal lasso. Several of these packages, which had been slightly damaged by the salt water, had been opened, and, as I understood, were considered not good enough for the smokers of this country, and were to be exported to Africa for the use of the negroes. In the same room, some men were engaged in chopping off the hard woody fibres of the canes, on which the owners would not pay duty. These fragments are all gathered together, and, on the principle that all is valueless which pays no duty, are cast into the fire.

The utmost attention is paid to accuracy in weighing the tobacco previous to charging it with duty. Scales which weigh about twelve or fourteen hundredweight at a time are used; and after the workmen have steadily adjusted the pile in one of the scales, they all withdraw. A circle is formed, within which none but the proper officers are allowed to enter; and when they have ascertained the weight, a signal is given, the spell is dissolved, and the pile is removed. The celerity with which the workmen fix it again in its covering is surprising. The staves, which seem as if they were kept from falling to pieces only by a slight attachment to one of the ends, are lifted up in a mass, and brought down, covering the material. A rope is slipped round the lower part, to keep them together, the hoops are rapidly fixed on, and the hogshead tilted up and placed under a powerful screw, which compresses the tobacco firmly down, previous to the fastening of the other end.

In the dock adjoining the warehouse the tobacco vessels are generally moored; and the hogsheads carted in a few minutes from the ship's side into the safe keeping of her majesty's revenue officers. The warehouse is the property of the corporation of Liverpool, which receives from government an annual rent for it of L.4364, 5s.

It may truly be said that this tobacco warehouse is a 'commercial wonder;' and still more truly that it is a 'moral wonder.' It is wonderful to think that all this mighty store, springing from the soil of the new world, is soon to be cast forth into our atmosphere in clouds of smoke from meerschaum, cigar, and 'dudeen;' and still more wonderful to think of the dreamy visions and cloudy air castles, and damaged health and mean habits, to which all this smoking must give rise. It is indeed a moral wonder, which men ought to contemplate with sad and serious feelings.

Column for Young People.

THE BISHOP AND THE BIRDS.

[In a little circle of young persons, it sometimes happens that one is peculiarly gifted with the power of story-telling, and becomes, accordingly, the established *conteur* of the group. Such a person we conceive Agnes Loudon to be, the girl-author of a little volume, which her mother, Mrs Loudon, has edited, under the title of *Tales for Young People*.* There is surprising spirit, and some tolerable apprehension of natural character, in this cluster of stories, particularly in one which, from its length, may be called the chief substance of the volume—*The Dogs' Country Party*. Of another (*The Lost Gloves*) it is unnecessary here to speak, as it appeared originally in these pages, the actual writer being then unknown to us. A very few short pieces are added, as a second part, by Mrs and Miss Loudon.

We were anxious to present some extracts from the stories of the principal writer; but, finding difficulty in doing so, without going further than is fair towards so small a book, we have finally determined to make a little translation from the German, by Miss Loudon, our justification for bringing this specimen of juvenile authorship before our readers. A bishop, who had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' thus explains the matter to an intimate friend]:—

'Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper-berries, and carry them to a neighbouring distiller, who wanted them for making hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He was quite aware it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to

* London: Bowery and Kirby, 190 Oxford Street. 1846.

pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper-berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for. The boy told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

'The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood, he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in the basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door, he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

'The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trousers that reached only half-way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you, as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

"What is that?" asked the schoolmaster smiling.

"Teach me to read," cried the boy, falling on his knees: "oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read!"

'The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learned so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in mind as in birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities; and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honours, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

"What do you mean?" cried the bishop's friend.

"I mean," returned the bishop with a smile, "that the poor boy was MYSELF."'

DIFFERENT STATES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE following just remarks on this subject appear in the *Scotsman* newspaper, in a review of an address published as a pamphlet by Mr Carmichael of Dublin, the object of which is to promote medical reform in Ireland. We have touched on the subject before; but while the evil lasts, it cannot be presented too often to notice:—

'We perceive from this address, and from another presented to Mr Carmichael by the Fellows and Licentiates of the Irish College of Surgeons, that Dublin, like most of the large towns both of England and Ireland, labours under medical disadvantages which are scarcely known in Edinburgh. In the sister kingdoms, the apothecaries are the general practitioners of medicine (the family doctors, in short), and they are remunerated, not by fees for their attendance, but by profit on the medicine they furnish. This state of things bespeaks an unenlightened, trading, material spirit in the people, who apparently do not appreciate skill, judgment, and experience, as worthy of remuneration, but are willing to pay for physical stuffs which they can see, handle, and swallow. A greater or more injurious delusion than this never possessed the public mind. The whole current of medical science is now directed to the study and guidance of the vital functions, with a view to preserve them in health, and to restore them when diseased, not by drugs, but by means of correct habits of living, diet, air, exercise, climate, and moral influences. This is the true science of medicine. It raises the medical practitioner at once to the dignity of a moral and intellectual benefactor of his race. He becomes the friend and best adviser of his patients in regard to their habits of life, the localities of their residences, their hours of application to business, the treatment of their children, &c.; and for such advice, based on knowledge and experience, and most beneficent in its tendencies, it is the interest of every patient to pay, and to pay liberally.

'Such are the views of medical science advocated by the great leaders of the profession in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and, we are happy to add, essentially adopted and acted on by the public of Edinburgh. In this city, the general practitioner, with extremely few exceptions, merely visits his patients and prescribes. His prescription is carried to any apothecary's shop the patient prefers. The practitioner, in many instances, does not know which shop this is; and most certainly he has no interest in it, directly or indirectly. Physician, patient, and apothecary, would all equally revolt at the idea of any unhallowed traffic of gain between these two functionaries. With us the general practitioner is paid by fees, and by fees alone.

'In England and Ireland, widely different views of medical science seem to be entertained by the people. In these countries, the human body, when sick, appears to be regarded as somewhat like an old rickety tenement which has been invaded by rats, beetles, crickets, or some other species of vermin, quite foreign to its substance and constitution, but which threaten, by scraping the lime and gnawing the timbers, to make it tumble down. The man of skill is called, and by means of smoke, arsenic, broken bottles, plaster, and other appliances, labours to expel the intruders. If he succeed, the fabric is saved—if he fail, its days are numbered, and its dissolution is anticipated as certain. Thus is the human body treated by the English and Irish apothecary. With him, disease, like vermin in the tenement, is a positive entity, which has taken possession of the body of his patient; and his object is to expel it by drugs. The Pharmacopœia is his inventory of shot and shells, to be discharged against the citadel till the foe shall be compelled to evacuate it; and each shot has its price, from small sparrow-hail up to the forty-eight pounder. The patient is pleased in proportion to the vigour of the bombardment, and he courageously sustains the assault, in full confidence of victory at last. The idea of the disease being nothing foreign to the body—nothing that needs to be attacked and expelled—but merely deranged functions, which must be restored to health by hygienic treatment (the sole use of drugs being to aid nature in her own evolutions), all this appears to be too abstract and impalpable for the popular understanding. Hence even the enlightened practitioner is often forced, by the state of the public mind, to follow the pernicious system of administering drugs, in many cases merely to satisfy the patient, and to obtain remuneration for his own skill and attendance.'

BEAUTY.

I have always been a great admirer of beauty—natural beauty, personal beauty, mental beauty, moral beauty. For what did the Creator make things so beautiful as they are made, but to be admired? For what has he endowed man with an exquisite sense of beauty, but that he may cultivate it, and find in it a source of pleasure and delight? As I have grown older, this sense of beauty—and I deem it a great blessing from Heaven—has become more acute; and every day of my life, the world and nature, nature and art, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral creation, the heavens and the earth, the fields and flowers, men, women, and children, wit, genius, learning, moral purity and moral loveliness, deeds of humanity, fortitude, patience, heroism, disinterestedness, have seemed to me continually more and more beautiful, as, at the setting of the sun, man looks out upon a world made richer and more glorious by his lingering radiance, and skies lit up with an unwonted gorgeousness

and splendour. But the human countenance seems in many cases to concentrate all of physical, of intellectual, and of moral beauty, which can be combined in one bright point. Why should it not, therefore, be admired? In the commingled beams of kindness and good-humour brightening up the whole face, like heat-lightning in summer on the western sky; or in the flashes of genius sparkling in the eyes with a splendour which the fires of no diamond can rival; or in the whole soul of intelligence, and noble thoughts, and heroic resolution, and strong and lofty passion glowing in the countenance—there is a manifestation of creative power, of divine skill, unrivalled in any spot or portion of the works of God.—*Colman's European Agriculture.*

THE STOMACH AN ILL-USED MEMBER.

The stomach being distended with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the operations which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a sufficient labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indigestible from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world, as an intelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the cryptogamia upwards; and to this miscellaneous aggregate are added the pernicious pasticcios of the pastry cook, and the complex combination of the confectioner. All those evils, and many more, have those who move in the ordinary society of the present day to contend with. It is not to one or to two good dishes, even abundantly indulged in, but to the overloading the stomach, that such strong objections are to be urged; nine persons in ten eat as much soup and fish as would amply suffice for a meal, and, as far as soup and fish are concerned, would rise from the table not only satisfied, but saturated. A new stimulus appears in the form of stewed beef, or *Cotelettes a la Supreme:* then comes a Bayonne or Westphalia ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionably indigestible dish, and each of these enough for a single meal. But this is not all. Game follows; and to this again succeed the sweets, and a quantity of cheese. The whole is crowned with a variety of flatulent fruits and indigestible nick-nacks, included under the name of dessert, in which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge-cake. Thus, then, it is that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but a succession of meals rapidly following each other, and vieing in their miscellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth's caldron. Need the philosopher, then, any longer wonder at the increasing number and variety of dyspeptic complaints, with their long train of maladies, amongst the higher classes of society.—*Paris on Diet.*

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm, to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the *sound* which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskilfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—*Christian Register.*

THE WOODLAND WALK.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT, A CANADIAN IMMIGRANT.

Let us in the forest stroll,
For winter's nigh;
And not the lone church-bell doth toll,
Or dreamer sigh
Sweeter, than the soothing wind
Telleth to the trees his mind.

The sun no longer dazzling bright,
The green earth scorches;
But with misty mellow light,
As of golden torches,
Falls upon each weeping tree—
Fitting light those tears to see!

Now the twisted old thorns wear
Their russet dresses;
Now the tangled grape-vines bear
Their purple tresses;
The cranberry now gleameth, lending
Its weight upon the dogwood bending.

Bright the streamlet sparkles by,
Sauntering in play—
But soon it starteth giddily
To wend its way,
O'er the mossy limestones welling,
And of gamesome fairies telling.

See the wood-grouse strutting past,
Then turn away—
The chitmunc's comic glances cast,
Amidst its play:
Woodpecker, with eye askance,
Ceasing work to give one glance.

Hark! the fretting blue jay chideth,
Strangers to see;
Nimbly the black squirrel hideth
In the old oak-tree:
Slily creepeth the garter snake,
Making for the sheltered brake.

Low in the beech the brown owl sits
With staring eye,
Wondering, in his dreamy wits,
Whither to fly;
While far away, through elm and oak,
Harshly comes the raven's croak.

High upon the straight black cherry,
The pigeon swings—
With its fruit he maketh merry,
Flapping his wings:
As on the neighbouring dead ash limb
The stealthy hen hawk watcheth him.

Damp and crumbling the old tree lies
Beneath the storm—
Decorously the green moss tries
To hide its form:
And many a wan and yellow leaf
Will lend its shroud in silent grief.

Gently o'er the wild wind breatheth
The elm-tree old—
For which the hanging creeper wreatheth
Its purple fold:
Softly, on the bronzed oak,
Bearing mark of the thunder-stroke.

It chanteth to the yellow bass
A dreamy lay;
The crimson maple then to pass
It hastes away;
Now it fondly stoops to talk
To the golden-robed sumac.

Through the wood it whispereth low,
Consoling all—
'Give not way to care or wo—
The leaves may fall,
But again the cheery spring
Back both leaves and flowers will bring!'

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TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our second attempt to reach Lord Rosse's telescope was more successful, and attended with fewer adventures, than that of which I have presented an account. First by railway to Kildare, and thence by coach, the journey of seventy-eight miles from Dublin was satisfactorily performed; and early in the afternoon of an October day we found ourselves comfortably seated in a hotel in Parsonstown.

The appearance of this town somewhat suprised us. In travelling towards it from Dublin, we have occasion to cross various extensive tracts of bog, useful no doubt for fuel to the adjacent inhabitants, but otherwise unproductive, and too large and unsightly to inspire pleasing emotions. There is also seen not a little wayside poverty—mud hovels, a poor state of husbandry, and a struggling, though far from dense population. Immediately beyond one of the dreary bog regions, we come suddenly upon Parsonstown, almost as neat and brisk a town as could be seen in England—environs consisting of numerous villas, a square of good houses, and several regular streets; pretty nearly the whole being whitewashed, and possessing an air of substantiality and comfort. To account for these agreeable features, I was informed that Parsonstown has become a favourite resort of families seeking a place of genteel retirement, though the nature of the climate is by no means favourable to those requiring a dry and equable condition of the atmosphere. Perhaps not the least irresistible of its attractions are the easy terms on which building-ground is obtained from Lord Rosse, and the not less marked liberality of that nobleman in opening his extensive pleasure-grounds for several hours daily to all who choose to visit them.

A walk along a terrace of houses, forming, with the trees opposite, a species of boulevard, conducts us to the gate of his lordship's domain; and, uninterrupted, we soon reach the lawn in front of the castle—a large and commodious building of some antiquity, which endured a siege during the wars of the Revolution. In whatever manner the edifice was surrounded with defences in those troublesome times, it is now open to the park-like lawn that bounds it on the north, and in which are situated the various telescopes of its ingenious proprietor. Previous to the arrival of the steward, who was kindly deputed to afford us every desirable information, we had an opportunity of taking a general glance at the apparatus, and of looking around the grounds, through which flows, in many a meandering turn, the pretty little river Lower Brosna, a tributary of the Shannon.

The telescopes, on which of course our attention was mainly riveted, are three in number, like the degrees of comparison—great, greater, greatest; and are all situated near to each other, so as to command a fair view of the heavens over the tops of the trees which bound the lawn. The smallest is contained in a dome-roofed edifice, resembling an ordinary observatory, and therefore presents nothing exteriorly remarkable. The two larger are under no roof; they are open to the weather; great black tubes dangling from chains like the funnels of steamboats, lowered slopingly from the perpendicular. One of these is twenty-six feet long and three feet in diameter, and is adjusted so as to wheel round to point in any required direction. The other, which is appropriately called the 'monster telescope,' measures fifty feet in length by six feet in diameter, and is suspended between high and substantial walls, which permit its command of only a stripe of the heavens from south to north—an arrangement which, however imperative from the bulk of the machine, I was sorry to think must somewhat lessen its usefulness.

So much for a first glance of these wonderful astronomical instruments. Before we had walked round them, the steward, an intelligent and obliging young man, placed himself at our service; and, by way of beginning at the beginning, conducted us to the workshops where the whole apparatus was made. Our road proceeded through a clump of trees, and emerged on a courtyard on the right of the castle, where an entire engineering establishment disclosed itself. It was certainly something new to find a smelting-furnace in active operation, blown by a steam-engine, within a dozen feet of the drawing-room window of a nobleman's castle! The furnace was puffing away at a great rate; and a neat little engine was diligently occupied not only in blowing the bellows, but in giving motion to sundry shafts, belts, and pulleys. A large complex piece of machinery, designed to turn and smooth the specula of the telescopes, was at rest; and about a dozen men were here and there occupied with sundry minor operations. All the workmen who have, from first to last, been engaged in preparing the telescopes, or the apparatus connected with them, have been natives—a fact which will seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the aptitude for instruction of the Irish character. It will probably appear not less surprising that the instructor and superintendent of these artisans in their multifarious duties has been no other than Lord Rosse, whose accomplishments in practical science, independently of his rank, would place him in a distinguished position. As illustrative of his skill in this respect, an anecdote is related by the good folk of Parsonstown, to the effect of his lordship having on one occasion visited an engineering establishment in London, and there shown such a knowledge of mechanics, that the proprietor, in his ignorance of whom he was addressing,

offered him a situation of some hundreds per annum—a compliment, one can fancy, which is not likely to be paid to many other members of the peerage. Devoted to pursuits involving mathematical calculations, he has been pretty constantly engaged, since 1826, in perfecting the means of telescopic observation; and on this interesting branch of science alone he is understood to have spent, till the present time, as much as L.30,000. Long-continued and costly as have been these labours, they could not have realised their present successful results, unless they had been conducted with the most imperturbable patience and good-humour, together with a readiness to have recourse to new and hazardous expedients on all occasions of difficulty and defeat. On this account, the operations of his lordship more resemble the long and studious exercises of the old alchemists in their laboratories, than the proceedings of a modern man of science and letters.

It would be a very long story to tell all that Lord Rosse has done since he commenced his labours twenty years ago, and I need therefore refer only to the more important steps in his operations—a slight popular sketch being alone desirable in these pages. His lordship began by attempting to make a telescope, with glass lenses, of the old and usual kind. A short course of experiments proved that little good could arise from this effort, and he then adopted the principle of the reflecting telescope, an instrument differing considerably from a refracting or lens telescope, and of later invention. Sir Isaac Newton was the first who constructed a telescope of this kind, in 1666; and one which he made in 1672 is still preserved as a curiosity in the library of the Royal Society. The principle of the reflecting telescope is exceedingly simple. At the bottom of an open tube is placed a piece of polished metal, of a slightly hollowed or spherical form, called a speculum; and on this, as on a concave mirror, the object is reflected. The reflection may be seen directly by looking in at the upper end of the tube; but as this would partly intercept the rays from the object, it is customary to cause the reflection from the speculum to fall on a small flat mirror, placed obliquely at the proper focal distance in the tube, and then look in upon that by an eye-glass at the side. The power of a reflecting speculum depends, like that of a lens, on its diameter and degree of sphericity; or, properly speaking, its capacity for collecting the rays which stream from any object. In employing the exact spherical concavity, however, there is always a slight confusion to the eye, in consequence of the centre of the speculum giving the image or reflection of the object at a different focal distance from the parts at and near the circumference. This confusion, which is called *spherical aberration*, can be avoided only by forming the speculum with a parabolic curve; that is, a concavity slightly elliptical or oval; but the exceeding difficulty of producing this figure with mathematical accuracy, may be judged from the fact, that if two specula of six feet in diameter, the one spherical, and the other parabolic, were pressed into contact at the centre, the edges would not diverge from each other more than the thousandth part of an inch. The spherical form, therefore, with all its defects, has usually been employed. The objection, which equally applies to spherical lenses, may be diminished or removed by the opposite aberration of a concave lens. Although the spherical aberration may in this manner be remedied in lens telescopes, there is one still more serious imperfection which it is difficult to avoid. A ray of white light, as is well known, is resolvable into several rays of different colours. In passing through a glass lens, these coloured rays are refracted differently, and consequently present a confusion to the eye. This confusion, which is called *chromatic aberration*, has been attempted to be remedied by making lenses partly of flint and partly of crown glass, so as to accommodate the refraction of the different rays, and bring them to the same focus. Dolland's *achromatic* telescopes, constructed on this plan, have been the most successful in this respect; but they do not perfectly meet the difficulty; and hence the probability of insuring greater accuracy in the reflecting than in the refracting or lens telescope.

Lord Rosse, at the outset, abandoned the spherical form altogether, and endeavoured to produce a true parabolic speculum, which should be free from aberration. An approximation to the parabolic in small specula had previously been attained by certain telescope-makers by means of hand labour. His lordship attempted no such imperfect process: he invented a grinding and polishing-machine, by which, after repeated trials, he realised the means of making perfect specula of any dimensions, from one to six feet in diameter. A difficulty not less formidable impeded his operations—the casting of a speculum of sufficient size and strength. Herschel discovered Uranus with a speculum of forty-eight inches diameter; but it became tarnished, from defects of composition, and was abandoned for one of eighteen inches. That which was now desirable was a nice adjustment of metallic compounds, which, while affording a durable lustre, would also give that degree of ductility by which the speculum could be handled and ground without liability to fracture. After numerous trials, it was found that the best combinations were of tin and copper, in the proportions of rather more than two of copper to one of tin.* These proportions fused together, and cast in a mould, made a preferable speculum metal. Here it may possibly be asked, Why not make a speculum of glass, and silver it on one side like a mirror? This was, in reality, done by Short, an eminent telescope-maker about a century ago: the plan, however, which is open to some objections, has never succeeded well since. Besides, it must be recollected that it is not the glass of a mirror which reflects, but the metal on its back; and therefore, if a mirror can be made without a facing of glass, its reflection is more likely to be correct. The object of Lord Rosse, then, was to construct a large metal mirror, neither too soft nor too hard in substance, and of imperishable brilliancy of surface.

With a knowledge of the proper proportions to be used, Lord Rosse commenced making a speculum which should be three feet in diameter, by casting sixteen separate portions, to be soldered together afterwards. After repeated trials, he made one of this compound kind, and it was by the experience he acquired in doing so that he became acquainted with the method of casting a large speculum in a single piece. Several tormenting difficulties attended his first efforts. Small air-holes were formed in the metal, and the speculum cracked in cooling. A mould of sand, and subsequently a mould of cast-iron, failed in giving freedom from pores. The desideratum was a kind of mould which should retain the molten metal, and yet allow the air-globules to escape. Such was at length discovered, and it is this which has deservedly stamped Lord Rosse's name with celebrity, reducing as it does the casting of specula to a certainty. The simplicity of the contrivance causes it to

* Correctly, 126·4 parts of copper to 58·9 of tin.

appear a matter of no great wonder; but, like the plan pursued by Columbus to make the egg stand on end, it is easy only when it is known. The contrivance consisted in making the bottom of the mould of layers of hoop iron, bound closely together, with the edges uppermost. By this means the iron conducted the heat away through the bottom, so as to cool the metal towards the top, while the interstices between the hoops, though close enough to prevent the metal from running out, were sufficiently open to allow the air to escape. At my visit I had an opportunity of seeing this singular mould; it was a large disk of malleable iron, the layers of which were about half an inch thick, and to all appearance so closely welded, that water could not filter through them.

The first large speculum thus made in a single piece was a round plate of metal three feet in diameter, nine inches thick, and upwards of a ton in weight. On becoming solid, it was removed, to be annealed, to a brick oven, the mouth of which is level with the ground, at the distance of a few feet. The oven was nearly red-hot when the speculum was shut up within it, and from this temperature it was allowed to become gradually cool, when the annealing was completed. The time required for annealing a plate of this large size is, I believe, about three weeks; and yet, with all this attention, so brittle is the metal, from sudden variations of temperature, that a warm hand laid upon it in a cold night will make it fly in pieces.

Following the mass to the next stage in its progress, we find it placed, with the face upwards, upon a turning apparatus. Here it is seen moving round slowly, immersed partially in water, in order to be kept cool, while a grinding or rubbing tool works on its surface. By means of this grinder, with emery and water, and the adjusted rotative motions, the proper parabolic curve, along with a certain degree of smoothness, is produced; after which the surface is similarly polished with resin, and some other substances. The required curve is ascertained in the following manner. The grinding is performed on the ground-floor of a house, adjoining which is a tower several storeys high. On the top of this tower is erected a mast, the summit of which is ninety feet from the speculum on the grinding machine. To the top of the mast the dial-plate of a watch is fixed, forming a small round object relieved against the sky. When the workmen wish to try the capacity of the speculum, it is cleared of its grinder, trap-doors overhead are opened, the figures on the dial-plate are reflected on the speculum, and this reflection is seen at the regulated focal distance by means of a small eye-piece: in other words, a temporary telescope is formed without a tube; and by this ingenious yet simple device the speculum is wrought to that nice parabolic figure which brings the incident rays to an exact focus. Of the extreme accuracy required, we may obtain some notion from a statement of Lord Rosse, that an error of a small fraction of a hair's-breadth would destroy all hope of correct action; and Dr Robinson mentions that the smallest inequality of local pressure during the polishing process, would be attended with the result of changing a well-defined star into a blot or comet.* The speculum, nevertheless, was polished in the short space of six hours.

The speculum, so fortunately completed, was fixed or bedded on three iron plates, which gave it support, and then transferred to its appointed situation in the tube. This, as I have already noticed, is three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet long, and attached to an apparatus on the lawn, by which it can be brought to bear on any point of the sky a short way above the horizon. The machinery for moving it round and raising and depressing it is simple and ingenious; and notwithstanding its size, it may be adjusted with the greatest ease. Two step-ladders form part of the apparatus, and by these we mount to a gallery, which can be raised or lowered to any required height. In order to procure an observation, the tube is first brought to bear on the star or other object, and the gallery being raised, we ascend to it by one of the ladders. On reaching the gallery, which is a small railed platform sufficient to hold several persons, we find ourselves close to the telescope, near its upper extremity; and here, on looking through a small eye-piece fixed to the tube, we at once recognise in the obliquely-placed mirror within the object of our observation. The tube is of wood hooped with iron, and the focal distance of the speculum is twenty-seven feet. I was rather surprised to find that the mouth of the tube remained permanently open, the natural idea arising in my mind being that the rain and vapours would enter thereby, and injure the speculum at the lower extremity. I was informed, however, that the telescope is lowered in wet weather, and that the speculum is confined in a case, the cover of which is withdrawn by an exterior action when required. A vessel of quicklime is also kept constantly in the case, for the purpose of absorbing the moisture and acid vapours by which the speculum might be tarnished.

The power of the telescope depends on the glasses employed in the eye-piece. This requires a little explanation. The rays collected by the speculum are directed on the mirror at the proper focal distance, and there reflected clearly, or brought within telescopic reach. A telescope must be employed to magnify the image, or draw it out; and accordingly a small telescope like a pocket prospect glass, technically an eye-piece, is used for this purpose. But this eye-piece requires to be used with discretion; its glasses must be shifted according to circumstances. Unless the atmosphere be exceedingly clear and dry, a powerful telescope will magnify its particles, and these will seemingly form a haze interceptive of lucid observation. Different densities, from contending streams of warm and cold air, will have a similar result; and if the atmosphere be excessively cold, as in a Russian winter, floating spiculæ of ice, invisible to the naked eye, will be magnified so as equally to interrupt perfect astronomical observation. Such contingencies present serious drawbacks to the increase of power in telescopes; and in the instrument we have been describing, they are attempted to be overcome by employing various eye-pieces, whose magnifying powers range from 180 to 2000—that is to say, taking the power of the naked eye as 1, an artificial power is applied to give an appearance from 180 to 2000 times greater.

The performances of this magnificent twenty-six-feet telescope were found to be far beyond those of any previously constructed instrument. Certain patches of light or nebulous matter in the heavens were resolved into clusters of separate stars; stars hitherto seen but dimly, appeared round and well-defined; and on the surface of the moon, valleys, mountain-tops, and craters of volcanoes were plainly visible. Gratifying as were these results, Lord Rosse considered that something still grander could be achieved; and before the twenty-six-feet telescope was well finished, he projected one of the extraordinary dimensions of six feet diameter in the speculum, with a tube of fifty feet long. The casting, grinding, polishing, and mounting of this monster speculum were pretty nearly a repetition, on a larger

* I have been indebted for some of these facts to an excellent article on Lord Rosse's telescope in the Dublin Review; likewise to an equally able article on the same subject in the North British Review. In the latter, the following technical explanation is given of the mode in which the parabolic figure is imparted by the turning apparatus. 'The operations for this purpose consist, 1st, Of a stroke of the first eccentric, which carries the polisher along *one-third* of the diameter of the speculum; 2d, A transverse stroke twenty-one times slower, and equal to 0·27 of the same diameter, measured on the edge of the tank, or 1·7 beyond the centre of the polisher; 3d, A rotation of the speculum performed in the same time as thirty-seven of the first strokes; and, 4th, A rotation of the polisher in the same direction about sixteen times slower. If these rules are attended to, the machine will give the true parabolic figure to the speculum, whether it be *six inches* or *three feet* in diameter. In the three-feet speculum, the figure is so true, with the whole aperture, that it is thrown out of focus by a motion of less than the thirtieth of an inch.'

scale, of what had been previously done. Its focal length is fifty-three feet; it weighs nearly four tons; and as its diameter, as has been mentioned, is six feet, it has an area four times greater than that of the three-feet speculum. When finished, the speculum was placed in a square box, which is attached to the lower end of the tube, and by means of a door can be entered at pleasure. This box adds six feet to the length of the tube, which, like its predecessor, is of wood, hooped with iron like a barrel, and so wide, that a tall man could walk through it without stooping. It is this huge black funnel that I have spoken of as being suspended between high and strong walls. It swings with a clear space of twelve feet on each side; and so far it can be drawn aside, giving half an hour before and after the meridian. By means of a windlass, and a most skilful adjustment of chains and counterpoising weights, it can also be brought to the zenith, or turned fairly round from south to north, always within its bounds of twenty-four feet. Enormous as are its dimensions, and although weighing altogether twelve tons, it seemed to me about as easily moved as the other telescope; and it is as much in the mechanical contrivances for effecting this purpose, as in anything else, that the peculiar merit of the structure consists.

At the period of my visit, few observations had been made by this monster instrument; some parts of whose apparatus, indeed, were not completed; but so far as a trial in favourable conditions of the atmosphere had been attempted, the results had been interesting and important. Nebulæ which had baffled the smaller instrument were now resolved into stars; thus adding strength to the growing impression that all nebulous matter—such as that luminous arch in the sky called the Milky Way—will ultimately yield to telescopic power, and be seen to be only assemblages of separate stars—suns, the centres of planetary groups like that to which our own system belongs. Unfortunately, the atmosphere during the two nights which I attended in Lord Rosse's grounds was not propitious for observation. I had an opportunity, for only a few minutes, of seeing a group of binary stars of different colours; and these certainly were distinct, clear, and lustrous, like a pair of glittering diamonds. The moon, on both the occasions of my visit, kept provokingly under a tract of clouds, and the hemisphere, except for a brief interval of time, was loaded with an Irish drizzle. Yet this was no solitary disappointment. Astronomers spend weeks at Parsonstown, and yet perhaps enjoy only one or two really good nights for observation. When to these atmospheric impediments is added the comparatively limited lateral range of the great telescope, a long space of time will appear to be required for making a thorough and general search of the heavens.

Disappointing in some respects as may be the result of such transient observations as that which my time allowed me to make, not the less grateful will be the feelings of visitors towards Lord Rosse for his unexampled politeness and liberality in throwing open to them his workshops and the whole of the telescopic apparatus which adorn the beautiful grounds around his mansion. To use the complimentary language of a local writer*—'With a rank and fortune, and every circumstance that usually unfit men for scientific pursuits, especially for their practical details, if his lordship only encouraged those undertakings in others, he would merit our praise; but when we see him, without losing sight of the duties of his station in society, give up so much time, and expend so much money on those pursuits himself, and render not only his name illustrious, but his rank more honourable, we must feel sympathy in his successes, and rejoice that he has obtained from all quarters the highest and most flattering encomiums, and that he can now enjoy, in the use of his telescope, the well-earned fruits of his previous labours.' To this I do not need to add a word, further than to say that I shall always look back with satisfaction to the view which I was allowed to enjoy of what are unquestionably among the greatest curiosities of the age, Lord Rosse's telescopes.

* T. Woods, M.D. 'Account of the Telescopes of the Earl of Rosse.' Shields and Son, Parsonstown. 1845.

THE CONSCRIPT.

A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

In a narrow street of a poor suburb of Paris there stood, two or three years ago, a small and obscure fruiterer's shop, where a few withered cabbages and some stale fruit placed at the door made a melancholy show; whilst on the shelves within were symmetrically arranged baskets, which, though complaisantly supposed by customers to contain something, were, in reality, quite empty.

'Mathieu Giraud, Fruitier,' was written in large and half-effaced letters above the door of this humble abode. There was no one in the shop; but in a small back-room beyond it two women were seated. They spoke but little, and busily plied their needles, though one of them occasionally glanced towards the shop, as if expecting some customer to enter; but the precaution was needless: it remained vacant; and at every glance the woman sighed, and once more resumed her work. The back-room was small, and almost bare. A dingy bed, half-hidden in a recess, a table, and a few chairs of painted deal, were all the furniture it contained. It was dark, moreover, as all back-rooms have been from time immemorial, and the dull glimmering light which streamed from the high narrow window appeared to increase rather than diminish the natural gloom of the place. The two women were seated near the light, which fell full upon them. They were both somewhat advanced in years; and their pale and wrinkled features bespoke a life of poverty and care. They were sisters, but notwithstanding their relationship, very different in temper and personal appearance. Antoinette Giraud, the fruiterer's wife, was tall and thin, a simple, meek-looking woman, long accustomed to misfortune, to which she had at length submitted with a kind of indifference, proceeding more from a broken spirit than from resignation. Ma tante Anne, or Aunt Anne, the name under which her sister was generally known, was, on the contrary, a brisk little creature, full of spirit and fire, with many mysterious winks, and nods, and prophetic hints, which it was not given to everybody to understand. She was a firm believer in dreams, and held cards, as a means of divination, in great reverence: indeed she trusted to them, and her nightly visions, in almost every important occurrence of her life; and notwithstanding her repeated failures, held her faith in them unchanged. It might, indeed, have been supposed that Anne lived for the mere purpose of dreaming. As she had never been married—her unlucky dreams having, she said, always come in the way just as she was on the point of contracting a matrimonial engagement—she had for many years resided with her sister Antoinette; thus, however, escaping only a few of the cares of matrimony. The two females had been for some time sewing in silence, when Antoinette, pausing in her work, suddenly observed in a melancholy tone, 'No, no, I have no hope, Anne; my poor Jean will not get a good number. His father and I have always been unlucky, and we shall be so to the end.' And the old woman shook her head despondingly.

'Ha! Antoinette,' replied Anne with mysterious solemnity, 'if Jean had only listened to me he would have consulted Mademoiselle Lenormand before she died, and then we should have known what number he was to get, and whether he was to be a soldier or not. But no; he always said it was throwing away money. Young people don't believe in anything now-a-days.' And Anne shook her gray head even more sadly than her sister.

'If I were only dead, they could not take Jean from you,' said a low broken voice, which proceeded from the bed in the recess.

'Did you speak, Mathieu?' inquired Antoinette, going up to the couch of her paralysed husband.

'Ay, ay,' he muttered, without making a direct reply, 'Heaven help us; our poor Jean has no chance.'

'Ay, he has no chance,' sadly repeated his wife, resuming her seat.

Mathieu and Antoinette Giraud had been married for many years, and had begun their wedded life with every prospect of happiness. In one sense they had indeed been perfectly happy; but so far as worldly matters were concerned, they had had to endure all the trials of poverty and misfortune combined. After struggling for some time against the difficulties which surrounded them, they had at last been obliged to give in, and leave their neat and comfortable fruiterer's shop in the Rue St Honoré for one in the suburbs of the city. Scarcely had they removed to their new lodgings, when Mathieu became paralysed. This unhappy event cast upon his wife the sole burden of attending to the shop and supporting the family. To this task, notwithstanding her strenuous efforts, Antoinette would have proved wholly inefficient, but for the aid she received from her only son, then a youth of fifteen. Jean Giraud was scarcely out of his apprenticeship, though he had the heart and courage of a man; he was a locksmith by trade, but, on account of his youth, did not earn, with all his industry, more than a few francs a-week. On this scanty sum, and the little that Antoinette and Anne made by their sales in the shop, and their exertions in the shape of needlework, the whole family contrived to live: no easy task, considering that old Mathieu's illness was very expensive. Still, they did live, and, as Antoinette often proudly observed, 'without owing a single sous to anybody.'

The French working-classes have, generally speaking, a deep and wholesome horror of debt.

As Jean grew older, his earnings increased, and some comfort began to reign in the little family. A few hundred francs even went to the savings' bank; but this was only a provision for the approaching time when Jean would probably be snatched from his parents to enter the army, according to the laws of the French conscription. The fated epoch had now arrived: Jean was twenty-one; and on the next day he was, with the other youths of the neighbourhood, to proceed to the mairie; and there, in the presence of the mayor, to draw forth from an urn a roll of paper on which a number was inscribed. If the number was a low one, such as 12, 25, or even 40 or 50, Jean Giraud must bid his parents farewell, and become a soldier; but if it was a high one, as, for instance, 80, 90, or 100, there was little or no chance of his being ever called upon to fight for his country, and he might quietly remain at home. Had he, moreover, been a widow's son, or afflicted with any awkward deformity, this would have sufficed, whatever number he drew, to exclude him from the service. This was why Mathieu, regretting his own useless life, observed, with a groan, that his poor Jean had no chance; whilst Antoinette, thinking of her son's muscular and well-knit frame, echoed with a sigh, 'Ay, he has no chance.'

A melancholy silence had followed these last words, and Antoinette was in the shop attending on a customer, when Ma tante Anne mysteriously drew a pack of cards from her pocket, and muttering to herself, began dealing them out, and spreading them on the table before her. For some time she eyed the cards with apparent satisfaction.

'All goes on well, Antoinette,' she eagerly said, addressing her sister, who now came in from the shop: 'just look: here is an ace of diamonds, which signifies good news; then here are plenty of clubs, which mean money; and now see if the card I am going to turn up is not a good one!'

As she spoke she laid the ace of spades upon the table. 'Oh!' she cried in consternation, 'the ace of spades! Why, I can have no hope after this! But 'tis all of a piece. I dreamt of a rat last night. Ah! poor Jean, all is ruined; the ace of spades!' and she rocked herself in her chair with every token of despair.

'What! has anything happened to Jean?' inquired a low and tremulous voice behind.

Anne and Antoinette both turned round somewhat hastily; but more, however, to greet the new-comer than to testify their surprise at her unexpected appearance.

She who thus anxiously inquired after Jean was a pretty brunette, about eighteen, with glossy black hair smoothed under her little white cap, and very brilliant dark eyes. Her dress, though remarkably plain and simple, had that indescribable air of neatness which characterises the better class of the Parisian grisettes, and added even a new charm to her attractive little person. Marie, for such was the name of the pretty grisette, was a *giletière*, or waistcoat-maker, and being an excellent workwoman, sometimes earned no contemptible sum by her industry. She resided in the same house with the Girauds, and, if the truth must be told, had for the last six months been betrothed to Jean, whose parents loved her almost as tenderly as the young man himself. Marie of course took great interest in the question of Jean's coming fate, as the two lovers had agreed to postpone their marriage until all was over. If he was so fortunate as to draw a good number, the wedding was to take place in less than a twelvemonth; if, on the contrary, he became a soldier, Jean and Marie would have to wait eight years for the fulfilment of their happiness.

Marie's spirits were not cast down by this alternative. She was an orphan, and had been early taught self-reliance and trust in Providence. Hope had indeed become so habitual to her, that she would have indulged in it even under desperate circumstances. In this disposition she was upheld not only by the buoyancy of youth, but also by her natural good sense, which led her to contemplate even misfortune under its most advantageous aspect. Besides, as she sometimes philosophically observed, 'God was for all; for both rich and poor.' It must, however, be confessed that, notwithstanding her philosophy, Marie felt no little anxiety to know the result of Jean's trial on the next day. Eight years was a long period to pass without perhaps seeing him more than once or twice! And even less selfish considerations led her to fear this result when she reflected on the unhappy condition to which his absence would reduce his parents. As she entered the back-room on this evening, and heard Aunt Anne mention the name of her betrothed in a tone of despair, Marie, therefore, felt some uneasiness; and receiving no reply to her first question, she anxiously repeated, 'Has anything happened to Jean?'

'No, Marie,' sadly replied Antoinette; 'tis only the old story: to-morrow is the day.'

'Ay, to-morrow is the day,' sorrowfully echoed Anne; 'and depend upon it poor Jean will go. I did not turn up an ace of spades, or dream of a rat, for nothing.'

'Oh! is that all!' said Marie somewhat relieved; 'he has still a chance I hope.'

'A chance!' doubtfully answered Antoinette; 'have we not always been unlucky? No, no, we have no chance. If even Jean was lame, or wanted a few teeth, or——'

'Well,' interrupted Marie, laughing in spite of her real grief, 'I am not sorry, for my part, that he is not exactly as you would wish him to be. But,' added she more gravely, 'you must not get into low spirits, Madame Giraud; though you have not been very happy as yet, it is true, still a day comes at last for the poor as well as for the rich.'

Here Mathieu sighed audibly, and Marie approached the old man's bed.

'How are you this evening, Monsieur Giraud?' said she gently.

Mathieu gazed on her tenderly, but made no reply. He had known and loved Marie for years; for when he first fell ill, his wife and sister-in-law being sometimes compelled to leave him alone, the young waistcoat-maker would then come and sit by his bedside with her work, cheering him with her pleasant laugh and merry song. It is indeed quite characteristic of the grisette that she always sings, and she has even prettily and poetically been called 'the lark of Paris.' Never, surely, was there a merrier lark than Marie. From staying occasionally near the old man, she at last came to spend with him a few hours every day; this was mostly in the evening time, when Jean came home from work. The young man would

then sit at the head of his father's bed, whilst Marie was working at the foot. It was thus their courtship began, to the great delight of old Mathieu, who was never happier than when he could thus see them together, and who now dwelt with bitter grief on their approaching separation.

'If I were dead,' said he, mournfully gazing upon her, 'you could be his wife.'

Marie's eyes filled with tears; but striving to hide her feelings, she observed with apparent cheerfulness, 'And why not whilst you are alive, Monsieur Giraud?'

'Because Jean will have a bad number,' replied the old man in the same desponding tone.

'Well, really,' exclaimed Marie with some impatience, 'you all seem quite determined that it should be so. Aunt Anne has turned up an ace of spades, and of course Jean must be a soldier; Madame Giraud says that she is poor and unlucky, and that there is no chance for him; and even you, Father Giraud,' she added in her most caressing yet reproachful tone—'even you must needs put in that, if you were dead, I should be his wife! Really this is too bad. I came here to seek for a little comfort, and not only find none for myself, but cannot even afford any. I suppose,' she pettishly continued, 'Jean will be as bad as the rest of you when he comes home.'

As she spoke thus, the door leading from the shop to the back-room opened, and Jean entered.

Jean Giraud was, indeed, as his mother had averred, not so fortunate as to be afflicted with any personal deformity. Far from it. He was tall, well-made, and good-looking; and his curly chestnut hair, dark-blue eyes, and fresh colour, proclaimed him to belong to the real Frank race of his country. But on this evening a cloud sat on his usually open brow, and notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his feelings, the restless glance of his eye, and the occasional nervous twitching of his lips, betrayed his secret anxiety. Jean Giraud was as much of a hero as any of his countrymen; he certainly was not of a timid disposition, and personal apprehensions had nothing to do with his present feelings. His only thoughts were for his parents. What were they to do when he was gone? Who was to support them in their present helpless condition? For Antoinette and her sister earned very little, and what the shop brought in was barely sufficient to pay the rent and taxes. Jean's mind brooded on these thoughts until he was well-nigh distracted. Though he loved Marie most tenderly, still it was not the prospect of parting from her that now saddened him: she was eighteen, and he twenty-one; they were both young, and might wait even eight years and yet be happy. But his parents! He strove to think no more of the subject, but in vain.

As he entered the back-room where the little family and his betrothed were seated together, Jean, however, endeavoured to assume something like cheerfulness. He whistled a tune with even more than usual glee, bade Marie good-evening with a merry joke, and sitting down at the head of his father's bed, declared he had never been so hungry for supper. Antoinette rose silently, and, assisted by Marie, began laying the things on the table. The supper was a frugal one, consisting merely of some bread, cheese, and wine. They all sat down to it in silence, Jean in vain endeavouring to appear cheerful, in order to induce his mother and aunt to imitate his example. Scarcely was the meal over, when Antoinette, overcome by her feelings, burst into tears.

'Why, *maman*, what is the matter?' exclaimed her son with astonishment.

'Ah, Jean! what were you whistling?' she sorrowfully replied.

Jean started, for he had been humming the tune of the *Parisienne*, a favourite military song.

'Ay, ay,' said Anne mystically, shaking her head, ''tis only another token. I did not turn up the ace of spades for nothing.'

'Well, and let us suppose, after all, that he should get a bad number,' resolutely observed Marie, 'he will not die for it—nor shall we, I hope. I know what you are going to say, Jean,' she quickly added, noticing her betrothed's sorrowful look as it rested on his mother; 'but I feel very dull in my room up stairs; what if, when you are gone, I should lodge here? Madame Giraud could take care of my money for me, and I am sure that would be a great relief; for though I do not earn much, still sometimes I don't know what to do with it, little as it is.'

'Marie!' exclaimed Jean in an agitated tone.

'I wont be interrupted,' peremptorily said his betrothed; 'besides, Monsieur Jean, this does not concern you, for it is all to be whilst you are away: your only business will be to write us such amusing letters as may make us laugh heartily.'

'And if he goes to Algeria!' observed his mother in a faltering tone.

'Well,' replied Marie with a faint attempt to smile, 'he will perhaps catch Abd-el-Kader, and become marshal of France.' But, unable to control her emotion any longer, she buried her face in her hands, and fairly burst into tears.

'Marie!' cried Jean reproachfully—but he also could get no further; and leaning his brow upon his hand, he looked very fixedly at the table.

'Well, well,' said Marie, after a brief though sad pause, 'all is not desperate yet. God is for the poor as well as for the rich, and perhaps he will leave us Jean.'

The next morning was as bright and fair a one as was ever seen in spring, and the sun shone quite merrily into Madame Giraud's shop, where, with Ma tante Anne, Antoinette was engaged in arranging everything, though the thoughts of both were certainly but little engrossed by their mutual occupation.

'Antoinette!' suddenly said Anne, 'do you know what I dreamed of last night?'

'No,' replied her sister, slightly starting; 'what was it about, Anne?'

'I dreamed that Jean had a black spot on his forehead.'

'Well, and what does that mean?'

'That means that he will have a bad number.'

'Heaven have mercy on us!' sorrowfully observed Antoinette; 'but perhaps, sister, you are mistaken!'

'Mistaken!' echoed Anne with undisguised wonder; 'would indeed I were; but you know, Antoinette, I was never mistaken yet in a dream; besides,' she muttered to herself, 'I shall try the cards by and by, and then we shall know all about it.'

'Hush!' said Antoinette, 'here is Jean; it is of no use to sadden the poor fellow.'

Jean indeed entered the shop dressed, and, as his poor mother declared, with a faint attempt to smile, quite spruce. Though not looking particularly merry, he did not seem to be very sad; he was calm and composed; for if he felt acutely, still his pride would not allow him to betray any unbecoming emotion in the presence of his comrades who were to accompany him to the mairie. After greeting his mother and aunt, Jean entered the back-room, and sat down by his father's bedside. The old man was asleep, but he soon awoke; and taking his son's hand between his own, gazed upon him with melancholy tenderness.

'Jean, my boy,' said he in a low tremulous voice, 'think of your poor father whilst you are away, and of your mother too; perhaps you will never see them again. Ah! this will be a sore blow to Antoinette,' he added in a mournful tone.

Jean rose, and walked about the room: all this was truly hard to bear.

He found it harder still when he sat down to breakfast between his mother and Marie, whose red eyes and pale cheeks testified that she had spent a sleepless night. The meal was a silent one, but it was nearly concluded when Anne entered the room. She was more than usually grave, and shook her head in a most prophetic and Sibyl-like manner. 'What is the matter, Anne?' tremulously inquired Antoinette.

'I have just been dealing out the cards in my room.'

'Well,' anxiously said the poor mother, 'what about Jean?'

'I have seen the number he is to get.'

'Ah! which is it?' eagerly asked Madame Giraud.

'Jean will get number 27,' replied Anne solemnly.

'A bad number!' faintly echoed Antoinette.

'Maman,' almost angrily exclaimed Jean, 'can anything so foolish affect you thus?'

'Foolish!' cried Anne indignantly; 'ha! young people don't believe in anything now-a-days. I only grieve for you, Jean, that I am in the right; would indeed I were wrong, and that you were not to get that ugly number 27!'

Jean knew his aunt's obstinacy on this head, and, unwilling to irritate her uselessly, he dropped the subject.

When the breakfast was over—and a cheerless one it was—all arose, for it was time for Jean to depart. He first went to his father's bedside. Old Mathieu caused himself to be raised on his couch, and in a low broken tone muttered a heartfelt benediction over his son, whilst the weeping Antoinette stood near him. From his parents Jean turned to Aunt Anne, who very affectionately embraced him, but muttered something at the same time about his unfortunate incredulity, and number 27. Marie alone seemed collected and calm, and though she was sad, a smile of hope played around her lips.

'Be of good cheer, Jean,' said she, giving him her hand; 'God is for us all, for the poor and the rich. Be of good cheer; should even the worst happen, we will strive to bear it patiently.'

Jean gazed affectionately on his betrothed, and once more embracing his weeping mother, precipitately left the house, not daring to trust himself with a look behind.

We will not endeavour to describe the hours of anxious expectation that followed—hours that actually seemed days, so slowly and tediously did they drag along. Antoinette, under pretence of seeing to the shop, was constantly looking in the street for Jean; whilst Anne every quarter of an hour went up stairs to her room with a mysterious look, and came down again with a clouded brow and ominous glance. The infection seemed to have caught Marie herself; for though she sat with her work near Mathieu's bed, the old man sadly remarked that her needle often flagged, and, for the first time since many days, that she had no merry song to cheer him. Then there were two or three old neighbours who occasionally peeped in and out with wo-begone features, holding mysterious conferences with Aunt Anne, and startling her poor sister by dismal tales of many a young and handsome conscript whom they had known, and who had fallen, poor fellow, in his first battle. In short, they were all as comfortably miserable as they could be, when Marie, unable to bear her impatience any longer, left her work, and going to the shop-door, looked out into the street. It was vacant, and no token of Jean was to be seen. With a sigh she once more entered the back-room; she had scarcely, however, reached the threshold, when she suddenly paused, and turned pale: a loud shout had echoed at the farthest end of the street.

'The conscripts!' said Antoinette in a low tone.

'So soon!' answered Marie with seeming indifference; 'don't you think it may be something else?'

'No, no,' replied Antoinette in a feverish voice; 'it is the conscripts; I hear their music.'

The merry sounds of a fiddle might, indeed, as she spoke, be heard at the end of the street. Supported by Marie, for she was nearly overcome with emotion, and followed by her sister, the poor mother proceeded to the front-door, whilst Mathieu prayed fervently in his bed.

When they looked out, the conscripts still stood somewhat far down in the street. Their hats were ornamented with tricoloured favours, and the number each had drawn, whether good or bad, was fixed in his hat-band, and visible even at a distance. But Antoinette and Marie vainly strove to distinguish Jean in the crowd.

'I see him!' at length cried Marie, turning pale.

'Ha! where is he? what is his number?' simultaneously exclaimed the two sisters, less clear-sighted than their young companion.

'There—there beyond: he looks round this way; but I can see nothing of his number.'

'Ay, ay, I see him now,' eagerly remarked Aunt Anne; 'and alas! poor boy, I can see his number too. Ah! I knew it—27!'

'It is not 27,' hastily observed Marie; 'for see, Aunt Anne, Jean holds up his hat for us to see it; the number begins with a one, and then there is a nought.'

'Ay, ten,' said Anne; 'worse still than 27: I knew it was a bad one.'

'No, it is not ten,' continued Marie in a tone tremulous with emotion; 'there is another nought—it is a hundred;' and falling down on a chair, she burst into tears, whilst Jean rushed into the shop, waving his hat with triumph.

We will not endeavour to describe the scene that followed—Old Mathieu's joy, Antoinette's silent rapture, and Marie's bright smiles. Aunt Anne, though greatly delighted, was very much surprised: both her dreams and cards had for once signally failed. As for the dream, it was, she averred, quite her own mistake, for evidently the spot on Jean's forehead meant nothing; it should have been on his hat, to prove at all significant! Then she had most probably misdealt the cards; such an error could never otherwise have happened—nay, she even recollected something about a hundred! Farther than this Aunt Anne would never yield when remonstrated with on this subject. It is, however, worthy of remark, that her faith in dreams and cards seemed rather shaken, as she henceforth indulged in much less speculation concerning them than she had formerly been in the habit of doing. As for the old neighbours, they were very much pleased, but not so much surprised; they were almost certain all would turn out well, but had not said so, lest they should excite expectations that might be deceived. But to return to the conscript and his family.

The day was spent by them in much happiness; indeed there was almost too much of this quality in it. The event was so delightful, so unexpected, so everything that was pleasant, that Antoinette, Anne, Marie, and Jean were quite bewildered. Mathieu seemed alone a little sensible. Towards evening they had, however, grown calmer, and after supper, sat up to make plans for the future—the only apparent consequence of which was, their separating very late. When Marie at length rose to depart, and bent over Mathieu to bid him good-night, she could not resist the temptation of whispering to him—'Well, Father Giraud, do you wish to die now?'

'No, Marie,' said he, gazing on her affectionately; 'no, not yet.'

'And you, Madame Giraud,' playfully said the young girl, turning towards Antoinette, 'don't you think we poor folks are sometimes as happy as the rich, if not a great deal more so?'

'Ay, and ten times as happy,' warmly replied Antoinette, who was now quite merry.

'No, not ten times,' smilingly observed Marie; 'for you know God watches over both rich and poor.'

The sequel need scarcely be told. In less than a year Jean and Marie were married, and old Mathieu, though still paralysed, declared himself so happy at the event, that he expressed his readiness to die; which has not, however, prevented him from living ever since, and repeating the same wish on the birth of his son's first child, which, being a girl, will give its parents no uneasiness on the subject of the conscription. Jean and Marie have not grown very rich, but the shop has been newly painted, and, somehow or other, is oftener filled with customers than it used to be: it no longer contains any withered cabbages, and is so frequently visited by the children of the neighbourhood, that no fruit grows stale in it. Antoinette superintends the general concerns of the house, Anne has taken charge of the little Marie, whose horoscope she persists in formally drawing on every anniversary of her birthday. Jean attends to his work; and Marie, though she still contrives to earn a few francs with her waistcoats, attends to the shop, and, as old Mathieu declares, gladdens the whole place with her merry song. 'And yet,' as she often observes, 'how strange that all this happiness should have depended on one insignificant little number!'

It is true Marie generally closes this philosophical remark by quoting her favourite saying; but it is, we hope, too well impressed on the reader's mind to require repetition.

A FEW WORDS IN DEFENCE OF COMMONPLACE.

We were reading, not long ago, a short historical sketch of the literature of the eighteenth century, and paused at the criticism of the writer upon the works of Robert Burns. Among other poems which were highly praised, but not beyond their deserts, was included that very affecting composition entitled, 'To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough in April 1786.' The critic remarks upon this, 'that the composition is not pure throughout;' and that 'the latter part runs somewhat into commonplace.' The portion upon which this disparaging judgment is passed is that in which, after mourning the hapless fate of the daisy, the poet compares it to that of 'the artless maid' betrayed by love—to that of 'the simple bard' overwhelmed in the ocean of life, of which he is unskilful to note the dangers—to that of the 'man of suffering worth' driven to the brink of misery, and deprived of all stay but Heaven—and to his own fate, described in the beautiful but too prophetic lines—

> 'Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
> That fate is thine—no distant date;
> Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
> Full on thy bloom,
> Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
> Shall be thy doom!'

It may be conceded to a very rigid criticism that these reflections *are* commonplace; but it will not be uninteresting to inquire whether, in being commonplace, they cease to be beautiful; and whether this very common phrase is not very much misunderstood, and very much abused? As regards this particular passage, it can scarcely be denied that the reflections flow naturally from the subject, that they are appropriate, earnest, and beautiful, and such as would suggest themselves to a true poet, and find sympathy with a true-hearted reader. If so, and if the phrase be correctly applied in this instance, it does not always follow that that which is commonplace is unlovely, or that a writer should reject a fine reflection because it is obvious, and one which might suggest itself to every reader of a cultivated mind. It appears to us that great wrong is done by the careless use of this, as a phrase of condemnation, on the part of critics. Nothing is more easy than disparagement, unless it be that more decided form of it which Falstaff alluded to as the easiest of all things. The critic whose taste is perverted—who craves odd combinations, startling paradoxes, and quaint expressions, and who prefers hard roots of similes, dug out of the barren soil with much labour, to the spontaneous growth, leafy and green, that appears above ground, and may be seen of all men—may find in the most beautiful of human compositions the greatest occasions to cry out against the 'commonplace.' The most exquisite passages in Shakspeare and Milton that have become household words to us on account of their very truth and beauty, may in this sense be considered commonplace. So may the glorious sunshine itself, and the pure air, and the clear abundant water, all of them daily blessings that we do not prize as we ought, because they are so bountiful as to have become 'common.' Who is to escape altogether from the commonplace? The very critics that complain fall into that which they designate as an error. Their complaints are commonplace, if their own interpretation of the phrase be a correct one. After all, ideas are limited. A new thought is the jewel of a century. The greatest and most beautiful of thoughts are old, but, like flowers, they spring up spontaneously in new soils. The unlettered boor often forms in his own mind the grand ideas which germinated in the mind of a Homer or a Milton. Bloomfield, the farmer's boy, who knew nothing of the classics, had beautiful thoughts, which he expressed with almost the same turns of phraseology as Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus. The best of writers make use of old materials very often, as Bloomfield did, quite unconsciously. There is a fountain of thought in every mind; and the stream that flows thence does not necessarily proceed, as Coleridge happily puts it, 'from a perforation made in some other man's tank.' The great majority of ideas that are considered new are fashioned out of old ones; and very often the utmost that the most original of writers can do, is to present them with novelty of form, illustration, or combination.

Besides this, there is another view in which the generous critic should regard the commonplace. To him who has a plethora of other men's ideas, who has culled them from all writers, ancient and modern, the simple ideas, however pleasing, that suggest themselves to men who have been more of thinkers than of readers, may appear tame. An epicure, in like manner, who may have been long accustomed to the pleasures of the table, may find no enjoyment in a ripe apple; but there are other tastes to which it may be delicious. A man who has been cooped up for a twelvemonth in a dingy office, may take the most exquisite pleasure in escaping into the fields and plucking daisies. Another, released from a dark dungeon, may luxuriate in the free fresh air and the glorious sunshine; and he whose mouth is parched with thirst, may think all heaven comprised in a draught of water. To them these things are far from commonplace, though they might be so to another man filled to repletion with the enjoyments of life and society. There are millions of minds daily springing up to make acquaintance with literature, who would be deprived of a charm, a beauty, and a glory, if they had not an opportunity of reading the immortal commonplaces to which the gorged and over-refined critic may think it incumbent upon him to reject. Possibly, a critic of this class may consider these remarks as commonplace; but we shall be quite content to have them called so, especially if they lead even one to refrain from disparagement of the beautiful, because it may come before him without the zest of novelty. There is something to be said for everything, even for the commonplace; and as there is no man so bad as to be without a touch of goodness in him, so is there no old thought, however commonplace, that one who is determined to be pleased may not extract pleasure or instruction from. As for writers, let them not be deterred from simplicity and naturalness of diction by any fears of disparagement of this kind. He who thinks clearly, and expresses himself simply and unaffectedly, will, if his subject be good, please most readers. The great fault of writers in the present day is, that they affect an originality which they do not possess. An original man is as rare as a new planet; and he who makes grimaces, and plays extravagant tricks to look original, not being so, commits a greater offence against good taste than could be alleged against any one for merely falling into the commonplace. Let us not be understood as doing battle for the 'trite,' though even in the case of triteness there is a 'for' and an 'against' which two ordinarily clever disputants might with advantage have an agreeable argument about. There is, however,

> 'A soul of goodness in things "common"
> Would men observingly distil it out;'

and to induce both critics and readers to do so more frequently, is the object of these remarks. What a blank our speech and our literature would be, were all the commonplaces taken out of them!

'THE EMIGRANT.'

'The Emigrant,' by Sir Francis Head,* if not the most amusing, is at least one of the most curious literary compounds which have for some time issued from the press. By its eccentric and clever author it is candidly compared to a crow—'a small lump of carrion, and two or three handfuls of feathers;' the carrion being certain chapters on Canadian politics, and the feathers the lighter sketches by which the said disquisitions are enabled to take flight. Sir Francis does himself something less than justice in the comparison, and yet his perception of the public taste cannot be questioned. His homilies on the Canadian rebellion, and maunderings on the prospective ruin of the colonists by the introduction of 'responsible government,' borne up though they be with a good many jokes, would assuredly have had little chance of popularity, unless blended with a variety of short and spirited sketches, suitable to the present craving for that species of material.

Any endeavour to reason the writer out of his convictions that our Canadian possessions are on the high road to destruction, would be clearly a waste of words, for he does not reason himself. Those who recollect the position of affairs in Upper Canada, when under the administration of Sir Francis ten years ago, need not be reminded that this amiable personage seems to be under the influence of but one predominating sentiment, and that sentiment is Loyalty. Far be it from us to undervalue this sentiment, but we surely speak the common sense of mankind, when we say that it requires to be kept in due regulation, and is only one of many guiding emotions in civilised communities. With little else than the cultivation of this sentiment, however, our author would seem to expect to govern mankind; and hence in no small degree the distraction of affairs in Canada previous to recent changes. It is quite possible that the measures adopted to bring the local executive and legislative bodies into harmony with the wants and wishes of our Canadian brethren, as suggested by the Earl of Durham and others, were not without faults; but it appears to us that they are at least an approximation to what is desirable. The old system was notoriously bad, as is evidenced by a thousand circumstances, the most palpable of which is the universal stagnation on the Canadian, in comparison with the activity on the American side of the frontier. Perhaps, even with all the aids and concessions of the mother country, it will be impossible to introduce a proper spirit into Canada. Such is our own impression. The colonial connexion would appear to be radically unnatural, and baffling to every effort. The great distance of the possessions from the mother country, the necessity for delegating a share of the sovereign power, the creating of imitative institutions on a meagre scale, the difficulty which the parent state has in learning the actual position of affairs abroad, but, above all, the fatal yet seemingly necessary reliance of the colonists on the home legislature, by which native energies are cramped, and enterprises checked, are all serious difficulties, which no arrangement devised by experience could adequately overcome. Beyond a certain rudimentary point in their career, colonies do not appear to thrive; just as children would not be able to prosper, if, after a certain age, they were to remain under the parental authority. Without imputing blame anywhere, the people of the United Kingdom are becoming sensible that the condition of the colonies generally is far from creditable, and that the expense they incur is not compensated by any corresponding advantage; and the next feeling will probably be, that at the first suitable opportunity they should be handsomely offered their freedom, and left to govern themselves. With the parental blessing, such a separation would be infinitely more gracious, and consistent with a high morality, than a repetition of the disgraceful rupture which, sixty years ago, tore from us the old American settlements.

Whatever were the ideas of Sir Francis respecting the prerogatives of the crown on his arrival in Canada, they would appear to have been considerably strengthened by the advice which he there received from the hangers-on of the vice-regal court. Of this the following incident is amusingly illustrative. 'Within a week after my arrival at Toronto, I had to receive an address from the Speaker and Commons' House of Assembly, and on inquiring in what manner I was to perform my part in the ceremony allotted to me, I was informed that I was to sit very still on a large scarlet chair, with my hat on. The first half was evidently an easy job, but the latter part was really revolting to my habits and feelings, and as I thought I ought to try and govern by my head, and not by my hat, I felt convinced that the former would risk nothing by being for a few minutes divorced from the latter, and accordingly I determined with white gloves to hold the thing in my hand; and several of my English party quite agreed with me in thinking my project not only an innocent, but a virtuous act of common courtesy; however, I happened to mention my intention to an Upper Canadian, and never shall I forget the look of silent scorn with which he listened to me. I really quite quailed beneath the reproof, which, without the utterance of a word, and after scanning me from head to foot, his mild, intelligent, faithful countenance read to me, and which but too clearly expressed—"What! to purchase five minutes' loathsome popularity, will you barter one of the few remaining prerogatives of the British crown? Will you, for the vain hope of conciliating insatiable democracy, meanly sell to it one of the distinctions of your station? Miserable man! beware, before it be too late, of surrendering piecemeal that which it is your duty to maintain, and for which, after all, you will only receive in exchange contumely and contempt!" I remained for a few seconds as mute as my Canadian Mentor, and then, without taking any notice of the look with which he had been chastising me, I spoke to him on some other subjects; but I did not forget the picture I had seen, and accordingly my hat was tight enough on my head when the Speaker bowed to it, and I shall ever feel indebted to that man for the sound political lesson which he taught me.' We were not before aware that it was necessary, on becoming a governor, to drop a usage universally common among gentlemen.

With all its drawbacks in the form of political disquisition, Sir Francis's volume has the merit of being one of the most readable productions of the day. The name, it will be surmised, is one of the 'handful of feathers' to which he alludes; for it has little connexion with the substance of the volume, and is imparted only for the sake of buoyancy. With Sir Francis's ability for lively and graphic, and also for pathetic narrative, it could have been wished that he had confined himself entirely to sketches illustrative of natural and social features in Canada. His account of the Canadian seasons, forests, and lakes, though mere touches, give us a more forcible idea of the reality than the most elaborate details. Speaking of the grandeur of the works of nature in America, he observes that 'the heavens are infinitely higher—the sky bluer—the clouds are whiter—the air is fresher—the cold is intenser—the moon looks larger—the stars are brighter—the thunder is louder—the lightning is vivider—the wind is stronger—the rain is heavier—the mountains are higher—the rivers larger—the forests bigger—the plains broader; in short, the gigantic and beautiful features of the new world seem to correspond very wonderfully with the increased locomotive powers and other brilliant discoveries which, under the blessing of the

* 'The Emigrant.' By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Second edition. London: J. Murray. 1846.

Almighty power, have lately been developed to mankind.'

Of the intensity of the Canadian cold no one in Britain can have the slightest conception. Freezing takes place at 32 degrees of the thermometer, and fifteen degrees below that point is considered in this country a severe frost. In Canada, however, the cold attains ten, twenty, or thirty degrees below Zero, and however dry and pleasant the atmosphere may be during this extreme temperature, it proves dangerous to those who do not take precautions against it. If not thoroughly protected by furs, the blood chills; and according to Sir Francis, the frost-bitten fingers and toes can be broken off like twigs. On account of this intensity of frost, American ice is much harder and colder than English ice, and will retain its solid form long after our ice is melted into water. Hence the impossibility of competing on equal terms with the American ice exporters.

The excessive cold of North America is ascribed to the large forests, which prevent the action of the sun on the fallen snow. Every tree which is hewn down, therefore, by the toiling immigrant, is so much done towards the melioration of the climate. Sir Francis has a theory, that nature is also silently working to effect the same end, by means of no higher an agency than swarms of little flies. 'The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke, instinctively knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them there. The wily Indian observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that, by setting fire to the forest, the flies would drive to him his game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America.'

The operations of the emigrant are also beginning to make an impression on these vast forests. Inspired by an unconquerable industry, his encroachments in time produce a visible effect, and his clearing assumes the marks of productive improvement. Often, however, is the hapless settler in the woods overtaken by casualties and disease, and death closing the scene, his little domain is once more left to the usurpation of the wilderness. The appearance of these deserted clearings—monuments of human failure—is always deeply affecting. 'In many of the spots I passed,' says Sir Francis, 'I ascertained that these dispensations of Providence had been as sudden as they were awful. The emigrant had risen in robust health—surrounded by his numerous and happy family, had partaken of a homely breakfast—had left his log-hut with a firm step, and with manly pride had again resumed his attack on the wilderness, through which every blow of his axe, like the tick of a clock, recorded the steady progress of the hand that wielded it. But at the hour of dinner he did not return! The wife waited—bade her rosy-faced children be patient—waited—felt anxious—alarmed—stepped beyond the threshold of her log-hut—listened: the axe was not at work! Excepting that indescribable Æolean murmur which the air makes in passing through the stems and branches of the forest, not a sound was to be heard. Her heart misgives her; she walks—runs towards the spot where she knew her husband to have been at work. She finds him, without his jacket or neckcloth, lying, with extended arms, on his back, cold, and crushed to death by the last tree he had felled, which in falling, jumping from its stump, had knocked him down, and which is now resting with its whole weight upon his bared breast. The widow screams in vain; she endeavours to extricate her husband's corpse, but it is utterly impossible. She leaves it, to satisfy her infant's hunger—to appease her children's cries! The above is but a faint outline of a scene that has so repeatedly occurred in the wilderness of America, that it is usually summed up in the words, "*He was killed by the fall of a tree.*"'

One of the most lively of Sir Francis's lighter pieces is the story of Henry Patterson, an emigrant cobbler, and a lark which he brought with him from England. Patterson had received the lark as a parting gift, in the Thames, from his friend Charley Nash, and in remembrance of whose kindness he called the lark Charley. 'In the Gulf of St Lawrence the vessel was wrecked; almost everything was lost except the lives of the crew and passengers: and accordingly, when Patterson, with his wife hanging heavily on his arm, landed in Canada, he was destitute of everything he had owned on board excepting Charley, whom he had preserved, and afterwards kept for three days, in the foot of an old stocking.

'After some few sorrows, and after some little time, Patterson settled himself at Toronto, in the lower part of a small house in King Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, where he worked as a shoemaker. His shop had a southern aspect; he drove a nail into the outside of his window, and regularly every morning, just before he sat upon his stool to commence his daily work, he carefully hung upon this nail a common skylark's cage, which had a solid back of dark wood, with a bow or small wire orchestra in front, upon the bottom of which there was to be seen, whenever it could be procured, a fresh sod of green turf.

'As Charley's wings were of no use to him in this prison, the only wholesome exercise he could take was by hopping on and off his little stage; and this sometimes he would continue to do most cheerfully for hours, stopping only occasionally to dip his bill into a small square tin box of water suspended on one side, and then to raise it for a second or two towards the sky. As soon, however, as (and only when) his spirit moved him, this feathered captive again hopped upon his stage, and there, standing on a bit of British soil, with his little neck extended, his small head slightly turned, his drooping wings gently fluttering, his bright black eyes intently fixed upon the distant deep, dark blue Canada sky, he commenced his unpremeditated morning song, his extempore matin prayer!

'The effect of his thrilling notes, of his shrill joyous song, of his pure, unadulterated English voice upon the people of Canada, can probably be imagined by those only who either by adversity have been prematurely weaned from their mother country, or who, from long-continued absence and from hope deferred, have learned in a foreign land to appreciate the inestimable blessings of their fatherland, of their parent home. All sorts of men, riding, driving, walking, propelled by urgent business, or sauntering for appetite or amusement, as if by word of command, stopped, spell-bound, to listen, for more or less time, to the inspired warbling, to the joyful hallelujahs, of a common homely-dressed English lark! Reformers, as they leaned towards him, heard nothing in his enchanting melody which even *they* could desire to improve. I believe that, in the hearts of the most obdurate Radicals, he reanimated feelings of youthful attachment to their mother country; and that even the trading Yankee, in whose country birds of the most gorgeous plumage snuffle rather than sing, must have acknowledged that the heaven-born talent of this little bird unaccountably warmed the Anglo-Saxon blood that flowed in his veins. I must own that, although I always refrained from joining Charley's motley audience, yet while he was singing, I never rode by him without acknowledging, as he stood with his outstretched neck looking to heaven, that he was (at all events for his size) the most powerful advocate of Church and State in her Majesty's dominions; and that his elo-

quence was as strongly appreciated by others, Patterson received many convincing proofs.'

One person offered a hundred dollars for Charley, and a Sussex carter, overcome by home sickness on hearing the eloquent notes of the bird, offered for him his horse and cart. Patterson, however, would not sell him; and kept him till his death in 1837, when he was purchased from the widow by Sir Francis. The acquisition brought little pleasure. Hung up in Government House, Charley would not sing, and on leaving Canada, he was given to a humble friend, Daniel Orris, whose station in life was about equal to that of Patterson; accordingly, as soon as Orris hung the bird on the outside of his dwelling, he began to sing as exquisitely as ever. At length the poor little exile lark died. 'Orris sent me his skin, his skull, and his legs. I took them to the very best artist in London, who told me, to my great joy, that these remains were perfectly uninjured. After listening with great professional interest to the case, he promised me that he would exert his utmost talent; and in about a month Charley returned to me with unruffled plumage, standing again on the little orchestra of his cage, with his mouth open, looking upwards—in short, in the attitude of singing, just as I have described him. I have had the whole covered with a large glass case, and upon the dark wooden back of the cage there is pasted a piece of white paper, upon which I have written the following words:—This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the St Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March 1843, universally regretted.—Home! Home! sweet Home!'

These are limited specimens of a very pleasant book, but they will serve to incite a desire to go regularly through its contents.

A VISIT TO THE CASTLE OF LUIG.

Having seen the remarkable grotto of Adelsberg, situated, as I have said, among the mountains of Carniola,* our party proposed to visit the old castle of Luig, of which some marvellous accounts had reached us. On this excursion we left Adelsberg at daybreak, for we reckoned on having a fatiguing journey before us.

As we advanced through the more mountainous districts of Carniolan Styria, the character of the scenery became exceedingly wild and desolate; and the peasantry, whom we had already thought sufficiently uncouth and unprepossessing in appearance, now really seemed to be half savages. Before we reached the village of Luig, the weather also had changed in a very ominous manner, and everything in the aspect of the heavens announced that we were about to be visited by a tremendous storm—a truly *German* storm, which is as terrific as that of any country I know. The skies had become as black as night, and every now and then great gusts of wind were heard howling and shrieking through the forests round us with a violence which probably laid low the loftiest trees. But this was all as yet; and as we had no difficulty in finding a guide who undertook to convey us at once to the castle, we trusted to find ourselves under shelter before the tempest actually burst upon us. Our guide could speak nothing but the strange Cragnoline patois, as unmanageable a guttural as it is possible to hear; and it was some time before he could make even the coachman understand that he must take the horses from the carriage, and harness in their stead four wild-looking oxen, which he had brought for the purpose. When this change was effected we resumed our course, and ascending a steep, rugged, stony road, began to dive into the very heart of the mountains. We were already surrounded by them on all sides, and the scenery was quite that of the Alps—precipices and hills, and great rough pine woods, all shrouded in fogs and mist. Every step that we advanced, the path, for it could scarcely be called a road, became more and more difficult and dangerous; and at last, just when the landscape seemed wildest and dreariest, and a huge precipice (the most convenient place in the world for dashing a carriage to pieces) yawned invitingly on one side of us, the storm burst over our heads in all its fury. Such a storm I have never seen before nor since! The thunderbolt with which it commenced, like the first roll of the cannon announcing the battle, fell from the heavens with a noise as though a whole street of houses had been thrown to the ground; one tremendous flash of blue lightning quivered for several seconds on the vast sheet of darkness that overhung us; then, seeming to rend it asunder, the whole mass broke up into great sweeping clouds, that rolled themselves down upon the earth, and dissolved into torrents of rain and hail. The horses reared and plunged; the oxen laid their heads together, and bellowed dismally; the guide disappeared under the carriage; and the coachman flung his pipe into a bush, and crossed himself frantically. As for us, we thought how pleasant would be the recital of this adventure after it was over, but meanwhile we looked despairingly through the driving mists, and saw only ravines and rocks. Pushing on, however, when the first panic had subsided, we presently reached a height, where the guide told us he and his oxen must leave us, as we were close to Luig, and could not miss our way. He assisted in replacing the horses, and vanished before we could remonstrate. We could not miss our way, certainly, as it consisted of a most precipitous zig-zag descent, where there was no choice but that of keeping on the narrow dangerous road, or falling headlong into the abyss by its side. Both wheels of the carriage were locked; the coachman and his master went together to the horses' heads; and so we commenced our perilous descent. The war of the elements had now begun in good earnest; peal followed peal, doubled and redoubled by the echoes through the mountain passes; the electric fire leapt round us in all directions; and the wind swept the rain and mist over the face of the crags. By what strange circumstance our horses, half wild with fear, brought us in safety down this terrible hill, it is impossible to explain; but such was the case, contrary to our expectation, and crossing a torrent which raged beneath it, we looked up and beheld the little lonely village of Luig, perched high up among the rocks of a seemingly inaccessible mountain. Here we were compelled to leave our carriage standing in the water, and to proceed on foot, half-blinded with the rain and hail.

When at last we reached the village, which lay imbedded among precipitous hills, we found that not a single inhabitant could understand a word we said. At length an old woman was discovered somewhere, who could mumble a few words of German, and with her assistance we explained to the peasants, who seemed most anxious to serve us, that we wished them to help the unfortunate coachman to bring up the carriage, and that for ourselves we desired to find shelter as speedily as possible from the storm. A dozen of them started off instantly to fulfil our first request; and as to the rest, they said there was no accommodation for us but in the castle of Luig itself. But where was the castle? The old woman turned round, and pointing with her stick right up a most tremendous cliff which rose near us, we could dimly distinguish, about half way from the summit, some kind of building clinging to the bare face of the rock, with the clouds rolling round and beneath it. No practicable means appeared of reaching this eagle's nest; but one of the peasants offered so confidently to conduct us to it, that we supposed some such must exist, and proceeded anxiously to follow his steps. What had once been a path, was now, from the violence of the rain, the bed of a torrent; and wading laboriously on, we ascended a winding staircase of rocks that seemed interminable, till at length, when wet and wearied, we actually reached the castle, all our misfortunes were forgotten in wonder and admiration! A stupendous cliff rose, as I have said, precipitately

* See Journal, No. 155.

from among the mountains, its summit altogether lost in the mist, whilst round its base, now so far below us, a torrent raged and foamed. A large deep cavern broke the bare surface of the cliff half-way from the top, and in its mouth was built a strange fantastic old castle, held in its marvellous position, as it were, by the iron arms of the rock! The building was ponderous, yet handsome, though very irregular, as in many places the natural cave formed part of the walls, and some of the turrets were perched on a separate piece of rock. Anxious to penetrate into the interior of so extraordinary a dwelling, and crossing the drawbridge, we entered its outer hall—in fact a damp dark vault, beyond which all manner of dismal-looking ruins were to be discerned, with the rain dashing through them. Some men working here showed us a steep narrow stair, which we proceeded to ascend; and although, at every turn, we came upon the dark opening to some dungeon-looking cave, no signs of a human habitation appeared at all. This long stair was succeeded by a wooden gangway, communicating with a range of ruinous vaults. Having traversed these, another flight of steps brought us at last to a passage, where a little old woman stood waiting to receive us, who looked exceedingly like an animated pin-cushion, for she was very short and fat, and her gray hair was decorated with an innumerable quantity of large coloured pins. She saluted us with a volley of unintelligible jargon, to which we could only reply by pointing significantly to our dripping clothes, whereupon she turned and led us up another long stair, hewn out of the rock, into a singular gallery. It was very large, and while three sides of it were built in by the thick walls of the castle, the fourth consisted of the bare face of the cliff, which was overgrown with wild brushwood and creeping plants, and whence rills of water flowed down over the ground. Our conductress led us on to the farther end, where, opening a low door with a huge rusty key, she ushered us into really a habitable apartment. It was furnished with two or three couches, a wooden table, an enormous iron stove, and several quaint-looking oak chairs. There were also various large windows, from which we beheld a scene of unparalleled grandeur. The roof of this room occupied the pinnacle of the highest turret, and as the storm had not abated, we seemed at this immense elevation in the very midst of it. Below us, as well as above, great masses of cloud were whirling and wreathing themselves over the battlements and towers; and the tempest driving past the windows, now flashing, now thundering, sent its sheets of hail rattling against the stout old walls. The roar of the wind was nearly deafening; and when looking down the perpendicular precipice, in whose hollow our dwelling nestled, we could distinguish nothing but the tops of trees breaking through the mist, and looking up, only the beetling rocks and the clouds—we felt as though we were hanging in mid-air, and had no connexion with the earth at all. The sweeping rain and hail prevented our seeing anything beyond the cliff itself; but this alone was a view we had never seen equalled. Night closed in very shortly after our arrival, and we could not attempt to examine the interior of the cavern-castle till morning; meanwhile we gathered round the huge old stove, and when listening to the roaring of the tempest without, whilst the casements shook and rattled, and the dim light of a solitary iron lamp cast strange shadows through the vaulted room, we felt as though some of the old sleep-destroying romances of Ann Radcliffe had been realised for our special benefit. The effect was further heightened by the entrance of the old woman with an immense ancient-looking book, in which the visitors' names were to be inscribed, but which, to our great delight, contained also a sort of history of Luig and the Luigers in manuscript, with many singular legends respecting the family. It was written in the German of the last century, and the most learned of our party could only promise us a translation of some part of it for the next day. Meanwhile we were desperately hungry, and the old lady repeatedly pantomimed that 'something was coming;' which, however, never came, till at last we discovered that a flock of goats we had greatly admired descending the mountain had been sent for on our behalf, and that we had actually sent our much-wished-for supper gambolling and frisking there in the shape of a fat kid. We could not stand this, and preferred dining on brown bread, which was the only food the castle afforded; and finally went to rest to get what sleep we might in our airy habitation. In the morning, our first act was to hurry to the windows to feast our eyes once more on the wonderful view they displayed; but, to our astonishment, the whole landscape lay buried under a sheet of snow, and long icicles hung from every crevice in the rock. This was an unexpected sight at so late a period in the month of May, but it greatly enhanced the wildness and desolation of the scene.

We proceeded now to explore the interior of our extraordinary abode, and certainly it would not be easy anywhere to find a building more singularly constructed. Luig Castle is of extreme antiquity, and has passed through the hands both of the Turks and Venetians; but it is evident that the purpose of the original founder, in choosing so strange a locality, was to render it a fortress completely impregnable by mere force, and in this he amply succeeded. We ascended first by a long stair, excavated from the rock, to a variety of curious apartments, partly built artificially, and partly formed by the ingenious adaptation of the natural cavern. A wooden gangway across a deep chasm, which it required some courage to pass, next brought us to a low Gothic doorway, by which we entered a cave of great size, that had once been fortified by a drawbridge, and was still almost inaccessible. This was the keep of the castle: it had a number of side-rooms, or rather dungeons, connected with it; and a long steep ascent led from it by ladders, steps cut in the wall, and other expedients, to an upper platform, where there was a curious old fountain. At a great height in the rocky wall of this chamber there was an arched opening, communicating with long galleries through the mountain, which actually, it is said, extend to the valley on the other side. We then went down to the lower stories, below the room where we had passed the night, and found another range, even more singularly intricate, of rooms and caverns. Not the least extraordinary sight of the whole is the torrent at the foot of the cliff, which gushes out from a dark hole in the rock, somewhat in the same manner as the river at Adelsberg. Close to it a cave, the entrance to which is secured by a door, penetrates, they told us, for miles into the mountain. We agreed, when we had examined thoroughly the intricacies of this curious place, that it was well worth the trouble of the journey, difficult and even dangerous as we had found it. We left it at noon; and even the view we obtained of the exterior as we descended the steep path to the village, would in itself have been a sufficient attraction.

The admirable means of defence which Luig Castle possesses, were so amusingly illustrated in one of the legends we found in the old book, that it is worth recording.

In the fine old feudal times, when Luig was in its glory, and its barons, who possessed all the vast domains around, were exceedingly rich and powerful, it passed, in the course of hereditary succession, into the hands of a certain Gottfried, famed for his haughty temper and dauntless bravery. The baron, like all barons real or imaginary that ever I heard of, had one beautiful daughter, sole heiress of his castle and estates, whom (indulging in another baron-like custom) he left alone at Luig, whilst he went to the Crusades. There were, nevertheless, some passages in the young lady's life which should have taught him to pause before he thus abandoned her. The prince of a neighbouring tiny state, between whose ancestors and the Luigers there had ever been a most deadly feud, had

chanced to see the young baroness when hunting, and was so much struck with her beauty, that he determined to marry her. He expected the Lord of Luig to be delighted at the idea, as he was a reigning prince, and, moreover, nephew to the emperor; but the proud baron would at any time have received a proposal, made with so much contemptuous condescension, as an insult, even if his determination never to give up the hereditary warfare had not prompted him to an indignant refusal. The prince waited till his intended father-in-law had departed for the Holy Land, and then going straight to Luig, he entered the castle by surprise, and insisted on being married to the young lady within the very walls! It was in vain that the baron's retainers resisted: he threatened to strangle the refractory chaplain, who refused to officiate, and actually made him perform the ceremony with the rope round his neck! As soon as it was over, he departed with his prize. These terrible tidings were conveyed to the baron by one of his faithful people before he had even reached the Holy Land, and so powerful a motive for a deed of dire revenge soon quenched all his pious zeal. He abandoned the Crusade, and speedily returned to his own country; but, without going near his castle, he proceeded at once to the city of Vienna, where he knew his enemy was to be found at the court of the emperor. There was a great festival, and the emperor sat on his throne amongst his noble knights and ladies, with the prince his nephew seated at his right hand. Suddenly a strange confusion arose in the lower part of the hall, and the Baron Gottfried, his head bare, and his armour all stained with dust, broke through the crowd, and daringly mounting on the very steps of the throne, plunged his dagger right into the heart of the prince, who sunk back and instantly expired. So great was the surprise and consternation of those who witnessed this terrible deed, that the assassin had left the hall, mounted his horse, and ridden off at full gallop, before any one dreamt of arresting his flight. When at last they rushed out to secure him, he was far on his way to his good castle of Luig, where he intrenched himself in all safety. Thither the emperor instantly sent a force, with orders to attack him in his retreat, and take him dead or alive. But the soldiers attempted in vain what was really an impenetrable fortress, and returned discomfited to announce their failure. There remained but one remedy—which was to besiege the castle, and subdue the haughty baron by famine; and the emperor, exasperated at his resistance, sent down an army of ten thousand men to carry on the blockade. They had calculated that the siege could not last beyond a certain time, even if the impregnable castle were full of provisions, as they had secured all the avenues to it; but, to their astonishment, twice that period passed in skirmishing, without there being the slightest appearance on the part of the besieged of a disposition to surrender. Week after week rolled away—every possible means of access was guarded by the emperor's troops, and yet not a symptom of famine appeared within the walls! They began to think that there was some great mystery in this, and they wondered all the more, that they themselves were beginning to suffer from want of food; the resources of the country round proving at last inadequate to the support of so large a body of men. Still, when already half-starved themselves, they could distinguish the soldiers on the ramparts of Luig looking fat and comfortable as usual; and the baron himself was often to be seen taking his morning walk with all the air of a man who had just had breakfast, and confidently expected to dine. Finally, the distress in the camp became extreme, for, after having made quite a havoc in the country, the supplies failed them altogether. At this juncture a flag of truce was seen to wave from Luig, and the baron, appearing on the drawbridge, harangued them with ironical politeness; and stating that he had heard of their sufferings, begged leave to supply them with provisions so long as they should think proper to remain under the walls of Luig. He then retired, and huge baskets were lowered from the battlements, containing fat deer, evidently only just killed, and game of all sorts. The amazement of the besiegers may be imagined; and when (having devoured the miraculous provisions with great relish) they found that, for many days, they continued to receive a regular and abundant supply of meat, always perfectly fresh, they fairly concluded that their enemy was aided in some supernatural manner. Panic-struck at the idea, the whole army refused simultaneously to wage war any longer with such mysterious powers, and the siege was in consequence raised, leaving the dauntless baron in peaceful possession of his magic castle.

The solution of the mystery is very simple. The cave leading into the mountains which we had seen did actually communicate with the valley on the other side, which formed a part of the baron's domains, and whence his peasants brought him fresh game and provisions daily through the cavern passage.

GOSSAMER MITTS.

Blessed are the efforts of honest labour, wherever and whensoever these efforts are fairly made and courageously persevered in! What interesting tales have not been told of the successful efforts of the inhabitants of a Swiss valley in making watches, of the dwellers in another valley in that country in making toys, and of the natives of the Black Forest in making clocks! In our own country, efforts of this kind, in the most disadvantageous circumstances, are also not unknown. The fame of the Shetland-knit hose and shawls is now widely spread. So, in the sister country, Ireland, are there some remarkable specimens of ingenuity in the manual arts, particularly those which are practised by women. In a late number we presented an account of an unobtrusive but interesting manufacture of an imitation of point lace, at Curragh Chase, in the county of Limerick. From the following paper, put into our hands, purporting to be a communication to the 'Tulketh Hall Mercury,' we are gratified to find that a somewhat similar manufacture has been established at Stradbally in Queen's County.

'There is a pretty little village in Ireland, which lies in a secluded valley, embosomed in trees, and encompassed by beautiful commons. A river passes through it, trees grow in the very street, and the church, with its venerable tower and simple graveyard, adds grace and dignity to its aspect. Enter from what point you will, you are struck with the quiet beauty and richness of the scenery. Hills rising behind hills, some thickly wooded—some bare, and dotted with sheep—appear to shut in this sweet and sheltered spot from the coarser and wilder country beyond.

'Large well-cultivated fields—fine high-bred cattle—flocks of carefully-tended sheep, with their pens and feeding-cribs—agricultural implements of the newest and best description in familiar use—denote that the fine houses and noble domains are inhabited by a resident gentry, and give an idea of stability to the general appearance of comfort, which is elsewhere rarely seen in Ireland. All looks lovely and peaceful in nature, and would almost remind an English traveller of his own happy and highly-favoured land, except for one sad and striking contrast—the wretched cabins, and the dirty and careless habits and dress of their inmates. Dirt, which cannot enter into the imagination of a tidy English housewife, is absolutely unnoticed by many among the poorer class of Irishwomen. The pigs and the children share in the meal of potatoes, and appear equally to thrive in the surrounding filth; and the most hopeless feature of the case is, that the people are quite contented with their degraded condition, and have no ambition to rise beyond it.

'One lady saw, with the discerning eye of practical benevolence, that the want of regular employment for the females partly generated this carelessness of domes-

tic comfort, this contentment with deplorable poverty; and she set about remedying the evil by procuring remunerative employment for them. Needlework was not to be had in this remote place; spinning does not pay for the time, and is exhausting and injurious to the frame. Knitting might succeed: knitting was all the fashion. To set up a knitting manufacture was, therefore, her endeavour. She learned the art herself, that she might be able to teach it. First she began with shawls, and now her manufacture is of the finest possible silk, thread, and cotton gloves, mittens, and stockings —so fine and delicate in their texture, that they seem wrought by the hands of fairies alone; and they have obtained in England and Ireland the name of "Cobweb Mitts," and in America "Impalpable Mitts." I shall now conclude by giving this lady's own report of her undertaking and progress, written for the Duchess of Kent, and by saying that this village is "Stradbally," in the Queen's County; and that the lady is "Mrs Leadbeater,"* daughter-in-law of that Mrs Leadbeater who strove to raise her country in the scale of nations by her useful and benevolent works, "The Cottage Dialogues," "Landlord's Friend," &c. &c. The younger lady, substituting the needle for the pen, endeavours also to improve her countrywomen in their domestic and moral habits, and is worthy of bearing that honoured and distinguished name.'

Here follows Mrs Leadbeater's account of her most interesting and creditable attempt:—

'It is now nearly six years since I first made the attempt of teaching fancy knitting, to assist one miserable family, consisting of a mother constantly confined to bed, and her daughters. From this small beginning the number employed has now increased to over two hundred.

'You may not be aware that, in the south and middle counties of Ireland, the chief means of earning for young females is by out-of-door employment, such as binding corn after the reapers, making hay, planting, and afterwards digging the potatoes. This custom is very unsafe for young girls, exposing their bodily and moral health to much danger, besides inducing slovenly habits at home. They are wearied when they come in from work, and are satisfied to sit down to a wretched meal of potatoes, sometimes with milk, but more frequently without, in an uncleaned "cabin," for we cannot call the Irish peasant's home a "cottage"—that word breathing of comfort and cleanliness.

'In England you have no conception of the filth as well as misery of an Irish cabin. Finding my experiment to succeed beyond my expectation, and many others most anxious to learn, I determined to extend it further; being impressed with the importance of providing some remunerative employment for the females, which would create a love of order and cleanliness in their dwellings, besides giving them the means of subsistence; for even the out-of-door occupation is not sufficient for that purpose. I began on coarser and common materials, gradually improving until the manufacture has attained its present degree of perfection. Those who have acquired the art now teach the beginners; and as the learners are unable to pay, the first money earned by them is given to the teacher as her perquisite. Some work one pattern, some another—no one of them knows all the stitches. Any new pattern that I obtain, I learn first myself, and then teach it to one of the best knitters. Most of them being unable to read or comprehend the theory, must learn it in this mechanical way, and their knowledge then becomes an additional source of profit to them. Many have found it difficult to believe that such fine texture has been manufactured with knitting needles, by some of the Irish peasantry, with hands rough, coarse, and hard! If the refined English lady could see the miserable abodes in which this delicate fabric is wrought, she would feel a double pleasure in wearing the cobweb mitts: aware that in so doing, she is bestowing blessings of various kinds upon many a wretched fireside—food, fuel, clothing, peace, plenty, and good habits!'

The communication which brought us the above enclosed a pair of the mitts. They are of black silk, almost as fine as a gossamer web; and we should think that, on becoming known, they will be the object of universal request among ladies. We need hardly add, that we wish all the blessings which usually attend honest industry may visit the homes of the ingenious knitters.

* Daughter of Joseph Fisher, one of the most influential merchants of the city of Limerick.

Column for Young People.

THE BOYS' SUMMER BOOK.

THE 'Boys' Summer Book'* is a pleasing companion for boys, whether in summer or winter: indeed it is perhaps more suitable for the latter season, when boys find more time to read, and when they busy themselves more in recalling past exploits and preparing for new ones. The author, Thomas Miller, is a poet, but not one of those poets who grow melancholy over the recollections of their boyhood, and turn the most gay and stirring period of life into a subject for lamentation. His poetry gives fire to his feelings and energy to his descriptions; and his young readers, while they like him better for it as an author, do not like him worse as a playfellow.

The following anecdote of the black ant is striking; but we give it here because it appears to us to be new. 'Did you ever before see the nest of the large black ant? Here's a pile, looking as if the earth all about had been rolled into little round balls. Just thrust in the end of your stick, and hundreds will rush out in a moment. Beware of their bite; it is awful! I once threw a dead mole on this very nest, and the next day it was picked so clean, that you might have fancied the bones had been polished with some instrument. I know of no method by which you could obtain such clean and perfect skeletons of birds or small animals, as leaving them for a day or so on the nest of the black ant. Look at the one here which I have touched; how he spars at me with his legs, seeming to sit down to it. I would not place my hand for a minute on that nest for a trifle.

'I was once walking by here, when something came with a loud bang against my hat. I uncovered my head to see what it was, and beheld a large wasp carrying off a black ant. I shook them off into the middle of the road. Oh, what a struggle there was between them! The ant had got hold of one of the wasp's wings, and he could not rise. You should have seen what a fast hold he kept: it was like two boys pulling at a rope, as in the game of *French* and English: the wasp struggled to get his wing free; then the ant pulled as if he would have dragged the wing off; and so they kept at it for several seconds, till at length the wasp began to try other means to conquer his rebellious captive. For a dozen times did he then endeavour to get the ant under him, but in vain; the ant pulled with all his strength at the end of the wing he had seized upon, and so prevented the wasp from rising. If the latter, by the aid of the one wing which was free, managed to rise a few inches, he was quickly brought down to the ground again by the strength and weight of the ant. The struggle lasted for several minutes, and neither seemed to obtain any advantage. You would have been astonished had you but seen into what attitudes the wasp wriggled his elastic body; still the ant kept a firm hold on the right wing, and escape seemed impossible. At last the wasp made a desperate effort, and, expanding its one wing, rose from the ground several times in rapid succession, each time bending its body into an arch, and endeavouring to get the ant undermost. The last fall seemed to have stunned its opponent. It was scarcely the work of a moment, and the ant was seen beneath the wasp, and was carried away over the low hedge in the direction of the nest, which we attempted in vain to destroy. I never before nor since saw another battle between a black ant and a wasp.'

The adventure of a weasel is a good parallel to this:—'What think you of a great sharp-beaked hawk pouncing upon a weasel, and flying up with him into the air to carry

* By Thomas Miller. Chapman and Hall, London.

him off to his nest, thinking to himself no doubt, "I've caught you at last, my young gentleman; you've eaten many a bird in your day, but I'll eat you now." "Thank you for nothing," said the weasel, as he rode, not very comfortably, between the claws of the hawk; "two can play at that game, Mr Hawk; and if you mean feasting on me, I don't see why I shouldn't have a taste of you;" so he twisted round his elastic neck, poked up his pointed nose, and in he went, with his sharp teeth, right under the wings of the hawk, making such a hole in an instant, that you might have thrust your finger in it. The hawk tried to peck at him with his hooked beak, but it was no use; the weasel kept eating away, and licking his lips as if he enjoyed himself; and the hawk soon came wheeling down to the ground, which he no sooner touched, than away ran the weasel, with his belly full, and not a bit the worse for the ride; while Mr Hawk lay there as dead as a nail. Wasn't the biter nicely bit! And what I've told you is quite true, and was witnessed by a gentleman at Bloxworth in Dorsetshire. Only let a dog come near its nest, and see what the weasel will do if it's got young ones. Out it will rush, and fasten on the dog's nose in an instant, and there it will hang, although it is such a little thing, not above seven or eight inches long.'

The volume is filled chiefly with gleanings in natural history, and notices of the sports of boys; but having room for one more extract, we prefer this account of a sturdy, honest, industrious, persevering little fellow, who attained to the very top of his trade by the funniest little steps in the world. 'After his father and mother died, he got a situation under a fishmonger, where he was employed to carry home the fish purchased by customers. But this was only for a short time, until the boy whom he had succeeded recovered from illness. He had, however, given such satisfaction to his employer by his industry and attention, that the fishmonger lent him a basket, and allowing him a profit of a penny or two on each pair of soles, or whatever fish he might sell, thus gave him a chance of doing the best he could for himself. By great care and perseverance he soon became master of a few shillings, and now began to speculate, buying at times a whole fish of his employer, and running the risk of selling it. And now you might see him sometimes set off in a morning with a whole codfish, or a whole salmon, in his basket, together with his large knife and scales, and as ready to cut six ounces as six pounds to accommodate his customers; and thus he would come and go several times in a day, sometimes getting rid of two or three large fish. By degrees his customers began to tell him overnight what they should like for the next day; and as he found his old master occasionally supplying him with very indifferent fish, he began to think whether he could not find a better market, and so deal at the first hand. This he named to several of his friends, and at last it reached the ears of a captain belonging to one of the steamers, who told him that he would give him a run and back to Hull for nothing when he liked; and that, when there, he might purchase at the best market; and more than this, he lent little Bob a sovereign. "Poor lad!" said he, "he never ate a crust but what he earned since his parents died, and he ought to be encouraged." The next day saw Bob a regular fishmonger. One neighbour lent him an old white deal table to place his stock upon; another, a wash-tub in which to keep his clean water; and there, at the end of the court in which he was born, in the wide open street, along which scores of passengers passed every hour, did Bob open his new establishment. A proud day was it for him, I can tell you! Oh! you should have seen him with his little blue apron on, and his cold red hands, wielding his long sharp knife, and scraping some fresh silver-looking fish with the edge of it, or wiping another down gently with his clean cloth, as he pointed out to his customers the freshness of this, the plumpness of that, the bright eyes of a third, the red gills of a fourth; then adding with pride, "I bought them out of the fishing-boats myself, just as they came in, an hour or two after they'd been caught!" Before night he sold every fish. Not an ounce was left; and his customers declared that what they had purchased was much fresher and sweeter than they had ever had of his old master. After a few more trips to Hull, he attracted the attention of a fisherman whom he had several times dealt with, and who, having a large family of his own, said, "Thee beest but a little 'un to begin for theysen; and, between thee and me and the captain, I think I might manage to look thee out a little lot every morning, and send them down by the first steamboat, so that thou'd have 'em fresh and nice, and so save thee all this hallacksing and trapassing up and down, which I see no mander o' use in; and it would do thee a deal o' good, lad, and me no harm. Captain would be good enough to bring the money back;" and so it was arranged; and every morning, regularly as the day came, there was little Bob to be seen on the steam-packet wharf, with the truck he had borrowed, and plenty of good-natured sailors ready to help him ashore with his hamper of fish; for he was such a little one, and had neither father nor mother, that almost anybody would assist him without being asked. And now the deal white table was found too little, and he had to borrow another. Then a butcher, who had given up standing in the market, said, "He had got an old stall he could sell him cheap; true, one of the tressels wanted a leg, and the front pole was missing, but old Hack, the joiner, would put that to rights for a shilling, and the price of the stall would be—why—some morning when he happened to have in a stock of fish, he might send him a 'boiling' for dinner." So Bob agreed; and the captain of the steamer had an old sail, which he said "was about worn out. True, there was a hole or two in it, but he might give old Betty Buttery a bit of fish to set a patch or two on, and it would make a capital tilt for his stall, to keep the sun off his fish." And so Bob got on, bit by bit, step by step, from a stall to a shop; from bowling a truck to keeping a cart, a horse, and a man, until at last he became the first fishmonger in the town, and had to supply his old master at the wholesale prices.'

D'ISRAELI ON THE CONSTITUTION.

'The cause for which Hampden died in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold,' said Coningsby, 'was the cause of the Venetian republic. I repeat it—the great object of the Whig leaders in England, from the first movement under Hampden to the last more successful one in 1688, was to establish in England a high aristocratic republic on the model of the Venetian, then the study and admiration of all speculative politicians. Read Harrington; turn over Algernon Sydney; and you will see how the minds of the English leaders in the seventeenth century were saturated with the Venetian type. And they at length succeeded. William III. found them out in an instant. He told the Whig leaders, "I will not be a doge." He balanced parties; he baffled them as the Puritans baffled them fifty years before. The reign of Anne was a struggle between the Venetian and English systems. Two great Whig nobles, Argyle and Somerset, worthy of seats in the Council of Ten, forced their sovereign on her deathbed to change the ministry. They accomplished their object. They brought in a new family on their own terms. George I. was a doge; George II. was a doge; they were what William III., a great man, would not be. George III. tried not to be a doge; but it was impossible materially to resist the deeply-laid combinations. He might get rid of the Whig magnificoes, but he could not rid himself of the Venetian constitution. And a Venetian constitution did govern England from the accession of the house of Hanover till 1832. Now, I do not ask you, Vere, to relinquish the political tenets, which, in ordinary times, would have been your inheritance. All I say is, the constitution introduced by your ancestors having been subverted by their descendants, your contemporaries, beware of still holding Venetian principles of government when you have not a Venetian constitution to govern with. Do what I am doing, what other men are doing—hold yourself aloof from political parties, which, from the necessity of things, have ceased to have distinctive principles, and are therefore practically only factions; and wait and see whether with patience, energy, honour, and Christian faith, and a desire to look to the national welfare, and not to sectional and limited interests; whether, I say, we may not discover some great principles to guide us, to which we may adhere, and which then, if true, will ultimately guide and control others.'—*Novel of Coningsby.*

HINT AS TO SCHOOLING.

A common error, into which many parents fall, is to send their children to an inferior school first, and afterwards place them in an establishment where they may, as it is termed, 'finish' their education. Now, not only is the pupil a severe loser by this method, but the master to whose care he is at length confided experiences much additional

trouble. He has not only now to lead the youth into a right path, but to lead him back from many a wrong one; not merely to urge him to the further acquisition of good habits, but to endeavour to root out many that are faulty. It is related by Quintilian that those who went to learn music of Timotheus, paid double price if they had received any previous instruction—a safeguard I would recommend to general adoption by good teachers. But there are other evils connected with such a system, not to mention those which result from change of plans to the student himself. It is obvious that no tutor can be expected to take much interest in the progress of children who are placed with him only as a *temporary* thing. Whereas, if it is understood that they are to continue with him so long as his treatment of them is what it ought to be, he has an incentive to diligence in the highest degree effective. He already looks upon them as the future ornaments of his school; and they immediately come under the influence of those well-regulated stimuli which urge them on to fill up the ranks of those who are about to finish their scholastic course. A well-directed establishment, where the morals, intellectual improvement, and health of the pupils are carefully and assiduously attended to, presents advantages which ought to be appreciated by parents, although they are seldom valued by the pupils.—*Monthly Prize Essay.* [We quite agree in the foregoing remarks. It is poor economy to send children to inferior schools at any time of their career, and least of all at commencement. It is best to begin with a good system, and continue with it. The fewer the changes, the better for the pupil.]

PURITAN DISLIKE OF LONG HAIR.

A writer in the 'Universal Magazine' for 1779, speaking of the dislike the more rigid Puritans had to long hair, which 'was frequently declaimed against from the pulpit, and in the days of Cromwell was considered as a subject of disgrace,' adds, 'the gloomy emigrants who fled from England and other parts, about that period, to seek in the wilds of America a retreat where they might worship God according to their consciences, among other whimsical tenets carried to their new settlements an antipathy against long hair; and when they became strong enough to publish a code of laws, we find the following curious article as a part of it:—"It is a circumstance universally acknowledged, that the custom of wearing long hair, after the manner of immoral persons and of the savage Indians, can only have been introduced into England but in sacrilegious contempt of the express command of God, who declares that it is a shameful practice for any man who has the least care for his soul to wear long hair. As this abomination excites the indignation of all pious persons, we, the magistrates, in our zeal for the purity of the faith, do expressly and authentically declare, that we condemn the impious custom of letting the hair grow—a custom which we look upon to be very indecent and dishonest, which horribly disguises men, and is offensive to modest and sober persons, inasmuch as it corrupts good manners. We, therefore, being justly incensed against this scandalous custom, do desire, advise, and earnestly request all the elders of our continent, zealously to show their aversion to this odious practice, to exert all their power to put a stop to it, and especially to take care that the members of their churches be not infected with it; in order that those persons who, notwithstanding these rigorous prohibitions, and the means of correction that shall be used on this account, shall still persist in this custom, shall have both God and man at the same time against them."'—*Fairholt's Costume in England.* [It is necessary here to explain that the puritanic antipathy to long hair depended in a great degree upon association of ideas. The courtiers and cavaliers of Charles I.'s reign, who were free in their modes of life, and did not sympathise in the strong religious spirit of their age, wore long tresses as ornamental. From this cause the Puritans came to dislike abundant tresses, which they unavoidably associated with scandalous and irreligious lives. In a minor degree, they might be animated by a notion that all personal ornament was conducive to laxity of manners. It seems to require these remarks, to make the above statement appear as true to human nature.]

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Welcome in our leafless bower,
Where November's breath has come;
Welcome golden-anthered flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum!
Like an old friend's pleasant face—
Though the earth is void of grace,
And the very birds are dumb,
Cheerful, gay chrysanthemum!

Thus may I have round me when
Age's frost my heart shall numb,
Friends as warm and constant then
As thou art, chrysanthemum!
May I find, though youth be past,
Hearts that love me to the last,
Eyes that smile, though winter come,
Bright as thou, chrysanthemum!

D. M. M.

GIVING WINE TO CHILDREN.

Fond papas and mammas, unaware of the havoc they are making with their childrens' health, may too frequently be seen giving them sips and glasses of wine at dinner. Children with robust constitutions may endure this without serious injury, further than creating in them bad habits; but to those of a weak or inflammatory constitution, the administration of alcohol in wine, or otherwise, is most pernicious. On this subject we extract the following from a medical work, Beddoe's Hygeia. 'An ingenious surgeon tried the following experiment:—He gave to two of his children, for a week alternately, after dinner, to the one a full glass of Sherry, and to the other a large China orange. The effects that followed were sufficient to prove the injurious tendency of vinous liquors. In one the pulse was quickened, the heat increased, the secretions morbidly altered: diminished flow of bile. Whilst the other had every appearance that indicated high health. The same effects followed when the experiment was reversed.'

AGE OF PLANTS.

Some plants, such as the minute funguses, termed mould, only live a few hours, or at most a few days. Mosses for the most part live only one season, as do the garden plants called annuals, which die of old age as soon as they ripen their seeds. Some again, as the foxglove and the hollyhock, live for two years, occasionally prolonged to three, if their flowering be prevented. Trees again, *planted* in a suitable soil and situation, live for centuries. Thus the olive-tree may live three hundred years; the oak double that number; the chestnut is said to have lasted for nine hundred and fifty years; the dragon's-blood tree of Teneriffe may be two thousand years old; and Adanson mentions banians six thousand years old. When the wood of the interior ceases to afford room, by the closeness of its texture, for the passage of sap or pulp, or for the formation of new vessels, it dies, and by all its moisture passing off into the younger wood, the fibres shrink, and are ultimately reduced to dust. The centre of the tree thus becomes dead, while the outer portion continues to live, and in this way trees may exist for many years before they perish.—*Magazine of Botany.*

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